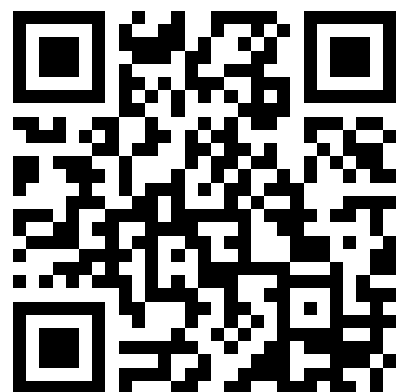
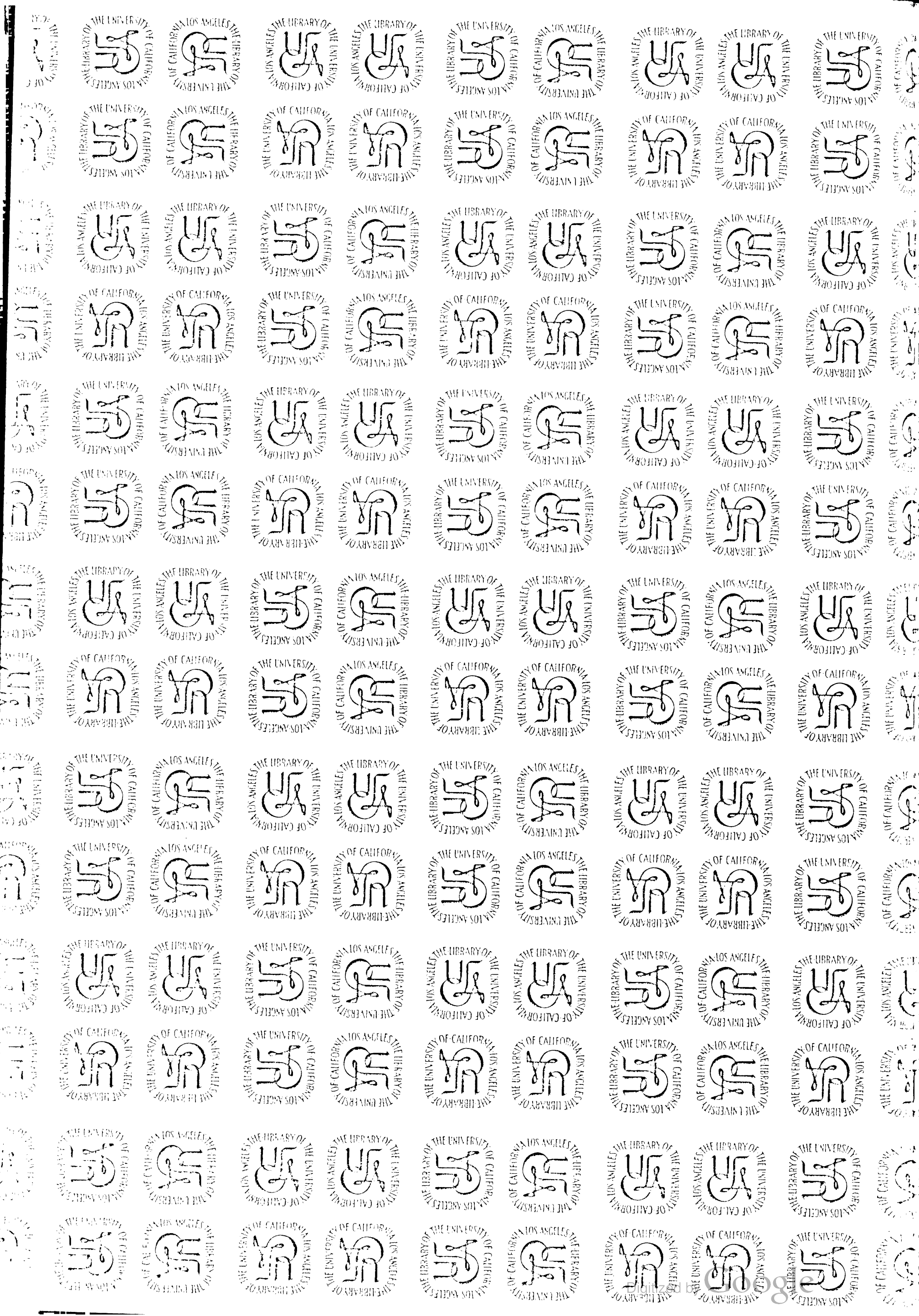

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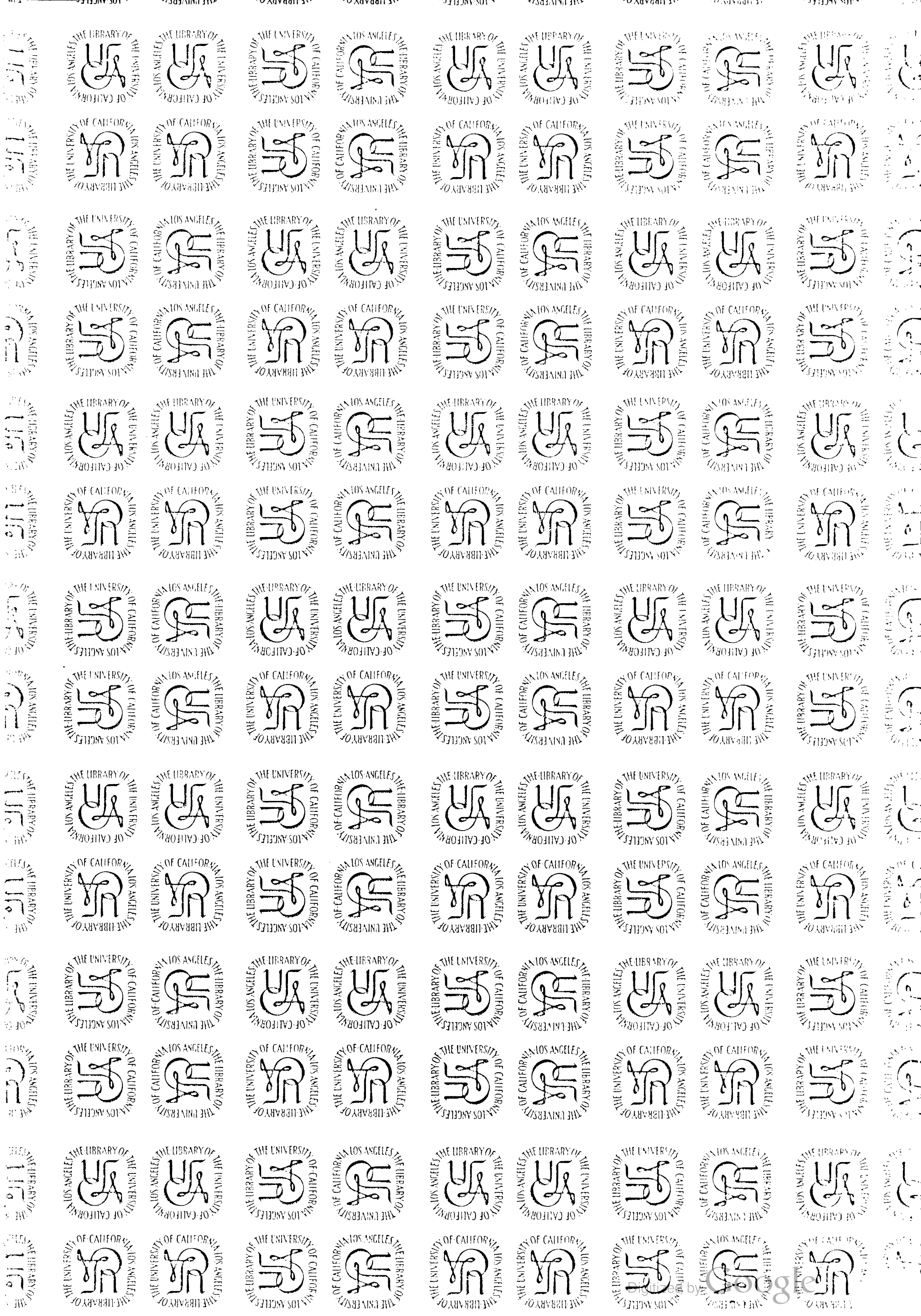
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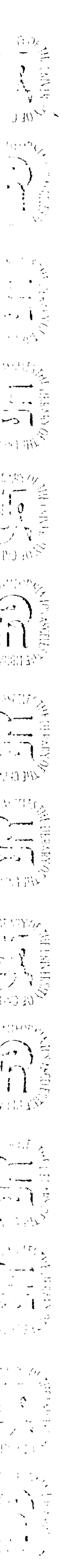
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Authors Represented in the Volume

ADAMS, Andy, 58
Ames, Jr., Fisher, 693
Andrews, Grayman, 61, 641
Andrews, Jessie, 313
Arden, Hope, 153
Arnold, Winifred, 341
Askins, Charles, 29, 202
Atwood, Clara E., 165
d'Aubigné, Henri Merle, 94
Avery, Claribel W., 561

BAILEY, Carolyn Sherwin, 373
Baker, Louise R., 120
Baker, Mary Louise, 225
Balmer, Edwin, 502
Banks, Helen Ward, 189
Banks, Martha Burr, 197, 273, 425, 509
Barbour, Ralph Henry, 234
Bates, Katharine Lee, 508
Beard, Patten, 357
Beatson, Kenneth Carlyle, 158
Bechdolt, Jack, 44
Beere, Rose Kidd, 1
Blue, Rupert, 691
Bonham, Nannie L., 241
Borah, William E., 59
Bouvé, Pauline Carrington, 737
Bowdoin, Virginia, 125, 459, 581, 673
Boyden, Geoffrey, 497
Bridgham, Lillian Clisby, 617
Bridgman, L. J., 77, 109
Brown, Abbie Farwell, 436, 537, 661
Brownell, Agnes Mary, 367, 468
Bryce, James, 443
Bull, Mary, 285, 325
Bumstead, Eudora S., 77
Burrows, F. W., 245
Burton, Abigail, 65, 125, 209, 225, 325, 385, 397, 449, 737
Butler, Ellen Hamlin, 20
Butler, Nicholas Murray, 351

CALDWELL, Adelbert F., 257
Camp, Pauline Frances, 9
Canfield, H. S., 451
Cannon, Walter B., 235
Carruth, Gorton Veeder, 73, 478, 524, 696
Carruth, William Herbert, 660
Castle, Egerton, 479
Chater, Melville, 373
Chute, Arthur Hunt, 487
Clark, Bruce M., 713

Clark, Francis E., 345, 467
Clark, Martha Haskell, 108, 284
Cleveland, H. L., 192
Clift, Denison, 337, 733
Cody, Rosalie M., 666
Cody, William F., 167
Cook, Celia, 385
Coolidge, Herbert, 521, 545, 577, 625, 657
Coreoran, Brewer, 544
Crabbe, Bertha Helen, 677
Cradlock, Charles Egbert, 131
Crug, Abbie, 424, 458, 548
Crew, Helen Coale, 484

DALTON, Mary Lee, 301, 525
Daly, Alice F., 609, 637, 665, 689, 706, 731
David, Evan J., 575
Davies, Mary Carolyn, 152, 208, 256, 312, 616
Dawson, William James, 655
De Armond, Lizzie, 425
Deane, Marjory, 725
Derieux, Samuel A., 176
Dimond, Dorothea, 181
Donnell, Annie Hamilton, 645
Douglas, Marjorie, 437
Drake, Alice Hutchins, 166
Drake, Maria Upham, 580
Drummond, W. H., 150
Duffy, Essie Phelps, 536
Dunaway, Anna Brownell, 52
Dunbar, Aldis, 233
Dyer, Walter A., 86

EATON, Jacqueline, 666
Ellsworth, Etta, 49
England, George Allan, 669
Ernst, Clayton H., 253

FAIRCHILD, David, 520
Fiske, Bradley A., 403
Foley, James W., 725
Fox, Frances Margaret, 21, 137, 181, 250, 257, 341, 409, 437, 485, 581, 617, 629, 685
Francis, Emma S., 341, 629, 725

GALLAHER, Grace Margaret, 41
Galloway, Beverly T., 279
Gauss, Marianne, 204
Gilbert, Morris, 36
Gilchrist, Beth B., 13, 132, 294, 401
Glossop, Emma Ellen, 273

Goodale, Dora Read, 76
Goodnow, Marian, 389
Goodwillie, Joan, 441, 453, 465, 477, 489, 504, 517, 529, 541, 556
Gray, Belle, 418
Gray, Joslyn, 85, 101, 117, 129, 145, 157, 173, 191, 201, 220
Grebsell, Edward, 530
Greene, Homer, 4, 16, 32, 43, 60, 72, 88, 293
Gregory, Thomas W., 623
Guiterman, Arthur, 240, 672

HALIFAX, Jean, 165
Hall, Jeannie Pendleton, 8, 408, 472, 712
Hallowell, Marion, 629
Hanly, Elizabeth, 736
Harland, Marion, 251
Harmon, Judson, 3
Harriman, E. E., 69, 118, 174, 237, 309, 433, 673
Harris, A. W., 308
Hart, Albert Bushnell, 391
Hart, Rhoda, 385
Hatch, N. T., 285, 425, 497
Haugen, Mattie Lee, 617
Hawes, Charles Boardman, 297, 405, 690
Hay, Gregory, 48
Heilprin, Angelo, 182
Hendrick, Roe L., 366
Hennion, M., 269
Holder, Charles Frederick, 267
Hooper, Eleanor Tileston, 473
Howell, Janet Wessels, 2
Hoyt, Charles A., 130, 146, 532, 610, 678
Huey, Maud Morrison, 64, 340, 448

INGLIS, Antoinette, 449
Inglis, Theodora Marshall, 576

JACKSON, James William, 89
Jaggar, Thomas A., 492
James, Alan, 51
Johnson, Franklin, 71
Johnson, Margaret, 249, 277, 305, 333
Johnson, Robert Underwood, 124
Jones, Ralph Mortimer, 92, 301
Jordan, Charlotte Brewster, 225
Josephson, Julien, 421
Judson, Clara Ingram, 285, 301, 473, 561

KELLEY, Ethel M., 125, 713
Kitchelt, Florence Cross, 402
Kline, Ira H., 613
Knibbs, Henry Herbert, 480

LANE, George C., 33, 281, 353, 393, 557, 721
Le Roy, Harriet Crocker, 560
Lee, Agnes, 164
Lee, Alice Louise, 148, 334, 350
Lewis, Eugene Richards, 543
Lindsay, Maud, 241
Linton, Lulu, 306
Lloyd, Sam, 357

MABEE, Susanna C., 77
Marlowe, Diantha Horne, 509
Marshall, Duncan, 419
McClellan, George B., 555
McCracken, Elizabeth, 30
McCullough, Annie Willis, 385, 437
Mead, Florence V., 190
Mead, Winifred E., 365, 654
Merrill, Mabel S., 313
Merwin, Samuel, 390
Minot, John Clair, 37, 93, 137, 181, 197, 209, 300, 301, 341, 372, 509, 537, 661
Mitchell, Mary E., 14
Morris, Hilda, 501
Morris, Olivette, 285, 497, 561, 725
Morrison, John, 49, 93, 273, 397, 473, 509, 561, 673
Morton, Johnson, 285, 301
Munkittrick, R. K., 313
Muth, Edna Tucker, 454

NESOM, W. E., 324, 424
Newbury, Dorothy French, 209, 459
Northcross, Eleanor Hammack, 224

OAKLING, Frank, 183
O'Brien, Harriet, 21, 125, 257, 325, 425, 473, 549, 661

PAINE, Ralph D., 553, 573, 612, 624, 640, 656, 668, 680, 692, 708
Palfrey, Irving, 9, 65, 273, 645
Pangburn, Dwight B., 221
Parker, Lulu Gracia, 104
Parks, Mary M., 136, 210
Parsons, Mary Catherine, 77
Patch, Edith M., 549

Pattée, Florence M., 257
Patterson, Antoinette de C., 9, 93, 225, 409, 485, 525, 537, 685
Peach, Arthur Wallace, 629
Peattie, Elia W., 377, 430, 621
Pennypacker, Grace F., 357
Pettee, Florence M., 497
Phillipotts, Eden, 219
Pickering, William H., 639
Pier, Arthur Stanwood, 217, 236, 252, 268, 280, 296, 307, 320, 336, 352, 417, 491, 719
Pinckney, Clara, 449, 685
Plumley, Ladd, 243
Pollock, Frank Lillie, 105, 121, 133, 149, 161, 177, 193, 205
Potter, Miriam Clark, 21, 77, 425, 737
Poulsen, Emilie, 241
Pratt, Anna M., 65, 273
Price, N. O., 373
Price, Nora D., 509

QUIRK, Leslie W., 519

RANDALL, Herbert, 384
Read, Miriam Leonard, 266
Remsen, Ira, 31
Reuterdahl, Henry, 335
Richards, Theodore W., 175
Rickard, Oswald M., 357, 373, 537
Robbins, F. E. C., 542, 638, 718
Roby, Maude Gordon, 397
Rose, J. Holland, 503
Rouse, William Merriam, 378
Russell, Ernest, 42
Rutledge, Archibald, 102, 321, 574

SALEEBY, C. W., 103, 732
Sargent, Charles S., 147
Schultz, James Willard, 705, 720, 729
Schwartz, Julia Augusta, 278
Scollard, Clinton, 209
Sears, Elizabeth, 50
Sears, Mary Elizabeth, 317, 730
Seymour, Helen Minturn, 396
Sharpe, Clara, 429
Shepard, Odell, 324
Smith, G. H., 109, 153, 165
Smith, G. M., 49
Smith, Harriet Lummis, 70
Smith, Hugh M., 45
Smith, Lewis Worthington, 628
Smith, Nora Archibald, 180

Staepoole, H. de Vere, 15
Starbuck, Victor, 684
Stareck, Mary, 93
Stephens, C. A., 265, 455, 469, 481, 493, 505, 726
Stephenson, Daisy D., 313, 373, 497
Stoddard, Sheldon C., 318
Stuart, Blanche, 21, 497
Sutherland, Harriet, 9, 197, 397, 685

TAFT, William Howard, 119
Tapper, Thomas, 241
Taylor, Mary Imlay, 57
Thomas, Elizabeth H., 181, 409
Thomas, Rowland, 381
Thorn, Alix, 617
Tolman, Albert W., 5, 17, 309, 445, 533, 709
Triem, Paul E., 681
Turner, Nancy Byrd, 9, 165, 196, 496, 644

UPTON, Minnie Leona, 181, 356

VERKUYL, Gerrit, 326
Vernon, S. O., 125, 241, 581, 661

WADE, Blanche Elizabeth, 109
Wadsworth, Euleta, 197, 713
Wallace, Emma Gary, 673
Wasson, George S., 218
Wellman, Walter, 49, 153, 225, 725
Wells, Carolyn, 153, 257
Wetherald, Ethelwyn, 437
White, Charles T., 160, 717
White, Ethel Bowen, 617, 725
Whitlock, William Thomas, 349, 368, 380, 392, 404, 420, 432, 444
Whitney, Myra, 645
Widdemer, Margaret, 724
Wilbur, Harriette, 111, 184, 330, 399, 459, 645
Wilson, G. F., 325, 549
Wilson, Harlow, 137
Wilson, McLandburgh, 272
Wyatt, Mary L., 673
Wyckoff, B. S., 77, 737

YOCUM, Robert, 442, 466, 490, 518, 554, 622
Young, Elizabeth Carrington, 65

Index of Articles

ACIDITY of the Stomach, 651
Acidosis, 274
Aene, 528
Adams, John Quincy, Anecdote of, 674
Agassiz, Louis, Anecdote of, 548
Agricultural Schools in Alberta, The, 419
Air for Children, The Open, 314
Alberta, The Agricultural Schools in, 419
Anemia, Pernicious, 214
Anesthesia, Surgical, 488
Atoms, 175
Auricular Fibrillation, 126
Aviation ("Learning to Fly"), 575
Aviator, Finding an, 543

BACKACHE, 308
Bailloud, Gen., Anecdote of, 488
Bar, Success at the, 623
Beecher, Henry Ward, 655
Beresford, Lord William, Anecdotes of, 274, 488
Bicycle, The Care of a, 78
Biliary Colic, 229
Biliousness, 156
Bottom, Mrs. Margaret ("The Conquest of the Stump"), 616
Boy Scouts in the War, French, 94
Boys and Girls, 20
Breshkovskaya, Catherine, Anecdote of, 372
"Buffalo Bill," 74
Buffalo Bill, Anecdotes of, 304, 736

CADORNA, Gen., Anecdote of, 660
"Camouflage," 508
Camps, Clean, 426
Cancer, Theories of, 186
Cannon, Speaker, Anecdote of, 136
Cantonment, Life in the, 719
Cartwright, Anecdote of, 300
Chase, William M., Anecdote of, 164
Chilblains, 703
Children, Three Essentials for, 100
Chorea, 386
Christmas, 1917, 707
Chronic Rheumatism, 200
Citizenship, Obligations of, 59
Clean Camps, 426
Cleveland, Grover, Anecdote of, 40
Coal-Tar Products, 31
Cody, William F. ("Buffalo Bill"), 74
Cody, William F., Anecdotes of, 304, 736
Cold, The Menace of the Common, 691
Colic, Biliary, 229
Comedies and Tragedies of Early Hawaiian Life, 467
Currie, Sir Arthur, Anecdote of, 484

DE WET, Anecdote of, 180
Dewey, George ("The Admiral"), 90
Digestion, Relish and, 538
Dodd, Walter James ("A Hero of Peace"), 134
Dorchester Fields ("A True Thanksgiving"), 672
Duran, Carolus, Anecdote of, 424
Dyspepsia, Treatment of, 662

EARTH, A Spade of, 520
Eastman, Charles A., Anecdotes of, 474, 714
Education improving? Is American Higher, 351
Education of Women, The Future, 308
Electrical Shock, 738
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Anecdote of, 450

Enlarged Glands, 450
Enlisted in the Navy, 403
Epilepsy, 54
Epilepsy, Treatment of, 66
Eugenie, Anecdotes of, 124, 550
Extravagance, Our National, 3
Eyes, Hygiene of the, 114

FACTS about Mars, 639
Father's Letter to his Soldier Son, A, 536
Feathered Dandy, The, 111
Fever, 618
Fever, Different Types of, 632
Finding an Aviator, 543
First Virginians, The, 244
Fisheries, Work of Bureau of ("Money-Making from Water"), 45
Flag at Manila, The Little, 345
Flag, Raising the, 290
Flies, Mosquitoes and, 346
Fly, Learning to, 575
Fourquet, Jeanne, Anecdote of, 660
French Boy Scouts in the War, 94
Frostbite, 728
Funston, Gen., Anecdote of, 508
Fur Trade, The Old-Time, 391
Future Education of Women, The, 308

GALLSTONES ("Biliary Colic"), 229
Gangrene, 676
Garden of Trees, A, 147
German Measles, 716
Giants and Dwarfs, Modern Explanations of, 235
Glands, Enlarged, 450
Glaucoma, 415
Good of War, One Certain, 732
Government Service, Young Men in the, 119
Great Men and Greatness, 443
Grippe in Children, 38

HAIIG, Sir Douglas, Anecdote of, 384
Hale, Edward Everett, Anecdote of, 384
Hale, J. H. ("The 'Peach King'"), 658
Hardy, Thomas, Anecdote of, 376
Hawaiian Life, Comedies and Tragedies of, 467
Headache, 291
Headache in Children, 27
Heart Strain, 12
Henry, O., Anecdote of, 329
Herpes, 461
Hoar, Ebenezer Rockwood, Anecdote of, 53
Hop Garden, A Kentish, 219
How I looked into the Crater of Vesuvius, 182
How New York is Governed, 555
How to have Good Teeth, 608
Hygiene of the Eyes, 114

ICE, Unsafe, 376
Iceland, The Wonders of, 15
Infantile Paralysis, Protection against, 363
Insect Peril, The, 246
Is American Higher Education improving? 351
JACKSON, Andrew, Anecdote of, 484
Job of the Sea Soldier, The, 335
Johnson, Samuel, Anecdote of, 36

KENTISH Hop Garden, A, 219
Killdeer ("The Feathered Dandy"), 111
Kitchener, Anecdotes of, 348, 398

LA FONTAINE, Anecdotes of, 208

Lafayette, Anecdote of, 400
Lamar, Justice, Anecdote of, 152
Learning to fly, 575
Legal Practice ("Success at the Bar"), 623
Length of Life, The, 170
Letter to his Soldier Son, A Father's, 536
Life in the Cantonment, 719
Life, The Length of, 170
Lincoln, Anecdotes of, 68, 92, 284, 300, 376, 424, 472
Lincoln, Nominating, 71
Lincoln, Tad, Anecdotes of, 376, 415
Little Flag at Manila, The, 345
Lymphadenitis ("Enlarged Glands"), 450

MANILA, The Little Flag at, 345
Marines ("The Job of the Sea Soldier"), 335
Mars, Facts about, 639
Mary, Queen, Anecdote of, 687
Mastication in Children, Poor, 439
Meadow Lark ("The Medalist of the Meadow"), 330
Measles, German, 716
Medalist of the Meadow, The, 330
Memorial Day in War Time, 295
Menace of the Common Cold, The, 691
Metathesis ("Quirks of Mind and Tongue"), 738
Milady, 399
Miller, Joaquin, Anecdote of, 438
Mills, Enos A., Anecdote of, 180
Mind and Tongue, Quirks of, 738
Moderation ("The Length of Life"), 170
Modern Explanations of Giants and Dwarfs, 235
Modern Treatment of Wounds, The, 329
Money-Making from Water, 45
Moore, Thomas, Anecdote of, 660
Mosquitoes and Flies, 346
Mountain Treasure Seekers, 131
Mueller, Dr. Franz, Anecdote of, 484
Mushrooms, 143

NANTASKET ("A True Thanksgiving"), 672
Napoleon and Wellington, 503
Nausea, 686
Navy, Enlisted in the, 403
Neuritis, Treatment of, 499
New Science of Volcanoes, The, 492
New York is Governed, How, 555
Nijinski, M., Anecdote of, 499
Noddy, The Tribulations of, 267
Noguchi, Yone, Anecdote of, 438
Nominating Lincoln, 71

OBLIGATIONS of Citizenship, 59
Old-Time Fur Trade, The, 391
One Certain Good of War, 732
Open Air for Children, The, 314
Our National Extravagance, 3

PAGE, Walter Hines, Anecdote of, 415
Paralysis, Protection against Infantile, 363
"Peach King," The, 658
Pernicious Anemia, 214
Pierce, President, Anecdote of, 550
Poor Mastication in Children, 439
Porter, Sydney, Anecdote of, 329

Prescription, The Physician's, 304
Preventive Medicine, Advance in ("One Certain Good of War"), 732
Protection against Infantile Paralysis, 363
Proverbial Weather, 51

QUIRKS of Mind and Tongue, 738

RAISING the Flag, 290
Relay Games, 226
Relish and Digestion, 538
Rheumatism, Chronic, 200
Rheumatism in Children, 261
Rhodes, Cecil, Anecdote of, 714
Ribot, M., Anecdote of, 484
Rice-Growing in Many Lands, 279
River of Life, The, 103
Romance of Treasure Hunting, The, 479
"Rookies," 184
Rostand, Anecdote of, 68
Ruskin, John, Anecdote of, 396

SAINT Vitus's Dance ("Chorea"), 386
Sargent, John S., Anecdote of, 424
Sea Soldier, The Job of the, 335
Shackleton, Anecdote of, 97
Shark Papers, The, 396
Shingles ("Herpes"), 461
"Shovel V. C.," The, 548
Spade of Earth, A, 520
Spencer, Herbert, Anecdotes of, 326, 476
Spleen, The, 83
Stevenson's Mother, 329
Stomach, Acidity of the, 651
Stomatitis, 567
Strathcona, Lord, Anecdotes of, 8, 54
Success at the Bar, 623
Surgery, Advance in ("One Certain Good of War"), 732
Surgical Anesthesia, 488

TAPS, 245
Teeth, How to have Good, 608
Tetany, 515
Thackeray, Anecdote of, 619
Theories of Cancer, 186
Three Essentials for Children, 100
Toad, Pet ("Milady"), 399
Tongue, Quirks of Mind and, 738
Treasure Hunting, The Romance of, 479
Treasure Seekers, Mountain, 131
Treatment of Acid Dyspepsia, 662
Treatment of Epilepsy, 66
Treatment of Neuritis, 499
Trees, A Garden of, 147
Trembling, 476
Tribulations of Noddy, The, 267

VENIZELOS, Anecdote of, 458
Vesuvius, How I looked into the Crater of, 182
Victoria Cross ("The 'Shovel V. C.'"), 548
Virginians, The First, 244
Volcanoes, The New Science of, 492

WAR, One Certain Good of, 732
Washington, George, Anecdotes of, 99, 108, 183
Water, Money-Making from, 45
Water ("The River of Life"), 103
Watt, Anecdote of, 300
Weather, Proverbial, 51
Wellington, Anecdote of, 628
Wellington, Napoleon and, 503
Whistler, Anecdote of, 208

Whitman, Walt, Anecdote of, 128
Wilhelm II, Anecdote of, 714
Women, The Future Education of, 308
Wonders of Iceland, The, 15
Wounds, The Modern Treatment of, 329
Wu Ting Fang, Anecdote of, 48

X-RAY Pioneer ("A Hero of Peace"), 134

YAWNING, 550
Young Men in the Government Service, 119

Stories

ABE Ginter's Resignation, 293
Absent Treatment, 417
Adventurers who sailed, 250
Afire under Hatches, 5
After the Flash, 17
Agatha's Errand, 132
Air Shaft, The, 613
Alligator aboard Ship ("The Strange Cargo of the Little Muldoon"), 297
Alligator kills Pigs ("The Grim Raider"), 321
Amy's Alibi, 501
Anticosti, At, 455, 469, 481, 493, 505
Apple Balsam, 731
At Anticosti, 455, 469, 481, 493, 505
At Burnt Stick Portage, 669
At Shale Cliff Breach, 281
At the "Black Widow's" Mercy, 44
At the Edge of the Cliff, 369
Aunt Lavender's Meeting Bonnet, 57
Aunt Virginia's Box, 665
Author entertains Little Girl ("The Janey Joyce Limited"), 609
Avenge the Colt, 183

BANDIT caught ("Uncle Tim's Strategy"), 69
Bandits captured ("Fowler's Watch"), 242
Barges, Man caught by ("Shorten Hawser"), 33
Baseball Player unruly ("Coach Quigley's Code"), 158
Battle with Old Gray, A, 733
Bear attacks Boy ("Out of the Fog"), 237
Bear impersonated by Negro ("Black Billy"), 29
Bears, Uncle Nate's, 130, 146
Bills not paid ("The Price of a New Toy"), 730
Birthday Celebration ("Great Possessions"), 468
Birthday Gifts sent by others ("Remembering Aunt Ann"), 306
Bitters, 318
Black Billy, 29
Blizzard, Adventure in ("In the Hollow of his Hand"), 532
Blizzard Story, Ralph's, 73
Bloody Murder, 490
Boat saved ("When the Ice left Cunner Cove"), 557
Bob's "Zephyr of a Scrap," 433
Bonnet, Money sewed in ("Aunt Lavender's Meeting Bonnet"), 57
Borrowing ("The End of a Habit"), 654
Boundary Dispute ("North Forty East"), 4, 16, 32, 43, 60, 72, 88
Boy and Master ("Absent Treatment"), 417
Boy saved from Bull ("On an Unbroken Broncho"), 521
Bridegroom not drowned ("Shanghai arrive Axola," 204

Brother's Place taken ("But when I became a Man'"), 429
Bull and Bear ("Bob's 'Zephyr of a Scrap'"), 433
Bull chases Man ("Padwerta, the Little Czar"), 625
Bull, Child saved from ("On an Unbroken Broncho"), 521
Bullfight, An Impromptu, 174
Burglar releases Imprisoned Clerk ("A Doubtful Rescuer"), 368
Burnt Gas, 709
Burtis Affair, The, 717
"But when I became a Man," 429
Butterball, 442
By Whatever Name, 365

CADET'S Demerits ("The Cake, the Cat and the Soldier"), 1
Cake, the Cat and the Soldier, The, 1
Camel found ("Bloody Murder"), 490
Camping Cow, The, 402
Canoe Race lost ("By Whatever Name"), 365
Car No. 77, 133, 192
Carnegie Medal Boy, The, 554
Cattle found by Dog ("Bit-TERS"), 318
Caught in a Subterranean Maelstrom, 466
Cave, Adventure in ("Caught in a Subterranean Maelstrom"), 466
Chance to begin again, A, 258
Child saved from Train ("A Question of Speed"), 89
Children adopted by Woman Rancher ("In Aunt Stella's Pocket"), 349, 368, 381, 392, 404, 420, 432, 444
Chimney disintegrates ("Painting Healthy Hal"), 533
Chivalry at Goldenbridge, 478
Clothes for College Girl ("Dressmaking"), 377
Club formed to save Mortgaged Home ("Dick Hunt of Oak Royal"), 544
Coach, A Lesson for the, 491
Coach Quigley's Code, 158
Code of the Trapper, The, 42
Colt, Avenge the, 183
Coral Necklace, The, 418
Cow charges Boy ("The Wise Broncho Cow"), 545
Cow milked during Night ("The Dempsey Cow"), 160
Cow steals Pocketbook ("Butterball"), 442
Cow, The Camping, 402
Cow trees Man ("When Purple barked"), 577
Crew stupefied ("Burnt Gas"), 709
Crystal Hunters, The, 105, 121, 133, 149, 161, 177, 193, 205
Cuttlefish, Adventure with ("A Queer Submarine"), 518

"DAGUERRETYPE Saloon," That Mysterious, 265
Day that Clarissa dyed, The, 190
Deaf Girl reads Lips ("An Outlet for Miss Jane"), 70
Dempsey Cow, The, 160
Derelict, In a Sunken, 641
Devilish, Adventure with ("A Queer Submarine"), 518
Dick Hunt of Oak Royal, 544
Diver's Adventure ("In a Sunken Derelict"), 641
Doctor, Ride for the ("Over the Mountain"), 275
Dog finds Horse ("Queen Sabe's Debt"), 481
Dogs Friends ("Pals of the Squad"), 86
Dogs, "The Two, 251
Doubtful Rescuer, A, 366
Drafted, Resigns because ("Abe Ginter's Resignation"), 293
Dress not Satisfactory ("Phoebe and the Sphinx"), 706

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION INDEX

- Dress not worn ("Aunt Virginia's Box"), 665
Dressing up ("Nothing to do"), 401
Dressmaker's Apprentice ("A Chance to begin again"), 258
Dressmaking, 377
Ducks shot under Difficulties ("A Pair of Mallards"), 574
Dustrious Bill, 622
Dyed, The Day that Clarissa, 190
- EASTER, Old Lady's ("Mrs. Pepper passes"), 189
Electric Station saved ("When the Load came off"), 309
Elephant spends Night at Farm ("Nero's Visit"), 610
Ella's Endless Yarn, 350
End of a Habit, The, 654
- FAIRY "Spuds," 576
Family returned ("Father's Surprise"), 266
Father's Surprise, 266
Fiction, A Writer of, 542
Fifer, The, 367
Fire put out by Girl ("One Flight Down"), 317
Fishermen saved from Dynamite ("At Burnt Stick Portage"), 669
Flume, Escape through ("Through a Forest Fire"), 61
Football ("A Lesson for the Coach"), 491
Football Game won ("The Trick Play"), 519
For Jerry Marshall, 421
Forest Fire, Through a, 61
Fowler's Watch, 242
Freshman, The Jitney, 553, 573, 612, 624, 640, 656, 668, 680, 692, 708
Fritz and his "Yager," 202
- "GH" for the Ghent! 502
Girl afraid to say no, 278
Girl climbs down Rope ("One Flight Down"), 317
Girl goes to Brother's Graduation ("Returning Loaves"), 2
Girl lives up to her Name ("Thankful"), 666
Girl not needed ("Needing Nancy"), 30
Girl returns Home ("Leaving Home"), 718
Girl runs away ("The Silver Key"), 333
Goddess of the Griddle, The, 678
Gold Piece lost ("The Pink Elephant"), 13
Good Listener, A, 638
Gossip traced to Source ("Measure for Measure"), 233
Gourds grown ("Apple Balsam"), 731
Graduation Paper pleases Uncle ("Moving the Mountain"), 334
Grandmother's Dress ("Lavender Satin"), 677
Great Possessions, 468
Grim Raider, The, 321
Guide Series, Washington, 442, 466, 490, 518, 554, 622
Gum Gatherer, Adventure of ("The Path of the Evening Star"), 233
Gun-Pointer makes Good ("The Hits that count"), 530
- HARE-and-Hound Race won ("How the Youngsters won"), 390
Heirloom, The, 689
Heirs stolen ("Strawberry Shortcake"), 378
Hits that count, The, 530
Hog holds Boy Prisoner ("In the Saw Grass"), 681
Home saved by forming Hunting Club ("Dick Hunt of Oak Royal"), 544
Hook, A Kitten and a Trout, 243
Horse "Rustler," The "Yarn" of the, 269
Horses saved from Tide ("At Shale Cliff Breach"), 281
Hospital Patient ("Thumbs up"), 166
How the Sergeant kept the Peace, 487
How the Youngsters won, 390
- IMPORTANT Letter, An, 14
Impromptu Bullfight, An, 174
In a Sunken Derelict, 641
In Aunt Stella's Pocket, 349, 368, 380, 392, 404, 420, 432, 444
In Number Three East Butt, 693
"In the Hollow of his Hand," 532
In the Lard Vat, 221
In the Last Resort, 381
In the Saw Grass, 681
Indian Boy rescues Child ("On Bended Bow Lake"), 451
Indian punished for violating Tribe's Law ("Lone Bull's Great Mistake"), 705, 720, 729
Indians frightened off by Gun ("Fritz and his 'Yager'"), 202
Indians' Tepees kicked down ("How the Sergeant kept the Peace"), 487
- JANEY Joyce Limited, The, 609
Janey Joyce Stories, The, 609, 637, 665, 689, 731
Jitney Freshman, The, 553, 573, 612, 624, 640, 656, 668, 680, 692, 708
Jones of the Iron Grip, 721
Judge Baker's Canned Tomatoes, 657
- KATHLEEN'S Probation, 441, 453, 465, 477, 489, 504, 517, 529, 541, 556
Kindergarten Teacher appointed ("Aunt Virginia's Box"), 665
Kitten and a Trout Hook, A, 243
- LABOR Saving Devices ("The Taming of the Shaw"), 104
Lard Vat, In the, 221
Lavender Satin, 677
Lawyers keep together ("Tom's New Partner"), 120
Leaving Home, 718
Lesson for the Coach, A, 491
Lessons shirked ("Absent Treatment"), 417
Letter delivered secretly ("Agatha's Errand"), 132
Letter lost ("An Important Letter"), 14
Letters opened by Children ("Sass in White Envelopes"), 454
Light Keeper fights Sea Lion ("A Battle with Old Gray"), 733
Lightning, Struck by ("After the Flash"), 17
Lime sets Schooner afire ("A Fire under Hatches"), 5
Lion Light, The, 621
Lip Reading learned by Deaf Girl ("An Outlet for Miss Jane"), 70
Listener, A Good, 638
Live Steam, 445
Load came off, When the, 309
Locked in ("A Doubtful Rescuer"), 368
Lone Bull's Great Mistake, 705, 720, 729
Lost Story, The, 50
Lucivee, Tavish's, 690
Lucky Nap, A, 218
Lumber salvaged ("At Anticosti"), 455, 469, 481, 493, 505
Lynx, Adventure with ("A Resentful Cat"), 653
- MAJOR Bohun's Word, 102
Malinda Kivett's Wedding, 52
Man caught between Barges ("Shorten Hawsers!"), 33
Man helped to visit Sick Wife ("The Goddess of the Griddle"), 678
Man rescued from Burning Oil ("When the Bay burned"), 393
Man saved from Cliff ("Jones of the Iron Grip"), 721
Man struck by Lightning ("After the Flash"), 17
Management A 1, 148
Married Life a Success ("Malinda Kivett's Wedding"), 52
Measure for Measure, 233
- Melodeon pays Taxes ("The Heirloom"), 689
Miners caught by Water ("The Air Shaft"), 613
Minister's Wife, Stories of a, 249, 277, 305, 333
Mrs. Pepper passes, 189
Money sewed in Bonnet ("Aunt Lavender's Meeting Bonnet"), 57
Moving the Mountain, 384
Mule runs amuck in Mine ("In Number Three East Butt"), 693
Mynheer Schoonhoven, 326
- NAP, A Lucky, 218
Necklace lost ("The End of a Habit"), 654
Necklace, The Coral, 418
Needed, To be ("The Silver Key"), 333
Needing Nancy, 30
Negro impersonates Bear ("Black Billy"), 29
Nero's Visit, 610
Newspaper Correspondents ("Chivalry at Goldenbridge"), 478
No, Girl afraid to say no, 278
North Forty East, A, 16, 32, 43, 60, 72, 88
Nothing to do, 401
Novelist turns Palm Reader ("Palms up"), 637
Nurse, Girl studies to be a ("Kathleen's Probation"), 441, 453, 465, 477, 489, 504, 517, 529, 541, 556
Nurse succeeds ("The Stuff she was made of"), 390
- OAKS, The Singleton, 176
Oil Pumping Station saved ("The Raid on Station K"), 337
On an Unbroken Broncho, 521
On Bended Bow Lake, 451
One Flight Down, 317
Onyx discovered ("The Crystal Hunters"), 105, 121, 133, 149, 161, 177, 193, 205
Out of the Fog, 237
Outlet for Miss Jane, An, 70
Over the Mountain, 275
- PADDLE broken ("By Whatever Name"), 365
Padwerta, the Little Czar, 625
Pageant, The, 430
Painting Healthy Hal, 533
Pair of Mallards, A, 574
Palms up, 637
"Pals" of the Squad, 86
Patching, Money made by ("Dustrious Bill"), 622
Path of the Evening Star, The, 253
Peacemakers, The, 294
Perilous Swim, A, 110
Phoebe and the Sphinx, 706
Pink Elephant, The, 13
Plattsburgers, The, 217, 236, 252, 268, 280, 296, 307, 320, 336, 352
Poacher saved by Trapper ("The Code of the Trapper"), 42
Point of Contact, The, 249
Police Dogs ("Pals" of the Squad"), 86
Pony Express Adventure, A, 167
Potatoes saved by Fires ("Six Hundred Bushels of Potatoes"), 726
Potatoes saved from Frost ("Fairy 'Spuds'"), 576
Price of a New Toy, The, 730
Probation, Kathleen's, 441, 453, 465, 477, 489, 504, 517, 529, 541, 556
- QUARREL adjusted ("The Peacemakers"), 294
Queer Submarine, A, 518
Question of Speed, A, 89
Quien Sabe's Debt, 480
- RAID on Station K, The, 337
Ralph's Blizzard Story, 73
Rattlesnake frightens Horse ("Major Bohun's Word"), 102
Red Lilies and Rosemary, The, 210
Remembering Aunt Ann, 306
Resentful Cat, A, 653
Resignation, Abe Ginter's, 293
- Returning Loaves, 2
Reuben's Portion, 85, 101, 117, 129, 145, 157, 173, 191, 201, 220
River crossed ("The Shifting Sands of the Cimarron"), 342
Running Race won ("The Two-Miler"), 234
- SALVAGE, 305
San Diego Range, Stories of the, 521, 545, 577, 625, 657
"Sass in White Envelopes," 454
Scholarship, Competition for ("Reuben's Portion"), 85, 101, 117, 129, 145, 157, 173, 191, 201, 220
Secretary, Man appointed ("The Red Lilies and Rosemary"), 210
"Sermons in Stones," 58
Sermons made ("A Whiff of Salt"), 277
"Shanghai arrive Axola," 204
Shifting Sands of the Cimarron, The, 342
"Shorten Hawsers!" 33
Sick Woman helped ("The Point of Contact"), 249
Sign Painters' Peril ("Painting Healthy Hal"), 533
Silver Key, The, 333
Singleton Oaks, The, 176
Six Hundred Bushels of Potatoes, 726
Skating Race won ("Sleepy Sally"), 41
Sleepy Sally, 41
Smokestack, Devilish in ("A Queer Submarine"), 518
Snowslide blocks Cave Entrance ("Trapped in the Sea Chamber"), 353
Son of McCargill, The, 405
Speed, A Question of, 89
Spider, Adventure with ("At the Black Widow's Mercy"), 44
Stage Driver ("A Good Listener"), 638
Steam, Live, 445
Stenographer overdressed ("Amy's Alibi"), 501
Stories of a Minister's Wife, 249, 277, 305, 333
Stories of the San Diego Range, 521, 545, 577, 625, 657
Story, The Lost, 50
Strange Cargo of the Little Muldoon, The, 297
Strawberry Shortcake, 378
Stuff she was made of, The, 389
Swimming Pool, Adventure in ("In the Last Resort"), 381
- TABLE too Large ("Management A 1"), 148
Taming of the Shaw, The, 104
Tank, Adventure in ("A Perilous Swim"), 110
Tavish's Lucivee, 690
Thankful, 666
That Mysterious "Daguerreotype Saloon," 265
Thieves discovered ("The Burtis Affair"), 717
Through a Forest Fire, 61
Thumbs up, 166
Tomatoes rout Bandits ("Judge Baker's Canned Tomatoes"), 657
Tom's New Partner, 120
Tornado wrecks Train ("Salvage"), 305
Trail followed by Doe ("Sermons in Stones"), 58
Tramp helps with Housecleaning ("Adventurers who sailed"), 250
Tramway, Trip over ("For Jerry Marshall"), 421
Trapped in the Sea Chamber, 353
Trapper trapped, The, 118
Trees saved ("The Singleton Oaks"), 176
Trick Play, The, 519
Two Dogs, "The, 251
Two-Miler, The, 234
- UNCLE Nate's Bears, 130, 146
Uncle Tim's Strategy, 69
- VESSEL capsizes ("The Son of McCargill"), 405
- WASHINGTON Guide Series, 442, 466, 490, 518, 554, 622
Watch given for Bravery ("Fowler's Watch"), 242
Wedding Gown given away ("Shanghai arrive Axola"), 204
Wedding, Malinda Kivett's, 52
When Purp barked, 577
When the Bay burned, 393
When the Ice left Cumner Cove, 557
When the Load came off, 309
Whiff of Salt, A, 277
Will found ("The Lion Light"), 622
Wireless, Amateur, saves Steamer ("GH" for the Ghent!), 502
Wise Broncho Cow, The, 545
Wolves, Escape from ("At the Edge of the Cliff"), 369
Wreck Mystery solved ("Mynheer Schoonhoven"), 326
Writer of Fiction, A, 542
- YARN, Ella's Endless, 350
"Yarn" of the Horse "Rustler," The, 269

Editorials

- ACHIEVEMENTS of Peace, 642
Administration, Supporting the ("The Duty of the Hour"), 178
Admiral, The, 90
Advice to Farmers, 470
Aeroplane, Future of the ("Travel after the War"), 534
Aeroplanes ("The American Air Fleet"), 614
After Three Years of War, 446
Agreement with Japan, The, 694
Agriculture ("Increase your Production"), 206
Air Fleet, The American, 614
Air Raids and Reprisals, 626
Allies ("Brazil, too"), 670
Allies ("How we can help"), 238
Alms-houses ("The Service of Little Things"), 494
Ambition, Short-Term, 406
America and Germany, 238
America Day, 298
America is at War, Why, 222
American Air Fleet, The, 614
American Soldiers in France, 162
"And he said—" 194
Annexations ("No More Colonies"), 446
Another Advance, 222
Are the Submarines beaten? 710
Army, Raising the, 298
Army, The New, 338
As the United States enters, 270
A. T. & S. F. R. R. ("Training Industrial Leaders"), 254
Attrition, The War of, 558
Austria, The Peace Terms of, 626
Austria's Future ("Kaiser Karl's Dilemma"), 370
Avarice, Thrift and, 90
Aviation ("The Wings of the Morning"), 482
- "BACK in School," 522
Bagdad, The Fall of, 194
Barriers, 178
Belgium, 34
Belgium, The Need of, 106
Big Figures, 46
Bolsheviks, The, 642
Boy, The Farmer's, 406
Boys, Best Training for ("The Farmer's Boy"), 406
Boys need Education ("Stay in School"), 670
Brazil, too, 670
Breaking with Germany, 122
British Commonwealth, The, 422
"Buffalo Bill," 74
Business after the War, 222
"Business as Usual," 270
Business Men, The Patriotism of American, 506
- CADORNA'S Troops, Success of ("In the Julian Alps"), 558
- Calves grow, Letting, 382
Canning and Drying, 338
Carranza his Chance, Giving, 134
Censorship, 354
Charm, 62
Cheerfulness, 338
Cheerfulness ("One Branch of the Service"), 434
Child Labor ("The Next Step"), 46
Children's Friends ("Back in School"), 522
China and the Entente, 206
Christmas ("The Lord is King"), 710
Christmas, War-Time, 682
Church Music ("Religious Ragtime"), 122
Church Survey, A, 150
Civil Service and Postmasters ("Another Advance"), 222
Civil War in Russia, 604
Classics, Let us save the, 546
Coal, 34
Cody, William F. ("Buffalo Bill"), 74
College Boys, Our, 354
College Graduates ("The Trained Woman"), 370
Colonies, No More, 446
Community and the Training Camp, The, 658
Compliment, Conjugal, 62
Conduct in Games, 370
Congress, 106
Congress ("A Special Session"), 194
Conjugal Compliment, 62
Conscientious Objectors, 494
Constantine, Exit King, 394
Constitution, The ("Necessary and Proper"), 546
Continuous Performance, A, 46
Conversation ("Out of Emergencies"), 538
Cookery, War-Time, 354
Cooks, The Need of, 642
Coöperation, 282
Corn ("Our Unrealized Food Resources"), 370
Cost of Living rises, Why the, 270
Crimes of Germany, The, 298
Crisis, The, 670
Crops for Late Planting, 298
Cuba, 150
- DAMES, Titled, 614
"Daylight Saving" ("A Measure of Common Sense"), 434
Democracy and War, 422
Democracy in the East, 134
Democracy, Voluntary Effort and, 254
Dewey, George ("The Admiral"), 90
Dictators ("Efficiency in War"), 710
Disloyalty, On the Frontiers of, 456
Doctors and the War, The, 506
Doctors in War ("The Medical Corps"), 470
Dodd, Walter James ("A Hero of Peace"), 134
Does it matter? 162
Draft, Selective ("Raising the Army"), 298
Drafted, To the, 434
Dress for Business, 482
Drill for Everyone, 322
Drying, Canning and, 338
Duty of the Hour, The, 178
- EAST, The Problem of the, 682
Eclipses, A Year of Seven, 90
Economics, Pet, 122
Economy, True and False, 322
Edge Tool, An, 422
Education in England, 178
Education, Reciprocity in, 578
Efficiency in War, 710
Egotists, 506
Egyptian Front, The, 150
Elections, State ("The Political Outlook"), 694
Elections, The, 682
Embargo, The Food, 470
Embargo, The Great, 626
Emergencies, Out of, 558
Emergency Gardening, 238
Enemy, Trading with the, 642
England, Education in, 178
Executive Faculty ("Making others work"), 134
Executive, Interference with the ("One-Man Power"), 62
Exit King Constantine, 394

Exposures from Washington, The, 578
 Extremes in Government ("An Object Lesson to the World"), 722

FALL of Bagdad, The, 194
 Farm, Labor on the, 578
 Farmer's Boy, The, 406
 Farmers, Advice to, 470
 Fighting on Foreign Soil, 406
 Filibuster, The Great, 178
 Finances, National, 6
 Financing the War, 282
 Flag, The Pledge to the, 722
 Food ("Canning and Drying"), 338
 Food Control, 482
 Food Control has accomplished, What, 658
 Food Embargo, The, 470
 Food Resources, Our Unrealized, 370
 Food, The Great Question of, 310
 Foreign Trade ("Big Figures"), 46
 Foreign Trade ("Our Trade with the World"), 162
 Forest Service ("The Lumberjacks"), 522
 Fragments, The, 722
 Free Russia in Peril, 534
 Free Speech, 434
 French Canadians, The, 534
 French Thought, To spread, 18
 Furs, Summer, 446
 Future of Ireland, The, 394

GAINS for Prohibition, 74
 Games, Conduct in, 370
 Garden Products ("Petty Thieving"), 370
 Gardening, 150
 Gardening, Emergency, 238
 Genius, The Nursery of, 18
 German Chancellor ("The New Chancellor"), 682
 German Colonies, The, 682
 German Diplomatic Corps ("The Exposures from Washington"), 578
 German Hero, The, 614
 German Ideas of Peace, 614
 German Strategy, 222
 German Victory, Result of ("Does it matter?"), 162
 Germans outside Germany, To, 382
 Germans, Poland and the, 578
 Germany, America and, 238
 Germany and Italy, 722
 Germany and Sweden, 558
 Germany being crushed ("Signs and Portents"), 422
 Germany being exhausted ("The War of Attrition"), 558
 Germany, Breaking with, 122
 Germany democratic? Is, 456
 Germany Militaristic ("The Next War"), 658
 Germany, Naval Mutiny in, 642
 Germany, Reform in, 254
 Germany, The Crimes of, 208
 Germany, The Purpose of, 106
 Germany Triumphant in Roumania, 6
 Girl, The Vanished, 394
 Girls, Present Appearance of ("An Ignoble Ambition"), 578
 Giving Carranza his Chance, 134
 Giving ("Silent Patriotism"), 546
 Gold Imports, Our, 238
 Government, Extremes in ("An Object Lesson to the World"), 722
 Great Britain ("The Lloyd-George Government"), 6
 Great Embargo, The, 626
 Great Filibuster, The, 178
 Great Question of Food, The, 310
 Great War ("Latin-America and the War"), 178
 Great War ("The Egyptian Front"), 150
 Greece ("Exit King Constantine"), 394

HABITS ("Repetition"), 106
 Hale, J. H. ("The 'Peach King'"), 658
 Harvests in a Year of Food Crisis, The, 494
 H. C. of L., 206
 Health ("Out of Emergencies"), 558

Help, How we can, 238
 Hero of Peace, A, 134
 Hertling, Count von ("The New Chancellor"), 682
 High Cost of Living, 206
 Hindenburg, Marshal von ("The German Hero"), 614
 Home Rule ("The Irish Question"), 194
 Home vs. Street Corner, 222
 How we can help, 238

IGNOBLE Ambition, An, 578
 Immigration, Restricting, 122
 In the Julian Alps, 558
 In Time of War prepare for Peace, 62
 Increase your Production, 206
 Indemnities, 338
 Independence in Thought, 406
 Industrial Leaders, Training, 254
 Influence of Russia, The, 354
 Insurance, Pensions or, 482
 Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations ("The Trained Woman"), 370
 Ireland, The Future of, 394
 Irish Question, The, 194
 Iron of Lorraine, The, 18
 Is Germany democratic? 456
 It is a Revolution, 522
 Italian Campaign, The, 546
 Italy, Germany and, 722

JAPAN ("Democracy in the East"), 134
 Japan, The Agreement with, 694
 Joffre, The Welcome to, 322
 Julian Alps, In the, 558
 Junior Red Cross, A, 658

KAISER Karl's Dilemma, 370
 LABOR on the Farm, 578
 Late and Minor Combatants, 254
 Late Planting, Crops for, 298
 Latin-America and the War, 178
 Lawlessness, Outbreaks of ("Our Danger at Home"), 456
 "Leaks," 74
 Let us save the Classics, 546
 Letters to Soldiers, 694
 Letting Calves grow, 382
 Liberty Loan and After, The, 694
 Liberty Loan, The, 310, 394
 Literacy Test ("Restricting Immigration"), 122
 Little Things, The Service of, 494
 Living, High Cost of, 206
 Living rises, Why the Cost of, 270
 Lloyd-George Government, The, 6
 Lord is King, The, 710
 Lorraine, The Iron of, 18
 Lumberjacks, The, 522
 Luxuries, 456
 Luxuries, Necessaries and, 534

MAKING others work, 134
 Manners ("Conduct in Games"), 370
 Manners of Women ("A Question of Taste"), 74
 Maxim Brothers ("The Nursery of Genius"), 18
 Maximalists ("The Bolshevik"), 642
 Measure of Common Sense, A, 434
 Medical Corps, The, 470
 Military Training ("Drill for Everyone"), 322
 Military Training ("Universal Service"), 46
 Milk, Skimmed ("Our Unrealized Food Resources"), 370
 Missions, The, 322
 "Mother Lode," Being a ("Back in School"), 522
 Moving Pictures ("An Unofficial Censorship"), 254
 Music, Church ("Religious 'Ragtime'"), 122
 Mutiny in Germany, Naval, 642

NATIONAL Finances, 6
 Nature ("That which abideth"), 382
 Naval Mutiny in Germany, 642
 Navies, The Work of the, 522
 Necessaries and Luxuries, 534
 "Necessary and Proper," 546

Need of Belgium, The, 106
 Need of Cooks, The, 642
 Neutrals, The Other, 134
 New Army, The, 338
 New Chancellor, The, 682
 New Taxes, The, 626
 New York Election ("The Elections"), 682
 Next Step, The, 46
 Next War, "The, 658
 Nineteen Seventeen, 734
 No More Colonies, 446
 Noble Calling, A, 162
 Nursery of Genius, The, 18

OBJECT Lesson to the World, An, 722
 Obstructionists ("On the Frontiers of Disloyalty"), 456
 Occupations, Intercollegiate Bureau of ("The Trained Woman"), 370
 Oil Wells, East and West, 34
 On the Frontiers of Disloyalty, 456
 One Branch of the Service, 434
 One-Man Power, 62
 Other Neutrals, The, 134
 Our College Boys, 354
 Our Danger at Home, 456
 Our Gold Imports, 238
 Our New Friendships, 282
 Our Railway Problem, 6
 Our Trade with the World, 162
 Our Troops go to France, 322
 Our Unrealized Food Resources, 370
 Our West Indies, 34
 Out of Emergencies, 558

PATRIOTISM of American Business Men, The, 506
 Patriotism, Silent, 546
 Patriotism ("The Unawakened"), 670
 Peace at Present, No, 74
 Peace, German Ideas of, 614
 Peace, In Time of War prepare for, 62
 "Peace" League, The, 354
 Peace Movement, Russia and the, 310
 Peace Proposal, The, 18
 Peace Proposals, The, 506
 Peace Terms of Austria, The, 626
 "Peace without Victory," 106
 "Peach King," The, 658
 Pensions or Insurance, 482
 Pet Economies, 122
 Petty Thieving, 370
 Pigs and Poultry, 310
 Pledge to the Flag, The, 722
 Poland and the Germans, 578
 Political Hope, 482
 Political Outlook, The, 694
 Postal Rates ("To make Publications Sectional"), 90
 Postmasters under Civil Service Law ("Another Advance"), 222
 Poultry, Pigs and, 310
 Preparedness ("Raising the Army"), 298
 President, Supporting the ("The Duty of the Hour"), 178
 Problem of the East, The, 682
 Production, Increase your, 206
 Production Necessary ("The Liberty Loan and After"), 694
 Prohibition, Gains for, 74
 Protecting the Rights of the Public, 206
 Public, Protecting the Rights of the, 206
 Public Utilities ("Achievements of Peace"), 642
 Publications Sectional, To make, 90
 Public-Buildings Scandal, The, 34
 Purpose of Germany, The, 106

QUESTION of Taste, A, 74
 "RAGTIME," Religious, 122
 Railway Problem, Our, 6
 Railway World ("Protecting the Rights of the Public"), 206
 Raising the Army, 298
 Rasputin, Gregory, 62
 Rat Plague, The, 614
 Ready-Made Thoughts, 6
 Reasoning ("An Edge Tool"), 422
 Reciprocity in Education, 578
 Red Cross, A Junior, 658
 Reform in Germany, 254

Religion at Home, 506
 Religious "Ragtime," 122
 Repetition, 106
 Reprisals, Air Raids and, 626
 Restricting Immigration, 122
 Retreat by Germans ("German Strategy"), 222
 Revolution, It is a, 522
 Roumania, Germany Triumphant in, 6
 Russia, 194
 Russia and the Peace Movement, 310
 Russia, Civil War in, 694
 Russia in Peril, Free, 534
 Russia, Self-Government in, 238
 Russia ("The Bolshevik"), 642
 Russia, The Influence of, 354
 Russian Renaissance, The, 434

SACRIFICE, The Spirit of, 522
 Said ("And he said —"), 194
 Save, To save or not to, 338
 Saving ("The Fragments"), 722
 School, Stay in, 670
 Secret Service, 558
 Self-Forgetfulness ("Social Awkwardness"), 470
 Self-Government in Russia, 238
 Service, 546
 Service of Little Things, The, 494
 "Shakar," 206
 Shipping, 710
 Short Road to Power, A, 534
 Short-Term Ambition, 406
 Signs and Portents, 422
 Silent Marchers, The, 394
 Silent Patriotism, 546
 Skimmed Milk ("Our Unrealized Food Resources"), 370
 Social Awkwardness, 470
 Society, Fashionable ("A Continuous Performance"), 46
 Soldiers in France, American, 162
 Soldiers, Letters to, 694
 Soldiers of the Past ("The Silent Marchers"), 394
 Soldiers ("Pensions or Insurance"), 482
 Speaking well ("A Short Road to Power"), 534
 Special Session, A, 194
 Speech ("Barriers"), 178
 Speech, Free, 434
 Spirit of Sacrifice, The, 522
 Spring Offensive, The, 298
 State Elections ("The Political Outlook"), 694
 Statistics and System, 422
 Stay in School, 670
 Stock Taking ("Statistics and System"), 422
 Street Corner, Home vs., 222
 Submarine, Torpedo Plane vs., 406
 Submarine War, The, 310
 Submarines again, 90
 Submarines beaten? Are the, 710
 Sugar ("Shakar"), 206
 Summer Furs, 446
 Supporting the Administration ("The Duty of the Hour"), 178
 Sweden, Germany and, 558
 Sympathies, The Two, 626
 System, Statistics and, 422

"TANKS" at Cambrai, The, 722
 Taxes ("National Finances"), 6
 Taxes, The New, 626
 Taxing and Borrowing, 494
 Teacher ("A Noble Calling"), 162
 Thanksgiving, 670
 "That which abideth," 382
 Thieving, Petty, 370
 Thought, Independence in, 406
 Thoughts, Ready-Made, 6
 Thrift and Avarice, 90
 Time ("Out of Emergencies"), 558
 Titled Dames, 614
 To Germans outside Germany, 382
 To make Publications Sectional, 90
 To save, or not to save, 338
 To spread French Thought, 18
 To the Drafted, 434
 Torpedo Plane vs. Submarine, 406
 Trading with the Enemy, 642
 Trained Woman, The, 370
 Training Camp, The Community and the, 658

Training Industrial Leaders, 254
 Travel after the War, 534
 Troops go to France, Our, 322
 True and False Economy, 322
 Turkey and the Treaties, 46
 Two are Company, 18
 Two Sympathies, The, 626

UNAWAKENED, The, 670
 United States enters, As the, 270
 Universal Service, 46, 710
 Unofficial Censorship, An, 254

VANISHED Girl, The, 394
 Visible World, The, 270
 Voluntary Effort and Democracy, 254

WAR, After Three Years of, 446
 War and our Better Nature, 446
 War ("As the United States enters"), 270
 War, Conduct of the ("On the Frontiers of Disloyalty"), 456
 War ("Conscientious Objectors"), 494
 War ("Cooperation"), 282
 War, Democracy and, 422
 War ("Fighting on Foreign Soil"), 406
 War, Financing the, 282
 War in 1917, The, 122
 War ("It is a Revolution"), 522
 War ("Late and Minor Combatants"), 254
 War, Latin-America and the, 178
 War, Money for ("Taxing and Borrowing"), 494
 War, Object of the ("The Problem of the East"), 682
 War of Attrition, The, 558
 War ("Our Danger at Home"), 456
 War ("Our New Friendships"), 282
 War, Recuperation from ("Political Hope"), 482
 War ("The Crisis"), 670
 War, The Doctors and the, 546
 War ("The Egyptian Front"), 150
 War, "The Next, 658
 War ("The Spring Offensive"), 298
 War ("The Unawakened"), 670
 War ("The Woman's Part"), 282
 War ("Universal Service"), 710
 War ("What we have done"), 470
 War? Who brought us into the, 382
 War-Time Christmas, 682
 War-Time Cookery, 354
 Waste ("To save, or not to save"), 338
 Welcome to Joffre, The, 322
 West Indies, Our, 34
 What Food Control has accomplished, 658
 What we have done, 470
 Wheat ("The Harvests in a Year of Food Crisis"), 494
 Who brought us into the War? 382
 Why America is at War, 222
 Why the Cost of Living rises, 270
 Wings of the Morning, The, 482
 Woman's Part, The, 282
 Women after the War, 150
 Women in Business ("Short-Term Ambition"), 406
 Women's Manners ("A Question of Taste"), 74
 Work, Making others, 134
 Work of the Navies, The, 522

X-RAY Pioneer ("A Hero of Peace"), 134

YEAR of Seven Eclipses, A, 90

Nature and Science

ABSTINENCE and Longevity, 55
 Aërial Age, The, 631
 Ants and Aphides, 663
 Aphides, Ants and, 663

Armadillo ("A Misnamed Crustacean"), 98
 Armor, Modern, 347
 Atomic Energy, 127
 Automobile, The Coming, 374
 Aviation ("The Aërial Age"), 631

BATH, Whirlpool ("Salving the Wastage"), 39
 Bees, Prunes and, 155
 Bees survive ("Ordeal by Fire"), 438
 Birds and the Clock, 215
 Birds in the War Zone, 185
 Birds on the Battle Front, 498
 Blasting with Lime, 427
 Blowing Wells, 486
 Bottles, Paper Milk, 260
 Box, The Ideal, 247
 Brazil, Geographical Position of ("Geographical Anomalies"), 475
 Bread ("Waste not, want not"), 374
 Bullfrogs, Huge, 127
 Burglar-Alarm Safe ("A Tell-tale Strong Box"), 115
 Buy Food, How to, 631

CAMP Sites, Southern, 663
 Cellulose ("Modern Magicians"), 715
 Charting the Stars, 171
 Chemists ("Modern Magicians"), 715
 Chips, A Use for, 115
 Coal Beds, Vanished, 475
 Coal, River, 55
 Cold affects Fish, How, 663
 Colds, Head ("A Hint to Swimmers"), 155
 Colorado, Prehistoric, 155
 Comet, Wolf's, 328
 Condor's Quill, A, 198
 Conservation of Energy, 115
 Corals, Our Fossil, 127
 Cormorants ("Feathered Fishers"), 127
 Curves of Life, Our, 374

DAYLIGHT-SAVING ("Birds and the Clock"), 215
 Desert-Dry Interiors, 260
 Dusts, Dangerous, 438

EARTH'S Crust ("Theory versus Facts"), 527
 Eggs in Wax, Fried, 527
 Electric Appliances ("A New Fire Peril"), 215
 Electric Power from Volcanic Heat ("Harnessing a Volcano"), 98
 Electricity saved ("Conservation of Energy"), 115
 Element, The Romantic, 185
 Energy, Atomic, 127

FEATHERED Fishers, 127
 Fencing a Continent, 475
 Fields of Verdun, The, 67
 Fire, Ordeal by, 438
 Fire Peril, A New, 215
 Fish, How Cold affects, 663
 Fish, Smoked Fresh-Water, 247
 Fish ("Stocking the Reservoirs"), 715
 Fly Poisons, 328
 Flying, The Future of, 328
 Food, How to buy, 631
 Foods, Caloric Values of ("Fried Eggs in Wax"), 527
 Fooling the Enemy, 427
 Forest, The Fossil, 498
 Forestry Regiment, Our, 631
 Fossil Corals, Our, 127
 Fossil Forest, The, 498
 French Artists ("Fooling the Enemy"), 427
 Fresh-Water Manatee, A, 67
 Fried Eggs in Wax, 527

GAME Laws for Whales, 39
 Gander, An Aged, 328
 Gasoline for Wounds, 171
 Gasoline versus Oats, 475
 Geographical Anomalies, 475
 Grasshoppers at Sea, 347
 Gunfire and Rainfall, 115

HARNESS, Horses and, 606
 Harnessing a Volcano, 98
 Hawks, Sentencing the, 98
 Health, Enforcing, 427
 Henhouse Thief, A, 185
 Hidden Waters, 171
 Hindus, West Indian, 675

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION INDEX

History in Tools, 675
Hoactzin ("Strange Nest-
lings"), 215
Holland, Pumping out, 215
Horse-Chestnuts, A Use for,
631
Horseflesh ("A Unique
Market"), 198
Horses and Harness, 606
Houses ("Desert-Dry Inter-
iors"), 260
How to buy Food, 631

INDUSTRY, Research and,
347
Insects migrate? Do, 67

LIFE, Length of ("Our
Curves of Life"), 374
Lighthouse Service ("Sign-
posts of the Sea"), 606
Lights, Convenient Signal, 715
Lime, Blasting with, 427
Limestone, The Origin of, 198
Locomotives by Freight, 303
Longevity, Abstinence and, 55

MANATEE, A Fresh-Water,
67
Market, A Unique, 198
Mars, The Mystery of, 11
Mastoids ("A Hint to Swim-
mers"), 155
Metal discharged in War ("The
Fields of Verdun"), 67
Misnamed Crustacean, A, 98
Modern Magicians, 715
Mosquito Peril, The, 39
Mosquito, The Home-Loving,
606
Motor Shovel, A, 55
Motor Truck, Curbing the, 486
Mountains, Below the, 215
Mussel, Sea ("A Neglected
Shellfish"), 155

NEGLECTED Shellfish, A,
155
Nestlings, Strange, 215
Nitrogen ("The Romantic Ele-
ment"), 185

OATS, Gasoline *versus*, 475
Open the Windows, 98
Ore Carriers, Our, 374

PAINTED Scenery in War
("Fooling the Enemy"), 427
Paper Milk Bottles, 260
Parakeet Apartments, 247
Petrified Forest ("The Fossil
Forest"), 498
Pill Bug ("A Misnamed Crus-
tacean"), 98
Pipe Industry, Our, 39
Platinum Filaments, 438
Polymyelitis, 11
Potto, The Mysterious, 486
Prehistoric Textiles, 171
Prunes and Bees, 155

QUILL, A Condor's, 198

RABBITS ("Fencing a Conti-
nent"), 475
Railway Signals, New, 11
Rainfall, Gunfire and, 115
Research and Industry, 347
Reservoirs, Stocking the, 715
Rifle, The New Army, 486
River Coal, 55
Romantic Element, The, 185

SALVING the Wastage, 39
Sanitary Safeguards, 527
Science and the War, 303
Shark Suckers, 115
Shellfish, A Neglected, 155
Shells by the Ton, 498
Shovel, A Motor, 55
Signal Lights, Convenient, 715
Signposts of the Sea, 606
Silence, Zones of, 303
Smoke Indicator, A, 247
Smoked Fresh-Water Fish, 247
Solar Water Heater, A, 39
Soldiers ("Enforcing Health"),
427
Soldiers saved ("Salving the
Wastage"), 39
Stars, Charting the, 171
Steam, Marketing, 347
Stocking the Reservoirs, 715
Sturgeon's Food, The, 55
Submarine, Circumventing the,
438
Sun, A Touch of, 663

Swallow Apartments, 427
Swimmers, A Hint to, 155
TELEPHONE in the Forest,
The, 115
Telescopes ("Platinum Fila-
ments"), 438
Telltale Strong Box, A, 115
Textiles, Prehistoric, 171
Theory *versus* Facts, 527
Ticklish, Why we are, 67
Tin, the Indispensable, 198
Tools, History in, 675
Training Camps ("Southern
Camp Sites"), 663

VANISHING Wild Life, 260
Verdun, The Fields of, 67
Volcano, Harnessing a, 98

WAR ("Sanitary Safe-
guards"), 527
War, Science and the, 303
Waste not, want not, 374
Water Heater, A Solar, 39
Water, "Witching" for, 260
Waters, Hidden, 171
Weasel ("A Henhouse Thief"),
185
Wells, Blowing, 486
West Indian Hindus, 675
Whale Steak, 675
Whales, Game Laws for, 39
Whales, Wrecked by, 11
Whirlpool Bath ("Salving the
Wastage"), 39
Wild Life, Vanishing, 260
Windows, Open the, 98
Wireless Telephone ("The
Telephone in the Forest"),
115
"Witching" for Water, 260
Wolf's Comet, 328
Wood Waste ("A Use for
Chips"), 115
Wrecked by Whales, 11

Poetry

ADVENTURERS, Ballad
of, 684
Alleluia! 196
"And then?" 124
August in the Melon Patch,
458
Autumn's calling ("The
World is All a Wonder-
land"), 616

BACH at the Organ, 164
Ballad of Adventurers, 684

CALENDAR, Last Year's,
20
Cat, A Mother, 472
Chest, The Old Camp, 108
Childhood returns ("Play-
mates"), 508
Childless, The Children of the,
76
Children ("In the Park"), 312
Children of the Childless, The,
76
Christ Child ("Simeon in the
Temple"), 8
Cloak for the Manger, The, 712
Compassion of the Swallows,
The, 180
"Crotalus Horridus," 424

DEAD Daughter, The, 224
Debt, The, 514
Donald singing in the Dark,
660

E PLURIBUS Unum, 372
Easter ("Alleluia!"), 196
Elsewhere, R. F. D., 672
Every Brook runs Blue again,
208

GARDEN, Her, 736
Glean, The Lanthorn or the,
36
Goldfinch, The, 324
Good-bye, The Soldier's, 48
Grandmother's Garden, A
Shower in, 356
Gypsy Time, 256

HER Garden, 736
Her Laugh, 548
Home, Longing for ("Tiger
Lilies"), 424
Home-to-be, The, 696
Horses, The Little, 496

IN the Park, 312
In the Relay, 628

LANTHORN or the Glean,
The, 36
Last Year's Calendar, 20
Laugh, Her, 548
Law of Life, The, 580
Leaves falling ("The Law of
Life"), 580
Lights, The Village, 284
Little Horses, The, 496
Log-Cabin Quilt, The Old, 536
Loon, The Wildwood, 240
Love ("The Sunshine Path"),
384

MARCH, 136
Marseillaise played ("A Song
from the Ashes"), 408
Mediums, The, 448
Melon Patch, August in the,
458
Midsummer, 396
Mother Cat, A, 472
Mother in England, A, 560
Mothers, Three, 272
My Lad, 484

O LITTLE Bird teach me to
sing, 64
Old Camp Chest, The, 108
Old Log-Cabin Quilt, The, 536
Organ, Bach at the, 164

PAIN, To Youth after, 724
Parts of Speech ("Verbiage"),
92
Perfect Seed, The, 340
Playmates, 508

QUILT, The Old Log-Cabin,
536

RATTLESNAKE ("Crotal-
lus Horridus"), 424
Relay, In the, 628

SEED, The Perfect, 340
Shower in Grandmother's
Garden, A, 356
Simeon in the Temple, 8
Sing, O Little Bird teach me
to, 64
Singing in the Dark, Donald,
660
Soldier ("My Lad"), 484
Soldier's Good-bye, The, 48
"Somewhere in France" ("A
Mother in England"), 560
Song from the Ashes, A, 408
Spring, 150
Spring ("Every Brook runs
Blue again"), 208
Spring Winds, 152
Statue, The, 436
Story told ("And then?") 124
Sunshine Path, The, 384
Swallows, The Compassion of
the, 180
Sword of Arthur, The, 300

TELL the Truth, 508
Temple, Simeon in the, 8
Three Mothers, 272
Tiger Lilies, 424
To Youth after Pain, 724
Together, 524
Trails, The Wood, 644
Truly Exclusive, 324
Truth, Tell the, 508
Turn of the Year, The, 734

UNITED States ("E Pluribus
Unum"), 372

VERBIAGE, 92
Village Lights, The, 284

WILDWOOD Loon, The, 240
Wood Trails, The, 644
Woodchuck ("Truly Exclu-
sive"), 324
World is All a Wonderland,
The, 616

YEAR, The Turn of the, 734

Children's Page

ADVENTURES of Figure
One, The, 437
Afternoon Stroll, An, 285
Alan's Great Surprise, 437
A-M-E-R-I-C-A, 459
Animals of Puzzle-Land, The,
49
Animals, Queer, 497
Apples, Picking ("A Frolic in
the Orchard"), 525

April Fool and Queen of May
("A Merry Petition"), 257
April Fool, Mother Robin's,
181
April is on the Way, When,
181
April, Little Miss, 181
Atlas in Geography Class ("A
Fine Solution"), 285
Aviation Meet, The, 537

BABY Doll, The Toy Maker
and the, 617
Baby Mallards, The, 497
Baby Pan, The, 209
Baby wants, What, 357
Bally Beds, 473
Bear burns Tongue ("An
Easter Adventure"), 197
Bears ("The Fourth in the
Arctic"), 373
Bed, Going to ("Alan's Great
Surprise"), 437
Bed Time, 425
Bert Dow's Victory, 273
Betty and Billy, 459
Betty's May Day, 241
Birds fed ("A Song of
Winter"), 93
Birds of Puzzle-Land, The, 153
Boaster, The, 153
Bounce Ball, Japanese, 549
Boxing Day, Katherine's, 725
Boy and Girl ("Dick and his
Sister"), 473
Boy and the Flag, The, 341
Boyhood of Washington, The,
93
Bridge built ("How Little Bear
helped the Wildcat Babies"),
341
Bunnies, The Thanksgiving of
the, 673
Bunny's Christmas Card, 725
Buster's Visit to Dreamland,
37
Butterfly, Fluff and the, 209
Buttermilk, Little Betty, 737

CAT helps Lost Girl ("Betty
and Billy"), 459
Cave, Christmas, 713
Centipede, Miss, 629
Chinese Kiteflying, 125
Christmas Card, Bunny's, 725
Christmas Cave, 713
Christmas, Delphina's, 713
Christmas Night's Tale, A,
725
Christmas Puzzle, A, 725
Circus, Boy gives up ("Bert
Dow's Victory"), 273
City Boy, The, 617
Colts cared for by Dog ("When
Scotty ran away"), 537
Columbus, The Flag of, 561
Croquet Set made ("How
Bobby made his Own Fun"),
357
Crow loses Cheese ("The Vain
Crow"), 425
Crow steals Jewelry ("The
Thief at the Inn"), 737

DAISY Month, The, 325
Dannie's Gum, 581
Day of Washington, The, 93
Delphina's Christmas, 713
Dick and his Sister, 473
Doctor, The, 497
Doctor's Little Passenger,
The, 373
Dog Cares for Colts ("When
Scotty ran away"), 537
Dog comes ("Dot's Thanksgiv-
ing Party"), 673
Dog saves Child from Fire
("Good Old Major"), 661
Dog stolen ("The Story of
Como"), 509
Doll found by Dog ("Mending
Melissa's Dress"), 209
Doll gives Comfort ("The
Faith of Dandy Jim"), 725
Dot's Thanksgiving Party, 673
Dragon Fly ("An Elfland
Story"), 449
Dragon Fly, What made the,
325
Dream ("The Journey in the
Mountains"), 645
Dreamland, Buster's Visit to,
37
Dreams for Three, 77
Dress spattered ("The Spick-
Span Dress"), 561
Ducks and Worm ("The Baby
Mallards"), 497
Ducky-Daddies, The Seven,
437

EASTER Adventure, An, 197
Easter Race, An, 197
Edna's Valentine, 77
Egyptian Handball, 21
Elfland Story, An, 449

FAIRIES in Tulips ("Natalie
and the Fairies"), 525
Fairies, Natalie and the, 525
Fairies seen ("Indian
Summer"), 629
Fairies ("The Woodsy Ones"),
537
Fairy and Work ("I wish I
were"), 301
Fairy lost ("The Scrapbook
Fairy"), 93
Fairy of the Fountain, The,
409
Fairy of the Roses, The, 225
Fairy with the Lantern, The,
537
Faith of Dandy Jim, The, 725
Farm where Father was a
Boy, The, 473
Father hung a May Basket,
When, 241
Father was a Boy, The Farm
where, 473
Father's Day, 385
Feast at Happy Highlands, A,
425
Fields, Off to the, 397
Fine Solution, A, 285
Fishing, When Ray Coon
went, 153
F-L-A-G, 645
Flag bought for School
("Marnie and the Flag"), 341
Flag lost ("When Billy was
Tardy"), 21
Flag of Columbus, The, 561
Flag, The Boy and the, 341
Flicker ("Bed Time"), 425
Fluff and the Butterfly, 209
Foolish Hen, The, 241
Foot injured ("A Joke on
Doris"), 645
Fountain, The Fairy of the,
409
Fourth in the Arctic, The, 373
Fourth of July, Their Best,
373
Frog that wouldn't hop, The,
65
Frog's Frolic, The, 313
Frogville Picnic, The, 273
Frolic in the Orchard, A, 525
Frost Fairy, The, 685

GAMES of Other Days and
Lands, 21, 125, 257, 325, 425,
473, 549, 661
Gardens, Children's ("The
Give-Away" Garden"), 313
Geese, The Polka Dot Pup and
the, 225
Giggglequicks ("A Feast at
Happy Highlands"), 425
Giggglequicks and Bobby, The,
737
"Give-Away" Garden, The,
313
Gnome appears ("When Alice
walked in the Wood"), 341
"Go to work and make your-
selves Some," 285
Going on a Journey, 125
Going to Bed ("Alan's Great
Surprise"), 437
Good Old Major, 661
Grandfather's Well, 473
Grandpa Babcock's Strawber-
ries, 385
Grumbletown and Pleasant-
ville ("The Two Towns"),
301
Gum saves Dime ("Dannie's
Gum"), 581

HAILSTONES ("A Lively
Game"), 181
Half past Eight, 301
Halloween Witches, 617
Handball, Egyptian, 21
Hen nearly drowns ("The
Foolish Hen"), 241
Hobbyhorse, Jack and his, 459
Home ("O-M-E-H"), 285
Hoptoad's New Coat, 181
Hornet, Surly Sam and the
Picnic, 549
How Bobby made his Own
Fun, 357
How Little Bear found the
Way, 409
How Little Bear helped the
Wildcat Babies, 341
How Little Bear saw Children
dance round the Maypole,
257

How the Woodchuck chucked
Wood, 449
Hunting for Spring, 153

"I WISH I were," 301
If only Wants came true, 49
Indian Summer, 629
Insects start on Travels ("The
Frog's Frolic"), 313
Insects ("The Summer Board-
ers"), 449
Ireland, A Visit to, 225
Italian Christmas ("Delphina's
Christmas"), 713

JACK and his Hobbyhorse,
459
Jack Frost arrives, 561
Jack-in-the-Pulpit's Sermon,
197
Jack-o'-Lantern Patch ("The
City Boy"), 617
Japanese Bounce Ball, 549
Japanese Tale, A, 165
Joke on Doris, A, 645
Journey, Going on a, 125
Journey in the Mountains,
The, 645
July Jingle, A, 373
Jump, Learning to, 385
June ("The Daisy Month"),
325

KATHERINE'S Boxing
Day, 725
Katy that did, The, 125
Keys, The, 109
Kittbird Land, 357
Kiteflying, Chinese, 125
Knitting for Nathan, 65

LAND that Uncle Sam built,
The, 313
Lantern, The Fairy with the,
537
Laughing Time, Little Bear,
685
Learning to jump, 395
Leaves, Ten Little A.,
685
Leaves turned ("Jack Frost
arrives"), 561
Legs, The Puzzle of, 397
Lilac and Robin, 301
Little Bear and the Wood-
chuck Babies, 137
Little Bear found the Way,
How, 409
Little Bear saw Children dance
round the Maypole, How,
257
Little Bear's Laughing Time,
685
Little Bear's Nearest Way
Home, 581
Little Bear's Surprise Party,
21
Little Betty Buttermilk, 737
Little Dannie Durkee, 673
Little Maids, Three, 673
Little Miss April, 181
Little Molly Meader, 581
Lively Game, A, 181
Love Mitten, The, 49

MANDY'S Memorial Day,
301
Maples ("Go to work and
make yourselves Some"), 285
Marbles, A New Kind of, 165
Marnie and the Flag, 341
May Basket, When Father
hung a, 241
May Day, Betty's, 241
May Flowers, 241
May Frolic, A, 273
May, Merry, 257
Mending Melissa's Dress, 209
Merry Heart, The Rime of the,
137
Merry May, 257
Merry Petition, A, 257
Milkweed Bird, The, 509
Miss Centipede, 629
Mitten lost ("The Love
Mitten"), 49
Mixed Puzzle, A, 225
Moose Race, The, 165
Mother Robin's April Fool, 181
Mouserobile, The, 509
My Servant, 425
My Snowdrop, 65
My Valentine, 77

NATALIE and the Fairies,
525
Needle ("My Servant"), 425
New Kind of Marbles, A, 165
New Year Gave a Party,
When the, 9

New Year's Bank, A, 9
Noise made by Boys ("Tangled Arithmetic"), 629
Notable Nonsense, 661
Notes, Musical ("Notable Nonsense"), 661
Nutcrack Night, 617

OCEAN, The, 285
Off to the Fields, 397
Old Red Wattles, 661
O-M-E-H, 285
One Day at a Time, 9
One, The Adventures of Figure, 437

PALL-MALL ("Games of Other Days and Lands"), 325
Pan, The Baby, 209
Patty and the Pixy, 737
Pets on Train ("The Six Travelers"), 629
Phoebe's Namesakes, 197
Picnic, The Frogville, 273
Pie eaten, Too Much ("A Christmas Night's Tale"), 725
Pig walks out ("An Afternoon Stroll"), 285
Pigeon returns ("Edna's Valentine"), 77
Pixy, Patty and the, 737
Polka Dot Pup and the Geese, The, 225
Pony brought in Automobile ("The Doctor's Little Passenger"), 373
Porpoises, The Three, 397
Possum knocked down ("When Ray Coon went Coasting"), 109
Pumpkin-Rind Game, A, 661
Punchinello and Hobbyhorse ("A Ride to Town"), 685
Puzzle, A Mixed, 225
Puzzles of Legs, The, 397
Puzzles, 49, 109, 153, 225, 285, 397, 459, 525, 661

QUEEN, Chosen May ("Betty's May Day"), 241
Queer Animals, 497

RABBIT ("Learning to jump"), 385
Rabbit wins Skating Race ("The Race on the Ice"), 49
Rabbits ("The Thanksgiving of the Bunnies"), 673
Race, An Easter, 197
Race on the Ice, The, 49
Rain, The Summer, 357
Rainbow ("A May Frolic"), 273
Rainbows, 209
Rainy Day, The, 125
Rainy-Day Box, Ruth's, 497
Raisins, A Rime of, 273
Reader tied to Chair ("Little Molly Meader"), 581
Resolution ("One Day at a Time"), 9
Ride to Town, A, 685
Rime of Raisins, A, 273
Rime of the Merry Heart, The, 137

Road to Story-Book Land, The, 437
Robin, Lilac and, 301
Robin's April Fool, Mother, 181
Rocket ("A July Jingle"), 373
Roses, The Fairy of the, 225
Ruth's Rainy-Day Box, 497

SAINT Valentine's Day at the "Zoo," 77
Sandman comes, When the (song), 549
Sandman's Wife, The, 21
Santa Claus, Waiting for, 713
Santa Claus, Writing to, 725
Sap Orchard, A Visit to the, 137
School is dry ("When School begins again"), 509
School, The Trouble with, 561
Scrapbook Fairy, The, 93
Sea, A Song for the, 409
Seven Ducky-Daddles, The, 437
Sewing in the Garden, 497
Shadow, Afraid of ("The Boaster"), 153
Shan't ("Patty and the Pixy"), 737
Shoe, Old ("The Summer Cottage"), 273
Six Travelers, The, 629
Sled, New ("The Giggleguicks and Bobby"), 737
Smile and "Please" ("The Keys"), 109
Snow ("A Winter Blanket"), 65
Snow Fairy, The, 9
Snowdrop, My, 65
Song for the Sea, A, 409
Song of Winter, A, 93
Spelling Lesson, The, 645
Spice ("Why not?"), 77
Spice-Box, The, 385
Spick-Span Dress, The, 561
Spider saves Ant ("Susie Spider"), 397
Spring, Hunting for, 153
Squirrels and Woodpeckers ("A Woodland Quarrel"), 285
Stamp Book, Tommy's, 313
Stepping-Stones, The, 617
Stockings knit for Rescuer ("Knitting for Nathan"), 65
Stones on the Roof, The, 125
Story of Chub, The, 9
Story of Como, The, 509
Story-Book Land, The Road to, 437
Strawberries, Grandpa Babcock's, 385
Summer Boarders, The, 449
Summer Cottage, The, 273
Summer Rain, The, 357
Sunday ("Father's Day"), 385
Sunny Sam and the Picnic Hornet, 549
Surprise Party, Little Bear's, 21
Susie Spider, 397
Swallows' Game, The, 629
Swing Song, A, 325

TANGLED Arithmetic, 629

Ten Little Autumn Leaves, 685
Thanksgiving Dinner eaten ("Little Dannie Durkee"), 673
Thanksgiving of the Bunnies, The, 673
Thanksgiving Party, Dot's, 673
Their Best Fourth of July, 373
Thief at the Inn, The, 737
Three Little Maids, 673
Three Porpoises, The, 397
Tiptoe, 425
To Clara Bell, 77
Tommy's Stamp Book, 313
Top ("The Puzzle of Legs"), 397
Topsy-Turvy, 109
Torpedo sets Fire ("The Willful Torpedo"), 373
Toy Maker and the Baby Doll, The, 617
Trapball, 257
Travelers, The Six, 629
Trouble with School, The, 561
Trousers torn ("When Billy was Tardy"), 21
Turkey hides until after Thanksgiving ("Old Red Wattles"), 661
Turtle carries her House, Why the, 225
Turtle ("The Story of Chub"), 9
Two Towns, The, 301

VAIN Crow, The, 425
Valentine, My, 77
Valentine pushed under Door ("To Clara Bell"), 77
Valentine's Day at the "Zoo," Saint, 77
Visit to Ireland, A, 225
Visit to the Sap Orchard, A, 137

WAITING for Santa Claus, 713
Wants came true, If only, 49
Washington, The Boyhood of, 93
Washington, The Day of, 93
Water for Birds ("Grandfather's Well"), 473
Way Home, Little Bear's Nearest, 581
What Baby wants, 357
What made the Dragon Fly, 325
What O'Clock? 509
When Alice walked in the Wood, 341
When April is on the Way, 181
When Billy was Tardy, 21
When Father hung a May Basket, 241
When Ray Coon went Coasting, 109
When Ray Coon went Fishing, 153
When School begins again, 509
When Scotty ran away, 537
When the New Year gave a Party, 9
When the Sandman comes (song), 549

Who-Bird, The, 497
Why not? 77
Why the Turtle carries her House, 225
Wildcat Babies, How Little Bear helped the, 341
Willful Torpedo, The, 373
Winds, The, 257
Winter Blanket, A, 65
Witches, Halloween, 617
Wood, When Alice walked in the, 341
Woodchuck Babies, Little Bear and the, 137
Woodchuck clucked Wood, How the, 449
Woodland Quarrel, A, 285
Woosy Ones, The, 537
Words with Wings, 165
Wreath placed on Lincoln Monument ("Mandy's Memorial Day"), 301
Writing to Santa Claus, 725

YEAR'S Days ("A New Year's Bank"), 9

Religious

ANGLE of Repose, The, 256
Another Man's Servant, 560

BEYOND the Parapet, 548
Bible ("The Prescription"), 384
Bit of Experience, A, 92
Bottom, Mrs. Margaret ("The Conquest of the Stump"), 616
Bubonic Plague, Death from ("Heroes of Saving"), 484
Burglar's Prayer, The, 272
Burned Girl saved ("Reba Hainds"), 396

CART Wheels, Crests and, 448
Cheers hearten Fireman ("Lift him up"), 436
Christ, A Real, 458
Christian ("A Bad Temper"), 580
Christian loses Interest in Religion ("When Tribulation arose"), 36
Christmas Spirit, The, 684
Church ("Inside and Outside Crowds"), 76
Church Member faulty ("Another Man's Servant"), 560
Conquest of the Stump, The, 616
Contributions solicited ("Through the Needle's Eye"), 48
Convict given Work ("The Christmas Spirit"), 684
Crests and Cart Wheels, 448
Cripple Helpful ("Opportunities"), 660
Cutlass ("Primitive Sincerity"), 472
DEAF Man helped ("God and his World"), 64

Defeat, Enthusiasm in ("Running the Race"), 240
Do it now, 20
Donation Day, Invalid establishes ("What she could"), 136
Dorchester Fields ("A True Thanksgiving"), 672

EFFICIENCY—for what? 108
Efficiency in Life, 408
Elevator? Stairs or, 8
Experience, A Bit of, 92
Eyestrain ("The Far Look"), 324

FAITH and Reason, 164
Faith ("Things unseen"), 712
Far Look, The, 324
Fireman heartened by Cheers ("Lift him up"), 436
Friendships ("Thy Father's Friend"), 152

GIRL alone in City ("Rhoda"), 356
Girl in Hospital saved ("Reba Hainds"), 394
Giving, Joy of ("Marie Ribot"), 64
God and his World, 64
God, Communication with ("Efficiency in Life"), 408
God in Everything ("Wayside Texts"), 340
Goodness, More than, 372

HEROES of Saving, 484
Home Religion, The, 724

ICEBERGS and Saints, 536
Immortality ("Beyond the Parapet"), 548
Inside and Outside Crowds, 76
Invalid establishes Donation Day ("What she could"), 136

"JUST a Man driving a Dray", 196

LANDSLIDES ("The Angle of Repose"), 256
Life, Efficiency in, 408
Life spent in caring for Sick ("Just a Man driving a Dray"), 196
Life's Prepayment Scheme, 124
"Lift him up," 436
Lord knows, The, 736

MIRACLE, Prayer and, 508
Monks could not sing ("The Music that was heard"), 312
More than Goodness, 372
Music that was heard, The, 312

NANTASKET ("A True Thanksgiving"), 672
New Religion, A, 300
New World, The, 180

OIL Wealth Refused ("The White Farm"), 628
Opportunities, 660

PERFECT, Being, 224
Pray, Boy could not ("The Home Religion"), 724
Prayer ("A Bit of Experience"), 92
Prayer and Answers, 496
Prayer and Law, 524
Prayer and Miracle, 508
Prayer, The Burglar's, 272
Prepayment Scheme, Life's, 124
Prescription, The, 384
Primitive Sincerity, 472
Procrastination ("Do it now"), 20
Prodigal Son's Brother ("The Unilluminated Shadow"), 644

REASON, Faith and, 164
Reba Hainds, 396
Religion, A New, 300
Religion, Storage, 284
Religion, The Home, 724
Repose, The Angle of, 256
Rhoda, 356
Running the Race, 240

SAINTS, Icebergs and, 536
Saving, Heroes of, 484
Second Violin, The, 424
Servant, Another Man's, 560
Shadow, The Unilluminated, 644
Sick, Life spent in caring for ("Just a Man driving a Dray"), 196
Sincerity, Primitive, 472
Sleeping Sickness, Death from ("Heroes of Saving"), 484
Soil unfertile ("Streets of Gold"), 696
Son suspended ("A New Religion"), 300
Sower, Parable of the ("Streets of Gold"), 696
Stairs or Elevator? 8
Storage Religion, 284
Streets of Gold, 696
Student ("The Second Violin"), 424
Stump, The Conquest of the, 616

TEMPER, A Bad, 580
Tests, 208
Thanksgiving, A True, 672
Things unseen, 712
Through the Needle's Eye, 48
Thy Father's Friend, 152
Tribulation arose, When, 36

UNILLUMINATED Shadow, The, 644

WAYSIDE Texts, 340
Wealth refused ("The White Farm"), 628
What she could, 136
Wheat Field illustrates Parable of the Sower ("Streets of Gold"), 696
White Farm, The, 628
World waiting ("The New World"), 180

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

1917

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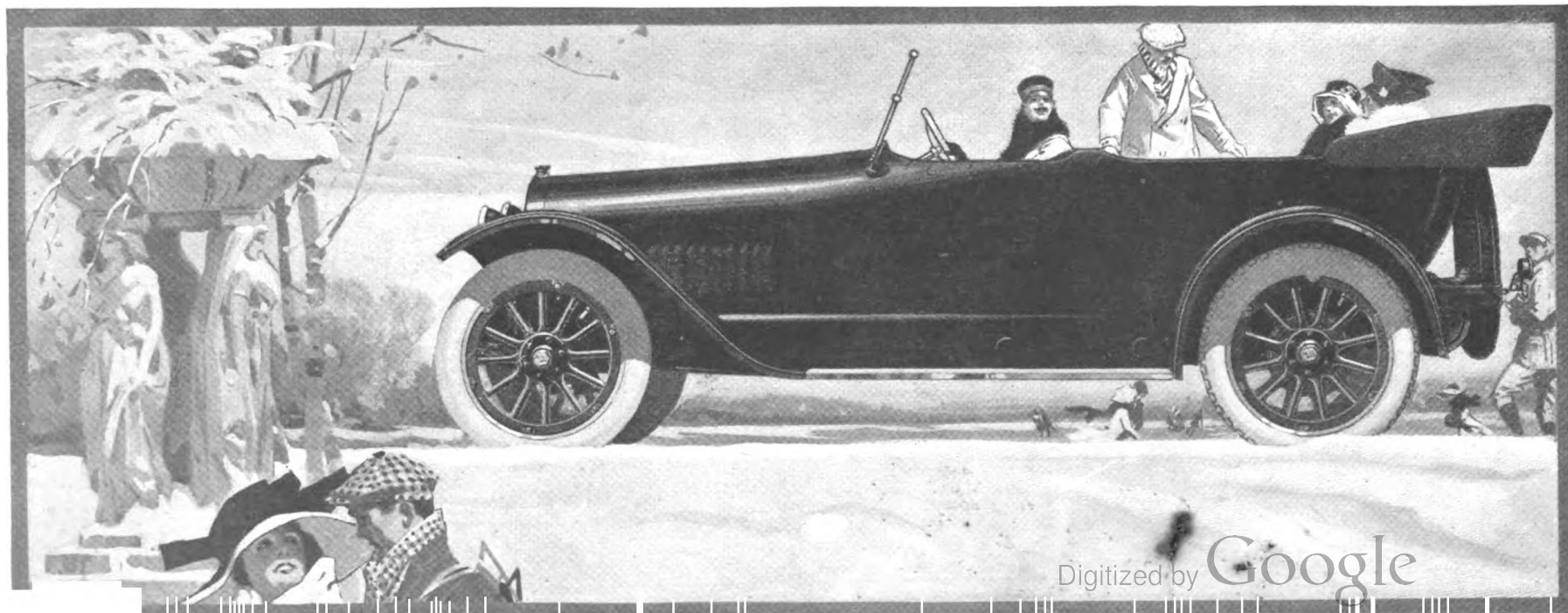
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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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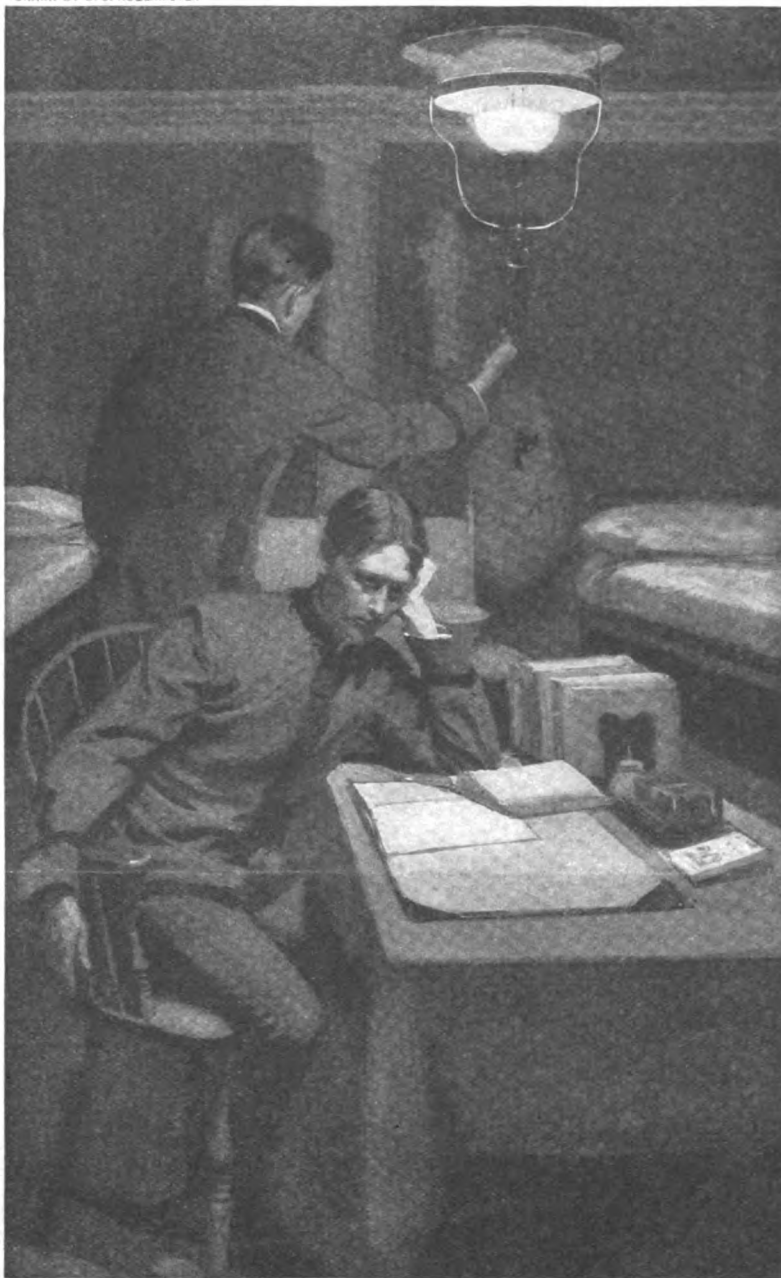
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

THE CAKE, THE CAT AND THE SOLDIER

By Rose Kidd Beere

92370

DRAWN BY E. J. ROSENMEYER



"F-O-U-N-D-I FOUND DEFICIENT IN MILITARY DISCIPLINE: THAT'S WHAT THIS SPELLS FOR ME," SAID MORRISON, COLLAPSING INTO A CHAIR

UP the iron steps of D company quarters Cadet Morrison bounded on his way to his room in the Eighth Division, just as the plebe mail carrier put the letters and papers for him and his roommate on their respective tables.

A hasty glance showed him that the hoped-for thick envelope, with the angular writing and a Poughkeepsie postmark, was not there to-day; in its place there was a letter addressed in an equally familiar hand and stamped with a Western postmark. It read:

Dear Robert. We are sending to all those who could not be here a tiny box of golden-wedding cake, to be kept as a sacred souvenir of the great event. You are not to eat it. Bring it home at furlough time, when I will put it away safely for you.

Few boys have golden weddings in their families, or such dear old grandparents. Hundreds came to pay their respects and show their love. Grandmother looked like a Dresden shepherdess, in a dotted Swiss, made exactly like her wedding gown. Her one regret was your absence.

Grandfather was fine, and fairly beamed on his parishioners. He says to tell you that fifty years ago he had no rival, but now a young cadet divides grandmother's heart with him, yet he has no jealous pang.

Grandmother says to tell you that, if you sleep on the cake, you will dream of your future bride. Aunt Mary adds for you to be sure she is a lady with ready money; for a second lieutenant can't marry on his pay, and the girl must have the shekels to balance the position you can give her. Wise Aunt Mary!

Somehow their golden wedding made me feel very young. When the guests were coming in I could actually imagine that I was little Eleanor Barr again watching "company" arrive, as I used to in the big Barr house at Ralston.

Your loving mother.

As Cadet Morrison finished the letter, his glance fell on a copy of the adjutant's monthly report to parents, headed by an extract from the regulations for the United States Military Academy, as follows:

"163.—No cadet shall apply for, or receive, money or any other supplies from his parents or from any person whomsoever, without permission of the superintendent."

With the mail had been left a notice to the effect that Cadet Morrison should submit a request to receive a small package, now in care of the officer in charge.

Morrison smiled as he proceeded to fill in the required form, but as he signed his name his eyes fell on these words in the form: "The package was not sent for by me, and I do not know its contents."

"Now, here's a go," he said, turning to his roommate. "I suppose that's a false statement, isn't it, when I've just read my mother's letter and have every reason to believe that it is the golden-wedding cake, the sacred souvenir, which I am not to eat?"

Cameron laughed. "Don't equivocate; tell the truth, no matter how painful."

"Well, what am I to say? I can't set forth the truth in official language: 'Said package may contain golden-wedding cake, as the undersigned has received advices to the effect that a portion of same is en route and may be expected to rendezvous at the U. S. M. A. upon or near herein specified date, the same not to be eaten.'"

"If I hint at cake, I'll get orders to turn it in at the mess hall, which would make the sacred souvenir of my grandmother's happy past a subject for gibe and jest and jeer at the hands of those rude upper classmen."

"What's the matter with the brief, simple, concise phrase, 'A wedding souvenir,' as a designation?" suggested Cameron.

"Aha! Great intellect, old boy."

So the statement went in, for the approval of the commandant of cadets, as follows:

The package was not sent for by me. I know its contents, which are a wedding souvenir.

Robert B. Morrison,

Cadet Private, Co. D, 4th Class.

Later, as he hastily opened the small box in the presence of the officer in charge, showing the tissue wrapping and ribbon, he said in a lowered tone, hoping to escape the notice of the men following him in line, "A wedding souvenir, sir."

But as he passed on, blushing furiously, he was uncomfortably conscious of the smile on the O. C.'s face.

"What am I to do with this sacred souvenir, to get which I have made a guy of myself?" he thought. "I can't take it to the mess room till Saturday, and it will make trouble if

the tactical officer finds it in my room; and I'm not to eat it! O mother, grandmother, you little know the grief you may have caused your loving child."

Arrived at quarters, he opened the box. Within, tied with white baby ribbon, were two small squares of cake, light and dark, marked "Bride" and "Groom" respectively.

"It's dry—they needn't have cautioned me about eating it," he mused, as he poked at it curiously. "What funny things the women do think up! 'Dream of your future bride,' grandmother says—just imagine my dreaming of a bride—me, a poor plebe, launched on a four years' sentence!"

Then Morrison looked round the room sheepishly. His roommate was out. Breaking off a small bit of each piece of cake, he slipped the two pieces inside the cover of his pillow, which surmounted the neatly folded blankets at one end of his iron cot.

"Of course I know who she is, but we'll prove it. Poughkeepsie isn't so far up the river that a girl can't come down in a dream, especially when wedding cake is set for it."

These gentle musings were roughly dissipated by a warning preliminary bugle note, which echoed through the corridors. Delaying only to wrap up the cake and to thrust it behind his washbowl, Cadet Morrison leaped down the stairs barely in time to save himself a "late" in ranks, as his section marched off to the classroom.

Two hours later, on his return, he was met by an orderly with a message that "Capt. Barr desires Cadet Morrison to report at his desk at once."

"A small box was found on your stand at

inspection of quarters this morning, Mr. Morrison. What have you to say?" demanded the captain, and eyed him with cold disapproval.

"It contains cake, sir."

"Cake!" exclaimed the officer incredulously.

"Yes, sir; wedding cake."

"Whose?"

"My grandmother's; that is, her golden-wedding cake."

"Provisions in quarters—you know the penalty!"

"Yes, sir, but I had permission to receive it."

"But not to leave it on your stand."

Saluting, Morrison took his way to his room; fury was in his glance and insubordination in his heart. For Morrison stood in slippery places. He was running close to the limit on demerits, and was consequently bending every energy to avoid any lapses from the strict line of military discipline.

He was within three of the fatal number, — one hundred and eight,—and the first of December, Cadet Emancipation Day, was still forty-eight hours off. For a week his gun had glistened, his uniform had been immaculate, his response to calls prompt, his bath book signed, his shoes dusted, his laundry list accurately made up in the prescribed manner, his light out at taps; and for seven long days he had carefully refrained from swinging his arms excessively in marching to meals and from talking in the academic buildings. To retain that leeway of three demerits was much to ask of the fates and upper classmen, but with only two more days to go he had begun to feel fairly safe.

And now this awful thing had come upon him out of a clear sky, unsought, unexpected,

undeserved, a piece of grandmother's wedding cake, frustrating all his good intentions.

With loud lamentations he fell upon Cameron's neck and called him to witness that he would die hard, and that, if retired to civil life through the indifference of his maternal relatives to military regulations, he would cause them to grieve that he belonged to them.

To all of his unavailing protests Cameron hearkened patiently, and then said, "Don't get into a blue funk; this only adds two demerits, which brings you to the limit of one hundred and seven. Don't get any more, and you're O. K. To-night you fall downstairs with a loud clatter, and I'll bruise you up scientifically, to look the part. Then in the morning you can burst into the hospital for the remaining twenty-four hours, and you'll be safe."

"When December first dawns bright and fair, you'll start afresh, with six long months in which to roll up another one hundred and seven, profiting, my son, let us hope, from the experience of this unhappy past, especially as to golden weddings. Behold how care free am I; I, with a safe ten to go. It pays to be good!" And Cameron paraded. "There goes supper call."

Morrison threw the small box into his laundry bag, the usual receptacle of "boodle," or contraband, and joined the ranks below. Some twoscore cadets were pushing to the limit on demerits, and counting the hours, not by figures on a dial, but by heartbeats; but the anxious ones could not have been distinguished by any lack of appetite as the corps filed into the mess hall and settled to the work in hand.

An hour later Morrison, walking rapidly with his head down to meet the bitter wind that swept across the area, turned the angle of D company's barracks on his way to his room.

On each side the snow piled high where paths were cleared, but fresh drifts had been swirled up by the eddying gale, and a soft, thick blanket covered the track beaten down by marching feet at nightfall.

Near the steps of his barracks crouched a small, dark object that gave forth a piteous "miaow" as he stooped to examine it.

"A kitten!" he cried, picking it up. "Now, where did you ever stray from on a night like this? You must have come far, too." And he peered along the row of austere, gray buildings. "Maybe from the engine room."

He looked doubtfully across to where the chimney was faintly discernible, but the guard-house clock said seven-fifteen, and as "assembly" would sound in ten minutes, there was no time to take the little thing to shelter. So, slipping it under the cape of his overcoat, he swiftly passed the guard and went up to his room on the fourth floor.

The scared, wet kitten cowered and blinked as Morrison brought it forth to the delighted gaze of his roommate.

"Well, say! Where did you hive it?" asked Cameron.

"In the drifts—I couldn't leave it to freeze to death," replied the Samaritan.

"We'll get skinned if the fac finds it."

"But he will not; it can sleep under my blankets, and I'll take it over to the engine room in the morning. What can we feed it?"

Morrison looked vaguely at the meagre furnishings of the room. "Tooth paste, shaving soap, pomade, gun oil," he enumerated, "all appetizing, but not wholesome for a kitten."

"Bay rum is stimulating, and the thing seems badly chilled," suggested Cameron.

"This is a blue-ribboner. There are some chocolates in the clothes bag, but cats don't like sweets. O joy—I know! Beeson always has a tin of cream secreted somewhere, for the compounding of good things."

And Morrison darted across the hall.

Warming the cream on the radiator, the two stalwart youths in gray uniforms watched the hungry, drabbed kitten lap up its ration.

While they were thus demonstrating their fitness for future commissary assignments, the footsteps of the tactical officer in the lower hall, on his tour of inspection, smote their ears; but when he threw open the door a moment later he met only the proper, customary sight in barracks at that hour—two cadets rising from their studies at the book-strewn tables to come to "attention."

With a perfunctory glance round the room,

he was about to pass on, when a scratching sound emanated from the region of the clothes bag. To the motionless forms by the tables it came with the force and clearness of a mountain gun.

"The cat's found the cake," thought Morrison, as he grew more rigid and felt his heart almost ceasing to beat. The rustle of tissue paper continued inside the bag.

"Are you troubled with mice, Mr. Morrison?" inquired the "tac," with his gaze riveted on the laundry bag.

"No, sir."

As his eyes followed the officer's stare, Morrison swallowed hard, for peering from the slit in the laundry bag was the black head of the kitten. Its ears were defiantly erect at having found an egress from the depths into which it had been so unceremoniously swept, its beady eyes were angrily inquiring why it had been snatched from its feast, and the small pink tongue was still searching its lips for traces of cream. Apparently undaunted in the face of an overwhelming force, and undismayed at the implied authority of the officer's uniform, it appeared quite indifferent to the fact that it was bringing woe upon its benefactor.

When the officer had found his voice, he asked, "Who brought that cat here?"

"I did, sir," confessed the culprit, squaring his shoulders beyond the usual "brace" to meet the consequences of his admission.

The officer turned and marched down the hall with clanking sabre, leaving demoralization in Room 810.

"F-o-u-n-d! Found deficient in military discipline; that's what this spells for me," said Morrison, collapsing into a chair. "If the cake left me any skins, the cat has eaten them up."

Cameron looked at him with concern. "Yes, the cat is certainly out of the bag now! You should have let the blamed thing freeze! This is no asylum for feline indigents."

"Yes, I know," murmured Morrison weakly.

"I told you this afternoon to go down and break into hospital; that was your only show."

"But I hate a malingerer, and I thought I'd pull through," Morrison answered, as he lifted the kitten from its hiding place and stroked it tenderly. "You're a base little ingrate. A whole week's laundry to clothe you and your fill of cream, and yet you must go nosing about for dry cake, and cut short a noble career!"

"Well," he went on as he poured out some more cream, "we'll have another round on it, pussy, and toast the cause of all our woe. Gentlemen, we drink this standing: 'To grandmother's golden-wedding cake.'"

Taps sounded across the area and lights went out from the long rows of windows. Morrison got into bed, found a soft corner in his gray blankets for the purring kitten, and slept the sleep of youth and perfect health—a dreamless sleep quite uninfluenced by the fragments of wedding cake in his pillow slip.

The next morning, as the tactical officer made his early rounds, the occupants of 810 cast a swift glance about them, to make sure that all was regular. Morrison gave his pillow a farewell jerk to smooth out an imaginary wrinkle, and came to "attention" as the inspecting officer threw open the door with a thump and entered.

The superior's practiced eye swiftly took in the details of the room and noticed the perfect order. He turned to go, but paused abruptly as his glance swept the floor. Both cadets started, as their eyes followed him and saw the cause of his hesitation.

There, in plain view, lay three large crumbs, each fully the size of a grain of rice, just as they had fallen from the pillow slip when Morrison had given it the last righting. It was the cake that he had slept on, which, in the fierce rush of reveille, roll call and policing of quarters, he had forgotten.

The officer glared from the crumbs to the card on the mantel, which bore conspicuously the name of the room orderly for the week—"Morrison."

"What is that?" he demanded, pointing to the crumbs.

"Cake, sir."

Once more an officer marched away with clanking sabre from what had now become the abode of despair; and to the disconsolate youth in 810 every jangle echoed, "F-o-u-n-d! F-o-u-n-d!"

"Have some golden-wedding cake on me, Mr. Cameron," said the unfortunate victim, with a sickly grin. "Those falling crumbs sounded the death knell of my military career."

"But you can explain some of it off."

"No, I'll not leave an account of my grandmother's golden wedding in the demerit records of the Academy."

But when, speedily following his words, an orderly appeared with two slips of paper calling for explanation, Cadet Morrison thought better of it, and responded in this wise:

West Point, New York, November 30, 190-.
The Commandant of Cadets.

Sir: With reference to the report, "Cat in laundry bag at P. M. inspection of the tactical officer," I have the honor to state that the report is correct.

I found this cat just before "call to quarters" last evening. It was suffering greatly from the cold, and, as it was too late to take it to the boiler house or other suitable place, I took it to my room.

This explanation is submitted by order of the Commandant of Cadets.

Very respectfully,
Robert B. Morrison,
Cadet Private, Co. D, 4th Class.

The second explanation in the same form set forth: "With reference to the report, 'Cake crumbs on floor at A. M. inspection of quarters,' I have the honor to state that the report is correct. These crumbs fell from my pillowcase after I had swept the room. I had placed a piece of my grandmother's golden-wedding cake in my pillow to sleep on, as requested by her. Very respectfully,"—and so forth, and so forth.

As "release from quarters" was sounding in the afternoon, an orderly gave three knocks on the door of 810. "Is Cadet Morrison here? Report to commandant!"

"*Dulce et decorum est pro wedding cake mori*," observed Morrison, swiftly rubbing his shoes with a towel and wielding his clothes brush vigorously.

"Don't you do it!" Cameron urged with vehemence. "Hand out a verbal of the whole thing to the com. Perhaps he's fond of weddings, even though he never figured in any of his own."

"How easy to advise a plebe to grow confidential with the com! Did you ever try it? He eats 'em alive—bell buttons and buckles, tradition says. If I ever come forth from the august presence at all, it will be in a frame of mind that welcomes a chance to resign."

But as he entered the commandant's office his braced shoulders and upright bearing bespoke anything except hopelessness, although he glanced down sharply to make sure that his heartbeats were not disturbing the fit of his snug blouse.

"Mr. Morrison," said the commandant sternly, "with only two demerits to run on

officer absently, with a queer note in his voice. And when Morrison replied, "Yes, sir," the officer, still far away, said, "I knew her—Miss Barr."

The hush of the wintry afternoon enveloped them; the boy, with swift astonishment in his face, was wondering, waiting, aware of something unusual, dimly understanding; the man, forgetful of his surroundings, was lost in a vision of the past, as memories crowded in upon him of a summer night, the breath of June roses, and a girl with this boy's eyes and sunny hair, a girl whose parents objected to a second lieutenant's pay.

A ray of yellow light stole in, shimmered through the folds of a stand of silken colors against the wall and touched the gold on the man's coat. The commandant recalled himself

with a start. "Yes, yes! Well, now, about this affair of the cake, Mr. Barr, ah,—Mr. Morrison,—it is most unusual, most unusual. I suggest that you submit a request for a reconsideration, and I will indorse it, recommending that the reports be removed."

Cadet Morrison drew a long, deep breath. "But remember, there are eight more hours until the first. Be careful—no more cats or cake."

The boy reached the door.

"Oh, Mr.—ah—Morrison, is your mother well?"

"Yes, sir," said Morrison.

And he went out of the room, quite happy again. But the commandant sat with his chin in his hands, and gazed dreamily toward the crimsoning west.

RETURNING LOAVES

By Janet Wessels Howell

THE din and clatter of roller skates upon the concrete driveway awakened Marcia Paige from a restless sleep. The white curtains at her windows hung straight and motionless in the lifeless air of the June morning.

"Where in all the world is there a hotter place than central Illinois when it is hot?" she said to herself. "Oh! Those skates again!"

She pressed her hands against her throbbing temples.

Richard's voice, from the adjoining room, sounded suddenly, as deafening and nerve-racking as the skates.

"Hey—you kid! Get out of our drive! What d'you think this is? The Hippodrome?"

for a spool of white thread—number 80? No, it's for me, Dick. If you don't go, I will."

Richard went down the stairs, unappeased, but wishing to show perfect willingness to do anything for his older sister, since she treated him decently and as if he had some rights.

As Marcia was combing her long, dusky hair before her dressing table, her eyes fell upon the framed sampler made by another Marcia more than a hundred years before:

Marcia Lovell
Her Sampler
Age 7, 1802

"Cast your bread upon the waters."

Ever since Marcia could remember, the sampler had hung in her room. It had always meant to her the picture of a child painstakingly setting prim little stitches of colored thread upon a piece of hand-woven canvas. Today it was the Scriptural admonition that struck her most forcibly.

What had she been doing all these last two years—the years since their mother's death—except trying to cast bread upon the waters? She had kept the household running, and had saved the home for the children,—that in the face of the disapproval of the relatives,—and she had made it possible for Stanley to continue his college course. Yet somehow she had failed. Richard and Alicia were daily becoming more quarrelsome and more difficult to deal with. She had failed—that was all there was to it! Perhaps she should have let Uncle Richard and Aunt Mary take the two children home with them—but to that thought her heart gave a shuddering dissent. No, she *had* to keep them together and in the home that she and Stanley had known. Then perhaps she should not have insisted that Stanley finish his last two years. And yet—well, he would be graduated by a week from to-day, and then, whatever might happen, he would have his degree. She was glad that he had gone on.

Turn the question over as she would, she was sure that her general plan had been right. She had simply failed in her own part of it. Somehow her influence over the children had not been so strong as it should have been. She and Stanley had never quarreled and fought when they were at the age of Richard and Alicia.

The breakfast bell put an end to her reverie. Down in the dining room she could hear Alicia explaining to Posetta in her most provokingly dictatorial manner just how grapefruit should really be served, and Posetta was saying in her mellow but sulky voice, "Miss Mahsha done give me mah orders herse'f!"

When Richard returned with the thread, he showed entire ignorance of Alicia's existence; and Alicia ate her breakfast daintily, addressing all her remarks to Marcia in an obviously polite and regal manner.

By keeping Alicia busy for the greater part of the day at hemming ruffles and by sending Richard to the woods with an ample luncheon, Marcia managed to preserve peace in the household for the most of Saturday. And after a somewhat cooler night the Sabbath dawned.

Sunday at the Paiges' was a day for church-going and quiet reading or walking. Alicia in her attractive dress still retained the air of a queen who, although somewhat misunderstood, was comforted by the knowledge of her royalty. In the hammock under the oak trees she fed her soul from a small volume of Tennyson, while Richard sprawled on a rug on the lawn, too busy with a new book about insects to care how anyone acted or felt.

It was Posetta's day off. The house was empty and quiet. As Marcia sat in a small rocker on the veranda, enjoying the truce, a glimmer of something white through the half-closed shutter of the mail box caught her eye. Had not yesterday's mail been brought in? She rose and opened the box. There were two letters—one was for her from Stanley.

"Letter for you, Alicia!" she called, holding out the other. "The mail evidently wasn't brought in yesterday afternoon."

She tore Stanley's letter open as Alicia

DRAWN BY ADA C. WILLIAMSON



ALICIA HAD TIPTOED TO THE DOORWAY AND WAS WATCHING MARCIA'S SUDDEN RADIANT LOOK

until the first of the month, it seems incredible that you should indulge in edibles in your room, or attempt to keep pets there overnight, unless you courted detection and dismissal, which I am loath to believe is the case. It occurs to me there may be details that do not appear in your explanations. This box of cake from home, to receive which, it appears, you made proper application, why was it not taken direct to the mess hall? 'Provisions in quarters' is a flagrant violation, you well know."

As the commandant paused, Morrison tried to find his voice; he could not tell the story, but the officer's evident misapprehension must be corrected.

"The provisions weren't provisions, sir," he stammered; "that is, the cake wasn't provisions,—it wasn't real cake,—er,—that is to say, not cake to eat. This will explain, if you will read it, sir." And with a flushed face Morrison tendered his mother's letter.

As the commandant read, his stern features slowly relaxed to a smile. The boy, watching breathlessly, stilled his tumultuous heart as he gathered hope from the changing emotions depicted in the face bent over the letter. But as the end was reached, the commandant looked up at him with a startled glance, then back to a quick reading of the final sentence, and again turned his eyes in a long, piercing study of the boy's features.

The smile faded, and color came suddenly under the brown skin and bounded up to the roots of the iron-gray hair. The fingers, playing idly with a pencil, closed sharply; then the commandant looked through and past him, and Morrison saw the keen eyes melt and soften in a far-away gaze.

"This is from your mother?" asked the

The clatter of the skates ceased. Marcia opened her eyes and awoke to a realization that it was Saturday: at least there was no school to teach, although there was much sewing for Alicia that she had promised to finish. She looked at the little white clock on the dresser. Seven o'clock, and as hot and sticky a day as she ever remembered. Richard and Alicia were already stirring. Through her open doorway Marcia caught a glimpse of Alicia at her mirror, holding long lengths of the sheer pink and white material against her throat; Alicia evidently was anxious for her older sister to rise and begin work on the new dress.

"I think I really am getting better-looking—don't you?" she called to Richard, as she draped the organdie across her slender shoulders and turned to catch the effect in the glass.

"Getting a little more used to your looks—that's all!" Richard muttered in reply.

Alicia's chin went up with a snort of disdain, and the day was begun, as so many days of late had begun.

Marcia wearily dragged herself out of bed. "My brush is gone!" Richard exclaimed. "Al, you been using my brush again? What'd I tell you last time? Marsh, can't she leave my things alone?"

"Here's your old brush, stingy!" Alicia retorted. "I don't want it!"

Marcia pressed her fingers against her aching eyes. Obviously she must separate Richard and Alicia as soon as possible.

"Alicia, dear," she said, "will you go down and tell Posetta to be sure to get plenty of ice to-day? It's going to be terribly hot on Sunday; and then see if you can help a little with the breakfast table. Dick, would you mind taking your wheel and going round the corner

EXTRAVAGANCE is one of the words that remain loyal to their derivation. It means wandering beyond bounds, and is most often used, as I use it, with reference to the expenditure of money.

What are the bounds, and who sets them, within which individual citizens may spend money? In reference to that question it is interesting to notice that in many countries the experiment has been tried of regulating and limiting by law the objects and amounts of personal outlay. The motives were sometimes military; the rulers believed that overindulgence in luxuries weakened the bodily strength and sapped the courage of the people. That was the case with the Greeks, especially the Lacedaemonians, and also at different times with the Romans, the English and the French.

SUMPTUARY LAWS

It was the opinion that citizens would be less able to respond to the demands of the state for revenue if they were allowed to waste their substance in gratifying artificial desires. Sometimes again the motives were moral. Indulgence in excesses was thought not only to be a vice itself but to lead to other vices; and therefore the government was empowered to regulate and control the habits of the people. That was the Puritanic idea.

Those laws were called "sumptuary." They aimed at various specific things, all of which, however, were of the same general kind. They covered excessive expenditures for buildings, for funeral solemnities and for sepulchral monuments; they limited the number of guests at banquets and marriage feasts, and also the character and extent of the courses to be served; and they forbade the use of gold dishes at private entertainments.

The sumptuary laws also applied to the apparel and adornment of women; they regulated the use of gold and silver embroidery, jewelry, dresses of more than a single color, silks and fine linens, and even costly hairpins and children's dolls. Sometimes they forbade "fantastic and deforming fashions," such as the wearing of long, pointed shoes. Brides were not permitted to have excessive dowries.

UNPLEASANT, BUT NECESSARY

The men have not always escaped. Some of the laws above mentioned applied to them, although, as we read in Livy, it was the women only who broke into revolt on account of such restrictions.

Laws of that kind have now been generally abandoned, partly because the idea of individual liberty has broadened, partly because a sounder view of the proper functions of government has become prevalent. Yet, under the stress caused by the great war now raging,

OUR NATIONAL EXTRAVAGANCE

By the Hon. Judson Harmon
Attorney-General in the Cabinet of President Cleveland

some countries have already resorted to them again, and others are beginning to advocate them.

But although in our times, under normal conditions, the bounds beyond which expenditure becomes extravagant are no longer fixed by law, it does not follow that there are none. They are now established by the common judgment of mankind founded on long experience. They are not arbitrary like those prescribed by authority, but vary from time to time according to circumstances and general conditions. And disregard of them, although not punished as a public offense, is followed by the more certain penalties imposed by the natural law of cause and effect.

The directions that extravagance takes are still the same as those it has taken, because, in its essentials both of strength and weakness, human nature does not change. The commonest form of extravagance is spending more than you can afford for what are not really necessities. That is a very elastic term. It is said that what were luxuries in one age of the world become necessities in another; but it is easy to deceive yourself on that subject. You should remember that you do not really need a thing the lack of which causes you no worse suffering than that of ungratified desire or unsatisfied pride.

A THRIFTLESS NATION

SELF-DENIAL is a fundamental virtue, especially for all who have their own way to make in the world; happiness for the great majority of people depends on the whole-some restraint of desires rather than on their gratification, because, when unchecked, those desires are forever stretching out beyond present reach. It seems strange that, especially in our country, people shrink from saying "I can't afford it," when economy means safety and contentment, whereas false pride brings danger and unhappiness. Fear of being thought poor or stingy has brought misery, and often crime, into many a household.

The average wages, salaries and incomes are higher in this country than in any other, yet our savings banks do not make a creditable showing. Fourteen countries greatly outrank ours in the proportion of savings accounts to population. In thrift, as indicated by the savings banks, we stand at the bottom of the list of the principal nations.

Of every hundred of our citizens sixty-six leave at their death no estate at all. Only nine leave as much as \$5000. The average estate left by the other twenty-five is less than

\$1300. Ninety-seven out of every hundred lose their earning power at the age of sixty-five; and as most of them have saved nothing, they become dependent on relatives or on the public. It is estimated that there are one and one fourth millions of such destitute persons in this country, most of whom might have escaped that sad fate.

Let every young man who has to make his way unaided realize that to say "I have money in the bank" is a certificate of character and ability.

There is no doubt that, barring accident and disease, almost every family not dependent on mere unskilled day labor could lay up some provision for the future by cutting off waste and steadily practicing unselfish self-denial. There must be a choice between passing desire and lasting well-being. The day of small things must not be despised; all growth is from little seeds. Dimes are the germs of dollars. It is said that ten million people, spending \$1,000,000, attend the motion-picture shows every day. They sow the dollar seed, but not in their own gardens. The harvest is rich, but it is reaped by the proprietors and by the actors, whose reported gains are fabulous.

Of the families that, according to the most recent figures, had incomes ranging from \$1200 to \$1800 a year, almost one and one fourth millions have automobiles. There is a report of a single bank that holds twelve hundred mortgages given for the purchase of pleasure cars.

But are families of small means to have no pleasures? The answer is a proper definition of pleasure. A rational person can certainly get no real enjoyment from any outlay that leads to a hand-to-mouth existence; he has no safeguards against misfortunes that are sure to come sooner or later to everyone.

THE SATISFACTION OF SAVING

AMONG all material pleasures there is none so great as that which springs from a store laid by for future wants, especially for the needs of those for whose well-being you have become responsible. And when you have gathered that store by steadfastly refusing thriftless self-indulgence, you have a satisfaction that outweighs and outlasts all fleeting joys. I speak from my own experience, and I can call to witness the thousands of others who have traveled the same road.

But whether you can afford an expenditure, in the sense of having the money to spare, is not the only test of extravagance. There are

bounds that even the well-to-do and the wealthy may not pass with safety.

Those who have built up a competence or wealth, course upon course in solid fashion, are seldom to be charged with extravagance. It is those to whom riches have come by inheritance or by some sudden stroke of fortune that are too often guilty of it. They do most to verify the proverbs about the quick parting of fools and their money, and the return of the third generation, if not the second, to toil in shirt sleeves.

"ECONOMY THE SOURCE OF LIBERALITY"

STRICTLY speaking, all mere luxury is waste. But there may be and often is wanton wastefulness in luxury when a reasonable indulgence in it might be justifiable. That is certain to react most harmfully on soul, mind and body. It is not the accumulation, but the waste and misuse, of wealth that makes men decay.

The greatest luxury that life affords is helpfulness, and, as Gibbon says, speaking of the Romans, who were decaying from extravagance, "Economy is the source of liberality." Who does not regret the limit of his means in these days when in so many lands the innocent and the helpless are suffering and dying by hundreds of thousands? And how many Americans have lost by extravagant self-indulgence the power if not the will to help?

PERSONAL PREPAREDNESS

THE nation is now wrought up about "preparedness." Our ocean ramparts no longer suffice for our security against attacks. We must be ready to defend our homes and our liberty, because helplessness and wealth invite attack, and provocation can easily arise. But martial preparation on land and sea will not fully protect us if trouble should come. The sharp and sudden call for heavier contributions in money that the people of the warring nations have felt, the severe retrenching in family expenses that they have had to undergo, have been hard for them to bear. Those sacrifices would be harder for us than for any other people, because in America extravagance is more widespread and rampant than anywhere else in the world. It reaches down even to school children.

So if the government owes it to the people to be ready against the day of trouble, surely the people owe it to the government to be ready to meet the back fire of war if it should come to afflict the land. What is spent in military preparation will, we all hope, be wasted, except in so far as it secures us peace. Personal and household preparedness, which is the duty of every citizen, will not only cost nothing but will bring to thousands of homes lasting prosperity and contentment.

departed for the hammock with hers. Dear old "Stan"—working away at college in the heat of this awful June, and yet, in the midst of all the turmoil of finishing, taking time to write fat letters of encouragement to his sister.

"Dear Sis," the letter ran, "I am sending you an invitation to the graduation 'doin's,' for, even though I know you can't come to see my finish, I thought you might like to see the invitation."

There followed a humorous account of the festivities and the "grinding" of the last week before graduation.

Stanley was finishing with honor. More than that, he had finished the course in three and a half years—he would have finished in February if he had not missed a whole semester because of typhoid. He did not say that he was graduating at the head of his class—Stanley never talked about himself. She got her information about his success and his popularity from her superintendent of schools, who was a warm friend of Stanley's and in close touch with many of the professors at the university.

And he was graduating—and she would not be there to see him. A new sensation of self-pity swept over her. All these two long years she had worked to keep Stanley in college, and now she could not even have the joy of seeing him graduate! More bread cast upon the waters, returning bitter!

Alicia came slowly from the hammock, with her letter clasped to her breast and her eyes wide and starry.

"Marcia," she cried, "am I dreaming? Honest, did I do it? Pinch me."

One glance at the girl's rapt face, and Marcia reached for the letter, with all thought of her own bitterness gone.

"Why, Alicia—child!" she exclaimed, looking up from a hasty reading. "I didn't know you had even entered! Why, you dear, delicious angel! Dick, come and hear Alicia's good fortune! She entered the Evening News story contest and has taken first prize!"

Richard came forward eagerly; all differences were forgotten. "Honest, Al?" He could

never write even the simplest theme without hours of writhing and anguish of soul. "What you going to do with your ten dollars?"

"Why," said Alicia with sudden inspiration, "buy Stanley a graduation gift. Mayn't I, Marcia?"

"You surely may."

"With all of it?" asked Richard.

Alicia nodded gravely. Success always humbled her and made her generous. They spent the rest of the day in quiet rejoicing. During the evening meal Alicia looked up suddenly at Marcia.

"Did I dream it?" she half whispered.

"Good night!" ejaculated Richard. "I guess if I'd done it I'd know it! What are you going to get for Stan?"

But Alicia was dreamy and noncommittal. It was not until the following morning at school that Marcia's resentment at not being able to see her brother graduate returned.

Life seemed flat and flavorless, her pupils unbearably dull and the day hot and stifling. At breakfast Alicia had still been silent, and Richard, entirely practical himself and not understanding the temperamental heart of his sister, was by this time inclined to scoff at her a little. It was after the second class was over that a teacher from across the corridor put her head in at Marcia's door while the pupils were passing.

"Stan graduates this week, doesn't he? Going? Oh, that's a shame! Drat school-teaching, anyway! This is my last year of it."

Her slang, for Marcia had a very strict idea of what a teacher's language and deportment should be, her white shoes, her stylish white linen dress, her conspicuous diamond ring—her whole smart, flippant personality seemed to rush at Marcia in one maddening swirl. Her cheeks burned as she turned to her empty room.

It was her vacant period, —no class for forty-five minutes,—and she could have the time to think bitter, envious thoughts.

"Miss Paige, Mr. Selew wishes to see you.

This is your vacant period, isn't it?" The secretary to the principal had entered noiselessly and broken in upon Marcia's reverie.

Half startled, she rose. Why should the principal be sending for her? What had happened?

Never before had she been summoned, although sometimes, very infrequently, she had gone to his office to talk over school matters. Had something gone wrong with her work? Or perhaps it was about Richard? A hundred possibilities crossed her mind as she hurried down the stairs.

Mr. Selew was busy at the telephone when she reached his door, but he nodded and motioned to her to enter and be seated. Several minutes dragged themselves out while he very curtly gave some one at the other end of the line a concise statement of facts and a choice of two and only two lines of action. At last he hung up the receiver and turned to the girl.

"Now, about what I sent for you for. Stanley graduates this week Thursday, doesn't he? Thought so. Well, I don't usually urge my teachers to take a day off at this time of year, but I happen to be interested in Stanley, and I've an idea he'd enjoy the event more if some one of his own folks could be there."

As Marcia took in the full meaning of what he was saying, tears sprang into her eyes. Offering her—her, who had been so resentful—offering to let her go to Stanley's graduation!

Turning to his desk as he spoke, Mr. Selew continued brusquely: "Mrs. Selew is the one who thought of it. She had your work here before she was married, you know, and she rather thinks she'd like a day or two of teaching again, just for the change. Well, I guess the matter's settled. Tell Stanley we're thinking of him. By the way, I noticed in the paper that you have a literary genius in the family. You are certainly doing great work with Dick and Alicia. Get big returns on them some day."

He evidently considered the interview at an end. Marcia was speechless. She tried to

stammer out some sort of reply, but Mr. Selew had turned again to his work.

All the rest of the day Marcia wanted to reach out and touch the students in her classes. They seemed so dear somehow, so much hers. The whole world seemed sweeter and cleaner and fresher. Of course she could not go. She would have to make some sort of excuse. It was no short trip to the university, and there would have to be new gloves as well as railway fare.

No, she could not go, but the world was a good old place, after all. She would help Alicia select something nice for dear old Stan, and then they would all three write a long letter for him to have on his graduation day. The rest of the day passed swiftly.

When Marcia reached the rambling house that she had known as home all these years, Richard's beloved wheel was standing against the curb; Alicia was curled up in a big wicker chair by the open living-room window.

"A note for you on the dining-room table," she called, "and Posetta's out and won't be back till five!"

Marcia went into the dining room and picked up the envelope addressed to her in queer, crooked printing. Richard came in and crossed the room hurriedly to the kitchen, whistling carelessly. The back doorbell rang.

"Answer it, will you, Dick?" Marcia called, slitting the envelope of the strange-looking missive.

As she opened the page of cramped and crooked printing, out fell a railway ticket. She read:

Miss Marcia Paige. You are hereby commanded to go and see your brother graduate. This is the present we wish to send him.

(Signed) Alicia and Richard Paige.
P. S. I have rented my wheel for a month at two dollars and a half, and will get paid in advance to-night.

Alicia had tiptoed to the doorway and was watching Marcia's sudden radiant look of fearful joy, and Richard, stumbling in from the kitchen with two loaves of bread in his hands, and looking as if nothing in all the world had happened or were ever likely to happen, said

in his most offhand manner, "Mrs. Smith—returned two loaves—borrowed 'em yesterday. Never knew 'em to return anything before."

"But bread," said Marcia, laughing almost

hysterically as she reached out one arm to Richard and one to Alicia, and drew them close to her, "bread *always* comes back—even when you only lend crumbs!"

on Owens' part, a mistake pure and simple. He should have reduced the warranty bearings to agree with the date of his survey or *vice versa*, so as to have all bearings in his description show a uniform date."

"You say," Brill inquired calmly, "that Owens made a mistake?"

"There's no doubt of it."

"Prove it."

"I will prove it if Clem Owens can talk or his notes of survey can be found. Mr. Brill, why do you insist on taking so unfair an advantage of this man over a mere technicality? Why do you insist on making him trouble when his rights are so perfectly apparent?"

"I'll tell you why, Mr. Oakford. Because Stanley Orchard has made trouble for me for nineteen years. Now I can turn the tables."

Oakford turned away impatiently, seized the chain and began to fold it up.

"Maybe you have got him where you can crowd him to the wall," he said. "I don't know. That will be for a lawyer to say. But if you have and if you do it, it will be the most contemptible thing I ever ran across."

At that moment Orchard and Ralph came up.

it for a minute or two. "A little more than thirteen rods," he replied. "You'll have your fifteen rods left, front and rear; but he'll take your house and barn and garden, and the best part of your meadow. It's unbelievable! Come, let's go find Clem Owens."

So they harnessed the horses and started, all three of them, for Little Bethel. They said nothing to Mrs. Orchard concerning the object of their journey; it would be time enough to break the news to her when they returned, should their search prove unavailing.

Clem Owens lived, if a man in his condition can properly be said to live, with his married daughter at Little Bethel. He was seated on the veranda in an easy chair when Orchard and his companions drove up; and he looked wonderingly at them and a little startled as they came up the path to the house and shook hands with him.

"We want to find out something about the division line between Orchard and Brill," said Oakford. "You remember running it, don't you, about nineteen years ago?"

Owens dropped his head slowly, but said nothing.

"Can you give me the bearing of the line that you established between them?"

The paralytic made an effort to speak, but the sound of his voice died in his throat.

"Was the line at right angles to the warranty?"

The sick man turned his head slowly, but whether he intended the movement to be a negative reply to the question no one could say.

Oakford persisted. "Did the line you established have a present bearing of north forty east?"

Owens' chin sank to his breast in what appeared to be an affirmative reply. He made another vain effort to speak.

"Have you the old notes of survey—the notebook you used that day?"

The old man looked slowly to the right and left of him as if in distress. Then his lips trembled and his eyes filled with tears.

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," said Oakford.

"Maybe there's some one here who knows something about his books and papers."

At that moment Owens' daughter, Mrs. Dabney, came out on the veranda, and Oakford explained to her their errand.

"I don't believe he has those books," she said. "When we brought him here we brought every book and paper and scrap he had, but those books were not among them. I know, because I've looked. Adam Brill was here not three days ago and wanted the same thing, and I couldn't find it for him. Of course poor father couldn't help us any."

"Oh," said Oakford, "Mr. Brill has been here, has he?"

"Yes, I think it was day before yesterday."

"And he took nothing away with him?"

"Nothing."

"Would you mind letting us see Mr. Owens' notebooks and papers? Perhaps,

being a surveyor myself, I might be able to find something where others have failed."

They followed Mrs. Dabney into Owens' room and looked over his books and papers, which were carefully arranged in a small cabinet; but they found nothing. The oldest notebook there contained records only fifteen years back. Nor was there any draft or sketch or memorandum of any kind that had a bearing on the case.

"If there's anyone on earth," said Mrs. Dabney, as they came back to the veranda, "who might be able to give you any information about these things, it's Old Tompkins. He used to go with father a great deal, you know, on his surveys, and he was frequently at father's house. But I really don't believe he could tell you much about it if he ever knew; he's so far in his dotage."

It was evidently useless to pursue the inquiry further, as far as Owens was concerned.

"I guess the old books are gone, Clem," said Oakford. "I'm sorry to have troubled you, but we wanted them very much."

The old man pulled himself partly up in his chair and made a tremendous effort to speak; but it was unavailing, and he sank back, trembling and exhausted.

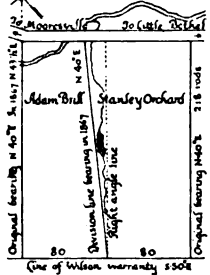
"Poor father!" exclaimed Mrs. Dabney, wiping the sudden perspiration from the sick man's face. "He wants so much to tell you. Never mind, father; you've done your best."

And he had, but his best was of no avail. His visitors shook hands with him, thanked his daughter for her trouble, went down the path to the roadside, entered their wagon and drove away. At the edge of the village they caught sight of Old Tompkins hobbling toward them along the side path. How the survey of the morning had escaped him no one was able to explain. It was the first time within the recollection of any of them that he had not been on hand when anything of the kind was being done. When they came abreast of him, they stopped and hailed him. Leaning with one hand on his cane and shading his eyes with the other, he scrutinized them closely. When he discovered who they were, he came up to the side of the wagon and rested his elbow on the nearest fore wheel.

"Why'n't you tell me you was goin' to hev

NORTH FORTY EAST

By Homer Greene
In Ten Chapters. Chapter Four



TWO weeks later John Oakford drove to Bethel with Ralph to make the survey of Orchard's land that the bank demanded before granting the mortgage. They began in the public road and ran up the line that separated Orchard's property from the lots that he had sold. Coming to the boundary of the Wilson warranty, they traced it northwesterly to the stake-and-stones corner set by Clem Owens in 1867 to mark the beginning of the division line between Orchard and Brill. There they found Adam Brill, with his son, Nathan, awaiting them.

The two boys greeted each other cordially, and Nathan congratulated Ralph on the prospect of his going to the university in the fall. Between the two fathers there was a cool "Good morning." And although Orchard was about to assume the most serious financial obligation of his life, there was a twinkle in his eye and a note of triumph in his voice, for he felt that he was even with Adam Brill in the matter of educating his son, and that Brill knew it and resented it.

From the elevated spot where he stood Oakford cast his eye down to the pond that Orchard had made, and to the narrow defile in the distance through which the brook dashed down to the meadows below. Even now, in July, after several weeks of severe drought, the volume of water thrown out by the spring was undiminished and the pond was full. The party on the hill could hear the tinkling rush of the brook.

"That's a fine spring you have there, Orchard," said the surveyor. "You could build a dam that would hold back three times as much water as you now have in the pond, and create a power that would be worth something to a mill on the flat."

"Yes," replied Orchard triumphantly. "I reckon I've got a good thing in that spring and brook. I bought it for a hundred dollars nineteen years ago. I calculate it's worth about three thousand now; eh, Adam?"

Brill did not reply; but a quick color flamed in his pallid cheeks and a scowl deepened the crease between his eyebrows. Stanley did not seem to notice the danger signals, for he went on volubly:

"The day Clem Owens ran this line, I said that I'd make a water power of that spring and brook, and I reckon it ain't any too late to do it yet."

Still Adam Brill made no response. At Oakford's direction Ralph had cut a new stake and had driven it into the centre of the pile of stones that marked the corner, to replace the old one that had rotted away. Then the surveyor set up his instrument over it, sighted back along the warranty line, turned the angle and pointed his telescope down the hill. He did not seem to be satisfied with his direction, and taking Orchard's deed from his pocket, read carefully the description contained in it. Then he again examined his instrument, checked up the needle by the vernier, and stood back apparently bewildered.

"I don't quite understand this," he said. "Mr. Brill, have you your partition deed with you?"

"I have," replied Brill. "I thought you'd get into trouble over this line. That's why I came here and brought my deed."

He handed the paper to Oakford, who looked it over carefully.

"It's very strange," said the surveyor, "but both these deeds describe a right-angle corner here, for the division line runs N 40 E, or parallel to the side lines. But if we run the line down at right angles to the warranty, we take the spring and pond away from Orchard. That's not right. Your line comes west of the spring, doesn't it, Mr. Brill? You don't claim that land, do you?"

"I claim," replied Brill with a satisfied smile, "whatever my deed calls for."

Oakford turned to Orchard. "What have you got to say about this?"

Orchard was apparently not perturbed; he did not see the seriousness of the situation. "There is where Clem Owens ran the line. I remember it very well, and so does Adam. We started down the hill on a right angle and found it would take the spring away from me. So we came back here to this corner and ran a

new line west of the spring, and I agreed to pay Adam a hundred dollars for the extra land."

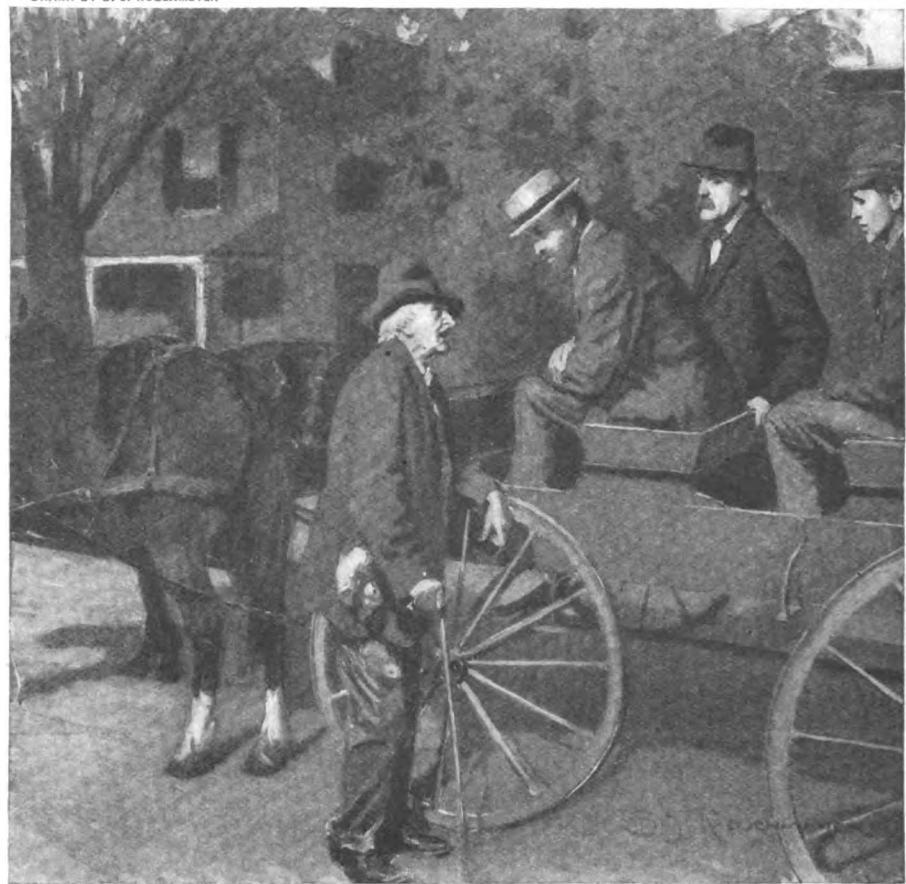
"Which you never paid," interjected Brill.

"Sure I paid it. Didn't you take my mare, Nance, for the hundred dollars?"

"Yes, and she died on my hands in less than a fortnight."

"That wasn't my fault, Adam," said Orchard.

"It was; you knew she was diseased. But



"DON'T IT JES' LET ME GIVE YE THE PASSWORD AND YE CAN GET IN"

that doesn't matter now. This deed says the land is mine, and I propose to have it."

"Gentlemen," interrupted Oakford. "Please stop quarreling and let's get this thing straightened out. You say," turning to Orchard, "that Owens abandoned his right-angle line, and ran a permanent division line west of the spring, all the way through to the public road?"

"Exactly," replied Orchard. "Just where the line is to-day. Just where my stone wall is down on the flat."

"Is that right, Mr. Brill?" asked Oakford.

"I'm not interested in Orchard's stone walls. These deeds are the best evidence of what I bought and sold. Wherever these deeds say the line runs, there it runs, and that settles it."

"Maybe it does and maybe it doesn't," retorted Oakford. "It seems to me, Mr. Brill, that you are taking a very remarkable attitude in this matter. I propose to find out what the trouble is here. And if I find that Orchard's rights are being invaded, I shall protect him."

"And it strikes me," replied Brill tartly, "that your business is to run lines according to deeds. And if you can't do it, I'll find some one who can."

Oakford did not reply. Instead he turned to Orchard and asked:

"Did Owens leave any mark on this division line that you can identify to-day?"

"Yes. He cut a cross in the top of the rock on the ledge this side of the spring."

"Show it to me with the flag. Ralph, you go with him."

Father and son clambered down the steep hillside, and soon had the signal pole, plainly visible from the corner on the hill, standing on the cross in the rock. Oakford turned his telescope on it and read his needle, and then figured for a few moments quietly in his notebook. Then he closed the book sharply, put it into his pocket and turned to face Brill.

"I understand the situation now," he said. "I find that the bearing of this line, when Owens ran it, was north forty east, the same bearing that the side lines were years before at the date of the original survey on the warrant. He has made them all the same in his deed, without regard to the many years of difference in the dates of survey. That accounts for the difficulty here. It was an inadvertence

"Well," said Orchard, "what did you find?"

"I find," replied Oakford, "that Owens made a mistake in his description, and that Mr. Brill proposes to take advantage of it."

For the first time that morning an anxious look came into Orchard's eyes.

"Can he do it?" he inquired.

"I don't know. If he can, you will lose not only your spring and pond and brook, but your house and garden and meadow as well."

Orchard turned to Brill. "Adam," he said, "do you intend to rob me of my property?"

Brill replied deliberately with a question on his part. "Let me see. About a year ago you declared war on me, didn't you?"

"Yes, but not guerrilla fightin'."

"No matter; you've fought me with the meanest weapon a man can use, a slandering tongue. I've got you in my grip now. I shall hold you there. A little while ago you were going to show me that, if I have money in my family, you have brains in yours. Now is your opportunity to show it. It'll take more than a college education to prove that property to be yours. I know, for I've had the matter looked up. And it'll take more of a title than you can show to raise a mortgage on it. You'll have to sell another foundered horse to get money to send your son to college. Come, Nate, we've no further business here to-day."

He pocketed his deed, turned round and started toward home. The two boys, who had been silent witnesses of the controversy, stood side by side. Nathan, with a white face, turned to Ralph and was about to speak; but Ralph held up a warning hand.

"Don't!" he said. "Don't say a word. You'd better go. You'd better go quick before I say something I'll be sorry for."

So Nathan turned and followed his father. Orchard stood for a moment as if dazed.

"What's to be done?" he asked, finally.

"Go to Clem Owens," replied Oakford, "and find his notes of this survey."

In single file, anxious and unstrung, the three men followed the path down the hill and across the flat to the public road.

"Suppose Adam's right about it," asked Orchard, "how much of my land will he get along the road?"

Oakford took out his notebook and figured in

a survey this mornin'?" he asked querulously. "Might 'a' done suthin' fer ye."

"Sorry, Tompkins, but we didn't have time to notify you," replied Orchard good-naturedly. "We've just been down to see Clem Owens. The old man's pretty bad off, isn't he?"

"I should say so. Can hear ye and un'erstand ye and can't talk. That's wuss'n bein' deaf and talkin'."

"Sure it is," assented Orchard. "Used to go round with him a good bit when he was surveyin', didn't you?"

"Never missed a survey."

"Good record, that is. Ever know where he kept his books that he used in surveyin'?"

Orchard thought he was approaching the subject diplomatically.

"Well, now," was the equally diplomatic response, "mebbe I did and mebbe I didn't. What you want to know fer?"

"Oh, there seems to be a book or two missing back about the time he ran that line between me and Adam Brill. Never knew what became of them books, did you?"

"Now, Stanley, w'at I kin tell and w'at I will tell is two different stories. Them books," looking up archly, "is wuth money."

"Sure they're worth money," assented Orchard. "That's why we want to find them. Can you give us a clue and get the reward?"

"Stanley, they was things Clem Owens told me confidential 't I wouldn't let on to my best friend. Them things is locked up in my breast."

"What are those things, Tompkins?"

The old man revealed the toothless cavern of his mouth in an irritating laugh. "Don't ye wisht ye knowed?" he cackled. "Wild hosses wouldn't drag 'em out of their secret abidin' place, Stanley. No, nor wild beasts, nuther."

"O shucks! I don't believe you know anything."

"Don't I! Jes' let me give ye the password and ye can get in."

"All right! Out with it!"

"Nawth fawty east." He threw back his head and laughed spasmodically. "Don't that aggrivate ye? Nawth fawty east!"

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Oakford impatiently. "We can't get anything out of him. He doesn't know anything."

"I'm not so sure," replied Orchard. "But if he does know, he won't tell till he gets good and ready."

It was long after noon when the three travelers reached the Orchard home, where Mrs. Orchard was apprehensively awaiting them. She had scented trouble when they started for Little Bethel. Now, as she looked at their faces, she was sure that some calamity had overtaken them.

"What is it?" she asked as they came up to the porch. "What has happened?"

Orchard put his arm round his wife's waist as they walked into the house.

"Don't be frightened, mother. Maybe it isn't as bad as it looks. There's some trouble about the line between me and Adam Brill. He claims to own the property that the house is on, and the pond and the spring. We can't mortgage it till the title's settled."

"And can't Ralph go to college, then?"

"Not this fall, mother," replied Ralph, taking the words out of his father's mouth. "But some other fall, maybe."

He spoke cheerfully. He could not afford to show his disappointment, grievous as it was. And yet his disappointment over his own ill fortune was mild in comparison with the grief he felt for his parents and his resentment against Adam Brill.

Mrs. Orchard, overcome by a sudden weakness, had dropped into a chair.

"Tell me about it," she said to Oakford after a minute.

So Oakford sat down and made a rough sketch of the property lines, and explained to her the basis of Brill's contention.

"And do you think," she asked, "that the law will give him that much of our property?"

"I don't know, Mrs. Orchard. It's a very serious matter. We shall have to consult a lawyer and act upon his advice."

Whatever she felt in her heart, Mrs. Orchard spoke no word in condemnation of her neighbor. However shocked she may have been at the possibility of losing their property, her greatest concern was for Ralph, who would not now be able to enter on a school career.

When Oakford was ready to start for Mooresville, she said to him:

"Will you let Ralph stay here with us to-night? I want to talk with him for a little while—alone."

So Ralph stayed at home that night, and his mother did talk with him for a little while—alone. And many a time, through the long years that followed, he fondly remembered that night's talk; for it is wonderful what sweetness a sweet heart can extract from the bitterest cup of disappointment and sorrow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AFIRE UNDER HATCHES

By Albert W. Tolman

THE old, battered coasting schooner Adventure, with eleven hundred casks of lime in her hold, hove to with the mainsail double-reefed in a southeast "howler," was wearing ship. It was eight o'clock on an August night. Capt. Ezra Sidelinger held the wheel. His nephew and mate, Cheney Sykes, and the cook, Eben Perkins, had just come on deck to begin their watch.

Round flew the spokes. The vessel danced about, curtsying, before the wind.

"Look out!"

The mate's sharp warning was too late. Over came the boom, struck Capt. Ezra on the head, and knocked him senseless into the lee scuppers. Cheney sprang to his uncle's side.

"Take her, Eben!"

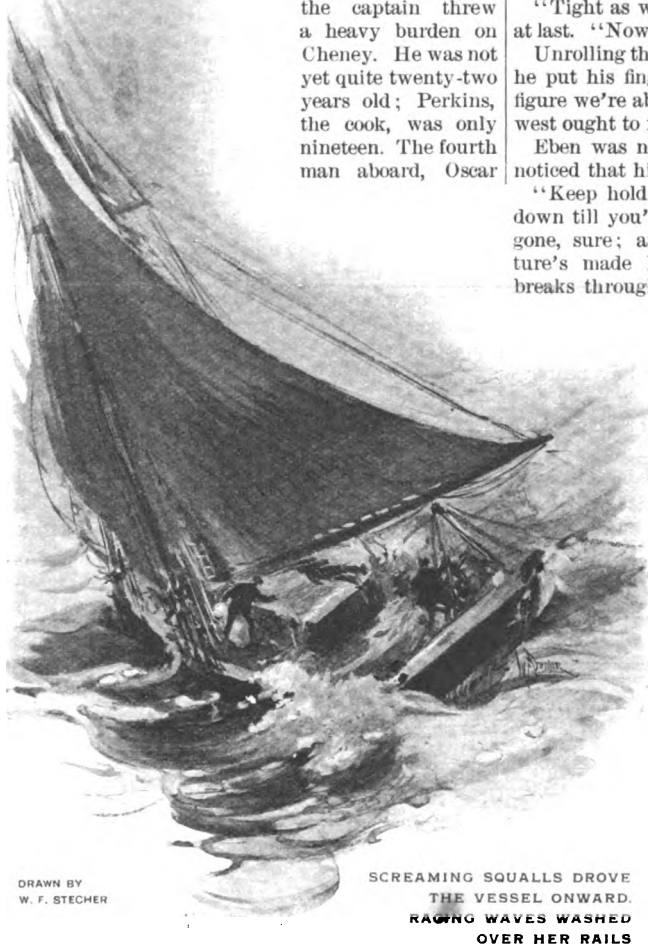
While the cook brought the schooner on the other tack, Sykes tried in vain to rouse the old man.

"Put the wheel in the becket and lend a hand!" Sykes ordered at last.

With difficulty the two lowered the limp, heavy form down the companionway and laid it on the cabin floor.

"That clip would have stunned an ox," said Cheney; "but he'll come to after a while. We'll have to leave him now, and look after the vessel."

The Adventure, bound from Rockland for Boston, had run into the gale some hours after she passed Monhegan. At seven o'clock, after shortening sail, she had been compelled to heave to. She was then about twenty miles off Portland.



DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

SCREAMING SQUALLS DROVE THE VESSEL ONWARD. RAGING WAVES WASHED OVER HER RAILS

Davidson, a Russian Finn from the granite quarries, had reached middle age; but he could speak only broken English and knew little of navigation. So all responsibility fell on Cheney.

After ten minutes on deck, the mate went down into the cabin again. Uncle Ezra still breathed heavily; he had not moved.

A faint, pungent odor came to Cheney's nostrils. What could it be? He straightened up and sniffed. It certainly smelled like spruce smoke. He put his face close to the bulkhead of the hold and sniffed again. He was not mistaken; it was the smell of burning staves. What that meant the mate knew only too well. He leaped up the companion stairs.

"She's sprung a leak, and the cargo's on fire!" he shouted to Perkins. "Let's try the pumps!"

They shipped the brakes and pumped for dear life. Again Cheney ran down into the cabin. The smell was stronger, and he now heard a crackling sound. The Adventure, hove to off a lee shore in the worst gale of the season, was threatened with the direst calamity that can befall a lime vessel.

It may seem almost incredible that a bad leak should cause a fire; yet scores of coasters have been destroyed in that way. The water, rising over the floor of the hold and penetrating the lowest tier of casks, slakes the lime and

produces an intense heat, which at first chars the wood, and then sets it blazing. Unless the fire can be drowned or smothered, the vessel is doomed. It did not take Cheney long to decide what to do.

"We must plaster her up and run for land!" he muttered.

Davidson, who had been forward on lookout, was set to pumping. Cheney and Eben dragged Uncle Ezra up the companion stairs and laid him on the cabin roof; they covered him with blankets and lashed him to the skylight, so that he should not roll overboard. Then they brought up the axe, the lanterns and a chart. By this time the smoke was perceptible and the cabin was growing warm. Cheney blew out the lamp.

"Might cause an explosion when she fills up with gas," he explained. He shut the door and started to pull the slide over.

"Hold on a minute!"

He went below again, and presently came up with the box in which lay the Adventure's cat.

"Time to be moving, pussy. Your nine lives wouldn't last long down there. Now, let's plaster her up as quick as we can."

Every lime coaster carries several casks on deck for just such an emergency. Eben and Cheney dumped the contents of one of them on the main hatch, shoveled a hollow in the heap, and poured into it a pail of salt water. As the lime slaked, they plastered over the entire hatch, carefully covering every crack through which the heated air from the hold might escape. They did the same to the forward and lazaretto hatches, cabin doors, skylight, windows and stovepipe, in the hope that the gas and dead air might smother the fire.

"Tight as we can make her," Cheney said at last. "Now, let's have a look at that chart."

Unrolling the sheet under the binnacle light, he put his finger on a red pencil mark. "I figure we're about here. Fifteen miles north-west ought to raise Cape Elizabeth lightship."

Eben was nervous and excitable; the mate noticed that his hands were shaking.

"Keep hold of yourself, Eb; no use to lie down till you're knocked down. The cargo's gone, sure; and I'm afraid the old Adventure's made her last trip. When the fire breaks through, she's done. There's no use lying hove to any longer. She'll simply burn up out here, and we'll all go with her. The boat wouldn't live two minutes in this sea. We've got to crack on every stitch she'll carry, put her before the wind and make for shore. It's our only chance. I'm going to fight her through to the last second. I'll put her into Portland, or on the rocks. Now, let's get sail on her."

Spurred by the thought of the fire underneath, they shook the reefs out of the mainsail and hoisted foresail and jibs. The Finn was green and slow. It was not enough to give him an order; it had to be explained to him before he could obey it. But at last the sails were set, and Cheney headed the schooner for land.

"I'll hold the wheel a while," he said, as the Adventure plunged headlong through the seas. "You two keep the pumps going."

Cheney had been coasting several years, but always in subordinate positions. Now that four lives depended upon him, he felt the burden of responsibility.

Screaming squalls drove the vessel onward. Racing waves washed over her rails. Ropes strained and blocks creaked as the gale whistled through the shrouds. Cheney steadied the spokes of the wheel. With his eyes on the compass, he kept the needle true. From time to time he glanced at the silent figure on the house, then beyond at the toilers at the pumps, and at the wild seas ahead.

At the end of half an hour he called Eben to the wheel and went forward to take his turn at pumping. He put his hand on the cabin. The wood felt hot. The deck also was hot, in spite of the water that swashed across it. What must the heat be under those four inches of spruce plank! The water, gaining on the pumps, was setting cask after cask on fire as it rose. The hold, Cheney knew, was seething with hot gas and flame, a living volcano.

How long would the tight deck resist that tremendous pressure? Already it was rounding up. Somewhere, at the weakest point, it would give way. There would be a muffled explosion, a spurt of fire, and the whole schooner would burst into flame.

Taking a lantern, Cheney examined the lime on the main hatch. It had dried and cracked from the intense heat underneath. With Oscar's help he slaked another cask, and again plastered up the seams. Painstakingly he treated the other hatches in the same way. The slightest opening, if neglected, might become a crater. He took the wheel again. The Adventure was tearing through the rollers: her straining sails seemed to lift and throw her landward. Cheney had never known her to go so fast. Yet in his impatience she seemed to be barely crawling.

"Come on! Come on! Faster! Faster!"

Eben left the pump and staggered aft.

"You'll take the sticks out of her!" he gasped. "How many knots is she making?"

"Nine or ten, I should say," answered the mate. "We ought to hear or see something pretty soon."

A fiercer blast whooped by. The schooner cringed and reeled. Something forward was rent away and flew off, a gigantic shadow, into the gloom. Eben stared after it.

"I thought that jib would go before long," Cheney said. Again he gave Eben the wheel and went to the pump.

The deck was growing hotter and rounding up now in several places. The tar in the seams had softened. Cheney imagined he could hear a sullen crackling. Surely the vessel could not last much longer.

Ahead the sky was pitch black and thick with rain. They were rushing toward the rocky coast at ten miles an hour. Something must show up soon. Once more Cheney and Eben changed places. The cook's teeth chattered; he shook with cold and fright.

"Watch sharp, you fellows!" shouted Cheney. "Let me know the second you see a light or hear a whistle."

It was the mate who heard it first—a low, booming whistle.

"Stop the pumps!"

The clanking ceased. Again came the faint and metallic oo-oom-m-m! There was no mistaking that sound! "Hurrah!" shouted Cheney. "There's the lightship!"

Louder sounded the whistle, and soon a white flash was intermittently stabbing the gloom over the port bow.

"Keep 'em going, boys!" the mate cried. "Only a few miles now to Portland Head!"

But his heart was not half so cheerful as his voice. The light crept by and vanished behind. The whistle died away. Again all was black. Cheney lived from minute to minute. How much longer would that swollen, scorching deck cheat the flames? Eben slaked another cask of lime and filled the cracks in the drying mortar. If the fire burst through now, or if anything broke, they would soon be pounding to splinters on the ledges.

Cheney strained over the wheel and peered forward, alive to all the elements of the situation—the driving scud, the hissing of the waves, the merciless gale behind; the old schooner with her rotten ropes and sails racing in toward the unseen rocks; the disabled captain, senseless, perhaps dying; the water rising steadily below in spite of the pumps; and, worst of all, the fire, eating its way upward in the dark, licking the sides of the hot casks with its sharp, red tongues.

A bellowing trumpet, a fixed light on the port bow: Portland Head! Almost at the same moment a flash to starboard: Ram Island! Brighter and brighter the lights shone. Hardly daring to trust his senses, Cheney headed between them. Presently he was running up the channel. Soon the Adventure rounded Bug Light, and glided behind the sheltering arm of the breakwater.

Compared with the hurly-burly outside, it was as quiet there as a millpond. Across the harbor glimmered Portland. Eben stumbled aft, with Oscar following.

"You've saved our lives, Cheney!" he cried. "Make ready to drop the port anchor!"

Commanded the mate. Two minutes later he sang out, "Let go!" There was a plunge, a grinding rattle of the chain; the schooner stopped and slowly swung round. It was all over but abandoning the vessel.

"Lower away the boat!" he ordered. While Eben and Oscar were busy at the falls, he began unlash the captain. Suddenly Uncle Ezra came to himself and started up, staring and muttering.

"How my head aches!" he groaned. "What's the trouble?"

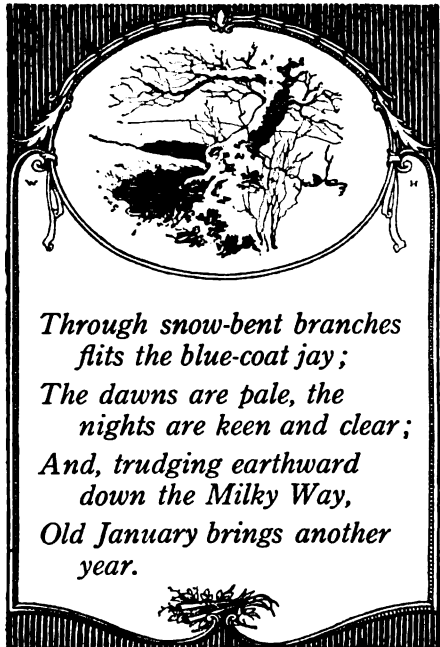
Hastily Cheney explained.

"Come on, Uncle Ezra! I'll help you into the boat. I'm sorry, but we've done all we can for the Adventure. Don't forget the cat, Eb."

"Lose her now, after she's safe in harbor?" exclaimed the captain. "Not by a long shot! The lime's gone; but we can scuttle the schooner and keep her from burning up. Where's the axe?"

He rose stiffly. Under his directions Cheney and Eben jumped into the boat and rapidly cut a half dozen holes amidships on either side just at the water line. Slowly the vessel sank, until she rested on the flats with the water running over her deck.

The tide was high, and the Adventure's cargo remained under water three or four hours. Before the ebb uncovered it again the fire was extinguished.



*Through snow-bent branches
flits the blue-coat jay;
The dawns are pale, the
nights are keen and clear;
And, trudging earthward
down the Milky Way,
Old January brings another
year.*

FACT AND COMMENT

THE man with steady habits and with a steady job always looks at you with a steady eye.

Belittling Work that Others do
Will gain no Praise or Prize for you.

WE hope that the present high price of paper will not keep people from turning over a new leaf.

SOME of the dieting and fasting tests that attract so much attention really prove nothing except that, with the help of a strong will, the human body can stand a great deal that it ought not to be asked to stand.

FOR thirty years Liberty Enlightening the World, the gift of the French people to America, has been on duty, as it were, only by day. Henceforth the torch that the great figure holds aloft will be lighted, and will send forth its flaming message far into the night. There never was a time when the world needed that message more.

THE New York Board of Health is emphasizing the need of a midwinter "Open Window Week." It is curious that so many persons have to be taught that the fresh air, which is free to all, is the most valuable agency in safeguarding their health, that it is the main resource in curing pneumonia, and that in tuberculosis its healing power is rivaled only by sunlight.

IN the presidential campaign it was frequently mentioned that both Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes are the sons of clergymen. Two earlier Presidents were also the sons of clergymen—Arthur and Cleveland—and so was Henry Clay, who narrowly missed the presidency. Of other famous Americans, Samuel F. B. Morse, the Field brothers, the Beechers, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Bancroft, Parkman, Gilder and Henry James all had fathers who were clergymen.

BY a recent proclamation President Wilson established the Pisgah National Forest in western North Carolina as a national game preserve—the first to be created east of the Mississippi River. Most of the new reservation consists of what was formerly the estate of Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. It is heavily timbered and will afford for deer, black bears, raccoons, wild turkeys and other game an ideal refuge and breeding place whence the neighboring forests will in time replenish themselves.

EVERY lover of nature will be glad to know that at last the greatest of the California big trees are safe, at least from the axe, and probably from fire. By the gift of \$20,000, the National Geographic Society has enabled the government to take over the Giant Forest—a tableland about two miles in diameter in the heart of the Sequoia National Park. The tract includes the largest trees in the world, one of them $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet through at the base and 279 feet high. They are also the oldest living things in the world.

PERHAPS the most striking thing about the political overturn in England is the "newness" of the men who have come to the front. The old "governing classes" are slenderly represented in the ministry, which is full of self-made business men; of the war council, only one, Lord Curzon, is of the old aristocracy, and only one other, Lord Milner, is a university man and a churchman. Mr. Lloyd-George, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Henderson have all come up from middle-class, nonconformist homes, two of them at least through years of actual poverty. And behind them stands Lord Northcliffe, perhaps the most influential of them all, who like them

has no hereditary association with aristocracy or political power. A great crisis searches out the men it needs, and finds them oftenest in the social strata that lie well down in the body of the people. That is one of the justifications of democracy.

GERMANY TRIUMPHANT IN ROUMANIA

THE conquest of Roumania was an exceedingly workmanlike performance on the part of Marshal von Mackensen and Gen. von Falkenhayn; it reminded the reader of those whirlwind campaigns that the Prussian army under the elder Moltke was in the habit of making, although it has not, like them, resulted in the destruction of the enemy's army as well as in the taking of his capital. Supplied with a vastly superior artillery, and faced by no generals of a strategic ability equal to their own, the German commanders found the exploit hardly more difficult than directing an annual field manoeuvre in the days before the war. It is said by some that Germany, foreseeing the inevitable, forced Roumania prematurely into the war at a time when the Roumanian guns had little or no ammunition; for the guns were all of Austrian or German make, and the only ammunition obtainable was Russian, French or English and did not fit. That may or may not be true; what is certain is that the German plans, whatever they were, worked smoothly and rapidly forward to a very impressive victory.

That victory is important because it shakes the prestige of the Allies, already low in the East, and because it places in German hands a country rich in grain and oil—supplies that the empire stands in constant need of. It rivets more firmly than ever German control on the Balkan Peninsula. Greece is the only country south of the Danube that is neither allied to Germany nor has been conquered by it, and Greece with Constantine on the throne is as useful to Germany as an open ally. Constantine no longer pretends to anything except a forced neutrality, and Sarraïl and his generals at Saloniki are helpless to engage in any really active campaign, lest the Greek King take advantage of their preoccupation with the enemy to throw his army against their rear. There can be no serious challenge to German command of the Near East so long as the Kaiser's brother-in-law rules in Athens.

But the conquest of Roumania does not of itself bring the end of the war any nearer. Germany, as its proposals show, is ready for peace. Checked in its ambition for a complete victory, it has nevertheless seized in the East all, and more than all, that it needs to satisfy the dream of the Pan-Germanists. On the other hand, the Entente powers, at the time of writing, show no signs of surrender. Their military prospects, which seemed bright last summer, are again dubious; Germany is not to be worn down so quickly as their leading men thought. But the important changes in the government that have occurred in England, in France and in Russia are all meant to bring about a more active and unrelenting prosecution of the war. The Entente Allies still believe that in the end they can exhaust their enemies. Until they are convinced that they are wrong, they are not likely to listen to any proposal of peace.

NATIONAL FINANCES

WAR is expensive not only to the nations that are fighting but also to those that are not. Notwithstanding the fact that our national taxes are higher than ever, the income of the government during the first five months of the fiscal year—that is, from July 1 to the end of November—was more than \$100,000,000 short of the amount needed to meet the expenditures. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates that when the next fiscal year ends, on June 30, 1918, the deficit will be \$185,000,000. Indeed, we shall be fortunate if it is no more than that.

To Mexico and the great conflict in Europe must be charged the principal part of the shortage. The war requires greater activity on the part of our naval vessels, adds to the expense of communicating with representatives abroad and with foreign governments, and therefore indirectly increases the cost of our government. The disorder on our southern boundary and the demand for more adequate defense, born of apprehension for what may happen after the European conflict ends, have swelled the appropriations to unheard-of magnitude.

How is the deficit to be met? The government has not yet formed a definite plan, but it must form one. The Treasury has usually had

an ample reserve in hand against emergencies, but the present reserve is not large enough to meet the impending demand, and, if it were, it should not be used for that purpose. To deplete it for current expenses would be indefensible. The quickest and easiest way to obtain the money would be to borrow—in other words, to offer a loan. But in such times as these, and in view of what the future may hold, it might be imprudent to resort to our borrowing power, upon which we may need to draw largely hereafter. The wiser course is to raise the money in the old way, by taxation. It has been suggested that the income tax exemption limit might well be lowered, and the suggestion has something to recommend it. Applying the tax to all persons whose incomes are more than a thousand dollars a year would produce a good many millions.

There will be other suggestions, but after all the only way to pay for what the government gives us is to pay for it; and that means that in the end the money must come out of us, the people. There may be easy ways of paying taxes, but no one has ever found out what they are.

READY-MADE THOUGHTS

THE world—men, women and children—turns, at least in America, more and more to ready-made clothes. Of course, as the number of those who demand such things becomes larger, the supply becomes better. Production on such an immense scale insures something that will fit any need. There is a great saving of time, of strength, of physical and mental effort. Repeated sessions with a tailor or a dressmaker are wearisome to hurried nerves and muscles; but to walk into a shop and walk out again freshly, if not quite perfectly, arrayed, gives a joyous sense of the triumph of spirit over matter. Then, too, the democratic instinct is, not to accentuate differences, but to remove them. To dress and to live very much as others do is easier and kinder.

The same tendency is manifest in thought. More and more we incline to take our thoughts, and still more the dress of them, from others. Universal common-school education has great advantages; but it has this disadvantage, that it tends to diffuse ready-made thinking, to extinguish originality and independence under a vast garment of commonplace. A still more energetic distributor of ready-made thoughts is the newspaper, which from Maine to California disseminates stock words, stock phrases, stock ideas.

Well, we all get most of our thoughts from others. How can we help it? The rush of life leaves us little time to think. And even if it left us much, the most of us are perhaps somewhat inadequately provided with the necessary machinery. But two points at least are worth remembering in this matter: First, let us try to have a thought of our own occasionally, or, if that is impossible, to make ready-made thoughts our own by testing them and adapting them and seeing that they are really true for us. Second and far more important, let us realize that our thoughts are ready-made, and be humble and quiet with them, and not make the world smile by pompously parading ideas as our own that mankind accepted or rejected ages before we were capable of thinking of anything.

THE LLOYD-GEORGE GOVERNMENT

SOMETIMES the proverb that Lincoln quoted so effectively, "Don't swap horses while you are crossing a stream," may well be disregarded. Suppose the horse goes lame in the middle of the stream! That may not be what has happened in England; nevertheless, the English people have made up their minds that a faster horse will get them across the stream sooner and safer.

The Asquith cabinet, formed by a loyal coalition of Liberals and Unionists, has been forced to yield office, not by an adverse vote of the House of Commons, but by the pressure of a vague but potent public opinion represented by certain influential newspapers and men. Exactly what took place in the secret conferences that led to the crisis may never be revealed. The movement, which was undoubtedly inspired by pure patriotism as well as by widespread impatience at the slow progress made in the field, has brought to the front the most energetic public man of his time in the British government service. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Lloyd-George, besides being the most energetic man of his time, is also the wisest, whether the public impatience that has put him into office was altogether justified, and whether the change that it has brought about

will remove the grounds of impatience. But those matters only the future can decide.

The old government was a coalition in which the high offices were carefully apportioned between the two parties. The aim of the new premier was to set up a national government in which every man should be the best man that he could find for the place, no matter what the man's former political associations had been. Whether he has succeeded in doing so is again a question that only the future can answer. His plan to seek business ability rather than political eminence for the high offices of state seems to have been thoroughly carried into effect; for of the men who now take office for the first time the list of those who have made their mark in commerce or manufacturing is long and impressive. The fundamental idea in the movement for a change was to create a small body of men that should have the same authority over the war that single dictators have had in many wars of the past. The cabinet of five men in the place of a cabinet of twenty-three is the answer to that demand.

For a time at least the new government will encounter no hostile opposition. There will still be a friendly opposition, composed chiefly of Liberal members, who will offer mild criticism, but who will ultimately vote with the government. And that is well, for criticism offered in the right spirit is helpful. How long will those conditions last? Only so long as the new government succeeds in making the progress that the country demanded from Mr. Asquith. Success will be the test of this ministry as it was of the last, and the test will be all the more severely applied because the new government has a freer hand.

OUR RAILWAY PROBLEM

AS everyone expected, President Wilson's message to Congress deals principally with the railway situation. Of the programme that he presented last summer, only one recommendation was then enacted: the eight-hour law thought necessary to save the nation from the immediate danger of a strike. He now asks Congress to put through the rest of the plan, which includes increasing the membership and the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission, providing for full public investigation of every dispute before a strike or a lockout can be lawfully attempted, and giving the Executive power to control and to run the railways for military purposes.

The second item will meet with strong opposition from the railway brotherhoods. Compulsory investigation robs the workman of his chief weapon, the strike. After his recent discovery of how effective even the threat to strike can be, he is less likely than ever to give up the weapon without a struggle. Besides, compulsory investigation, when tried elsewhere, has not been wholly successful. It is a palliative rather than a remedy. If we relied upon it, we might find that, when the hour of need came, it proved unworkable.

Those are the aspects of the railway question that are immediately before Congress, but they are almost overshadowed by the larger issues in the background.

The Adamson law is before the Supreme Court, which will interpret it and say whether or not it is constitutional. Considering the haste in which the law was passed, and the circumstances that led to its being passed, the railways could hardly do less than make such an appeal; but if the court decides against the brotherhoods, the men will be so dissatisfied that they may renew the crisis of last summer. By affiliating themselves with the American Federation of Labor, the brotherhoods have brought into line all the railway shopmen, switchmen, telegraphers and other employees who did not benefit by the Adamson law, and all of them are now expected to work together in a determined effort for an eight-hour day for all railway men.

The chronic difficulty of a regulation and control divided between the national and the state governments seems at last to have reached a crisis. The railways declare that being controlled by forty-nine different masters has become intolerable. That point is likely to prove one of the most important matters that the Newlands Congressional Committee will have to consider; but after all, it is only one aspect of the main problem that faces the nation, which is that it must look at its transportation system as an instrument of national service, and provide for it accordingly. The first and the third of President Wilson's recommendations assume the need, and the tendency of events in the last decade has been in that direction. In most of its parts, our railway

system is a splendid monument to American courage and industry, but the next duty of the country is to bring it into some sort of unity, so that it may serve the nation as a whole.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The bill to restrict immigration, which makes the ability to read one of the tests to which future immigrants must conform, passed the Senate on December 14 by 64 to 7. It was sent to conference. The judiciary committee of the House reported the proposed constitutional amendments—nation-wide prohibition favorably, and the one for the enfranchisement of women without recommendation.—Senator Willard Saulsbury of Delaware was elected president *pro tempore* of the Senate.—The Secretary of War, appearing before the military committee of the House, and Gen. Wood and Gen. Scott, appearing before the military committee of the Senate, all agreed that the militia system was not a satisfactory means of national defense, and the two officers declared that some form of universal military training was needed.

RAILWAY SITUATION.—On January 8 the Supreme Court will hear arguments on the constitutionality of the Adamson law. Conferences between representatives of the railways and of the brotherhoods to see whether the points at issue could be settled by agreement rather than through the courts were not successful. Neither party is pleased with the Adamson bill; for the trainmen, who believed it to be a triumph for their contention when it passed, are now alarmed lest it lead to the supplementary legislation favored by President Wilson, which would make a general strike illegal without an impartial investigation of the situation.

MEXICO.—The joint commission met again on December 18 to hear what Gen. Carranza had to say to the protocol signed by the commission several weeks before. The Mexican commissioners did not bring the news that he had ratified the protocol, but intimated that he would do so after he had made a statement of his policy concerning the relations between Mexico and the United States, in reply to the similar statement drawn up by the American commissioners and attached to the protocol.—It was reported that Villa had sent to Washington a proposal to guarantee the safety of Americans and other foreigners in Mexico if the United States would not interfere in his campaign against the Carranza government.—News reached El Paso that Villa had caused the death of Dr. Fisher, an American physician of Santa Rosalia, and Howard Gray, an American who lived at Parral.—Sixteen thousand of the militia now on the border were ordered home on December 18.

DANISH WEST INDIES.—On December 14 the people of Denmark voted by referendum on the proposal to sell the Danish West Indies to the United States. They favored it by a majority of nearly two to one. On December 20 the Danish Folkething passed the bill that ratifies the sale.

AUSTRIA.—Another cabinet crisis has occurred in Austria. Premier Koerber is out and Count Clam-Martinez has been asked to form a new ministry.

RECENT DEATH.—At Cambridge, December 16, Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, the psychologist, aged 53.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From December 14 to December 20.)

The eyes of the world were on the responsible statesmen of the Entente powers this week, for everyone was eager to know how they would receive the suggestion of a peace conference officially made by the Central powers. It became known that the German and Austrian proposals did not outline the terms on which those governments would stand, but merely urged the importance of putting an end to the destruction of life and wealth that the war is causing.

The proposal did not arouse any enthusiastic response in France, where the public men almost unanimously declared that they felt that it was ill-timed and intended to sow dissension among the Allies rather than to accomplish a real peace. The Russian Duma also voted against entering into any peace negotiations at present, on the ground that a peace made now would determine nothing, and could be followed only by another more terrible war within a few years.

On December 19 the new British premier, Mr. Lloyd-George, gave the answer of his government in a speech in Parliament. He declared that the Allies would not enter a peace conference with a Germany that proclaimed itself victorious, and that no peace could be considered that did not provide for

complete restitution of invaded countries, full reparation to them and effectual guarantees against another war. He saw no safety in any compromise with the militaristic system that Prussia, and Germany under its guidance, represents. Mr. Asquith followed the premier with a speech no less firm in tone.

On December 20 it became known that President Wilson had dispatched a note to the belligerent nations, urging them to state publicly the terms on which they would be willing to consider peace, in order that a concrete basis for negotiation might be arrived at. The President added that it must not be supposed that his note was suggested by or was intended to supplement the overtures of the Central powers.

While the statesmen were discussing peace, the soldiers, whenever the weather permitted, continued their activities in the field. The French under Gen. Mangin struck another brilliant blow in front of Verdun, pushed their lines forward nearly or quite two miles east of the Meuse, and took more than 11,000 German prisoners and 81 guns. On that side of the river the French have now regained almost all the ground taken by the Germans in the long and terrible Battle of Verdun. The Germans made some spirited counter-attacks, but Paris declared that the French held all the ground they had gained.

In Roumania the retreat of the defeated Roumanians continued behind the line of the Buzeu River, which the Germans forced on December 14. Paris learned a few days later that the beaten and disorganized army had fallen back behind the Sereth and Pruth rivers and were to rest and reit on Russian territory, while the Russians took over the line across Roumania, and would try to dig in and hold it against the German advance. Their line of defense was believed to follow the Rinnic and Sereth rivers. The Russian forces in the Dobruja were also reported to be falling back and crossing the Danube between Braila and Galatz. Berlin declared that the Roumanians had lost 300,000 men and virtually all their guns and military supplies.

There were German offensives reported from the fronts in Galicia and Volhynia, but they led to no important results.

Athens sent word that the crisis in Greece had been averted again by the King's unreserved assent to all the conditions of the Entente powers. The reply of the Greek government denied that any hostile troop movements had been ordered, and promised that none should be ordered. It also promised not to transport any war material into northern Greece, and agreed to give every satisfaction for the attack made by Greek reservists on



THE BENT AND TWISTED FRAMEWORK OF A WRECKED ZEPPELIN

British and French marines in Athens. Mr. Lloyd-George told Parliament during the week that the Entente powers would recognize the diplomatic agents of the Venezelos government, as representing the districts it controlled.

The British force in Mesopotamia has become active again as better weather approaches; it is advancing against Kut el Amara, and was said to be within two and a half miles of the town on December 15.

The British horse transport Russian was sunk in the Mediterranean, probably, although not certainly, by a German submarine, on December 14. The ship had no cargo at the time. A number of the crew and seventeen American horse tenders were lost.

The Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm, which had been lying at Vardo, Norway, ever since the beginning of the war, ran out and tried to make a German port, but it went ashore in the Great Belt off the Danish coast. The cargo is said to be worth \$5,000,000.

The Entente governments have finally agreed to give a safe-conduct to Count Tarnowski von Tarnow, the new Austrian ambassador to the United States. The American government has not yet consented to receive Fuad Bey, the new Turkish ambassador, and it is said that it will not do so unless Turkey pays heed to the representations of this country concerning the treatment of Americans and naturalized Americans in Turkey.

Mr. Lloyd-George declared that his government was considering taking over all British shipping, in order to assure the Entente nations and their armies sufficient supplies. Such a policy would still further restrict the cargo space available for American shippers.

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SIMEON IN THE TEMPLE

By Jeannie Pendleton Hall

WHITE doves that circled round the blue
Within the outer courtyard lit,
They preened their breasts where travelers
threw
Their grain, and strove for it.

The thin, gray, sacrificial smoke
Trilled from the altars, for to-day
A many met there—country folk
Come up their vows to pay.

But I scarce marked them—scarce had
known
(So great the thing I had come to see)
How spent I stood; how on the stone
My staff smote wearily.

Till came that group; for, past surmise,
I knew the craftsman, plain and mild,
The gentle mother, violet-eyed,
Clasping the Holy Child.

Now when that lovesome Child I knew,
And lifted Him, and sang God's grace
The Holy Babe, as children do,
Fondled my wrinkled face.

Mute and amazed did all men stand
To hear the mysteries I did speak,
For 'twas a little, little hand
That played about my cheek:

No rose-plink shell by Galilee
More silken-soft when winds are calm,
But I—I saw, and wept to see,
Nails in each tiny palm!

STAIRS OR ELEVATOR?

GEORGE had graduated with honors from the university, and he felt that he had the world at his feet until Mr. Farnsworth, his father, called him into his private office in the big Farnsworth department store.

"Well, George," said Mr. Farnsworth in his businesslike way, "you are now out in the world and ready to make your way, I suppose. What would you like to do?"

"I'd like to go into business with you," the young man replied.

"Will you take the stairs or the elevator to the top floor where the private offices are?" asked his father.

"What do you mean, dad?" queried the boy.
"I mean," replied the father, "will you start at the bottom, take the place of an ordinary clerk and work your way up, or do you want to step into a place of some authority just as you are now?"

"Why, naturally," said George, "I'd like to take the elevator, for I think that as your son I ought to have some advantages over the outsider, and I think I could fill a manager's position."

"George," said his father, "I'm disappointed in you, and if you weren't my son I'd refuse to give you a chance even to try to make good. You remind me of a youngster who applied for a job as office boy in a downtown firm a little while ago. They asked to see what sort of hand he could write. It was such a hopeless scrawl that they told him he had better take lessons in writing. The youngster said he didn't see why, for he was going to become a manager, and his stenographer could look after that part for him."

"That is the trouble with so many young fellows these days. They all expect to be managers, and want to dodge the steps from the office boy's job to the manager's desk. The result is, they never arrive."

"Many a preacher thinks he can slide through somehow to a leading pulpit by taking a high-school course and a theological training, omitting college; and he finds himself intellectually bankrupt at forty in some backwoods town."

"Many a budding physician thinks he will somehow become a noted surgeon, although he loafs through his medical course. There is a reason for success, my boy. The most successful paper makers in this country to-day come from three generations of paper makers."

"As I think of what you have to learn, you remind me of an eagle on the edge of the nest with every pinion and feather in trim, but without the toughened fibre that will come from battling with the winds amongst the crags. I'm not much of a preacher, but if I'm not mistaken an unauthorized messenger once ran to King David to report to him the result of a battle that was not yet over. When he arrived in the king's chamber he was so out of breath and so ill-informed that he could say nothing, and had to wait until the regular messenger arrived. If you take the stairs route to the directors' table, you will have plenty of time to think of what you are to say when you get there. Which shall it be?"

"I think I'll come up by way of the stairs," said George.

A MILITANT CHRISTIAN

BRANDISHING a revolver in one hand and a bottle of "moonshine" liquor in the other, a brawny mountaineer dared constable or sheriff or sheriff's posse to arrest him. And this he did within the shadow of the county courthouse at Salsersville, Kentucky. Less than two hundred feet away was the county jail, and the big fellow defied anyone to attempt to lodge him behind the bars. To emphasize his remarks, he raised the revolver skyward and blazed away. There were fifty men within hearing of his challenge, but none of them dared to face the brandished revolver.

"Put down that gun!" shouted one man. "Put it down before you hurt some one."
"Yow!" shouted the brawny mountaineer. "Come and take it away from me!"

"You'll wind up in jail!" warned another.
"Come and put me there! Dare ye to! Dare the whole town to try it!"

Just then the preacher, a young man from Princeton Theological Seminary, who had not been long in the mountains, came out of a store. The minister was tall and athletic, careful, almost fastidious, in dress. The natives thought him a "tenderfoot."

"Whoop!" shouted the man in the street. "No one dares to arrest me!"

He swung the revolver in a circle, covering the people standing on the store porches.

Quick as a flash the preacher sprang out into the

street and made for the man. A dozen men reached out to stop him, but it was too late. He reached the side of the drunken man in a twinkling. His athletic training stood him in good stead. One blow of his fist knocked the revolver from the man's hand. In another instant the pastor's muscular arms had wrapped round the mountaineer and pinned his arms to his sides. Before the fractious one realized it, he was being carried bodily toward the jail door, and the preacher had won his spurs in the eyes of the mountain people. Never again was he considered merely as a bookworm and student.

Not long afterwards a man who lived several miles from the village stood out in front of the courthouse and began to defy the authorities and citizens in general. The young minister happened to be standing on the porch of one of the stores. The man saw the preacher looking at him. Without further ado the noisy citizen climbed upon his mule and rode out of the village as quickly as the beast could take him. He had heard of the other incident.

This clergyman has decided to end his days among the people of the mountains. He has found them a warm-hearted folk and wonderfully loyal friends. But he is more than a preacher. He lives on a farm alone—he is a bachelor—and cultivates a little bottom land and a larger portion of steep hillside. Always he is making experiments, trying some new thing in the way of farming, testing and confirming experiments made elsewhere, and trying to adapt them to mountain agriculture. Ideas that are good he passes on to his fellow mountain farmers, and the amount of good he has done is incalculable.

He receives no salary, and has relinquished all help from his church board because he can make enough from his farming to supply his needs. He goes far back into the mountains, and preaches in neighborhoods that seldom hear the voice of a minister. In cases of sickness he is always ready with a word of comfort.

The world knows nothing of the work of this quiet man whose life for the remainder of his years will be buried far back in the mountains; he asks no remuneration here; but the people among whom he has cast his lot love him. And what more can a man ask?

ROPING A PANTHER

WHILE I was traveling through a Western State, writes a Companion reader, I met a ranchman whose face was disfigured by three long, ragged scars that started below his left eye and ran across his cheek and over the jawbone. One evening I ventured to ask how he had got them.

"Roping a panther," he replied.

"Roping a panther?" I repeated.

"It does sound foolish, doesn't it?" he answered.

"Well, those scars and these others here show that it was." As he spoke he opened his shirt and showed a badly mutilated right shoulder.

"When I was about sixteen," he began, "my parents sent me out to spend a year or so with my uncle on his ranch. My uncle gave me a cowboy's outfit and told me to enjoy myself. For about six months that is exactly what I did."

"Nearly everyone packed a gun in those days, and I had not been there long before my uncle gave me a six-shooter and a rifle and taught me how to use them. By the time I had been there a year I could ride, shoot and throw a rope nearly as well as the other boys."

"In addition to my rifle and revolver, I carried a large hunting knife in my belt. The boys made lots of fun of this knife, calling it a pig-sticker or a toad-stabber, but I persisted in carrying it in spite of them."

"One morning I was about to start for Sandy Creek coulee to hunt for deer when my uncle came out of the house and asked me to watch out for some cattle that had strayed. While we were talking he had looked over my outfit, and now he said, 'That cinch strap is nearly worn in two; you had better attend to it.'"

"The strap was badly worn, and, as I was riding a 'centre-fire' saddle, I had only one cinch to depend on; but I was in a hurry and said, 'Oh, that will hold for quite a while yet.'"

"Jack," he said earnestly, "remember that a cowboy's safety depends on the strength of his saddle rigging."

"I'll fix it as soon as I get back," I said, and rode off before he could say any more.

"Sandy Creek was dry at that time of year, and I kept the pony on the sand, where he made very little noise. The wind was blowing down the coulee, and I stood a good chance of running on some game. We had been travelling up the coulee for perhaps half an hour when, on turning a bend where the rock walls were very steep, my pony shied so suddenly that I was nearly thrown. I looked round to see what had startled him, and was surprised to see a mountain lion on a ledge of rock in front of me. He was fairly cornered, for the wall behind him was too smooth and precipitous to be climbed, and the bend of the wall prevented him from passing me."

"I had never been so close to a panther before, but I knew that the creatures were cowardly unless wounded or very hungry, and I was not afraid."

"I could have shot him easily, but I thought how easy it would be to throw my rope round his neck and capture him alive. The panther was spitting and hissing like an angry house cat, but made no move to get away."

"I swung the rope a few times round my head and then threw it. It looked for a minute as if it would catch the panther just as I wished, but as it looped out over his head he sat back on his haunches and cuffed at it like a kitten at a string. The rope fell with one of his legs through it and tightened back of his shoulder."

"My pony had been restless since he first caught sight of the panther, but I had been able to keep him steady so far. But when the rope tightened on the lion, he began to roll round and snarl and spit until you would have thought that he was having a fit. The sight was too much for the broncho, and, taking the bit in his teeth, he spun round and was off down the back trail like a shot; the panther bounded and rolled along behind us like a rubber ball."

"Before we had gone far the pony jumped a small ditch and the weak cinch strap broke. Before I realized what had happened, I had rolled off over the horse's hips like a bag of meal. The fall did not hurt me much, but I was dazed. I scrambled to my feet, but the panther had got his bearings first, and when I got to my feet he faced me, crouching and ready to spring."

"I reached for my revolver, but the fall had jarred it from the holster. I stepped back quickly, tripped over the saddle, and fell again. Before I could get up, the panther sprang; as he landed, his

claws tore across my cheek, and he sank his teeth savagely into my shoulder."

"I struggled to free myself, and in doing so my hand hit the handle of my hunting knife. I pulled it from the sheath and struck blindly at the panther. The warm blood gushed over my hand, and then everything turned black."

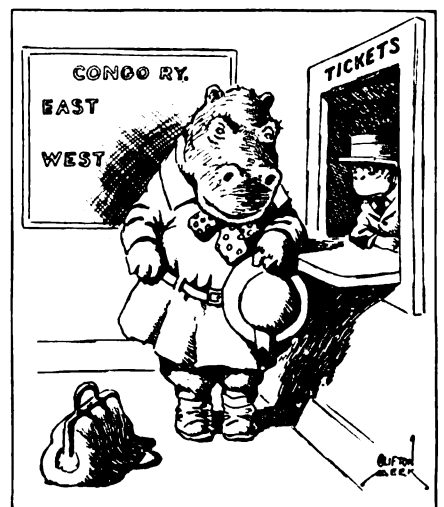
"When I regained my senses, Curly Welch, one of my uncle's punchers, was nearly drowning me with water that he carried from the creek in his hat. 'Decided to come back, have yuh?' he inquired with a relieved grin. He was an irrepressible, happy-go-lucky fellow, and he laughed heartily over my disheveled appearance, although all the while he was washing and bandaging my hurts as well as he could."

"My, my, son, but you sure are all mussed up!" he chuckled. "What kind of a jamboree have you and this here catamount been having, anyway? Looks like the little old scalping knife saved your bacon this time all right."

"When he mentioned the panther I sat up and looked round. There he lay, stone dead, with my hunting knife sticking in his side. That one lucky blow had found his heart."

"Curly had seen my horse come out of the coulee, running wild, without the saddle, and, suspecting that something was wrong, he had ridden up the coulee to investigate. He put me on his horse and then led it to the ranch, where my wounds were dressed, and inside of a month I was as well as ever, except that what few good looks I had were badly damaged."

A WELL-NOURISHED CHILD



"Jungletown and return, please—half fare."
—Drawn by Clifton Meek.

THE ART OF LETTER WRITING

IT would be hard to find a more forceful indictment of the habit of writing careless and inadequate letters than the comparison that Mr. Denis Garstin makes in Friendly Russia between the letter that his Russian maid, Olga, dictated and the letter that an American schoolboy sent to his uncle in Russia. Mr. Garstin says:

Olga produced some paper that she had been hiding from time to time. She had already begun with an address to her mother that I could not read. I began again below.

"Dear Little Mother. I bow toward thee. Afanasi Stepanovitch bows toward thee. Marya Filimonovna bows toward thee. I am well. An Englishman writes this letter. He lives here. Vera Aleksandrovna [the lady of the house] is well. Dmitri Ivanovitch is dead. I bow toward Yevgenia Petrovna. I bow toward Arina Petrovna. I bow toward Marya Petrovna."

"Good gracious, Olga!" I said. "Are you going to bow toward everyone you know?"

"Of course," said Olga.

"Are there many more?"

"A great many more. It will be a long letter, like those you write."

It was. Her three sisters and four brothers were married, and each had children. Olga bowed toward each by name. Then there came the neighbors and their families, the village friends, and more relatives who might be there on a visit. Olga bowed conscientiously to each.

"And now?" I asked, feeling that all concerned had earned some news at last.

"I will write my name," said Olga. "It is a very good letter. They will be pleased, there in my home."

In that desolate part of the Crimea where I lived the only means of communication between us and the outside world was a steamer that stopped in calm weather in the bay as it coasted along from Odessa to Batum. The agent for the steamship line was a fat, weary man with a walrus moustache. He always seemed to go to sleep while I stumbled through my Russian sentences. He would open his eyes to answer my question, and close them again for my next inquiry.

But one day he surprised me by asking me to come with him into the dwelling room. Tania, the agent's dark, pretty daughter, seemed especially nervous. The others had evidently given her the task of broaching the subject to me. I noticed her toying with a letter, and I guessed what she was trying to say.

"Olga Petrovna has made me her letter writer now," I said. "We are very proud of that letter, Olga and I."

All the family nodded at Tania to show her the opening fate had given her. Tania frowned at them, then turned to me.

"My father's brother went to America some years ago. Russia was unhealthy for him, as Pushkin says."

We all laughed merrily at the joke. The agent nodded approvingly at his daughter. She continued, a little flustered, "And—and—oh, I forget! Here is a letter from him, but we cannot understand what he says, and—"

"Shall I try and read it?" I asked.

She gave me the letter, and I read it through quickly to myself. "It is not from your brother," I said to the agent. "Your nephew has written it."

"Ivan Sergievitch?" he asked.

I looked at the signature a second time. "Er—yes—yes," I said dubiously.

"I remember him as a baby," said the agent's wife. "He has blue eyes."

"Does he bow to me?" asked Tania.

"You must remember," I said, "that he has grown up in America and forgotten Russian customs."

"Yes, yes," they insisted, "we understand that, but tell us, what does he say?"

I translated the letter into Russian as well as I could, and I hated the business. It ran:

"Dear Uncle. Poppa is real ill, and is mighty sore he can't scribble a note to you right away. But he cannot. You might as well put a broncho to sort out crockery. Pop's all nerves. I am still at the technical school, and am doing well. Hope you are all keeping fit. Love to all."

"Your loving nephew, Jack S. Johnson."

I knew that I should never be able to explain that "love to all" to the Ivanoffs. I never did.

HOW SEDALIA WAS NAMED

A READER of The Companion who was interested in our account of the way the town of Rolla, Missouri, got its name, has asked us if we can tell the origin of that other attractive name, Sedalia. It happens that we can; and our readers will agree that the circumstances surrounding the naming of Sedalia were no less curious than those out of which grew the name of Rolla.

The city of Sedalia was both founded and named by Gen. George R. Smith, who was a distinguished citizen of Missouri during the years of the Civil War and the periods immediately before and after that struggle. He was a Virginian by birth and a Kentuckian by upbringing; as a young man he came to Missouri and settled at Georgetown, which is three miles north of the present city of Sedalia. He was prominent both in politics and business, and was instrumental in the building of the Missouri Pacific Railway from St. Louis to Kansas City during the fifties of the last century.

He could not induce his fellow townsmen to make the necessary effort to have the railway pass through Georgetown, and foreseeing that that would condemn the village to decay, he bought a large tract of land beside the railway tracks and laid out a town site there, from which, in course of time, has grown the flourishing city of Sedalia.

When it came to furnishing a name for the new settlement, Gen. Smith determined to christen it Sedville in honor of his younger daughter Sarah, whose pet name in the family circle was "Sed." One of his friends, Mr. Josiah Dent of St. Louis, suggested that "ville" was a commonplace termination, and that Sedalia would be a more beautiful and unusual name. Gen. Smith approved of the suggestion, and Sedalia came officially into being when he and his family, the first inhabitants of the new town, moved thither in 1859.

THE GENTLE ART OF MAKING FRIENDS

ONE of Chief Factor Smith's clerks, says Mr. Beckles Willson in his account of the early life of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, remembers that Mr. Smith always was very courteous and very frugal. He never lost his temper. Once at Northwest River an old employee named Irvine was nailing down casks. Mr. Smith came along and said, "You are putting too many nails into those casks. You mustn't put in so many nails."

The man lost his temper. "I've always put in that many nails," he said. "I've been twenty years here. If you know my job better than I do, I'd better go."

"No," said Mr. Smith calmly, "just put in fewer nails!" As the man continued to grumble, the factor asked him to meet him at the fort at a certain hour. At the time appointed Irvine went, and listened for half an hour to a stern lecture on his disobedience and insubordination. He was brought to reason and remorse.

"And now," said Mr. Smith, shaking hands, "we'd better step this way." The man thought he was going to be discharged. "Mrs. Smith is waiting for us," went on the chief factor. "She would like to offer you a little refreshment before you go." So they adjourned to the sitting room, and Irvine was cordially entertained. "We'll just forget all about the other matter," said the chief factor good-humoredly.

The man was completely won, and thereafter became Donald Smith's friend and champion.

SPREADING ENGLISH CULTURE

HINGES deserves a word, says Capt. W. H. L. Watson of that Belgian town in his Adventures of a Dispatch Rider. When first the corps came to Hinges, the inhabitants were exalted. The small boys came out in puttees and the women put ribbons in their hair.

Now, if you pronounce Hinges in the French fashion, you give forth an exclamation of distressful pain. The name cannot be shouted from a motor cycle. It has its difficulties even for the student of French. So we all called it plainly and bluntly Hinges, as if it were connected with a door. The inhabitants noticed this. Thinking that they and their forefathers had been wrong,—for surely these fine men with red hats knew better than they,—the English pronunciation spread. The village became 'Ingees, and now only some unfashionable dotards in Bethune preserve the tradition of the old pronunciation.

It is not only Hinges that has been thus decently attired in British garb. Le Cateau is Lee Cattoo. Boescheppe is Bo-peep. Ouderdon is Elderdawn.

A HOPELESS INQUIRY

A STRANGER was questioning Helen, trying to get her to say her father's first name.

"What does your mother call your papa?"

"She calls him my daddy."

"Yes, but when she wants to speak to him, what does she say?"

"She says, '669, please,'" was Helen's reply.

"I don't mean when she calls him at the office. When she tells him to get up in the morning, what does she call him?"

"She says to be ready in about four minutes."

AND THE DISH, TOO

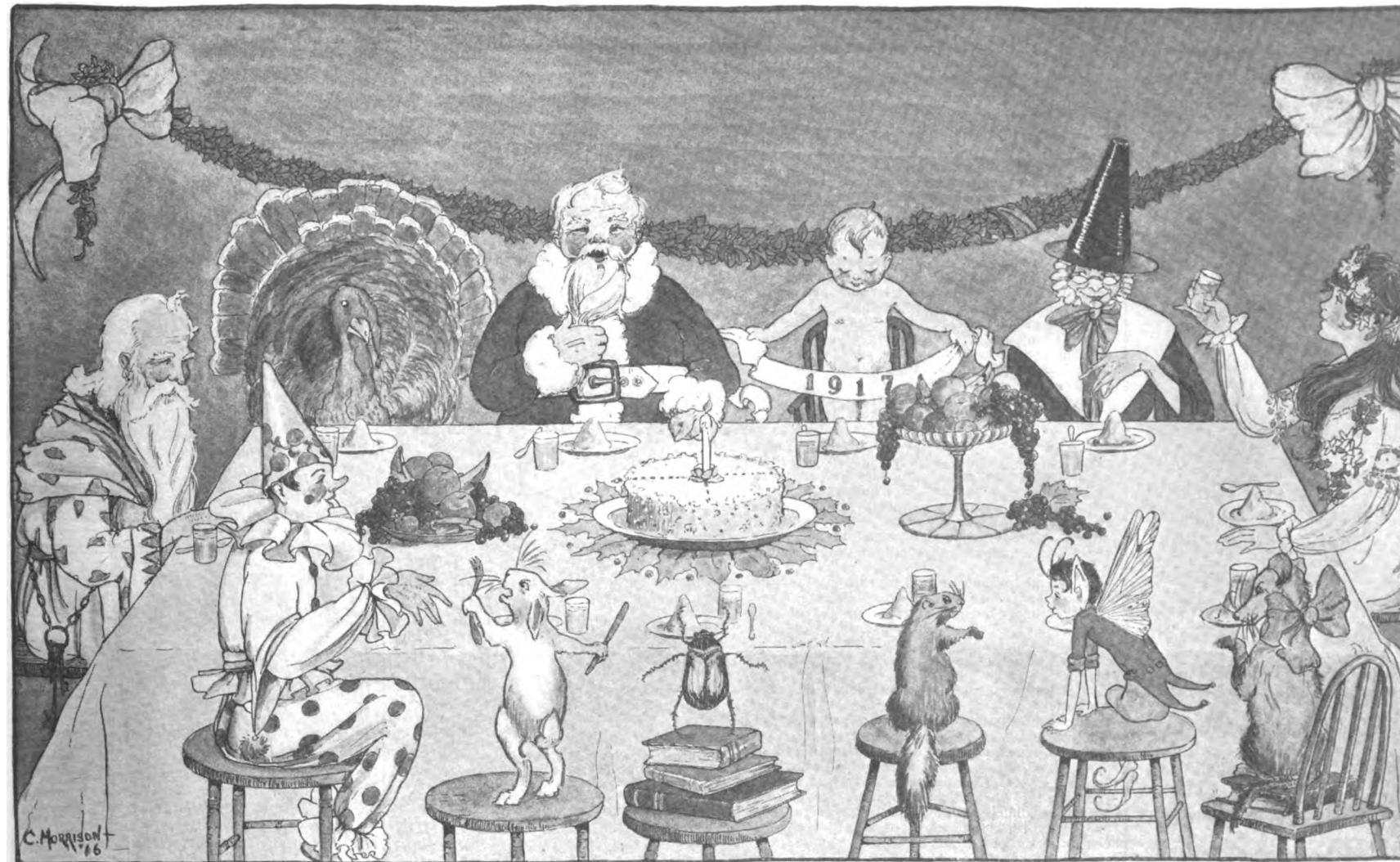
DOMINICO, a famous harlequin of Paris in the seventeenth century, going to see Louis XIV at supper, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was exceedingly fond of his acting, saw the look, and said, "Give that dish to Dominico."

"And the partridges, too, sire?" asked the harlequin.

The king smiled at the artfulness of the question, and replied, "And the partridges, too."

The dish that held the partridges was of gold.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



DRAWN BY CORNELIA MORRISON

THE STORY OF CHUB

BY IRVING PALFREY

CHUB is a turtle. When this story begins he was sunning himself on a bit of beach that bordered a little pond in the woods. His mother was near by, for Chub was only a little fellow, no bigger than a fifty-cent piece, and she had kept a close eye on him from the time he first came out of the sand a few months before. Chub longed to set out and see the world for himself, but his mother always said:

"Don't be in a hurry, Chub, to seek adventure. If you will only wait long enough, perhaps the adventure will come to you."

And sure enough, while Chub and his mother were sunning themselves on the sand the adventure came—in the form of a small but very active boy who was walking in the woods with his mother. They had a luncheon basket and a bunch of wild flowers that they had been picking.

When Chub's mother saw them, she called out, "Come, come, Chub Turtle! The water is the best place for us!"

Straightway she splashed into the pond as fast as she could go, but Chub lingered on the sand. All would have been well if he had obeyed his mother; but he disobeyed her, and so he had only himself to blame for what followed.

When Mother Turtle splashed into the water, the boy—whose name was Sonny—left his mother and came running to the shore. His eyes fell on Chub, and quick as a flash he pounced on him and picked him up.

"Oh, look, mother! Look!" he called. "See the baby turtle! I am going to take it home! Please say that I may!"

Sonny and his mother took a little tin box

ONE DAY AT A TIME

BY HARRIET SUTHERLAND

The resolution that I make
Is for the Whole Year through;
But just to keep it for To-day
Is all I have to do.

* *

A NEW YEAR'S BANK

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

"I have a bank," said Billy Bly.
"What do you think goes in it?
All pleasant words and deeds that I
Can crowd into each minute.
The interest is happiness,
And I am sure it pays!
The bank? You all know that, I
guess—
The year, with all its days."

WHEN THE NEW YEAR GAVE A PARTY

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

*The New Year gave a birthday feast,
And who, do you think, was there?
The April Fool on a straight, high stool,
Next the wild March hare;*

*Ground hogs and June bugs and dog-day dogs,
A witch and a Halloween elf;
A Thanksgiving turkey, and old St. Nick,
And the young New Year himself.*

*The May Queen sat at the table's head,
At the foot, St. Valentine,
With dainties enough between them spread
For a hundred folk to dine.*

*They ate, they drank, they laughed, they joked
Till they cleaned the board; and all
Came back in time—so runs the rime—
To pay their party call!*

from the lunch basket and put Chub into it, and with him some wet moss and sand to make him feel at home. Somehow, Sonny seemed to know that the baby turtle's name was Chub, and he was so kind to him that the little turtle did not mind being a prisoner, although he knew that his mother would worry about him.

That was the first of Chub's adventures, but in the days that followed he had many others that he will remember as long as he lives. Sonny put the tin box that was Chub's home into a warm window, and caught flies for him to eat and brought water to keep the moss damp, until he and Chub became very good friends. One time Binx, a big yellow cat, came and looked into the tin box. Chub was a little frightened when Binx smelled of his shell and turned him over with a soft paw; but Binx was too wise a cat to mistake Chub for a mouse, and soon went off about his business.

Chub did not have to stay in the tin box all the time. Sonny often took him in his hand and carried him round the house, and one day he put him into a little wagon and hauled him up and down the driveway in the back yard. When Rodney and Dwight, two of Sonny's friends, saw Chub, they said at once that they, too, wanted a turtle, and promptly made plans to go to the pond to hunt for some of Chub's brothers and sisters. While they were talking it over, an automobile came chug-chugging along the driveway. Sonny ran to get his wagon out of the way, but in his haste he upset it and spilled Chub into the grass.

That was a most exciting adventure. Chub was not hurt, but he was afraid some one would step on him; and what should he do if Sonny did not find him? The three boys hunted and hunted for Chub a long time. They looked everywhere except in the right place, and they might never have found him at all if Binx had not come to help them. Binx had keen eyes and a sharp nose that led him straight to the spot where Chub was, and in a moment more Sonny had the baby turtle in his hand and was carrying him to the safety of the tin box.

A few days after that Sonny and his mother

took their luncheon and went for another walk to the woods where the pond was.

"I'll take Chub along," said Sonny. "I'm sure he will like a picnic, too; and perhaps we can find another baby turtle to bring home with him."

But it did not happen at all as Sonny planned. While they were beside the pond he took Chub from the tin box and put him down on the ground.

"Be careful, Sonny!" called his mother. "Don't leave Chub there, or he will go into the water!"

"Oh, no, he can't get away," said Sonny, and he watched the baby turtle crawl very slowly along the sand.

But suddenly Chub knew that he liked the woods and the sandy beach and the water better than a tin box, and before Sonny could seize him he had hurried into the water and disappeared.

Sonny looked and looked, but Chub did not come back.

"It's all right," Sonny said at last. "Probably he will be happier there, and I'm sure his mother will be glad to have him home again."

So it came about that Chub, who had become a prisoner because he did not obey Mother Turtle, got his liberty again because Sonny did not obey his mother. Chub has often told the story of his adventures to the other little turtles, but he suns himself now on a log or a lily pad, rather than on the sandy shore where some one might come along and pick him up.

* *

THE SNOW FAIRY

BY ANTOINETTE DeC. PATTERSON

THERE was nothing Angela liked better than coloring the pictures in story-books. As she was really clever with her brush and very neat, her mother did not in the least object; indeed, she had said that when Angela was a little older she should have lessons in painting.

The picture that Angela decided to color on this very cold afternoon was one that illustrated a story about a snow fairy. She would just have time to finish it before it grew dark,

for besides the blue sky and a few fir trees there was little else to be done. It would be best, Angela thought, to leave most of the paper white, to represent snow. To be sure there was the fairy herself; but she hardly counted, being only half as big as the icicles that she was hanging to from a fir branch. Besides, her gown must be left white, too, like the snow. So there would really be only her long, fair hair and the star on her forehead, which would take but a dash or two of paint.

The picture was finished before dark, and her mother said it was the best work that Angela had done.

That night Angela went to bed feeling very happy, for next month she was to begin her painting lessons.

The little girl pulled up the warm, woolly, comfortable close round her ears,—so cold had the weather grown,—and soon she was fast asleep. And then it was that the Snow Fairy stepped out of the book and stood on the bed within a few inches of her nose! In the bright moonlight Angela could see her plainly.

Angela was delighted. "But are you not cold?" she asked. "And would you not like to get under my warm covers?"

The Snow Fairy laughed, and the laugh seemed like the tinkle of dolls' sleigh bells. "I cold? Why, dear child, I melt away whenever I come out of the book if it gets the least warm. If it were not for that wide open window I could never stand the heat of this room. But I'm glad it's cold enough here for me to stay a moment, for I want to tell you how much I like your last picture,—you got just the right shade of gold for my hair,—and to let you know that I, too, can paint! Jack Frost taught me. When he is very busy he often gets me to help him."

Angela clasped her hands. "Dear, dear Snow Fairy," she begged, "won't you please show me one of your pictures sometime?"

Again the fairy gave her silvery little laugh. "When you get up in the morning," she said, "go right to the window that faces north, and there you will see one of my pictures. It is all in white and silver—and oh, how I wish I could use color as you do! But just standing on this bed is making me warm, so I must go right away. Good-by, dear child! And the tiny creature was gone.

It seemed only a few minutes after that before it was morning. Angela rubbed her eyes. "What a funny dream I had last night!" she thought.

Nevertheless, she went to the north window and there, covering the big wide pane, was the most wonderful fairy forest! A road wound through it, on either side of which grew silver and white flowers, and tall ferns. Some of the trees were like palms, and others seemed hung with moss.

The picture was so beautiful that Angela stood a long time gazing at it, and then she began to wonder whether, after all, her experience of the night had been only a dream.

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THE MEDICAL TREATMENT OF WILD CREATURES IN CAPTIVITY

THOROUGH scientific medical treatment of captive wild creatures had its beginning at the Zoological Garden in Bronx Park, New York City. A medical staff of three men was put in charge of the garden, and the regimen they adopted was something entirely new in the treatment of captive animals.

By ten o'clock every morning the head keeper of each department makes a written report to the veterinarian of the condition of every animal under his care. If any animal is sick, the veterinarian visits it, takes its pulse, respiration and temperature when possible, diagnoses the ailment and prescribes a treatment. Of every such case he makes a written record, and these records are filed.

Thus the veterinarian keeps track of the course of each animal's illness and of the treatments prescribed. Whenever an animal dies, he holds a post-mortem examination. A complete record of this examination is also kept on file.

To prevent rather than to cure disease is the aim of the medical staff at the Bronx "Zoo." Therefore, since most captive animals are afflicted with intestinal parasites, almost every new inmate of the Zoo is given generous doses of parasiticides upon its arrival; and the food of all animals, excepting those that will eat only raw flesh, is parboiled and thoroughly cleaned.

The diseases most common among captive wild creatures are intestinal troubles, parasites, skin diseases and pneumonia. At times also there are isolated cases of various other ailments. A certain course of treatment is prescribed for all creatures suffering from the same kind of disease, although there must be slight variations according to the temperaments and vitality of the individual patients.

Intestinal troubles caused by eating either too much or too fast are common to all cats, some hoofed animals, bears and wolves, small mammals and monkeys. The general treatment is to administer soothing, sedative and astringent medicines, such as tannin, subnitrate of bismuth, and pepsin.

The carnivora habitually bolt their food. The result is almost always indigestion. The same is true of the monkeys, who are notorious gluttons. Birds suffer from indigestion because the food that it is necessary to give them is frequently ill adapted to their needs and ferments in their stomachs. The American deer suffer from a similar ailment; for, when allowed to graze, they invariably eat too much. Unfortunately, the doctors can give them little relief; for the deer have four stomachs, and the physicians have not yet found any way to compel their remedies to choose the particular stomach that is afflicted. When the medicine reaches the site of a deer's indigestion, therefore, it is by good luck rather than by good management. Strangely enough, there is not the same trouble with Asiatic deer.

Meat-eating animals, such as the cats, bears and wolves, small mammals, snakes and fish, most frequently suffer from intestinal parasites. Animals found to be infested with parasites are starved for two or three days, and then given doses of oil of male shield fern, areca-nut oil or santonin. These medicines, which kill the parasites, are given in milk, or in powdered form.

Skin diseases are confined to the smaller cats, small mammals and the pachyderms. The remedies are similar to those used to kill internal parasites, but they are applied externally in the form of ointments. The badgers suffer from a peculiarly severe skin disease, a sort of suppurating eczema. Fortunately it yields readily to treatment.

The elephant, although he has a hide almost impervious to rifle bullets, does not resist well the attacks of the microorganisms that swarm on his body. Through even the smallest fissures of his tough hide they bore their way to the tender skin beneath and there set up a severe irritation. To prevent this, it is necessary to keep the elephant's hide from cracking. In his native state the elephant, by swimming and by wallowing in the mud, keeps his hide soft and pliable. In captivity, however, his epidermis tends to become hard and to split open. This tendency is overcome by thoroughly oiling and massaging the creature's hide twice a year with coconut oil.

Pneumonia affects the cats, small mammals, birds, sea lions and monkeys. In these creatures, as in man, the disease cannot be cut short, and must run its course. The treatment is to give the sick animal plenty of light, fresh air and warmth, with nourishing foods and stimulants. Strychnine and digitalis, with eggs and milk, are often given to the larger animals, and the smaller creatures are stimulated with brandy.

In treating a sick bird it is necessary to isolate the patient, else its fellows, recognizing with an almost human intelligence that a sick member of the flock is a menace to all, would set upon the afflicted one and peck it to death.

The sea lions contract pneumonia during changes of season. They are given stimulants and cod-liver oil; but because of their savage disposition when sick and their reluctance to eat they are difficult to handle. Hot salt-water baths are helpful in these cases.

The monkeys, on the contrary, are easily handled. In addition to receiving the general treatment prescribed, they are almost always covered with warm chest jackets and frequently wear mustard plasters.

It has been discovered by the medical staff at the Bronx Park Zoo that the disease hitherto called cage paralysis is in reality osteomalacia, an affliction common among domestic cattle, and formerly supposed to be confined to them. The disease principally affects monkeys. It is marked by a loss of line in the bones and symptoms like those of paralysis.

The veterinarians try to overcome the disease by supplying more lime to the affected bones. They give it to the monkeys with their food in the form of bone dust and limewater. They also feed the monkeys canned salmon in order to supply phosphorus. The treatment is successful if it is begun when the animal is first affected.

The sea lions are sometimes afflicted with the terrible filaria, a parasite common in the Chinese. This long, thread-like worm works its way into the heart, and, gradually tightening about the heart valves, produces death with frightful convulsions. The filaria is supposed to come originally upon a fish diet, and the Chinese are also fond of sea food. No way to kill this parasite has yet been discovered.



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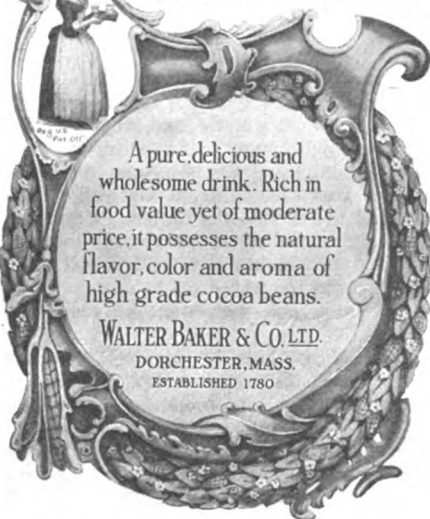
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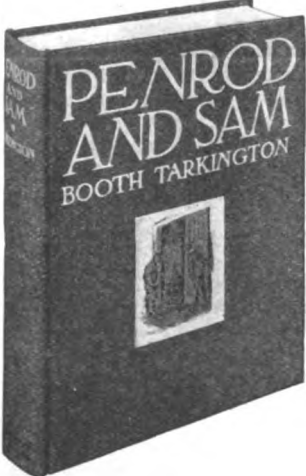
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PENROD AND SAM

A New Book
By Booth Tarkington

EVERYONE fears that the time will come when Penrod will grow up. That dread time, however, is not yet. The new collection of Penrod stories, Penrod and Sam, continues the exciting early history of a "limited bachelor set," which consists of Messrs. Penrod Schofield and Samuel Williams, attended now and then by one Herman, colored.



Penrod is the same young irrepressible—he has not changed a hair. Still at the magic age of twelve, he enters such glorious places as the "gentleman's dressing room," and continues to learn something of the ways of love, particularly as they relate to the heart of Marjorie Jones.

He here stages a "movie" show with indescribably funny results. The reader becomes acquainted, too, in these pages with a remarkable cat, "part panther or something," a cat which though wanted by the police was not found. There is also a severe outbreak of cavalry in the Schofield neighborhood, an outbreak that rivals the great war. A dramatic incident occurs to Herman, terrified at finding himself in "White Folk's House."

At times Penrod's heart is embittered with critical disapproval of the Creator's methods—but why go on?

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NATURE & SCIENCE

POLIOMYELITIS.—The value of an epidemic depends upon the degree to which it stirs people to intelligent and effective action. But, as a recent issue of the Public Health News of the Department of Health of New Jersey says, there is danger that the relative importance of infantile paralysis may become greatly exaggerated in the public mind. As a cause of sickness and death, it is not nearly so important as any one of a number of other diseases. Diphtheria, for example, takes a much greater toll than infantile paralysis does. Through the action of a specific toxin, diphtheria also sometimes causes paralysis. Scarlet fever, typhoid fever, measles and even whooping cough are each much more important as causes of death than infantile paralysis. Scarlet fever often causes permanent deafness in those who recover. Tuberculosis is many times more important than infantile paralysis in respect both to the amount of sickness it causes and to the number of people it kills. As for babies, diarrhoea carries off more of them during a hot summer month than infantile paralysis will ordinarily take in a dozen years. Yet there is no excitement over any one of those diseases. Some of them are far more nearly preventable than infantile paralysis, because much more is known about them. Typhoid fever, for example, is a disease that need not exist at all if all that is known about it were actually utilized; enough is known about diphtheria to cause it to disappear if the knowledge were practically and thoroughly applied; and diarrhoea among infants might soon be made a medical curiosity if everyone should act on the knowledge that the medical profession has of the principles of caring for the health of babies.

NEW RAILWAY SIGNALS.—The Pennsylvania Railroad has adopted a new system of signaling with electric lights that does away with semaphores and colored signals. All the signals, both by day and by night, are given by rows of white lights that correspond to the positions of the arms



of a semaphore. The lamps are comparatively small—only 12-volt, 6-watt—with tungsten horizontal helical filaments, but they are visible for a long distance because they are placed in the exact focal centre of small, wide-angle lenses. On the electrified section of the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia to Paoli, where the new system has been in use for eighteen months, the engineers say that the lights are more easily seen than semaphores or any other signals on the line. With semaphores the indications are by positions in the daytime and by color at night. With colored lamps all indications are by color. With the new position-light signals all indications are by position. The signal engineer of the Pennsylvania Railroad predicts that the new system will supersede the semaphore signals, which are now used almost universally.

THE MYSTERY OF MARS.—At the recent annual meeting of the American Astronomical Society at Swarthmore College, Prof. E. C. Pickering of the Harvard Observatory, in discussing the possibility of there being life on the planet Mars, declared that statements on the subject are nothing better than conjecture. In the absence of proof that Mars is peopled it is not warrantable to assume that it is. "The principal work on the subject of Mars," said Prof. Pickering, "has been done by the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, but even the specialists there have adduced nothing definite as to habitation. It has not been determined whether the lacerations or so-called canals on the surface are the work of beings or of nature. The difficulty of proving that the planet is inhabited may be realized when you learn that the most powerful telescope brings Mars apparently to within forty thousand miles of the observer. Owing to the atmosphere, it is unlikely that the telescope can be improved upon at present. While we cannot say that Mars is inhabited, on the other hand we cannot say that it is not." Prof. Pickering said that, generally speaking, astronomers are losing interest in the subject and hold out little hope that experiments designed to settle the question will succeed. Discussing in a general way the science of astronomy, he said that, in contrast to most pursuits that require the continued use of the eyes in observing minute objects, astronomy strengthens the optic nerve. As an illustration, he said that few men of science can see the canals of Mars through the most powerful telescopes until after five years of assiduous practice.

WRECKED BY WHALES.—The Steamboat Inspection Service has reported a most extraordinary accident at sea. Early in June, while the motor vessel W. S., of twenty gross tons, was making a quiet passage from San Diego, California, to Mazatlan, Mexico, with a cargo of general merchandise, a whale came up under the vessel when it was about seven miles west of San Geronimo Island, Mexico, and knocked a hole in the craft, which filled so rapidly that it quickly sank. The crew took to the lifeboats ten minutes after the accident, and were picked up later by another vessel. No lives were lost. The incident recalls the disaster that overtook the Waterloo, a British grain vessel, over sixty years ago in the North Sea. The vessel was moving slowly along when the lookout sighted a large whale to windward, partly out of the water, and swimming toward the vessel at a rapid rate. Ten yards away from the ship the whale dived and struck the hull so violently that the ship keeled partly over. The whale then rose to the surface and plunged downward headforemost, and the tail in its final flourish nearly touched the foreyard. Two hours later the vessel began to settle; the crew and the captain barely had time to launch the boats when the ship cap-sized and went down by the head.

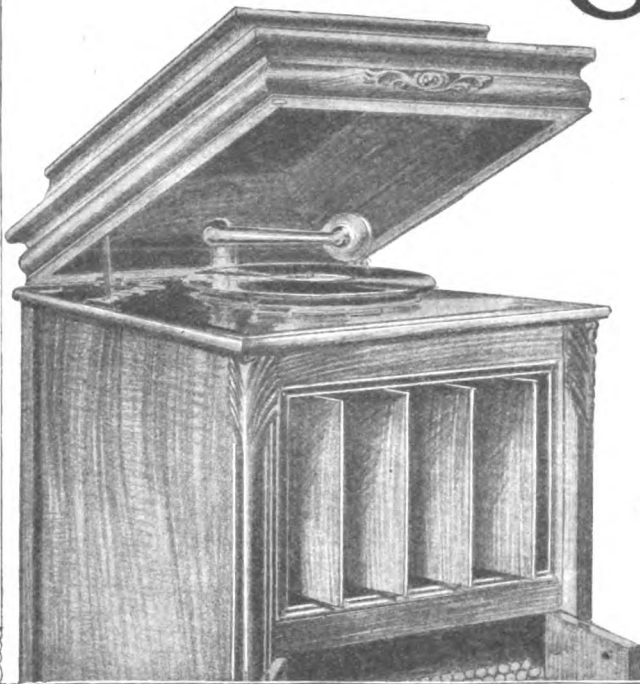
Once upon a time— The New Version

The music-hour has taken the place of the story-hour at dusk—the Columbia plays for the children now when evening shadows fall.

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HEART STRAIN

BY heart strain we mean a temporary dilation of the heart caused by some excessive muscular effort—usually made by a person of sedentary habits unused to hard labor. The heart may have been already in a weakened state through disease of one of its valves or fatty degeneration of its muscular wall, although it may have been apparently healthy; or, although not actually diseased, it may have been weakened and made irritable by excessive tobacco smoking.

The dilation is brought about by a sudden increase of blood pressure in the heart cavities, which is in turn the result of the obstruction to the flow of blood through the tissues or in the lungs that attends the strong contraction of the muscles and the holding of the breath. Lifting a very heavy weight, running after a car, or any other sudden increase in muscular effort may be enough to strain the heart. The affection is not uncommon in boys who return to school or college after the summer vacation and resume their athletic contests before they have got back into training; sometimes it occurs in the well trained when they are temporarily run down with a "cold" or a bilious attack.

The signs of heart strain are great shortness of breath, pain or distress in the region of the heart, and a marked feeling of weakness or faintness. The front of the chest, where the beat of the heart is to be seen, is usually tender to the touch, although steady pressure with the flat of the hand is grateful. The pulse is irregular and rapid. It is not possible to say how long such a condition will last, for its duration depends on the intensity of the strain, the state of the heart before the strain and the treatment the condition receives. Generally, complete rest in bed for a day or two and staying quietly at home for another day or two will bring back tone to a normal heart; but if the strain was very severe, a heart tonic may be necessary to help the organ to recover its strength and poise.

Since a strain untreated or wrongly treated may result in a permanently injured heart, or even in death, it is advisable to seek medical advice immediately in all such cases.

BY-PRODUCTS

IT was Bess who first discovered that sister was making cake—cake with the delicious icing that was almost as nice as ice cream itself. And Bess, being the most loyal little soul in the world, flew straightway to summon Bennie. Three minutes later the two were standing anxiously at sister's elbow, watching with critical eyes the icing of the loaf.

"It's all covered now, sister. I can't see the least hole." That was Bess.

"Seems as if it's awful thick on that side. Don't you think you could scrape off a little mite?" That was Bennie.

"I might just as well stop, now that you two are here," sister said, laughing. "There, take them!" and she surrendered bowl, spoon and egg beater. The children flew to the doorstep. They were strictly honorable always, taking turns in scraping off mouthfuls of the treasure that adhered to spoon and bowl. Miss Jessup, the boarder, coming up from the garden with her hands full of sweet peas, stopped to laugh at the two happy, sticky faces.

"A kitchen by-product!" sister called gayly from the pantry. "Hadh't you happened upon it before? I think the children believe the icing on the egg beater has a particular flavor that it never quite achieves on the cake itself."

The boarder stepped across the sill into the kitchen.

"That's precisely it," she declared. "For days I've been trying to get it into words. It's your by-products that are so wonderful."

Sister's pleasant eyes looked at her in perplexity. "What do you mean?" she cried. "Remember I'm a country girl and can't understand the learned dialects."

"Do you really want to understand?"

"I should say I do! If you knew how I long to understand—oh, everything!"

This time the laughter had slipped out of sister's voice and a longing slipped in that the girl never meant to betray. The boarder smiled to herself over something—then she spoke slowly, as if she were searching for her words.

"I mean this: Those children are having one of the good times no money could buy for them. When they grow up it will be one of the things they will always remember. Nothing, I'll wager, will ever taste so good to them as the icing they 'lick' off the egg beater. It isn't the icing alone—it's because sister understands, and likes to give them the treat; and it will be all tangled up with memories of summer mornings on the doorstep and winter mornings in the kitchen. And that's the kind of by-products you are giving people all the time. Boarding isn't supposed to include the freedom of the garden and sweet peas with the dew on them; nor the dearest sharing of home ways and things. It is all the lovely by-products

of yours that make me think you one of the most successful women I ever knew, Rachel Kinsley." "Why—" Rachel gasped. And then she could not go on. But her eyes were answer enough for the boarder.

A FAMOUS CLOWN

ONE of the famous people who have passed away since the war began is the famous Russian clown, Anatole Durov.

Durov held that, whatever your vocation, the only thing that brings you success is work. Accordingly, he became the most industrious, successful and beloved clown in Russia, and probably the richest clown in the world, too, for when he died, not long since, he left a fortune of a million dollars, and a collection of trained animals that brought visitors to his home from all over the world.

Born of an ancient and noble family, he was a pupil of the renowned Cadet Corps, but before his graduation he ran away and joined a circus.

But he had no ambition to be an ordinary clown. He kept in touch with politics, with everything that took place in Russia, and applied to it his wit. Soon he became an unlicensed censor of Russian society in motley. Evil he rebuked by jest and gibe. No man was in too high a place for his tongue, and furious officials once brought about his exile. Russia loved him too well for that, however, and soon he was back in the ring. To show that he meant to be more discreet, he appeared with a padlock attached to his mouth.

He was a very famous animal trainer. The pig was his favorite pupil, and it is said that his pigs could do almost everything that human beings can do except talk.

A team of trained pigs drew him about the streets, and so did he love them that a pig's head with a "D" to the left was the device upon his seal.

He used to enjoy telling how, when he was on tour in Germany, one of his pigs ran away and came finally to a farm not far from Berlin. The farmer, who was a kind man, gave the tired-looking beast food and drink. To his consternation, the visitor solemnly mounted an upturned barrel, looked gratefully at its host, and stood on its head as a token of appreciation.

WASHINGTON'S PENSIONER

ONE of the recipients of Washington's bounty was his old neighbor, Capt. John Posey.

Posey sold Washington not only his Ferry Farm but also his claim to Western lands. He became financially embarrassed, in fact, ruined; his family were scattered, and he made frequent applications to Washington for advice and assistance. Washington helped to educate a son, St. Lawrence, who had been reduced to the hard expedient of tending bar in a tavern; and he also kept a daughter, Milly, at Mount Vernon, as a sort of companion to Mrs. Washington. The captain once wrote the following delightful letter, which is quoted by Mr. Paul Leland Haworth in George Washington: Farmer:

"I could (have) been able to (have) Satisfied all my old Arrears, some months AGoe, by marrying (an) old widow woman in this County. She has large soms (of) cash by her, and Prittey good Est.—She is as thick as she is high—And gits drunk at Least three or four (times) a weak—which is Disagreeable to me—has Viliant Sperrit when Drunk—Its been (a) great Dispute in my mind what to Doe,—I beleave I shud Run all Resks—if my Last wife, had been (an) Even temper'd woman, but her Sperrit, has Given me such (a) Shock—that I am afraid to Run the Resk again."

Evidently the captain did not find a way out of his troubles by the matrimonial route, for somewhat later he was in jail at Queenstown, presumably for debt, and we find in one of Washington's cash memorandum books under date of October 15, 1773: "By Charity—given Capt. Posey," four pounds. One of the sons later settled in Indiana, and the "pocket" county is named after him.

FARMING IN MEXICO

THE American farmer and the Mexican farmer have nothing in common. The Mexican farmer, says a writer in World's Work, is a king among millionaires, a modern survival of the feudal lord of the land. He says:

You look across a level plain and you see a magnificent house of stone, cement and timber, covering sometimes as much as half an acre. Surrounding it are other houses—hundreds of them—but all small, constructed of adobe, brush or even of cornstalks. You are not looking at a town, but at a ranch settlement. In the great house, which costs more than all the little ones put together, lives the *haciendado* and his family. In the little houses live the peons.

The typical farm in Mexico is not of one hundred and sixty acres, but of a million. In the State of Morelos twenty-eight *haciendados* own all the agricultural land. Twelve own nine tenths of it. The greatest part of the agricultural and grazing lands of Chihuahua is owned by one family.

The million-acre farm is mostly fallow. Although it is naturally a rich agricultural country, Mexico does not produce enough corn and beans to feed its own peon population. Modern machinery is needed, but modern machinery will never be used extensively as long as the labor of the peon is so cheap that his primitive methods are less costly than machine methods.

NO QUARTER FOR HIM

MRS. JONES was standing in the doorway talking with old Mr. Ham, a neighbor. They were speaking in uncomplimentary terms about an impostor who had lately passed through the village, swindling right and left.

"He'd better not come round here again!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones indignantly. "If he does, I'll give him no quarter."

"Quarter!" shouted the enraged old man, "quarter! Well, I guess not! I wouldn't give him ten cents!"

THE INCONSIDERATE MICE

A MORE kind-hearted and ingenuous soul never lived than Aunt Betsey, but she was a poor housekeeper. On one occasion a neighbor who had run in for a "back-door" call was horrified to see a mouse run across Aunt Betsey's kitchen floor. "Why on earth don't you set a trap, Betsey?" she asked.

"Well," replied Aunt Betsey, "I did have a trap set. But land, it was such a fuss! Those mice kept getting into it!"



Swift's Four Cut-out Calendar Dolls

Send to-day for your set

These big darlings, each with four beautiful costumes—all sixteen richly colored—are more than 18 inches tall, big as live new babies, can stand alone! Each doll is worth 25c. You will say you never saw such unusual calendars, even in the famous Swift "Premium" series.

How your children will love them! How their little hearts will thrill with joy, when they dress and undress these big beauties!

You too must be stony-hearted if you will not find yourself smiling every day of 1917 as you look at these winsome little faces, and enjoying each season's change to a gay new costume.

Their Characters and Costumes

Who could resist Dashing Donald, the handsome boy doll, in any of his three gay sporting suits or his surprise costume?

Coy Clarabel with her bashful brown eyes, red lips and curly black hair would melt the heart of an iceberg. Nothing could be more

fetching than her red, blue and green costumes.

Everyone loves Sweet Sylvia for her dewy violet eyes, and hair as golden as her nature. How pretty she looks in her white, rose, blue and red costumes!

As for Merry Myrtle, her brown hair and twinkling blue eyes are irresistible. In a pretty blue or pink or tan or scarlet costume she is sweet.

Send for these calendars—daily they will remind you of the rare quality of

Swift's "Premium" Ham and Bacon

How to Get the Calendars

One doll with four costumes forming a complete calendar for 1917, will be sent to any address in the United States for 10c, in coin or stamps, or—Trade Mark end of five Swift's "Premium" Oleomargarine cartons, or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons, or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons, or—6 Maxine Elliott Soap Wrappers, or—10 Wool Soap Wrappers. [If you live in Canada send ten cents extra on each doll ordered to pay duty.] NOTE:—All four dolls—with four costumes for each, making four complete calendars, sent for 40c or four times the number of labels or wrappers required for each doll.

Swift & Company, 4121 Packers Ave., Chicago

BLUE STREAKS



Tires of Miles and Smiles

\$2.50 each



"Let us make a bicycle tire to sell at \$2.50 each. Let us make this tire the best tire the great Goodyear factory can build, and let us guarantee it to the boys of America."

No sooner had The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company decided upon this important step, than those handsome, speedy, lasting Blue Streak Bicycle Tires were seen on the bikes of the fellows you know. Happy fellows, too, pedaling in the sunshine, far away from the shadows cast by the Gloom Twins—"Tire Trouble" and "Tire Expense."

Lighten your heart and speed up the good old bike!

Get Blue Streaks from your dealer and whistle while you ride.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio





HOW IT COULD HAVE BEEN PREVENTED

The above illustration will prevent hundreds of disastrous skidding accidents, because it will make negligent and inexperienced motorists *think and act*. On the next rainy day they will be prepared for wet, slippery asphalt and treacherous mud—their tires will be equipped with *the only positive safeguard against skidding—*

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

These Facts Should Persuade You to Think and Act Now, Before It's Too Late:

Dealers who sell the most tires are the largest sellers of Weed Chains, and they recommend Weed Chains regardless of what brand or type of tire they sell. Every car manufacturer uses Weed Chains on his service, demonstrating and test cars.

The great taxicab companies, the delivery services of big businesses in every line—all the great well informed

organizations who operate large fleets of cars—use Weed Chains.

They all use Weed Chains to save lives and property. They do it to save themselves from damage suits. They know how often skidding causes disastrous accidents and how much it costs to repair the damage. They all know, through experience, that there is no substitute for Weed Chains.

Weed Chains are sold for all brands and types of tires by dealers everywhere. So stop at your dealer's today and "Weed Chain ALL FOUR TIRES To Safety", before it's too late.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

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From a portrait of Lord Chesterfield with part of a letter written by him to his son on July 30, 1747

but take care to be clean, well dressed, and genteel.
Do you take care to keep your teeth very clean, by washing them constantly every morning, and after every meal? This is very necessary, both to preserve your teeth a great while, and to save you a great deal of pain.
Mine have plagued me long, and are now falling out, merely for want of care when I was of your age.
Chesterfield

LORD CHESTERFIELD, one of the most famous men of English history, wrote this letter to his fifteen-year-old son at the time that our own GEORGE WASHINGTON was also just fifteen years old.

170 years have passed since then; but Lord Chesterfield's advice holds good today—and with this great advantage—you have Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream to help you in the care of your teeth.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is as good to the taste as it is good for the teeth. Its use is a health-building habit.

Try it today.



Sold everywhere, or a trial tube sent for 4c in stamps.

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 Dept. 25 199 Fulton Street, New York
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GOOD TEETH-GOOD HEALTH

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

PASADENA PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE double doors between the library and the living room stood open—as the doors in Great-Aunt Olivia's house always did. Leaning back comfortably among the cushions on the big leather couch that faced the fireplace, Dorothea was perusing a blue volume at ease. Great-Aunt Olivia was having a house party, and Dorothea, who had been the last guest to arrive, had come at a moment when the others were away on a walk through the woods. The book had proved to be thrilling enough to hold her to her nook in spite of the enticements of a fragrant June morning.

The end of a chapter and a sound from the next room came at the same moment. Dorothea, concealed from view as effectively as if there were no open doors, lifted her eyes to the long mirror over the mantel. In its faithful reflection she saw the ordered array of the living room, with rugs, tables, chairs at parade rest as the servants had left them. At the end of the living room three windows opened on a terrace above the sea. Two of the windows reflected in the mirror showed blue sky and waving vines; the third framed a young man's face.

It was a dark, boyish face, set with coal-black eyes and topped by hair as black and straight as an Indian's. The eyes searched the room for a second; then a brown hand pushed up the screen and a khaki-clad leg swung across the window ledge. Closing the screen behind him, the young man crossed swiftly and stealthily to an old Dutch chest. From the top of the chest he took down a pink wooden elephant and began to fiddle with one of its legs. A little door in the elephant's side flew open, and the young man hastily stuffed something inside—what, Dorothea could not see. Then he shut the tiny door and at a noise outside hastily replaced the elephant on the chest and in three noiseless strides vanished through the living-room door. The girl felt rather than heard him swiftly cross the hall; then came an outburst of voices at the front door, among which she could distinguish her cousin Fred's.

"Where've you been, old man? I say, how'd you get here, anyway?"

For a minute Dorothea continued to question the mirror thoughtfully, but it had nothing more to tell. Returning the blue book to the shelf, she strolled into the living room to interview the pink elephant.

To be sure, she had already interviewed it once that morning, but that was merely a friendly call to renew old acquaintance. Who was this person who knew the secret of the pink elephant? Did not its very pinkness proclaim it hers? Dorothea put out her hand to this memento of a childish experiment with a dye pot of her great-aunt's, hesitated, and withdrew her hand. Whoever the young man was, he had thought himself alone. She resolutely returned to the blue volume.

Half an hour later, when the luncheon gong rang, she found that the young man with the boyish face was Bruce Allen.

"So you're the girl who was always coming just when I had to go home, or going home just before I came," he said to her. "I used to hear a lot about you from Aunt Olivia."

"Good things?"

"Not my sort. You liked to sit in the library and read."

"And you liked to tear up the turf—Aunt Olivia's precious turf."

"A fellow had to swing—at least I did. Don't forget you painted the pink elephant."

"That's unkind. How well did you know the pink elephant?"

"Inside and out. And you?"

She nodded. "I don't think the others understand how intimate a person can be with him."

"Good reason why. They didn't live here so long as we did."

Their common knowledge of the pink elephant made her feel almost "chummy" with

THE PINK ELEPHANT

By Beth B. Gilchrist



FROM THE TOP OF THE CHEST HE TOOK DOWN A PINK WOODEN ELEPHANT AND BEGAN TO FIDDLE WITH ONE OF ITS LEGS

Bruce Allen. And he had not turned a hair on finding that she knew of the secret spring. What was it that he had hidden, anyway? She almost asked him outright. Instead she remarked, "It's queer that we had to wait till we grew up to meet each other."

"That's so, too. What do you say to a sail this afternoon?"

"I say yes, thank you. I love sailing."

"Good," said Bruce emphatically. "Aunt Olivia's boat's not so bad."

His black eyes twinkled at her understandingly, and Dorothea's gray ones smiled back. She liked him. She did not know when she had liked a boy so much. She found herself wishing that those old visits had now and then overlapped; but in that case, Dorothea reflected, he and she would probably have fought like cats and dogs for exclusive proprietorship of the pink elephant. When she got a chance she would ask him about what she had seen that morning; there were altogether too many people round now.

The girl soon discovered that there were likely to be too many people round as long as the house party lasted. Grace and Jane saw her and Bruce heading for the dock and hastened after them. "Going out? We want to go, too."

"Come on, then. Yi-yi! Fred, old boy!"

Nearly all Great-Aunt Olivia's house party went sailing that afternoon. Dorothea had a good time, for, as she had said, she loved sailing. She also absorbed knowledge. In her heart she rather scorned the other girls for

their open and undisguised admiration of the young man with the black hair.

"What makes you all so crazy over Bruce Allen?" she asked Grace, as they walked up from the dock together.

"Isn't he perfectly grand?" Grace's fluffy head bobbed an emphatic accent to her words.

"He's nice enough," Dorothea admitted.

"Nice enough! Just you wait, Dorothea; you only came last night. Though I must say I hadn't been here five minutes before—"

"Don't you know about him, Dorothea?" Jane cut in from the other side.

"I know that he is Great-Aunt Olivia's brother's wife's nephew. That's all, I think."

"It's plain you didn't see the football games last fall," said Jane.

"He's only a junior now, but he's already the best man on the varsity. Fred says he can have anything he wants of their class."

"He's not the least bit stuck up about it."

The enthusiastic sentences pelted Dorothea from both sides.

"It won't be your fault if he keeps unstuck up," thought the listener, with a hardening heart. Admiration of Bruce Allen was altogether too common.

But when his swift feet padded behind hers on Great-Aunt Olivia's gravel and his black eyes questioned her gravely, she found it difficult to be adamant.

"Hope you didn't mind taking 'em along."

"Not a bit. Did you?"

"Too much conversation."

Dorothea laughed in spite of herself. "I

agree with you there. But the sail was fine."

"There's no time in the day for sailing like before breakfast."

"Now how in the world did you find that out?"

"By experience."

"Same here."

"Good! I thought you looked like that kind. Come out some morning before the bunch gets up."

Dorothea capitulated. "It's a thing I've always pined to do—go sailing before breakfast."

"Done, then. I can't to-morrow. Promised Fred to go fishing. How does the next day suit you?"

It suited her perfectly. Moreover, it promised the best of all possible opportunities to discuss the episode of the pink elephant. But by the time the appointed morning dawned, Dorothea had no secrets to share with Bruce Allen, least of all the fact that she had seen him hide an unknown something in a miscelaneous carved animal on Great-Aunt Olivia's Dutch chest. Dorothea was astride a seesaw of horrified assurance and abased self-distrust, alternately scorning her suspicions and cowering before them. A horrid fear had taken the place of her customary cool poise.

"It's gone, Dorothea," Great-Aunt Olivia had said with a worried frown. "That is, I couldn't find it in that drawer, and now you see you can't. So I suppose I didn't put it there, though I was sure I slipped it into that yellow handkerchief case yesterday morning when Bruce came to tell me that Tim had the horse ready. You know I never leave money round in sight of the servants; it's against my principles. Well, well, I wonder where I did put it? Twenty-dollar gold pieces scare me, my dear, ever since I gave a five by mistake to a woman who called at the door and asked me for help in building an orphan's home in Patagonia. Try that blue bag, will you, dear? It's a laundry bag, but I never can tell—no, I knew it couldn't be in there. And Mary is absolutely trustworthy. Of course the thing will turn up in time, if it's still here, and it must be somewhere. Don't mention the matter to anyone, child, and don't worry."

Great-Aunt Olivia might as well have told the sphinx not to look mysterious. Dorothea felt a little sick. As she fled, her thoughts traveled in a vicious circle—Bruce Allen on Great-Aunt Olivia's threshold; the coin slipped into the yellow handkerchief case; the boy stuffing something—was it wrapped in a handkerchief?—into hiding in the pink elephant. It all dovetailed hideously; but she did not open her lips to Great-Aunt Olivia.

Instead she fled straight to the living room,—luckily it was empty of people,—and this time she did not draw back her hand from the elephant. The minute she touched it she made a discovery. The elephant was warm. It scarcely needed a gentle pressure on the hidden spring to reveal the fact that it was also empty. Dorothea stood still, wondering. That the elephant had been intended only as a temporary hiding place was easy enough to guess; but why should anyone choose, of the sixty times twenty-four minutes in a day, the one minute just before she came to remove the treasure? Perhaps the person who put it there had recently discovered that some one had missed it? But in that case, why remove it—unless, indeed, he feared that Dorothea, knowing the secret spring—But she had told him she knew about the spring five minutes after she had met him. The snarl was more tangled than it looked.

Perhaps the moment had come in which to tell Great-Aunt Olivia what she had seen, but Dorothea shrank from doing that. A mental vision of twinkling black eyes and of a friendly smile made her hesitate. Dorothea felt that she needed more proof. A twenty-dollar gold piece is not the easiest thing in the world for anyone to part with at a little seaside village. Bruce Allen could not have

accomplished it in ten minutes; therefore he must still have the coin in his possession. There was nothing to do except turn herself into a detective.

Thereafter Bruce Allen found himself with very little time at his unguarded disposal. As a watchdog Dorothea made Grace and Jane look like *papier-mâché* puppies. His first movement toward the boat precipitated a sailing party; his careless mention of business in the village brought the whole crowd to their feet; his most artfully planned disappearance found Dorothea and Fred, or it might be Dorothea and Grace and Jane, or Dorothea and some one else tagging at his heels. There was no getting away from girls since Dorothea had arrived.

She had not looked like that sort. The sort she had looked like, Bruce Allen found her now and then of an early morning when the Sea Gull flew before the wind over a ruffled sea. For Dorothea decided that before-breakfast sails were the best way of accounting for Bruce Allen's whereabouts in the early hours, and sometimes in his company she forgot that he was a thief. He did not look or act like one. But when that thought began to comfort her, she remembered that in books thieves never did look the part. And certainly he tried hard to get away. Sometimes, in company with Fred or with another boy, he succeeded. His success would have mattered more if Dorothea had not known very well how to pump a boy.

When she did not forget that he was a thief, Dorothea was very unhappy. More than once she sobbed herself to sleep. "I don't want him to be a thief," she murmured into her damp pillow. "I don't want him to be a thief." The altogether disconcerting discovery was that his being a thief did not remove him from her field of interest. She liked him still. The knowledge that she liked him horrified Dorothea. Thoroughly ashamed of herself, she redoubled her activities as a detective.

And then, as if to show her how easily it could be managed when he really wanted to manage it, Bruce Allen disappeared. He was not in the house or on the tennis court. So far as anyone knew, he had not gone to the village. The Sea Gull rode at her moorings. A dozen haunts failed to yield him. Dorothea fidgeted between the house and the dock.

"You might just as well give it up," Grace said to her. "You won't find him."

Dorothea sighed. "I suppose so, but I hate to give it up."

"You're fearfully open about it, Dot," said Jane. "If I wanted a boy round as badly as you want Bruce, I'd try to conceal it."

Dorothea's gray eyes turned from Jane to the other girls on the terrace. So that was the way they saw it.

"They like you better if you don't tag them, Dot," Grace said good-naturedly.

"Anyone here want to play tennis?" called Fred.

Dorothea wheeled on him. "Where have you been? Where's Bruce?"

"Gone up to Boston for the afternoon. Have a game?"

"No, thanks. I'm tired." She stopped by Grace's chair as she went in. "I don't care whether they like me or not."

Dorothea mounted sadly to her room and cried. She ought to have told Great-Aunt Olivia. This amateur detective business was beyond a girl. She would tell her now—to-morrow, perhaps. Already it was too late.

The twenty-dollar gold piece was probably safely disposed of.

She came to supper with the faintest suggestion of redness at the rims of her eyes and a disposition utterly battered and weary. Bruce Allen smiled at her from across the table. Dorothea ignored him. She made no move after supper to discover what he was planning to do. With a book she retired to the terrace to read.

Bruce himself hunted her out. "The whole crowd's going to Gloucester in the motor boat."

"I hope you will all have a very good time."

"Aren't you coming?"

"Not to-night. My head aches."

"Do your head good to be on the water."

"I doubt it. Anyway, I'm not going."

"Sure? You haven't got a grouch, have you?"

She shook her head.

Then she acted on impulse. "What was it you hid in the pink elephant last Tuesday morning?"

"How'd you know I hid anything in the elephant?"

"I was reading on the couch in the library. I heard you at the window. Then I saw."

"Ho! On the couch opposite the mirror? Dead give-away, wasn't it? Hope you liked my stealthy entrance. Fred and I had a parley-vo over a pin of his. The old codger made such a fuss about the thing I said I'd take care of it for a couple of days—to give him a rest. He got his rest all right enough. Went through my things till you'd have thought a dog had pawed 'em. Why didn't you open the beast up and see?"

"Oh, because—was the pin wrapped in a handkerchief?"

"Piece of tissue paper. So it wouldn't rattle."

"I see," said Dorothea. "Thanks."

"Is there any other little piece of information I can give you?" asked Bruce, politely.

"Not to-night."

"And you won't come? Better think twice. There's going to be a moon."

"I'd rather read—to-night."

He was off, striding swiftly through the bushes.

Words, words! Anyone could say words, thought Dorothea. She read for an hour without turning a page.

"Oh, by the way," Great-Aunt Olivia said casually at breakfast the next morning, "I found what we were looking for the other day, Dorothea. Found it in the toe of the glass slipper on my dressing table. You remember I knew I'd put it somewhere, but just where —"

"You—you found it?" gasped Dorothea.

"I always expected to. I suppose I'd forget my head some day if it weren't fastened on. That's why I'm telling you now. I've forgotten to tell you for two days already. I thought I'd lost a coin," she explained to the table at large, "and as it was a good deal of money I asked Dorothea to help look for it."

"I'm very glad you have found it, Aunt Olivia."

Dorothea's voice sounded strange in her own ears. Under Bruce Allen's keen gaze she found herself blushing hotly.

He cornered her on the terrace after breakfast. "What did you think it was I hid in the pink elephant?" he asked, relentlessly.

"I won't tell you. Yes, I will, too—to

punish myself for being so silly. Great-Aunt Olivia's twenty-dollar gold piece."

"Twenty, was it? No wonder she wanted to find the thing. Was that what you've been tagging me round for this week?"

"Of course. Why else should I tag you?"

"No reason on earth. But I thought—never mind what. So you took me for a thief?"

"Don't talk about it. I'm going in to read."

"You read too much. Better go sailing."

She stared at him. "What did you say?"

"I said you'd better go sailing."

"With you?"

"But I'm not a thief."

"Oh, I know that! But you don't want me to go sailing with you after what I thought?"

"Oh, come now! It was the books. They added your brain, you know. As far as that goes, I thought things, too."

"You?" She was astonished to see a flush on his dark face. "What did you think?"

He chuckled. "Thought you were gone on me. A fellow feels like a fool to say it out loud in broad daylight. Let's get the sillies out of our systems. Come sailing."

Dorothea jumped to her feet. "Oh, I will!" she cried. "And you are nice. You're nicer even than I thought anyone could be."

He smiled. "Now I suppose I'm to split the difference between that and —"

"Don't!" she cried. "If you really want me to go sailing, you won't so much as mention the pink elephant."

"Let's talk about a luncheon, then," he said promptly. "Do you suppose Mary would put one up for us if you asked her?"

AN IMPORTANT LETTER

By Mary E. Mitchell

WHEN one morning before breakfast near the end of the Christmas holidays, Mr. Scott called his son, Gerald, into the library, the boy found him seated at his desk, hurriedly sealing and stamping some letters.

"I've just received a telegram," said Mr. Scott, without stopping his work, "that calls me West immediately. I shall leave on the nine-o'clock train. I'm very sorry to go to-day, for I'm expecting an important business letter. The letter is private, and as I didn't care to have it go to my office I had it directed here. It's from Longley in reference to a railway case, and will probably come on that ten-thirty train. Let me see, school doesn't begin till Monday?"

"No, it doesn't, father."

"So much the better. Well, what I want you to do is this: Go to the post office this morning and get the mail. Don't leave it to Jackson, but go yourself. Bring the letter home and read it carefully. To-morrow, at eleven precisely, telegraph me in as few words as possible what Longley says. It's a serious matter to intrust to the care of a boy of fifteen, but in your mother's absence it seems the best thing to do, and I've generally found you pretty trustworthy. Now, Gerald, be very careful in this matter, for it means six or seven thousand dollars to me."

"I'll do my best, sir," answered Gerald, much impressed.

"You'll have to telegraph to Cranston," went on Mr. Scott. "That is the first place I am sure of, where the message can meet me. I shall be at the Central Station at eleven, Eastern time, ready for your message."

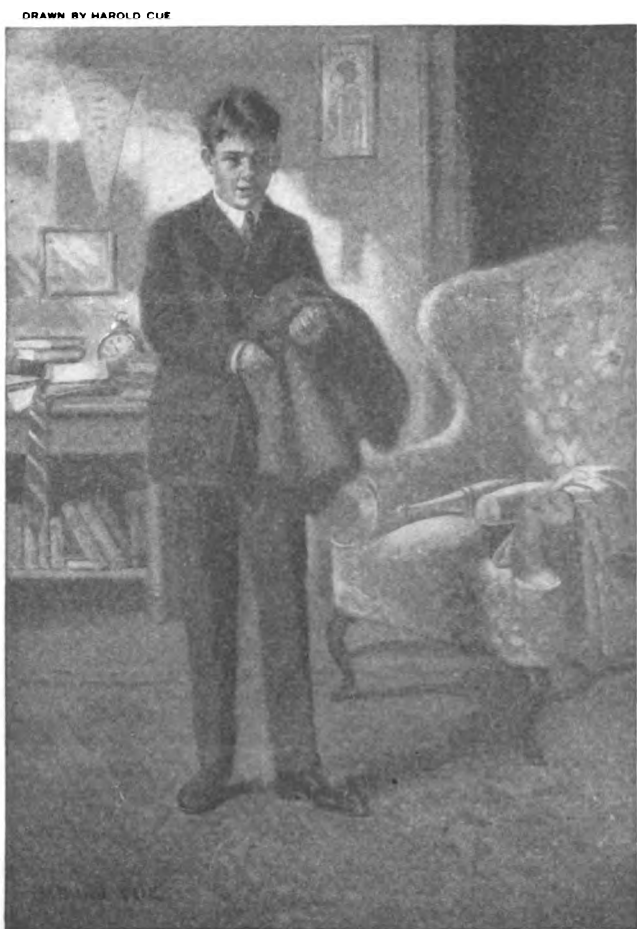
Gerald wrote down his directions in a notebook, and then the two went in to their breakfast.

Mr. Scott's law office was in the city of Hillsbury, but he lived at Pine Ridge, an attractive suburb. His house was on the outskirts of the place, set back from the street, with a broad slope of lawn in front. It was about three quarters of a mile from the post office, which was in the little railway station.

When Gerald started for the mail the sky was gray and the air chilly. "Feels like snow," he said to himself, as he buried his hands in the pockets of his reefer.

The ten-thirty train was just puffing away as the boy entered the station, and so he had to wait while the old postmaster laboriously sorted the mail. At last Gerald got his letters. There was a considerable package of them—some for his mother, some for Aunt Helen, one for himself and one for his father.

Gerald felt very important as he scanned the bold writing on the envelope of the letter to his father. The other letters he buttoned inside his jacket, but he carefully stowed his



WITH HIS HEART THUMPING HE TOOK THE JACKET FROM ITS HOOK, SEARCHED IT, SHOOK IT—BUT NO LETTER

father's into a deep outside pocket, where he could constantly feel it with his mittened hand. He ran most of the way home.

When he reached the stone posts that marked the entrance to his father's yard, he stopped, breathless. Miss Dole, a pretty neighbor, rosy in her furs, passed him. Afterwards Gerald remembered that as he took his hand from his pocket to raise his cap he felt the letter crackle.

Just at that moment Jupiter, his big St. Bernard, came bounding to meet him. "Good old dog!" called Gerald. And the great creature sprang upon him and rolled him over in the snow.

"Want a frolic? Well, old boy, here's for it!" And over and over tumbled Gerald and the dog.

Then came a race across the lawn. Jupiter, frantic with delight, leaped and barked. In the midst of the romp Gerald heard some one call his name from the house.

"Gerry, O Gerry, come in quick!"

"Down, down, Juve!" commanded Gerald, trying to quiet the dog as he ran to the house.

His sister, Florence, stood in the open doorway and shivered in the cold wind. "O Gerry, I'm so glad you've come!" she exclaimed. "You had just got out of sight when mother telephoned that Aunt Mary is worse. She wants you to drive right over and bring Aunt Helen and a lot of things, which I've packed

in a big basket all ready for you. Jackson is harnessing, and you had better start right off."

"It'll be an awfully cold drive," said Gerald. "I wish we could go by train."

"You know there's only one train up that stops there, and that's gone long ago."

"All right. Here's the mail!"

Gerald ran to his room, took off his reefer and hung it in his closet. Then he put on a long, heavy ulster and a thick cap, which drew down over his ears. As he was tucking Aunt Helen into the sleigh with the soft fur rugs, he thought with a start of the letter.

"It's as safe in my reefer pocket as it would be anywhere," he said to himself.

Aunt Mary lived in Berkeley, eight miles away. She was ill, and for the last three days Mrs. Scott had been with her.

The wind blew cold in the travelers' faces, and they had not gone far before snow began to fall. Faster and faster the flakes drifted down; by the time Gerald and his aunt had reached Berkeley a blizzard had begun in earnest.

Gerald did not reach home until late that evening. He had found Aunt Mary better, and except for the blizzard he would have been free to start for home at once; but the drifts were piling up so fast that his mother would not let him drive back, and so he had had to wait for the eight-o'clock train. Aunt Helen stayed in Berkeley with his mother.

He was drowsy when he got home after his day of travel, and went to bed at once.

"I couldn't read that letter to-night if I were paid for it," he said to himself as he sleepily undressed. "And as for making any sense out of it —"

All night the storm raged and roared round the house, and the snow came thick and fast. Toward morning the wind changed and blew all the clouds away, leaving a clear, blue sky and a white, sparkling world.

When he was dressed, Gerald went to his window. "What drifts!" he exclaimed.

"That means some shoveling for Jackson and me! I had better see to that letter the first thing."

He went to his closet and put his hand into his reefer pocket. The letter was not there!

With his heart thumping he took the jacket from its hook, searched it, shook it—but no letter. He carefully examined the closet and then the room. Still he found no letter.

Then the breakfast bell rang; it was a pale, frightened boy that greeted his sister in the dining room.

"Why, Gerry! Are you sick?" she exclaimed.

"Florence, has anyone been in my room since yesterday noon?"

"Not a soul, Gerry. Why?"

Gerald told her about the letter.

"You must have dropped it on your way from the station," said Florence.

Gerald thought for a moment with knitted brows. "I remember feeling it crackle when I spoke to Miss Dole. I must have drawn it partly out of my pocket then, and in that frolic with Jupiter it fell out."

"Then it's somewhere in the yard," said Florence.

"Yes—and under what!" responded Gerald in despair.

They both went to the window. It did indeed seem hopeless to think of finding anything under that weight of snow.

"Well, it can't be helped now," said Florence. "Come, eat your breakfast."

"Do you suppose I can think of breakfast now! Why, Florence, that letter is worth thousands of dollars! Besides, it is a trust to me. Oh, if I had only seen to it immediately!" And Gerald groaned. "There's only one thing for it. I've got to shovel that whole lawn over. Where's Jackson?"

"Why, you know he's gone to Berkeley to get the horse and sleigh!"

"I forgot. Then I've got to do it alone, and do it before eleven o'clock, too! It'll be a close thing. I mustn't waste a minute."

He stepped into the hall, but Florence ran after him. "Now, Gerald, be sensible! You certainly can't work without eating—you would give right out. The time you spend over a good breakfast won't be wasted."

"You're right," said Gerald.

The hot meal put new life into him, and when at last he started out in his heavy sweater and warm woolen cap he was hopeful.

"I'll shovel out the driveway first," he said to himself. "Perhaps the letter dropped out at the entrance."

The work was especially hard, for he had to examine each shovelful of snow that he took from near the ground. He made his way slowly and laboriously down the long driveway and cleared a wide space about the posts, but no letter rewarded his efforts.

"Now I shall have to go by guesswork!" he

said with a sigh, as he looked over the broad expanse of lawn, which had never seemed so vast as it did now.

He found as nearly as possible the place where he had frolicked with Jupiter, and marked out with his eye the course of their dash across the lawn. Then he began to shovel.

His arms ached and his back seemed ready to break; his feet were wet and cold. Serious doubts presented themselves to his anxious mind. Suppose that Jupiter had found the letter and carried it off, or even chewed it up? Perhaps the wind had blown the letter away where it would never be found.

Gerald set his teeth hard and worked on. He was doing all he could, and he must do it to the end. Florence, all bundled up, came out to encourage him and to beseech him to take a few moments' rest. But Gerald would not listen to any such appeal.

"I can't stop one moment," he said. "It's after ten o'clock now."

His sister went back to the house and soon returned with a steaming cup of coffee, which warmed and cheered the boy.

But his task was a hard one. It seemed that his weary arms could not lift another shovelful. The bright light on the snow made him feel sick and dizzy. Some of his comrades went by and shouted to him to join them. Gerald shook his head without speaking.

"You've a queer notion of fun if that's what you are cleaning off that lawn for!" called one boy.

Gerald looked at his watch. Half past ten o'clock! He worked on. The quarter sounded from the church tower in the village. When he heard it he flung down his shovel in a fit of despair.

"It's no use!" he exclaimed. "How shall I ever tell father?"

His eye fell on a chestnut tree near by, and he suddenly remembered that Jupiter had thrown him against the trunk of it. He took up his shovel again.

"It's no good!" he muttered hopelessly. "But I'll go round that tree just once, and then I'll have to go and telegraph father that I've lost his letter!"

As he was scraping about the roots in a half-hearted way, a glimpse of something red made him stoop quickly. It certainly was a postage stamp, bright against its white background.

With trembling fingers he brushed away the loose snow that hid the envelope. It was the lost letter!

Gerald could hardly believe his eyes. After his long, fruitless search the envelope seemed a delusion of his weary brain. But there it was, uninjured by its packing in the dry snow, held safe by the root of the tree until the fortunate stroke of his shovel had brought it into view. Gerald recognized the bold, dashing hand of the address.

There was no time to lose. It was a few minutes of eleven. Grasping the letter tight, as if he were afraid it might again vanish, he rushed into the house.

"I have it!" he shouted to Florence, who clapped her hands with delight.

Gerald threw himself down into a chair by the library table and tore open the envelope.

COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



AN ICELANDIC FARM

A slip of paper and a card fell out. The paper was typewritten and read as follows:

Hillsbury, December 29, 1896.

Mr. E. G. Scott.

Dear Sir. Having put upon the market a new commodity that we think deserves notice, we have the pleasure of sending to our patrons the inclosed card as a special inducement to purchase.

Yours most respectfully,

L. H. Sibley,

Retail Grocer

2 Lawson Block.

The card told its own story in fancy lettering:

Save the Tin Tags! Every half-pound package contains one. This card, with ten tin tags attached, entitles the holder to one-half pound of Taylor's Tasty Tea!

The strain had been too great. Utterly overcome, Gerald laid his head down upon the table and wept for very wrath and weariness.

That night Gerald received a post card from his father:

Dear Gerald. This is only a hasty line to let you know that I found my important letter at the post office on my way to the train. It had come by the midnight mail. So you need not be troubled in any way about it. Love to all. Father.



REYKJAVIK—THE TOWN OF TIN HOUSES

THE WONDERS OF ICELAND

By H. de Vere Stacpoole, *Author of The Blue Lagoon*

WE had left Leith Harbor in rain, but the clouds cleared away before we got abreast of Peterhead, and as we rounded the north coast of Scotland we steamed into a world of sunlight and calm summer sea.

On the evening of the fourth day out of Leith I was standing in the bow when the first officer came up to me and, pointing straight ahead, said, "That's Iceland."

He was pointing to what at first seemed a trace of cloud in the blue of the evening sky, a gray pavilion sketched above the haze. It was Vatna Jökull,—the great ice dome, chief of all the Icelandic mountains,—signaling his magnificence to us across eighty miles of sea. But he was not the first sign of land that we had seen. At noon that day a white tern had crossed our bows, and a burgomaster gull had come to inspect us; coveys of puffin had dived before the advancing ship; great gannets, crying as they fished, had followed us.

A STRANGE AND MYSTERIOUS PORT

THAT is your first impression of Iceland—a vision of ice in the sky and a vision of bird life that you can get nowhere else in the world. The next day, as you steam along that tremendous south coast, that petrified lava storm, where the hills, valleys and crags show scarcely a sign of life or movement, you get your second impression.

At nine o'clock in the evening we rounded the southwest cape, entered the vast Faxa Fjord and headed straight for Reykjavik. Daylight was still broad on the world, gulls followed us like a snowstorm, and we could see Snaefell cutting the sky with his twin cones eighty miles distant across the tremendous bay.

I have landed at many ports in the world, but I have never landed at a stranger or more mysterious port than Reykjavik. It was almost midnight, yet the light was the light of afternoon; the landing stage was crowded with people who had come down to welcome the ship, yet from all that crowd there came not a sound.

They moved aside to let us pass, but they said nothing.

The men seemed of the ordinary Danish type, but the women, all wearing the national dress, were a type apart. The Icelandic woman rarely smiles; her expression is mournful, resigned, yet uplifted; you might fancy that yesterday some great national hero had met with a tragic death and that she was mourning him.

Above all lands, Iceland is the place of surprises, and halfway up the street on the way to the hotel we met our first surprise—a Boy Scout. An elephant would not have seemed more out of keeping with the volcanic hills, the

corrugated iron houses, and the midnight day of that strange land. The day that we spent in Reykjavik before we left for Thingvalla and the geysers was a veritable packet of surprises; and the town itself, when closely examined, was the greatest surprise of all.

At first glance Reykjavik seems merely a town of tin houses set on the sea edge of a lava plain, with a weird range of volcanic mountains behind it. In the old days, when the nine cones that you can count on the sky line were all ablaze and answering to the flame of Snaefell across the bay, when the saurian fought the saurian on the black volcanic beach, the plain of Reykjavik must have presented a picture that the imagination may only reconstruct in part. But even to-day, when you approach Iceland from the sea, the country is desolate enough to make Reykjavik seem like a lonely city of the wilderness. What manner of people can possibly live there? you ask yourself. How, in the long winter evenings, do they amuse themselves, and how in the midst of that desolation do they exist?

A day in Reykjavik answers all those questions, and gives you, moreover, a picture of high civilization. That town of tin houses is in reality a highly organized little city. When you stand at the post office and look up at the countless telegraph wires, you can almost imagine yourself in a large American city. The telephone links the metropolis with seacoast towns and with nearly every hamlet in the land.

You meet a man reading a newspaper—it is the Vizir; you meet another man reading a newspaper—it is the Isafold; a newsboy pursues you with the Fjallkon; you buy a box of matches, and the man wraps it up for you in a sheet of yesterday's Ingolfur; you step out of the shop and you are asked to buy a woman-suffrage newspaper—the Kvinnabla.

I had come away from London to escape politics, among other things. The first place I was taken to in Reykjavik was the Parliament House—a stone building situated in the public square. Parliament was in session, and a man was addressing it whom, had he not

been speaking Icelandic, I might have mistaken for an Irish member of our House of Commons. There I met a local author of repute, who took me the next day to the theatre to see a play by a local dramatist. He also introduced me to an artist, who sold me a picture; then I remembered that Thorvaldsen was an Icelander.

The author took me for a walk and pointed out various men who to look at were fishermen but who in reality were poets. Through him I came to know that nearly every Icelander is a poet, and that this town by the Icelandic sea is a town of wonders, a centre of high civilization, a home of pure ideals, of hospitality, of simplicity in its best form, of kindness, and of the three arts.

Then, taking me by the arm, the author led me into the restaurant of Zoëgas Hotel. It was the full tourist season, and the place was crowded. It was a revelation of the call that Iceland makes to Europe. Here was an English lord, out for the salmon fishing; a professor of Vienna University, come to see the geysers; two Swiss guides, come for a mountaineering expedition with Baron X of Berlin; Spaniards, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Germans, a Dutchman, three Englishmen and an Irishman (myself).

And then presently loomed up before me a composite man—a person so quaint and strange that he must have a line to himself—an Icelandic-American; an Icelander with an American accent and American progressive ideas, yet all the time an Icelander. He is the only man I have ever met who, having lived twenty years on American soil, has retained his original nationality.

BATTLE GROUND AND COUNSEL GROUND

TWO days later I started for the wilds on a pony, with a guide on another pony, and followed by half a dozen pack ponies carrying provisions, tents, cooking gear and fishing rods. And those wilds gave me a view of the mould in which the indestructible Icelandic character is cast. We did not bring any lamps or candles; we rode into endless daylight across the bridge that spans the Elethaar River.

The road we took leads to Thingvalla. It is the only road of any account in Iceland, and it stretches across thirty miles of bleak plateau, where the melancholy cry of the wimbrel pursues you all the way, and where the great Icelandic ravens keep watch. It led us to a jumping-off place, where the plateau broke away and fell to a vast plain; the silent mountains that surrounded the plain looked down upon a lake, strewn with islands and still as

the lake of memory. It was the plain of the lake of Thingvalla—the centre and stage of all Icelandic history and legend.

Down there Njal was burned, Njal could leap his own height with all his gear and as far backwards as forward. Those mountains saw Snorri and Hrore the skald, and they seem to see still. That is the secret of the tremendous influence that the place has on the mind of the observer. The battle ground and counsel ground, where men took counsel or fought with axes in the time of Norman William lies there untouched. The stage is still for the players; they have not departed, they hide everywhere to the fancy, their shouting fills the silence.

Down below, following the broken path that leads to the plain, we crossed a bridge under which flows the Oxara River.

"Look here," said the guide, and pointed to a dark pool that, although it drew its water from the rushing river, showed scarcely a ripple on its dark face, "this is the drowning place where women were drowned in years gone by. Many women were drowned. It is deep."

It was deep. And as I gazed down into the obscurity it seemed as deep and dark as the mysterious history of the land that holds it.

"And here," said the guide, pausing on the bridge, "was once fixed the Blood Stone, which criminals' backs were broken in years gone by. Many convicts were killed here, but the stone is gone, no man knows where."

Striking across the plain we came to a summer hotel—a tiny building with a veranda. On the way to it we left the little church and



THINGVALLA. WHERE THE OLD ICELANDIC OPEN-AIR COUNCILS WERE HELD

parsonage on our left. The parson, in shirt sleeves, was making hay in the paddock of the parsonage.

Magnússon, the Icelandic scholar of Cambridge in England, once told me that the plain of Thingvalla is the top of a vast lava bubble that rose slowly in the days when the world was made and that, failing to burst, sank and formed that vast level. If that is so, the creation of the plain of Thingvalla was a prophecy of the Icelandic nation—that strange bubble of humanity which in prehistoric days rose toward heaven with sound and fury, and which, cooling and solidifying to a level desolation, strewn with the evidence of past power, wild flowers of thought and with the poetry that clings to the remnants of all great deeds.

THE EVIL GEYSER

THE plain of Thingvalla is strewn with wild flowers. So is all Iceland. You find them on the most barren hillsides, the plains and at the feet of the unclimbed ice jökulls.

There is one thing in Iceland that tries soul more than lame ponies, endless deserts, food that is only an apology for English food—that eternal daylight of summer which pursues you even when you sleep. A friend told me that, while he was prospecting along the glittering Lang Jökull, the daylight rode him like a nightmare and became at last unendurable. I can quite believe him. I had a full experience of it in the little hotel at Thingvalla, where my dreams were haunted by the patient daylight that stared in at through the curtained window.

The Great Geyser is the king of all Icelandic sights, when he is to be seen. Even when he refuses to show himself you can feel his presence just as you can feel the presence of a tiger in the jungle. The Great Geyser has an evil personality; he sulks and hides, and the only indication of his furious temper is the working of water in the pool where he makes his home. The pool is banked by low, dark, dead leaves; it lies in a desolate as the landscape.

We determined to make the most of the opportunity. The Geyser is the king of all Icelandic sights, when he is to be seen. Even when he refuses to show himself you can feel his presence just as you can feel the presence of a tiger in the jungle. The Great Geyser has an evil personality; he sulks and hides, and the only indication of his furious temper is the working of water in the pool where he makes his home. The pool is banked by low, dark, dead leaves; it lies in a desolate as the landscape.

the water of the pool domed up; the dome burst, and with a roar that resounded from the hills the Great Geyser sprang to life. The earth shook with his coming, and he leaped a hundred feet high almost in a bound. There in clouds of steam he stood for one terrible moment, struggling like a maniac tangled in a sheet, sank, rose, sank again, and vanished. The steam clouds rolled away on the wind, and the plain and the sky and the hills resumed their sinister calm. The geyser frightens you. Such an outburst of fury and strength in that desolate region disturbs the mind of the on-looker. To the imagination there is something evil in the whole business.

This touch of the weird and the vaguely wicked is not confined to the geyser basin. As we pushed onward under the hot summer sun of the following days, the basalt valleys showed us things that were untempestuous, yet disquieting and not good to live among. For one thing, the basalt has this peculiarity: the longitudinal and vertical splits in it are so evenly placed that the valley walls seem built by the hands of giants. You come across fortifications, towers and battlements among which the heat-shaken air produces strange effects. At times hounds in full cry seem to be running along the sky ridges and the far mountains appear to undulate and swell and sink, like a troop of giant horsemen cloaked and riding rapidly. I have been told that to live long out there among those things disturbs the mind, and produces a depression and nervous dread that makes it absolutely necessary to leave.

And what a relief it is to break from that perpetual domination of the mountains and valleys and to see the blessed sea again, as we saw it when we struck the Breidi Fjord,—the Broad Bay, to give it its English name,—blue

and island-studded and stretching from Sandur Point to far-off Breidavik! If you take a map of Iceland you will see the Breidi Fjord, lying just north of the Faxa Fjord, but you will not see its wonders. The Icelanders declare that the islands of this bay cannot be numbered; and I almost believe them.

The Breidi Fjord is the paradise of the northern birds. If you go out on it in a sailing boat you will find the days too short to exhaust the marvels of the bird life. In the nesting season you will see on the rocks the puffins, the razorbills, the kittiwakes, the auks, and the long battalions of the guillemots in their white and black plumage. The kittiwakes always build highest; in the rock holes below them the puffins hide, and below the puffins the guillemots nest. At Grimsey you will see the swarming kittiwakes darkening the sun, and the great bird city north of Sylt is one of the wonders of the world. But neither at Grimsey nor at Sylt will you see such various bird life as in the island-strewn Breidi Fjord.

There you will find the great burgomaster gulls and the skuas—true overlords and pirates of the air. You will see the gannets flying in long strings and hear their monotonous “Clak-clak-clak!” mingled with the “Get away—get away!” of the kittiwakes and the melancholy calls of the oyster catcher. Those are the only sounds that rise above the tune of the wind and the sea; and then out there you will meet, perhaps, the Icelandic fog—of all fogs the most treacherous and of all dangers the worst.

We came back by a coasting steamer to Reykjavik, and two days later we were steaming for Leith, and Vatna Jökull was again a gray pavilion in the sky, a vast temple built by the ice spirit above the strangest land I have ever seen.

hired a horse and carriage and drove to Bethel. It was long after dark when he reached the house. His mother met him at the door. Behind her smile of welcome he could see the shadow of anxiety and fear.

“I’ve had the doctor here,” she said, “and he left some powders to quiet him. I’ve given him two of them, and he’s asleep now. He hasn’t slept for two days and nights, and he hasn’t eaten. Yesterday he walked the floor till he was tired out, and then he seemed to collapse, and ever since that he’s been in his chair there in the sitting room. When he talks at all it’s about—you know—the trouble. I’m so glad you’ve come!”

Weak from weariness and anxiety, she sat down by the table and, burying her face in her arms, wept. It was the first time in years that Ralph had seen his mother cry. Her heart had always been the stoutest among them. He went and sat down beside her and tried to comfort her, and in a few moments she lifted her face, wiped the tears from her eyes, and was once more her old, resolute self.

When they heard Orchard stirring in his chair, they went into the sitting room.

“Here’s Ralph, father,” said Mrs. Orchard. “I wrote him that you were not very well, and he has come up to see you.”

There was a puzzled look in the man’s eyes, and for a moment he did not seem to understand. Then his face lighted with recognition and he held out his hand.

“I’m glad you’re here, Ralph,” he said. “They gave me some powders, and I couldn’t see very well at first. You’re in time for the wreck. It’s coming pretty soon now.”

“Oh, there’ll be no wreck, father!” replied Ralph reassuringly. “I’ll look out for that.”

“You don’t know how bad it is, my boy. Here I am, helpless. Your mother and Ada doing all the work on the place. No one to do any chores. It’s terrible!”

“You forget, father,” interrupted Mrs. Orchard. “We have Old Tompkins to feed the stock and do the chores.”

“Old Tompkins! What does he amount to? A babe in arms could do as much as he can.”

“Well,” Ralph said encouragingly, “I’ve

Why he should have become so deeply interested in the fortunes of this family, living with scanty means on the little farm up among the Bethel hills, he could not say himself. He was a bachelor, and his affections had not hitherto been centred. Somehow Ralph, with his boyish enthusiasm, frankness and sincerity, had from the first taken hold of his deeper nature. And it was perhaps natural that, having become interested in Ralph, he should become equally interested in the other members of the family at Bethel that the boy loved.

When two days had gone by without further word from Ralph, Oakford grew anxious. On the third day he could stand the suspense no longer, and late in the afternoon he ordered his mare saddled and brought to the door. Leaping on her back, he went pounding along the road that led toward Bethel. It was sunset when he reached the Orchard home. Ralph was standing on the porch, and when he saw who it was that was tying his horse to the hitching post he went down to welcome him.

“I wanted to learn about your father at first hand,” said Oakford. “How is he?”

Ralph described, as well as he was able, the nature and extent of his father’s illness.

“One thing,” Ralph added, “seems to be on his mind night and day. It’s kind of taken possession of him.”

“What thing is that?”

“Why, his inability to send me to college on account of Mr. Brill’s claim to the property.”

“I see. What does the doctor say?”

“Not much. Only that we must keep him quiet and free from excitement, and let the thing wear itself out. I think the doctor’s coming now.”

Shading his eyes with his hand he looked up the road.

“I’ll sit on the bench under the trees here,” said Oakford, “and when the doctor comes out I want to have a talk with him.”

Dr. Burnside tied his horse to a fence rail, since the one hitching post was in use; then, taking his medicine case from under the seat of his buggy and casting a glance at the stranger seated under the trees, he went into the house. When he came out, fifteen minutes

later, Ralph accompanied him; after introducing him to Oakford, the boy left the two men together; but there was not much that the doctor could add to the account Ralph had already given of the case.

“His inability to send his son to college is preying terribly on his mind,” said Dr. Burnside. “As a rule the mental obsession in these cases is symptomatic only. In Orchard’s case I am inclined to think it is causative. If we could relieve his mind from this particular pressure, I believe he would get well.”

“In other words, if the fact that his son has been prevented from going to college brought on his illness, then the fact that his son can and will go to college will cure him?”

“Exactly. That would do more for him than all the medicine I could dose him with.”

“Ralph informs me that you have directed that the patient be kept quiet and wholly free from excitement?”

“Yes, I think that is advisable.”

“Suppose the excitement were owing to favorable news?”

“That would be different; it might be the best thing that could happen to him.”

“Will you wait here a few minutes till I can have a little talk with Ralph and his mother?”

“Yes. I’ve been driving pretty much all day, and I want to take a little rest before I go back to Little Bethel.”

Oakford beckoned to Ralph, who was waiting on the porch, and the boy came quickly to where the two men were.

“Ralph,” said the surveyor, “how much have you saved in the last two years?”

The question was so abrupt and unexpected that for a moment Ralph hesitated; then he replied frankly:

“Between four and five hundred dollars.”

“I want you to take that money and go to college next fall.”

“But,” Ralph answered hesitatingly, “I was going to use part of that, the greater part, in repairing the house here, if father succeeds in holding the title.”

“He may not succeed. If he does, the money will do him more good put into your education than put into his house.”

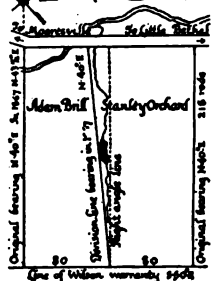
“But, Mr. Oakford, I—”

“No buts or ifs. I’ve thought it all over and I’ve made up my mind. You’re to enter

NORTH FORTY EAST

By Homer Greene

In Ten Chapters Chapter Five



ON the second day after the unsuccessful survey of the division line, Stanley Orchard went to Mooresville to consult a lawyer. Oakford took him to Allen Jackson, a prominent lawyer, who had had much experience in litigation over disputed land lines.

“I don’t see how any surveyor with nothing except the deed before him,” Jackson said, after he had asked them many questions about the case, “could do anything else than run that division line at right angles to the warranty line. The only thing that will sustain Orchard’s title is evidence outside of and contradictory to his deed. Who were present when this line was established?”

“No one,” replied Orchard, “except Brill and me and Owens and Old Tompkins.”

“What does Old Tompkins know?”

“Nothing. If he did he couldn’t tell it, and if he could tell it he wouldn’t.”

The lawyer laughed. “That bars him out. I don’t see what you have left except your own evidence and the cross in the rock. It’s a bad case.”

“But I built my house on this property and I’ve lived there for nearly eighteen years.”

“That isn’t long enough to give you title under the statute. You see the trouble is that Brill can stand on his deed, and on a survey made in accordance with it. You’ve got to prove your title, if you prove it at all, in derogation of your deed. That isn’t an easy thing to do, especially when you yourself are the only available witness.”

“I suppose that’s right,” Orchard said wearily. “Well, what’s the best thing to do?”

“Why, I’d wait and let Brill bring his action in ejectment. He’ll have to do it within two years to avoid the running of the statute. Of course we could bring an action under our Act of Assembly, which provides that the party in possession may begin proceedings to settle a disputed title. Or we could go into a court of equity and ask for the reformation of the deed. But my advice is to wait and let Brill bring his action in ejectment.”

“All right. Meanwhile I suppose I can’t mortgage the property?”

“No. The bank wouldn’t lend you money at that kind of security.”

Orchard rose slowly to his feet. His face was pale, and he had a tired look in them, and his hands trembled.

“For that old notebook,” he said in parting, “I’ll give you your own.”

Orchard nodded and dashed. When they were alone, the lawyer guessed the outcome of the visit.

There’s a certain mood about the man

ever lost his hopeful spirit. The boy was worried.

“Don’t give up, father,” he said. “The thing isn’t settled yet, and there’s always a chance.”

Orchard paid little attention to any words of encouragement.

“Do you remember,” he asked, “when Adam pointed toward the poor-house over the hill that day and hinted that it was waiting for me? Well, I’m headed for it, straight.”

Ralph laughed a little in an effort to reassure his father, but Stanley Orchard continued:

“I wouldn’t so much mind bein’ robbed myself, if it weren’t robbin’ you at the same time. If we could have got you through college the same as his boy, I wouldn’t have cared. He might have smashed me after that. It would have been all the same.”

“Now, father, don’t you worry about that. Don’t! I’m well off here. I’m earning money. Some day, perhaps, I’ll go to college in spite of Adam Brill.”

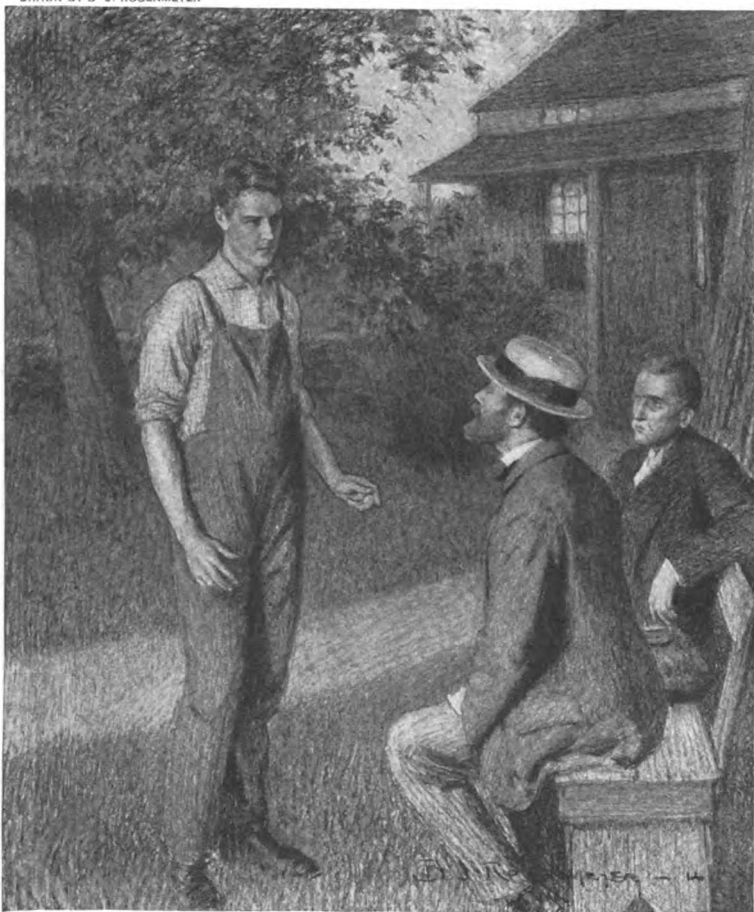
But Orchard did worry—not openly or aggressively, but silently and despondently. He returned to Bethel and went about his accustomed tasks; but he had lost his buoyancy of body and mind. His disappointment sank deeper and deeper into his heart and dominated his thought. There was nothing that he could do. Brill was silent. And his silence and inactivity made the situation still more harassing. He was too shrewd to take immediate action, for action had its risks; he was playing a waiting game.

Orchard’s farm had never served him better than it did that season. The hay crop, which he had harvested before the drought became severe, was rich and abundant. The field and garden products had never been equalled. The fruit trees were laden. Winter found the family provided with means to satisfy every want so far as food, shelter and clothing were concerned. But Stanley Orchard became more and more despondent. He seldom went abroad; instead he hugged his hearth or paced his floor and waited for the catastrophe. When he talked at all it was about his trouble.

One evening late in the spring, when Ralph returned to the office from a day in the field, he found a letter from his mother asking him to come home. His father was ill.

Ralph scribbled a hasty note to Mr. Oakford, and, without waiting to eat his supper,

DRAWN BY S. J. ROSENMEYER



“I WANT YOU TO TAKE THAT MONEY AND GO TO COLLEGE NEXT FALL.”

come to stay a few days with you and look after things till you get round.”

“Just so! Just so! While Adam Brill’s son is at college, getting the benefit of an education, my son’s doing the chores on a thirty-acre farm! It’s an outrage, Ralph. It’s an outrage! I can’t stand it!”

He had started forward in his chair; his eyes were strained, his face had become tense, and his breast heaved with emotion.

Mrs. Orchard went up to him and began to smooth the damp hair back from his forehead. “There, father!” she said soothingly. “Never mind! Things are never quite so bad as they appear to us when we’re sick.”

He was soon calmed, and by and by, under the influence of the opiate, he again fell asleep. Ralph’s presence in the house obviously comforted him. There was no marked improvement in his condition as the night wore on, but even in the midst of his distress he seemed to find satisfaction in having his boy near him.

Oakford was worried by the news of Stanley Orchard’s illness in Ralph’s hasty note. He had not failed to notice the change in the man when he had seen him from time to time.

the engineering school at the university this coming fall. You'll have money enough to carry you through the first year. I'll see that you get enough more to complete the course."

Again the boy thought quickly before replying. The proposal, coming so suddenly, so unexpectedly, confused him.

"I couldn't let you do that. You've done too much for us already. I shouldn't feel —"

Here the doctor interrupted: "Don't turn down that offer, Ralph. I see what Mr. Oakford has in mind. He intends not only to benefit you but to save your father to his family. Don't hesitate. Don't!"

But Ralph did hesitate. He could not grasp the meaning of it as readily as the doctor did. He looked slowly from one man to the other. What he saw in their eyes decided him.

"I will do as you say," he replied.

"Good!" exclaimed Oakford. "Now tell your mother that I want to see her for a minute."

Ralph went to call his mother, and when she appeared on the porch the surveyor went to meet her.

"You're so kind to come to see us in our trouble," she said as she descended the steps. "Ralph says you wish to speak to me."

"Yes. Dr. Burnside and I have decided that your son must go to college this fall."

"Quite right, Mrs. Orchard," said the doctor, who had come up. "It is Mr. Oakford's prescription, and I have heartily indorsed it."

She looked wonderingly at the two men, and Oakford hastened to explain. He told her of the effect the news would probably have upon her husband.

"It's no new plan on my part," he declared. "I've been contemplating the thing for a long time. I am simply putting it into effect sooner than I would otherwise have done."

What could she do except yield to their persuasions? It was all so reasonable, so generous, so heaven sent.

"So far, so good," said Oakford. "Now let's go in and see Stanley."

Orchard was in the sitting room. He was still bolstered up in his easy-chair. He refused to lie down lest he should never again be able to rise. Ada had brought in the lighted lamp and put it on the table in the middle of the room. Shadows fell across the sick man's face and lay heavily on his closed eyes. When Mrs. Orchard and the surveyor entered, he looked up wearily.

"Father," said Mrs. Orchard, trying to control her voice, "Mr. Oakford has come to see you."

He recognized his visitor in a moment, and held out a limp hand in greeting.

"I'm sorry you're feeling so miserable," said Oakford. "What seems to be the matter? Tell me exactly, can't you, just what the trouble is?"

"Trouble!" echoed Orchard. "It ain't trouble, Mr. Oakford, it's agony. I can stand trouble. I've stood lots of it. But when it comes to robbin' my boy of his education, the way Adam Brill's done it, that's killing me, Mr. Oakford, that's killing me."

His voice trembled and broke, and ready tears filled his eyes.

"That's nonsense, Orchard. Adam Brill has no power to prevent your son from going to college."

"But he's done it. He's done it."

"Then he shall do it no longer. Ralph is going to college this fall."

"What? What's that?"

The sick man straightened up in his chair and shot a frightened look at Oakford.

"I say Ralph is going to college this fall; it's all settled. He knows it. His mother knows it. Dr. Burnside knows it. And now you know it."

"Where does the money come from?"

"He has enough to carry him through the first year, and some friends of his and yours are going to back him for the rest of the course. It's all settled. You couldn't change that plan if you fought it from now till Christmas!"

"Ralph has friends, I have friends, that'll put my boy on an even footing with Adam Brill's? John Oakford, you're not lying to me?"

"I was never more in earnest in my life."

Orchard was sitting bolt upright now; his hands clenched the arms of the chair on either side. He turned his eager gaze upon his wife.

"Mother!" he cried.

She went to him and knelt on the floor at his side and hid her face in his lap.

A minute later Ralph and Dr. Burnside came into the room and confirmed Oakford's declaration.

"You'd better take another one of those powders to-night, Orchard," the doctor said, looking at his patient's beaming countenance. "To-morrow night you won't need any. You'll sleep without it."

"Mother," said Orchard, after a little, "can I have that piece of chicken I wouldn't eat at dinner time? I'm hungry."

Twelve miles down the river road, in moonlight and shadow, through the marvelous May night, John Oakford rode back to Mooresville. And only once before in his life had his heart been as light and his thought as gay as now, and that, too, was when he had done a good deed to help a fellow man in misfortune.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AFTER THE FLASH

By Albert W. Tolman

"COME on with that spud wrench, Jimmy!"

It was after eleven o'clock on a hot morning in June. The four steel workers—Frank Boutwell, the foreman, Alex Farris, the subforeman, or "pusher," and Con Heath and Jimmy McKay, the "connectors"—stood on a platform of loose planks almost two hundred feet in the air, putting the last bolt into a splice plate. They were framing in the "cage" of tower 84.

Eighty-four, the highest transmission tower of the Eastern Hydroelectric Power Company, stood on a little sandy island in the Androscoggin below Borden's Ferry. The line had been built toward it from each end; when 84 was finished, the system would be complete.

The planks rested on the horizontal cross braces that formed the sides of a six-foot square and that connected the tops of four steel legs one hundred and ninety feet high. At each corner a perpendicular strip of angle iron, twenty feet long, was bolted to the top of the leg by means of a splice plate. To the summit of each strip was fastened a hoisting block, from which two ropes dangled to the ground. From one strip of angle iron fluttered an American flag.

The men worked as unconcerned as if they were on the ground. Their sleeveless jerseys gave free play to their muscular, sun-browned arms. They wore "sneakers"—for leather soles are likely to slip on iron, and a single slip might cost a life. All were strong and active, but Farris, the pusher, stood out among them as a man of unusual strength. He was more than six feet tall and had very long arms; he had once been a sailor.

At last the bolt was in and the nut screwed up tight. The men stopped a minute to rest and cool off. Farris wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Whew, but it's hot!" he remarked to Boutwell. "Reminds me of the skysail yard of the old Aryan, when we crossed the line."

Far below, the six members of the ground crew, or "bull gang," were preparing to send up the cross braces that would hold together the four columns just erected. The cage would then be ready to support its three thirty-six-foot horizontal cross arms, each end of which would bear two high-tension wires.

Hitherto the morning had been breathless and the sun bright and hot; but now a mass of black clouds came rolling down the valley, preceded by a strong, cool wind. The foreman looked apprehensively toward them.

"Means trouble for us, I'm afraid; but rain, shine, or blow great guns, we've got to finish this cage before night."

The work was being done under a forfeiture contract that imposed a penalty of twenty-five dollars for every day lost and that carried a bonus of the same amount for every day gained. They were now two days ahead, and wished to hold that advantage, since it meant an extra dollar a day to each man. Besides, a gale might work havoc with the unbraced columns of the cage.

There was some delay below. Meanwhile the thunderclouds, rolling on rapidly, blotted out the sun. Impatiently Boutwell leaned over to look down.

"Lively with that steel!" he cried.

One of the tenders waved his arm and shouted, but his words were drowned in the roar of the wind. The foreman turned to Farris.

"Looks pretty black, doesn't it, Alex? Guess we're in for a drenching; but we'll weather it all right."

"This tower'd make a good lightning rod," remarked the pusher.

"Too good for us, if the lightning strikes it," was Boutwell's reply. "Here it comes!"

With a crash of thunder the storm burst, and almost in a moment the rain was falling in torrents and the wind was blowing furiously.

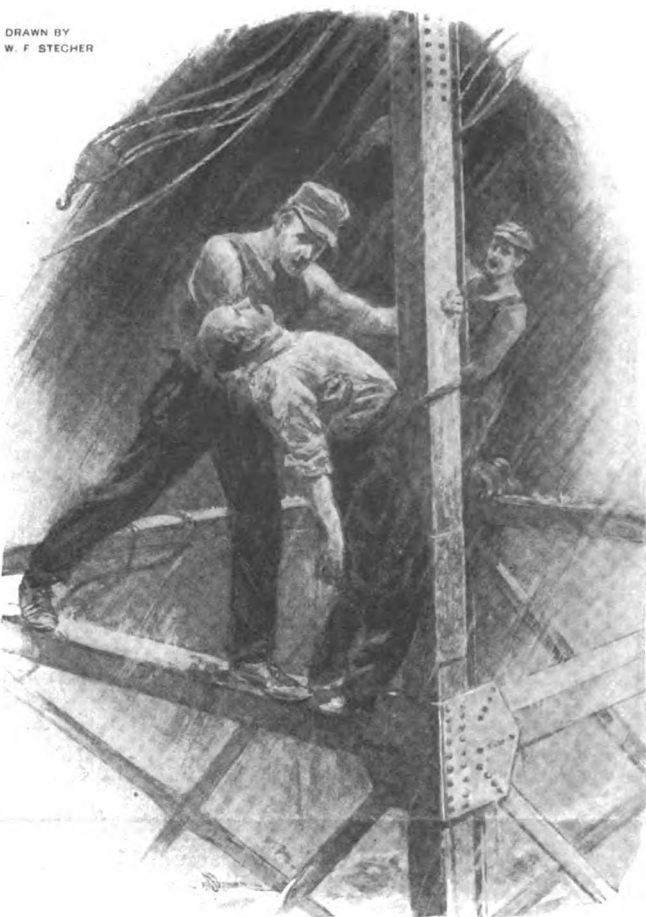
"Look out for yourselves, boys!" shouted the foreman. "Grab the columns and hang on hard!"

Each man sprang for a corner, clutched an upright, and, planting his feet firmly on the cross braces, held on for his life. The rope ladder, fastened midway of one of the braces and hanging loosely down over the partly completed permanent ladder a few yards below, whipped out in the gale like the tail of a kite.

Everything loose began to go. First a plank that weighed at least fifty pounds flew out from the braces and scaled downward, then a second plank whirled away, and a moment later a block and rope went, with two or three loose bolts and wrenches. Before long the entire platform had gone.

The first thought of the men aloft had been for their fellows on the ground. Farris shouted the familiar warning of the steel worker, "Heads up!" and saw the men below spring to windward, away from the death and destruction raining from above.

Farris glanced round at his mates. The two



HE SLIPPED HIS RIGHT ARM ROUND THE FOREMAN'S BODY . . . AND PULLED IT UPWARD

connectors, Heath and McKay, had stuck the sharp-ended handles of their spud wrenches through the bolt holes in the angle irons above their heads, and had locked their fingers firmly over them.

Boutwell, the foreman, had no wrench. Hugging the column against his body, he was fumbling at his belt. The belt happened to be unusually long, and he evidently intended to buckle it round himself and the iron for additional safety.

The pusher ran his hand along his own belt, but his wrench was gone from its ring. So he pulled out his driftpin, shaped like the stick with which boys play "three-old-cat," and tried to push it through the bolt holes above his head; but the bulging middle of the pin prevented it from going through. Dropping it into his pocket, he hooked his fingers through the bolt holes.

By this time a hurricane was howling round them and the whole tower trembled as if it were about to topple over. Hail began to sting the men's faces and hands. They had no means of protecting themselves, but they bore their punishment doggedly.

Blacker and blacker grew the clouds; nearer and louder rumbled the thunder. Farris caught a momentary glimpse of the bull gang scattering for shelter. Then the ground disappeared in the smother.

Suddenly out of an inky mass close overhead shot a single blinding flash. For a moment the pusher was stunned, paralyzed. His skin prickled with fiery needles. The slippery iron under his hands seemed to burn red-hot. He swayed backward, almost lost his hold, recovered himself, and locked his fingers tighter about the column.

Looking round, Farris saw Heath, opposite him, clinging numbly to his upright. McKay, six feet to the left, was also holding on, apparently unharmed. At that moment Farris saw McKay's eyes fasten on Boutwell's corner. The connector's jaw dropped and a look of horror overspread his face.

"Frank! Frank!" he cried.

As Farris swung about quickly, a sudden chill ran over him. The foreman was insensible. His head drooped on his right shoulder, his face was pale and his eyes were closed. His feet still rested on the cross braces; but his knees bowed out and his body slumped

loosely backward over his belt, like a sack of meal. But it was something else that almost stopped the pusher's breath.

Boutwell's belt, drawn tight against the angle iron, was unbuckled! The lightning had caught him as he was drawing the leather strap through the clasp. Midway in the act he had been struck senseless.

The buckle point pressed hard against the leather. Even as Farris looked it moved slowly. For a second it caught and hung, then slipped again. A little more, and the foreman would topple backward and plunge one hundred and ninety feet straight down to certain death.

Farris heard a rushing; the wind was coming again. A second might seal the foreman's fate.

With a sureness born of experience on slippery spars high above reeling decks, Farris hurled himself straight toward the column from which Boutwell hung. His left foot, in its rubber "sneaker," caught the brace firmly and his left hand closed round the angle iron. He slipped his right arm round the foreman's body under the armpits and pulled it upward.

For a moment his left hand, clinging to the slippery column, was the sole support of two lives. Then with a mighty effort he heaved Boutwell's inert form upright, caught the iron with his other hand, crushed the insensible foreman against it, and held on.

Again the gale was on them with the shriek of a typhoon. From directly overhead came a blaze of lightning, a rattling fusillade of thunder. Gust after gust set the slim columns straining at their splice plates until it did not seem that the thin angle irons could stand the test. They swayed sickeningly, and Farris held his breath. At the top of the column over his head the flag snapped and fluttered.

Half regaining his consciousness, Boutwell began to struggle. He was strong, and Farris had all he could do to hold him. The foreman seemed to be partly crazed by the shock, for as he tried to throw off Farris's arm he muttered:

"Let go—let go—let me alone!"

"Keep quiet, Frank, won't you?" the pusher implored. "You'll have us both off."

But the dazed Boutwell kept on struggling. He surged suddenly against Farris, and the latter's left hand slipped off the column. Fortunately, he regained his grip.

"Hold fast, Alex!"

It was McKay that spoke. Farris knew that the connectors were watching him, but he realized that they could give him no help; he had to stand with one foot on each cross brace, and so there was no room for anyone else at the upright.

Desperately Farris squeezed the foreman's body against the iron in a bear's hug. The sharp edges cut his hands until they bled, but he clung only the harder. Below him he could see the steel framework streaming with water, and dimly through the vapors could make out the ground.

Another flash! Another stunning report! The tower had been struck again.

Farris's hands tingled and forked pains stabbed his body. Dazed and benumbed, he felt his strength ebbing; he could not restrain the struggling foreman much longer. Another flash might bring death to both.

Down swooped a furious blast. The pusher summoned the last remnants of his strength to meet it; after that effort he should have to let go, for he knew he would be able to hold on no longer.

But it was the last effort of the storm. The gale ceased as suddenly as it had come; the rain stopped, the clouds cleared away. On the ground stood the bull gang, with their faces turned anxiously upward. A cheer burst from them as they saw their mates clinging in safety two hundred feet above them.

Gradually Boutwell's senses came back; but he was still weak and shaken from the lightning stroke.

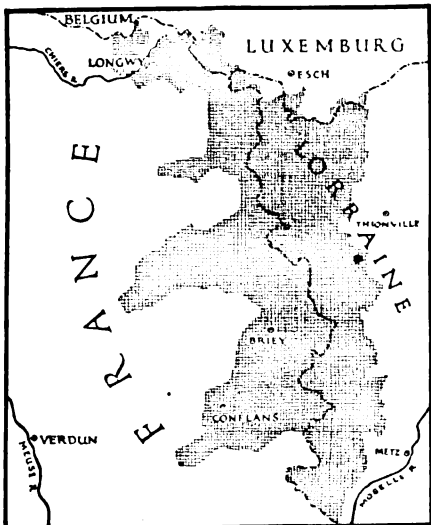
The ropes from the block hung close by. "Here, Jimmy!" said Farris. "Tie a bowline in the end of this rope, will you?"

McKay tied the knot, and they dropped the loop over Boutwell's head and tightened it under his arms.

"Lower away!" shouted the pusher to the tenders below.

Soon Boutwell stood safe on the ground. He was in no condition to do any more work that day, and so another man took his place.

Led by Farris, the gang collected the scattered gear and rebuilt the platform. The next morning they began work bright and early, and by night had completed the tower.



The shaded portion of this map indicates a district rich in iron ore.

FACT AND COMMENT

HE who is made by an opportunity is usually the one who made the opportunity.

Mercy to the Tiger is a sham;
Call it "Being Cruel to the Lamb."

AMAN is ashamed of good actions only when he is where he should be ashamed to be.

THE Lorquin Natural History Club of Los Angeles has placed signs at many points in the mountains of southern California urging that harmless snakes be protected. The signs read, "Do not kill harmless snakes. They destroy disease-bearing rodent pests. The only harmful snakes in California are rattlesnakes." In time we may learn that, like birds, harmless snakes are among the best animal friends the farmer has.

ANOTHER suggestion as to naming the vessels of our growing navy, besides the suggestion that the names of our earliest fighting vessels be revived, is that ships of a certain class be named for famous Indians. There are numerous vessels with Indian names now, but they are named after states and cities; but Powhatan, Pontiac, Tecumseh and Black Hawk are names that would well befit the American navy.

HOW easily people are misled! Because the price of butter is high, the manufacturers of oleomargarine are clamoring to have the tax removed from their product. What they fail to disclose is that the tax on oleomargarine that is not colored to imitate butter is very low. It is only on the product that is made to look as much as possible like real butter that the tax is high, and it was made high for the sole purpose of protecting the consumer from fraud. It is just as well to know both sides.

THE assertion that the \$6150 recently paid for Langwater Dairymaid in North Easton, Massachusetts, was the highest price ever paid for a cow has not been allowed to go unchallenged. Two readers of The Companion have written to tell us of sales at higher prices, and it is not unlikely that there have been other cases. An Iowa friend mentions the two-year-old heifer sold at West Liberty in that state in 1878 or 1879 for \$7200; and another friend in Mississippi reminds us that the Jersey Lady Viola was sold not long ago for \$7000.

IT is suggested by M. Eugene Brieux of the French Academy that the government establish an official marriage agency, to supply eligible young women with husbands after the war. Before the war there were about 200,000 more single men above the age of twenty-five than single women. Now, of course, the women outnumber the men. M. Brieux believes that there would be many more marriages if some wholly trustworthy agency existed to bring young people together. He also makes the interesting suggestion that the dowry be abolished as a national custom. The lack of a marriage portion has always been the great barrier to the matrimonial fopes of Frenchwomen of the middle and lower classes.

LAST month occurred the centenary of the two oldest savings banks in the United States—the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society and the Provident Institutions for Savings in the Town of Boston. From the small beginning of 1816 have grown the 2139 savings banks in the country, with their 10,686,000 depositors and \$4,700,000,000 in deposits. But those figures do not completely represent American thrift, for there are 4,793,670 savings depositors in the national banks, with \$919,731,000 to their credit; 3,400,000 such depositors, with \$300,000,000 to their credit in state banks, and 2,500,000 savings depositors, with \$1,053,000,000 to their credit in the trust companies. Moreover, there are 612,000 depositors in the postal savings system, with \$90,000,000 to their

credit; and the cooperative building associations have 3,000,000 shareholders and assets of \$1,500,000,000.

THE PEACE PROPOSAL

THE Kaiser opened a world of possibilities when he launched his proposal that the belligerents meet and discuss peace. History may never be able to reveal what was uppermost in his mind. Was it a sincere conviction that Germany had reached such a position of supremacy in the field that its enemies must be correspondingly conscious of defeat, and therefore ready to accept what Germany regarded as moderate terms? Or was it that Germany had begun to perceive such a lessening of its own strength as pointed to a rapidly approaching exhaustion, and that he hoped to delude his adversaries by brave words? Between those two extremes there is room for a score of theories, among which one man's guess is as good as another's.

But even if we knew what prompted the notes, we should still be ignorant of what the Kaiser hoped to accomplish by the step. Those who not only suspect but condemn everything that the Kaiser does are convinced that he did not expect his offer to be received anywhere with favor, but that he put it forth solely with the intention of persuading the world that his enemies, by rejecting it, made themselves responsible for prolonging the war. The more common belief is that, although the Kaiser could hardly have hoped for immediate success, he did expect that the idea, even if temporarily rejected, might germinate and fructify hereafter.

Following closely upon the German suggestion came the note of President Wilson asking the belligerent governments to disclose, each for itself, what they would regard as acceptable or debatable terms of peace. The note was received in some quarters with suspicion and even with anger and dismay; in others with varying degrees of sympathy. At the time of writing there is little hope that it will have an immediate effect, or even a remote effect, in bringing the warring nations into conference, and so making nearer the prospect of peace.

Of course the real question is, Can the war end before there is a decisive victory for one or the other side? It seems unlikely. No one of the Entente powers can be pacified by any concession that Germany may offer to other members of the group. Would the Kaiser make any offer concerning Belgium that England would accept, unless his African colonies were returned to him? And what would the British colonies in South Africa say to that? Furthermore, if that matter were arranged, what advantage would it be to Russia? Then, as to Russian Poland—will Germany withdraw its plan, scarcely a month old, to set up a kingdom dependent upon its will in Russian territory; or will Russia consent to a peace as long as that plan stands? There is Serbia, too. Is Austria to be permitted to extinguish the nationality of the Serbs, or must Austria accept defeat on the one point on which it entered the war?

How is the question of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, more difficult now than ever before, to be decided; or is it not to be decided, but left for future wars to decide? What of the claim of Italy to Trent and to Trieste? What of Alsace-Lorraine? What of Montenegro? There is scarcely room for compromise on any one of these questions, and accordingly no "reasonable" basis of peace by agreement.

THE IRON OF LORRAINE

IT is unfortunate for the future peace of Europe that by far the best iron fields that are accessible either to France or to Germany lie exactly on the present frontier of the two countries. A good many Frenchmen believe that the Germans' hope of seizing permanently the part of these fields that lies in French Lorraine was one of the real causes of the present war, and the reason that last winter determined them to attack at Verdun, instead of at some point nearer Paris. Certainly, thoughtful writers, both French and German, discuss the subject very frankly, and point out to their respective countries how fatal the final surrender of any part of this disputed territory would be to the prosperity of their nation.

In this age of machinery a plentiful supply of both coal and iron is essential to any country that hopes to maintain itself as an industrial power; and the last ten years have proved that such a supply is even more necessary in war than in peace. The Germans admit that without the iron of the Metz and

Thionville regions (which they thriftily took from France after the war of 1870) they would have been unable to supply their armies with the incredible quantity of guns and ammunition that modern fighting requires. France has kept up only because the British navy has kept the seas open for the import of iron; its own mines in the basins of Briey and Longwy have been in the hands of the Germans ever since the war began.

Now, neither France nor Germany is rich in iron outside the Lorraine fields. The year before the war France produced nearly 22,000,000 metric tons of iron, and Germany dug more than 28,500,000 tons from its mines. If Lorraine were all French, the figures would have been 43,000,000 tons for France and 7,500,000 tons for Germany. If Lorraine were all German, that country would have had 48,500,000 tons to 2,000,000 tons for France. The figures explain why the two nations will fight to exhaustion rather than surrender any territory that they now hold in Lorraine.

The question of coal is less critical, for the coal fields of the Saar—part of which was French until the fall of Napoleon—are farther from the border, and are not essential to Germany, although they would be very useful to France, which has very little coal of its own, and which has, largely for that reason, seen itself outstripped in the industrial race by Germany.

It begins to appear, however, that neither power is likely to gain any territorial advantage in Lorraine as a result of this war. Peace is likely to leave the frontier still cutting the precious fields of iron very nearly in half. But unless Europe is wise enough to find a way out of its national envies and jealousies, the time may come in the not far distant future when the prize will seem rich enough to one country or the other to justify another war of aggression and conquest.

TWO ARE COMPANY

ALL of us feel the truth of the old proverb, and this in reference not only to that ever-intrusive and superfluous third but to the difference that always exists between the quiet society of you and me and any larger gathering whatsoever.

Really intimate conversation is seldom, if ever, possible with more than two persons. In a general social assemblage we may have brilliant wit and vigorous argument, and intelligence may be stimulated to a higher and a more showy activity than is possible in quiet corners; but the simple, direct interchange of intimate thought, the communication of soul for soul, of one real personal experience for another, hardly takes place when more than two are present.

Women, with their delicate social sense, understand all these things best. Mme. d'Arblay, a woman of world-wide observation, remarks of an acquaintance, "I determined, however, to avoid all tête-à-têtes with him whatsoever, as much as was in my power. How very few people are fit for them, no one living in trios and quartets can imagine."

Mme. d'Arblay is perfectly right. There are people who are created to live with many, people who seem to be warmed and kindled by the presence of a crowd, who glitter and sparkle, overflow with witty retort and pleasant anecdote and song and mirth and laughter. You get those same people by themselves and think what a gold mine of amusement awaits you, and they flat out to nothing, like a burst balloon. Again, there are others, as we all know, who in general society sit quiet and listen, who seem dull and unpromising and socially quite hopeless. If we are left alone with them, we feel at first that a heavy burden has fallen upon our shoulders. Then we find suddenly that they have seen many things and felt many things and can make us see and feel them. They may even give us that greatest of all delights of conversation, the sense that some one else sees and feels and thinks as we do.

Never set a person down as dull until you have tried him alone; and even if the dialogue fails, do not be too sure which is the dull one.

THE NURSERY OF GENIUS

THE late Sir Hiram Maxim and his almost equally well-known brother, Mr. Hudson Maxim, were born each in a little town in Maine so small and inconspicuous that but for its famous son it might never have been heard of. In their young days poverty and privation were frequent visitors and familiar friends. Schooling was scant and inefficient;

toys, if there were any, were homemade, and recreations were personal and individual rather than organized. Yet out of that seemingly hostile environment rose two men who will be classed with the great inventive geniuses.

How did it happen? The newspapers have had more or less to say about it. Some of them are asking whether our little back-country towns are still raising mechanical geniuses. Most of them think not. A professor in Clark University, in Worcester, Massachusetts,—a city rich in great industries and diversified products of inventive brains,—believes that we are losing our mechanical supremacy to Swedes, Germans, Frenchmen, Danes, Italians and Greeks, because we let our sons fritter away too much time in school and college athletics, and allow them to grow up with the idea that selling bonds is a better job than "bossing" a machine shop.

Probably some of the criticism is pertinent, but the most of it fails to go to the root of the matter. The great advantage of boys from "up Sangerville way," where the Maxims were born, is that they have no "advantages." They must do things for themselves, and by doing them they learn. The curse of incipient genius is the mechanical toy. How can you expect a boy to be permanently interested in engines if you give him a toy engine, complete and ready to run, and continue to surfeit his mechanical appetite with motor boats and hook-and-ladder trucks and miniature automobiles? They appeal only to the curiosity, not to the imagination. Give the same boy a brook, and a little lumber, and tools enough to build a dam and a water wheel, and see how he will "go to it"! That gives him a chance to do something with his own hands and his own brain,—a chance to make experiments, exercise his imagination and learn by his mistakes,—and that, say what you please, is the only way in which we ever really learn anything in this world.

There is another phase of the matter that none of the newspapers seem to have noticed: the passing of the mechanical period into what may be called the electrical and chemical period. It would, of course, be absurd to say that all the great inventions have been made, but it is quite just to say that the field is much better covered now than it was when the Maxims were boys. The young men of to-day who go to technical training schools are getting more work in electricity and chemistry and mineralogy than in mechanics, and all three are inexhaustible fields. Perhaps our great inventors of the next generation will find their occupation there rather than at the lathe. Nevertheless, one of the best presents that you can give a real boy is still a good sharp pocketknife.

TO SPREAD FRENCH THOUGHT

OF the various plans announced by the belligerent groups for prolonging the war after the war, the least pernicious is that which the French intellectuals propose, the object of which is to promote in foreign lands a knowledge of French thought and French literature. Before the war Germany industriously carried on an educational propaganda in the United States and elsewhere; France never did. Now the French intellectuals are convinced that it is desirable to undertake such a movement, in order both to combat the further spread of Teutonic influences at the end of the war and to arouse in foreign countries sympathy with the ideals of the Latin races.

An organization called the *Comité du Livre* is to carry out a definitely formulated plan. Branch committees are to be started in foreign countries and to form collectively "an intellectual federation destined to oppose everywhere German predominance." The *Comité* will issue bibliographies of French works and will publish annually three special catalogues: one devoted to children's books, one to works for scholars and students, and one to works for "the man of taste."

For circulation in the United States there is to be prepared a catalogue of more than three thousand titles, and in addition special catalogues are to be published, "in order to combat efficaciously the immense advertisement made of the intellectual production of Germany by the thirty thousand catalogues distributed free each year among the booksellers of the two hemispheres by the aid of the grand commission houses of Leipzig."

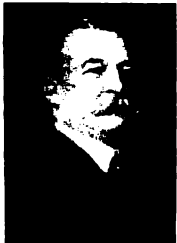
Americans will surely welcome the increased facilities for acquiring further knowledge of a people for whom, in consequence of the events of the last three years, they have the deepest sympathy and the highest admiration. They will hope, however, that the end of the war

will mean the birth of a new internationalism, such as M. Romain Rolland, most distinguished of living French authors, is now preaching from his exile in Switzerland, and that the propaganda of one nation as opposed to that of another will then prove superfluous and obsolete.

CURRENT EVENTS

RAILWAY MATTERS.—On December 23 the Federal Board of Arbitration filed a report on the demand of the railway switchmen for improved conditions of labor and of pay. The board awarded an eight-hour day instead of a ten-hour day, gave the men an increase of five cents an hour, and decided that overtime should be paid for *pro rata*.

SHIPPING BOARD.—On December 22 President Wilson appointed the board that is to organize the government shipping corporation authorized by Congress. The five members are William Denman of San Francisco, an admiralty lawyer, Bernard N. Baker of Baltimore, long president of the Atlantic Transport Line, John A. Donald of New York, also an experienced shipping man, John B. White of Kansas City, lumberman and exporter, and Theodore Brent of New Orleans, who has been a railway official.



BERNARD N. BAKER

LAND BANKS.—The farm land banks authorized by the rural credits act are to be established at Springfield, Massachusetts; Baltimore; Columbia, South Carolina; Louisville; New Orleans; St. Louis; Houston, Texas; St. Paul; Omaha; Wichita, Kansas; Spokane, Washington; and Berkeley, California.

THE PEACE NOTES.—President Wilson's note to the warring nations caused widespread discussion all over the world. It was more favorably received in Germany than in France or Great Britain; the public men and the newspapers of the Entente nations generally expressed the opinion that the note was ill-timed, and suspected the President of trying to force the Entente into agreeing to consider the peace proposals of Germany. The neutral nations were on the whole sympathetic with the President's purpose, and both Sweden and the Federal Council of Switzerland dispatched notes to the belligerents seconding President Wilson's appeal for a public statement of the terms on which both parties would consider making peace. —Shortly after the President's note was made public, Secretary Lansing gave out a statement in which he said that our rights as a neutral nation had been persistently violated by both belligerent alliances, and that the President feared that unless peace was made the United States could not help being drawn into the struggle in the protection of those rights. That explanation having led to something very much like a panic in the financial market, he made another statement later in the day, in which he said that the country was not considering any change in its policy of neutrality. —On December 26 the reply of Germany to the President's note was received; it merely repeated that Germany was ready to participate in a peace conference, and evaded Mr. Wilson's request for definite information concerning the basis on which it desired to negotiate.

DANISH WEST INDIES.—On December 21 the Landsting of Denmark agreed to the sale of the three Danish West Indian islands to the United States, and the King signed the bill that authorized the sale on the next day.

MEXICO.—On December 24 Washington learned that Gen. Villa had captured the important city and railway junction of Torreón, and on December 26 he was said to have taken San Luis Potosí. Details of the fighting were lacking. —The Constitutional Congress at Querétaro remained in session. Articles were passed that guarantee the freedom of the press and forbid members of the clergy to teach

in primary schools. —It was announced that Gen. Carranza was unwilling to sign the protocol agreed on by the joint commission without some changes in its form.

IRELAND.—The ministry of Great Britain determined on December 21 to release the five hundred and seventy-six men still held in confinement for participation in the Irish uprising of last summer.

AUSTRIA.—The new premier, Count Clam-Martinitz, declared that he would call the Austrian Parliament, which has not been in session since the war began, and urge closer economic relations between the German Empire and Austria. —Count Czernin von Chudenitz has succeeded Baron Burián as foreign minister of Austria-Hungary.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From December 21 to December 27.)

The subject of peace was still the absorbing one in all the European capitals, although it was not so much the German proposals as the letter of President Wilson that was under discussion. None of the Entente nations had sent their replies to Germany when this record closed, but it was understood that all would refuse to enter any secret conference, and would demand that the German government declare publicly what it was willing to offer by way of peace terms.

The weather was unfavorable for active warfare on almost every front, and it was only in the Dobruja that important fighting occurred. There we learned that Mackensen was steadily pushing the Russians backward toward the Danube, and on December 22 Petrograd admitted that the Russian army was being withdrawn across the river. On Christmas Day Berlin announced that the Germans had taken Isakcha, and were attacking the "bridgehead" at Matchin—presumably a pontoon bridgehead, since there is no permanent bridge anywhere along the lower Danube except at Cernavoda.

The importance of this news lies in the fact that if Mackensen can force a passage of the Danube at or near Isakcha, he will then be in the rear of the Russian lines of defense along the Pruth River. If he can cross in sufficient numbers he will have turned the left flank of the twelve-hundred-mile Russian line, and Odessa and the Black Sea provinces of Russia will be threatened. The Germans also broke the Russian defense at Rimmik-Sarat, and threatened the Russian lines along the Sereth River and the important city of Braila.

On the western front and in the Trentino there were only local engagements.

London announced that the British forces in Egypt had surprised and taken El Arish, the base from which Turkish movements against the Suez Canal have been made. A strong Turkish position at Maghdalah, south of El Arish, was also captured. Over a thousand prisoners were taken. That ends all immediate danger to the Suez Canal.

Several British and Norwegian vessels were reported destroyed by German submarines, but there was no word that the crews were lost. Paris reported that the U-45 had been sunk by French destroyers. Berlin declared that the missing French battleship Suffren was sunk by a German submarine.

Gen. Lyautey, the new French minister of war, arrived in Paris from Morocco, where he

has been resident general. The powers that he is to have amount almost to a dictatorship; for the war council has voted that "all questions concerning the preparation and carrying on of the war will be under the direction of the war minister, and that he will notify the interested ministers and generals of the decisions taken."



GEN. LYAUTEY

The British government has forbidden the publication of all shipping reports except casualties; this is to prevent any information concerning the sailing of vessels from reaching the enemy. It was reported that under the plan for nationalizing British shipping the Cunard and White Star boats would sail from Halifax instead of from New York, and be armed with six-inch guns. The sailing lanes are also to be guarded by fast cruisers.



THE HARBOR OF CHARLOTTE AMALIE IN THE DANISH WEST INDIES

ONE YEAR OF THE HUDSON SUPER-SIX

A year ago a stranger—an enigma. A new invention with astounding claims. Now conceded ruler of motordom. It perfected the Six and turned interest back from added cylinders. It showed the way to real efficiency. Holder of all worth while records. Applauded by 25,000 enthusiastic owners. The Largest Selling Front Rank Car.

A Story Unparalleled in Automobile History

Two years ago, with us and with others, the trend was toward motors of the V-type.

We were then the foremost builders of the light weight Six. Its advantages and limitations were fully understood by us.

Its smoothness of operation quickly made the Six the accepted type over Fours. But as the motors were developed limitations were encountered which prevented the realization of engineering ideals.

The problem was approached principally from the standpoint that if added cylinders were adopted, all such limitations would be banished.

For a time it seemed the Six would cease to command the leadership it had maintained.

Just before the New York Automobile Show one year ago, all interest centered in motors of the multi-cylinder type.

But at the Show, the Hudson Super-Six made its debut. Then instantly interest swung to it.

We claimed a new type. The factor which had limited the efficiency of all types—Fours, Sixes, Eights and Twelves—had been discovered and overcome.

A new principle in design had been revealed.

What had been sought by leading engineers for years had been found by Hudson.

The simplicity of the Six could be retained. Motor limitations had been removed. Added cylinders were not needed.

So leadership, because of that, was accorded the Super-Six. The trend to the multi-cylinder was arrested.

Numerous makers gave up their Eight and Twelve cylinder plans.

Let us review the year's developments.

The Super-Six Showed the Way

Hudson engineers approached the problem from a new angle. They solved it with a mathematical principle upon which a basic patent was granted.

By that single invention the most sought for solution to motor car problems, regardless of the number of cylinders, was found.

Greater power was obtained. More flexibility was shown and when the car was tried for endurance it successfully met tests never imposed on motor cars before. These things we think essential to efficiency. They are efficiency. You will see by what the Super-Six has done in winning all worth while stock car records that our claim to 80% increased efficiency is a modest boast.

Greater Proof of Endurance

Until the coming of the Super-Six practically all records for speed, acceleration, hill climbing and endurance were held by Fours. The Sixes had not done much.

A few records had been won by cars of the multi-cylinder type.

But the Super-Six instantly changed that condition.

We first proved the endurance of the Super-Six motor by running a stock chassis 1819 miles in 24 hours. That beat the best previous endurance record by 52%. It is perhaps the world's most coveted record.

We showed greater power by winning the Pike's Peak Hill Climb the greatest "non-stock" event of its kind. And we defeated twenty famous contenders in the world's most trying power test.

We proved road service by driving a 7-passenger Super-Six Touring Car from San Francisco to New York in 5 days, 3 hours and 31 minutes.

Then we turned around and went back, completing the round trip in 10 days and 21 hours. Thus twice in one round trip with a single car we established America's greatest proof of endurance. It was the first car to ever attempt the round trip against time.

Our invention gives more power without added cylinders or weight. It gives quicker acceleration and adds a yet unknown degree to the endurance of the motor.

All this came from the solution of that one problem which engineers had been unable to solve. The power that had been wasted in the motor itself was delivered where it was useful and available.

This Turned Interest Back to the Six

But many did not distinguish between a Six and the Super-Six.

As a result all makers of Sixes profited. Many buyers thought by what the Super-Six had shown that any good Six could do as well. So when they found it difficult to get prompt delivery of a Super-Six they accepted a Six.

Now they know there is no similarity between Sixes and the Super-Six save in the number of cylinders used.

They know that without the Super-Six invention all motors are limited as to efficiency. They know that with the Super-Six invention any motor of one, two, four, six, eight or twelve cylinders delivers more power—is more flexible and will give longer service, many times over.

And they know that being patented such efficiency is exclusive to the Hudson Super-Six. It is the only known principle by which such efficiency may be obtained.

The Gasoline Saver

The Super-Six possesses many other exclusive advantages.

One is the gasoline saver, a device which adds gasoline mileage. By it the low grade gasoline now on the market is made more efficient. At a nominal charge it can be quickly installed on any Hudson Super-Six not so equipped.

Note the variety of models in which the Hudson Super-Six is produced. Every taste is met. Every comfort provided for.

It is a fine car in every sense of the word. Men who want the finest will not be content with less.

One year of the Hudson Super-Six convinces us it is the only permanent type thus far produced.



Phaeton, 7-passenger \$1650	Limousine . . . \$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger 1650	Town Car . . . 2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger 1950	Town Car Landaulet 3025
Touring Sedan . . . 2175	Limousine Landaulet 3025

Prices f.o.b. Detroit

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

LAST YEAR'S CALENDAR

By Ellen Hamlin Butler

MY need of thee has passed away,
O little guide of yesterday;
But such a magic light is cast
Upon this record of the past,
That, for an hour, I lay aside
The fair new chart of time and tide,
And read with spirit-sight made clear
The picture-story of my year.

Ah! Never did old parchment shine
As this illumined book of mine,
For down the line of dates and days
An ever-changing glory strays.
In each glad festival I trace
The smile of some dear, loving face,
And angel wings gleam softly where
The page is shadowed with despair.

All that I deemed most commonplace
Is hallowed with transcendent grace:
Rose lights from many a hearth-fire's glow
Lie warm on January's snow.
Through the March tempest I desery
Rainbows afloat in April sky,
And on the fields that suffered blight
The sunshine of God's harvest light.

Slowly I turn each precious leaf.
How beautiful the year! How brief!
And knowing well whose hand has laid
These scenes in memory's shine and shade,
I cry, "Forgive the faithless hour
That shamed Thy love or foiled Thy power,
For, Lord, on every page I see
Goodness and mercy followed me."

DO IT NOW

"JOHN," said Dr. Brown to his son, "that grass has needed cutting for some days."

"Yes, sir," replied John. "I am going to cut it to-morrow."

"It isn't very important whether or not the grass is cut," answered his father, "but it's extremely important that you have the right state of mind about getting at what needs to be done. There is a legend that Satan once offered a prize to the demon who should suggest the surest method of damning men's souls. One brought forward a most brilliant argument to demonstrate the futility of goodness. Another most luridly pictured the attractions of evil. Another proposed that the satanic legions should admit the wisdom and the glory of righteousness, but should concentrate their powers on persuading men to put off the day when they should begin to practice righteousness. Satan is said to have awarded his prize to that suggestion.

"There is no question," continued the doctor, "that the greatest enemy to goodness in the world is procrastination. Every man that lives means some day to lead a good life. You have seen that little placard on office walls, 'Do It Now!' It ought to be before our eyes wherever we go. It ought to be written in our minds. Just as soon as we discern the right thing to be done, we ought to set about doing it without delay. If we delay to-day, it's twice as easy to delay again to-morrow. Get the habit, John, in small things. If the grass ought to be cut now, then require of yourself that you cut it now. If your Latin ought to be prepared now, then don't risk the chance of getting the procrastinating habit by putting it off to another time. I don't urge you to plunge into things without thinking. Take all the time you need to come to your conclusions. But when your judgment tells you a thing surely ought to be done, get at it at the first possible moment. Do it now!"

John started for the door. "That grass ought to be cut, that's sure," he said, "and I'm going to do it now!"

GOODNESS AND CHARM

"IT'S too bad," said Mrs. Carter, who had recently taken rooms in the house of an invalid, "that Mrs. Hall seems so fond of that flibbertigibbet of a Rose, and almost blind to the excellence of Jane, who does so much for her."

"Rose is very charming," I suggested, "very bright, and —"

"But she lets Jane sweep and scrub and cook," asserted Mrs. Carter. "Every morning it is Jane who lights the fire and prepares breakfast for her mother. She does at least twice as much before she goes to school as Rose does."

"Just observe a little longer," I said.

A week later we met again.

"I must admit," my friend said, "that Rose is a very attractive little thing! Jane is, of course, a most excellent, capable and devoted daughter, but Rose is a sunbeam."

"Sunbeams," I agreed, "are desirable things."

"The other night," went on Mrs. Carter, "I went in with some flowers. The two girls had been to a concert. Jane hurried home to get her mother's half-past-nine 'nourishment' ready. Rose stayed behind to chat with the girls. I thought her selfish until Jane, having served the lunch, sat down.

"Tell me about the concert, Jane. Was it good?" asked her mother.

"Oh, soso," answered Jane.

"Were there many vocal numbers?"

"I didn't count."

"Did Mrs. Ross sing?"

"No."

"Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes."

"Oh, she did! Then her voice is better. Did she sing well?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Did she sing more than once?"

"Yes."

"Was she encored?"

"Yes."

"Well, poor Mrs. Hall was worn out with her questions. Jane gave every answer as if it had been a beloved tooth and her mother a dentist. Then in came Rose, bright as a daisy.

"O mother!" she cried. "How I wish you had been there! It was such a charming concert! There were two piano duets and a solo by that boy Mrs. Graham was telling us about. He really plays quite well. And it wasn't a bit true about Mrs. Jones's voice having given way. She was down for two numbers, and was encored twice each time. And she sang Annie Laurie for the last. I wish you'd heard her. And Miss Pratt was accompanying in that black silk she always wears with a pink bow! I believe she'll go in for sashes next! The organist from Kamloops was there, and

he made a little speech so funny and bright. All the Browns turned out in force, and Kitty has a new suit. They asked after you, and Kitty is going to bring you some flowers soon, she said. Notice the suit, if she wears it. It's a brown pin stripe with a cutaway coat. And notice —"

"Then Jane interrupted.

"Rose, you'll tire mother all out chattering like that," she said.

"No! I like it," pleaded poor Mrs. Hall. "I seem to get the good of everything Rose goes to."

"Then Rose kissed her mother and danced off to bed. I admit, of course, that Jane helped her mother upstairs and remembered her hot-water bottle. Oh, she's capable, to be sure; but how dull Mrs. Hall would be without Rose!"

"And what a fine thing it would be," I added, "if Rose could have some of Jane's sterling parts, and Jane a little of Rose's sunny temperament!"

THE RESOURCEFUL SKIPPER OF THE KEA

RESCUED from the very jaws of death by starvation on a barren rock in the Pacific Ocean, Capt. Theodore Curtis, a veteran sea captain of Long Beach, California, recently returned to his home, safe and sound after his thrilling experiences. With the captain were three sailors of his crew who were cast away with him.

Capt. Curtis, with an engineer, cook and deck hand, left Long Beach under orders from the International Fishing Company to inspect one of its boats at Turtle Bay. Leaving San Quentin in a seventy-five-ton power schooner, the Kea, the captain accomplished his mission before the trouble began. On the second night out of Turtle Bay on the return voyage, the cook, by carelessness when he was making coffee, set the boat on fire. This happened late at night, and the captain and crew were roused to immediate action by the realization that a leaky distillate tank stood on the after deck, with the boards surrounding it soaked with the distillate that had already seeped out.

"By the time we saw what had happened," said the captain to the reporter of the Los Angeles Times, "the flames were shooting masthead high. There was a heavy sea running, and we had only two life preservers and a small lifeboat. We would not have had a chance if that fire had got to the tanks. I grabbed my mattress, wound it round the leaky tank, and held it there while the men fought the flames. Finally, with our extinguishers, they got them under control."

The fire, however, was only the beginning of trouble, for soon after the flames were put out the engines stopped. The men ran up sails, but the winds were unfavorable. The engineer tinkered and coaxed the engines into pulling the ship a hundred and fifty miles, but then they gave out entirely. The Kea washed about helplessly for a day, while the men tried vainly to make headway with the sails. Then a fishing boat turned up and towed the Kea to San Geronimo Island, where its skipper left the schooner and crew, with the promise that he would return in a day or two. The island is only a mile and a half long and half a mile wide, a mere rock in the sea inhabited only by birds. There was no water on the island.

The captain and his crew of three men watched hopefully for the return of the fishing boat, but it never came. The small supply of water on the boat gave out. Then the skipper conceived the idea of rigging up a condenser from the ship's whistle and a few barrels, and he got in that way about four gallons of drinkable water a day. Had it not been for that water, all four men must have perished.

Capt. Curtis and his three companions were on the island for fifteen days. For food, they fished and ate abalones. There were few fish; so the fare consisted mainly of the abalone meat. To add to the personal discomfort of the captain, he suffered from the loss of several teeth, which had been extracted before his departure on the voyage. Since that caused him to be ill most of the time, he lived for most of the two weeks on nothing but water condensed by the improvised still.

On the fifteenth day the sailors sighted a boat on the horizon. In desperation they launched their skiff and began to row with all their strength toward the ship. The ship did not see them for a long time, but at last it came about, and Capt. Curtis and his men knew that they were saved. The ship was the Freda from San Pedro.

A TEMPORARY HOTEL

UNCLE HENRY and Aunt Jane had not visited their nephews and nieces for several years, writes a Companion reader, and Uncle James and his family had not yet paid the visit they had contemplated for some time.

When, therefore, both uncles wrote saying they would pay us a visit on a certain week if it were convenient for us, we did not inform either that the other had written, for we were afraid that one of them would give up the trip, lest both families with our own should make too large a household.

So about the first of August we had a household of fifteen to be cared for in a bungalow that had only three bedrooms. But it was a happy party. Everyone took hold and made light work; we overlooked inconveniences altogether or turned them into jokes, and by making use of parlor and living room, hall and dining room, we found a place for everyone to sleep.

We had a set of rules that father drew up and posted for our "Hotel de Bungalow." They were as follows:

General Information and Rules.

This hotel is conducted on the sardine plan; a prize is offered to anyone who can find any unoccupied space.

All meals guaranteed under the Poor Food and Drugging Act.

All our eggs strictly fresh—when they were laid. Onions served weekly—the weaker the better.

Regular rates do not include snoring privileges. The capacity of the hotel is ten gals.

Baseball fans will find a pitcher in every room. Leave all valuables with the proprietor; he needs them.

Regular meals at 7 A. M., 12 M. and 6 P. M.; irregular meals whenever the cook isn't looking.

If you like the food, do not kiss the cook; her stomach isn't very strong.

This hotel has no rats except in ladies' hair. A good comb will be found on every rooster.

The toothbrush hangs in the bathroom. Moving pictures in every room; look in the mirror.

Nightmares to rent at reasonable rates.

If the stillness of the neighborhood disturbs you in the night, lift the sheet and hear the bed tick.

If you find your room getting too hot, open the window and see the fire escape.

No rebate allowed on account of loss of sleep.

We serve certified milk. Our water bill certifies its quality.

Women without escorts welcomed. Making safety matches is our specialty. Clergyman on the premises.

Vegetables fresh from California. We ship ours to the New York market.

Infant Postum made on request of women or children.

No dogs wanted. We buy our sausages.

Inevitancy on the part of employees should be reported to the manager in writing. Drop your complaint in the wastebasket. It will do no harm there.

MOUNTAINS THAT WEAR UNIVERSITY LETTERS

HIGH up on the bare slope of the Wasatch Mountains, immediately behind Salt Lake City, is an enormous white capital letter "U" that is visible from every point in the great Salt Lake Valley. It is the letter of the University of Utah. It is one hundred feet long by fifty feet wide, and is as everlasting as the mountain it rests upon, for it is made of solid concrete.

Years ago it was the custom for each of the two lower classes at the university to try to put its numerals on the hills behind the college, and to prevent its rival from doing the same thing. The resulting fights became so violent that the student body took steps to put an end to them. The class numerals were replaced by a great letter "U," made by the entire student body. It was of earth



WHITEWASHING THE "U"

and was whitewashed; but the rains soon washed it away. The letter had to be made every year.

In 1907 the boys decided to make a permanent letter of concrete. They raised a sum of money to buy materials, drew plans, dug the trench, made the concrete and fashioned the great letter.

Ever since, April 16 has been set aside as "U" day. On this day all the students and many townsfolk besides climb the steep slope of the mountain and assemble at the "U." The workers are organized beforehand, and most of the hard tasks fall to the freshmen! Quantities of lime and water are carried up the hill, the letter is swept clean and a coat of whitewash applied. By noon the work is completed, and the letter stands out sharply in its new white spring suit. Then the students descend to the campus, where the "coeds" serve luncheon on the lawns. The afternoon is given up to sports and dancing. It is a Western variation of the historic ceremony that Thomas Hughes describes in *The Scouring of the White Horse*.

Farther west, on the hills overlooking Berkeley and San Francisco Bay, the traveler beholds another great letter—the golden "C" of the University of California. In size it is sixty by thirty feet. It, too, is made of concrete. It stands eight hundred feet above tide level, and is colored a golden yellow—the university colors are gold and blue.

This great letter has been strung with wires, and on the occasion of an athletic victory it blazes out against the dark background of the night, flashing its message to all the country round.

Near Ogden, Utah, a great "Y" adorns a steep slope in honor of the Brigham Young College, and Livingston, Montana, gazes out on a huge white letter "L."

HITCHIN' UP FOR THE WIDDER MASON

AS he settled himself upon the long seat near Caleb Peaslee's back door, Mr. Obed Gunney groaned wearily.

"What's aillin' you now?" Caleb asked him. Obed stretched his arms painfully once or twice and grinned feebly.

"I ben hitchin' up a hoss for the Widder Mason," he confessed, "and I feel kind of wore out."

Mr. Peaslee's surprise was patent in every feature. "Hitchin' up a hoss!" he repeated. "That ought not to tucker a man out same's you be."

Obed crossed his legs with a visible effort and began his explanation. "Mebbe four hours ago—right after dinner 'twas—I sot out to go down to the village and get two-three things I was needin' at the store—some harness soap and some lamp wicks, and such. When I got to the Widder Mason's place, she was out by the fence, peering up and down the road. When she ketched sight of me her face lit up wonderful.

"O Mr. Gunney, she squeals, 'I'm so thankful you come along jest when you did. I was jest wantin' some man to hitch the hoss up for me; 'twon't take you a minute, hardly.'"

"Well," Obed submitted, "what could a man do but say he'd be glad to do anything he could? 'T any rate, that was what I told her."

"Oh," she says, 'will you? Ain't you the help-inest man! Well, seein' you're so good, mebbe I'll ask you to shift over that pile of lumber. I had it hauled from the mill, and they piled it right where I don't want it,' she says.

"Some of them timbers," Obed commented grimly, "was six-by-eight-inch stuff, and green spruce at that. 'Twa'n't no one-man job shiffin' 'em round, but I'd gin my word, and it took me the better part of an hour to get it done."

"The widder'd ben watchin' me all the time, and jest b'fore I took holt of the last sticks she disappeared into the shed, and when she come out she had a spade and pickax in her hands."

"Of course," s'she, 'what I really wanted you to do was harness the hoss for me, but long's we're standin' here talkin' you might jest as well be busy. And I've ben wantin' a couple of post holes dug there for I d'know how long,' she says, and with that she shoved them tools into my hands and sot me to diggin'—and in that ledgy back yard of hern, too!"

"The long and short of it is, Kellup," Obed said

gloomily, "that woman kep' me there four mortal hours pilin' over lumber and diggin' post holes and settin' in the posts and tacklin' on a few shingles on the shed and pokin' down a hornet's nest out of the gable of the house,—I got stung twice doin' that,—and it was all done under the color that we was jest standin' there talkin'!"

"Fin'ly, when I'd done more than a reg'lar day's work and my back was achin' and my left eye'd swelled up so'st I could scarcely see out of it, she let on that she'd have the hoss harnessed and go down to the store."

"I threw the harness onto the hoss with both hands, and I made a quick job of that, if I do say so myself. I didn't cal'late to give her time to think up any more work, and when I give her the reins and helped her in, she fairly beamed on me."

"There," she says, 'I've had a real nice, long talk with you, and 's far as delayin' you goes, I don't b'lieve that harnessin' took you over a minute. I'm glad it didn't, for I'll feel free to call on you again sometime, when I need some one to hitch up for me,' and with that she drove off, leavin' me there with my mouth gaped open and without so much as a 'thank you kindly' for the four hours' work I'd put in for her!"

"But," concluded Mr. Gunney firmly, "the next time Eudora Mason gets a man to hitch up a hoss for her that man won't be Obed Gunney. There's too much to it."

IN A WILDERNESS OF GOLD

THE New York assay office is now the most important institution of the kind in the world. There is more gold stacked up in boxes and kegs, in bricks and bars, in bins and bags, than ever before in the history of the country. The assay office, says the New York World, is the purchasing agent for the government. Foreign gold, consigned to banks and trust companies, is "cashed in" through the assay office.

British sovereigns, packed in boxes, are piled as high as the ceiling. Dodging that golden bulwark, the visitor is likely to bump into the cases full of French twenty francs that are piled on the other side. Turning to reach the elevator, he skirts a row of gold bars, packed five ten-thousand-dollar bars to the keg, in sawdust, and stretching along the wall twice the height of a man.

All gold, of whatever nature, is melted and refined to a fineness of 999.5, or finer, and cast into bars of standard sizes. The value of each bar is expressed in United States dollars and cents. Every bar and coin has to stand the acid test.

There are fifteen big melting pots at work on gold exclusively. It seems almost brutal to see the workmen scoop shovelfuls of gold pieces from metal boxes and dump them, one after another, into a pot until it is full, and then clap on the lid and wait for them to stew!

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE difference is apparent early: A boy has as much fun in stoning a cat as a girl has in hunting for violets. A boy's curiosity is directed to the ice box; a girl would like to see what is in the top bureau drawer.

A girl can give the impression when away from home that her parents are wealthy; a boy cannot. Every boy is old enough to be welcome to sit in the neighbor girl's parlor many years before his sister thinks he is old enough to sit in the parlor at home.

A girl is never so young that she will reveal to guests at a party that the spoons are borrowed; a boy child never grows so old that he fails to.

Give the boy a dollar and he will eat it; give his sister one and she will wear it.

A brother and sister may have hair of the same shade, but the boy's is called red and the girl's, auburn.

When brothers fight, it is over the larger share of pie; when sisters quarrel, one has worn something belonging to the other without asking permission.

A GIANT OVEN

BAKING railway cars is not a process recognized and described in household cookbooks, yet the process is in practical operation in the car shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad, according to the Popular Science Monthly. One problem that had engaged the attention of the railway officials was that of reducing the time required for drying a car after painting.

Their experience with quick-drying paints caused them to construct a mammoth baking oven at Altoona. It is large enough to accommodate cars of almost any length. With the car well inside, the doors are closed and the temperature is raised above the boiling point of water. The paint is completely dry and hard and ready for service in about three hours.

The saving of time by this process is very marked. It has reduced by ninety-five per cent the time required for drying cars by the old method, and has cut in half the time a car is out of service during repainting.

NO INCUMBRANCE

A CONSIDERABLE commingling of social classes, writes a correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, occurs in our village, owing to the townfolks' practice of renting summer cottages among us, and living therein in neighborly fashion with the working people for whom the places were built. In one such case the resident from town was an unmarried lady; the genuine cottager next door had a husband who, to put it mildly, was no blessing to her.

Making a friendly call one day, the wife was greatly impressed by the pleasant air of comfort and well-being achieved in a cottage otherwise the duplicate of her own. She looked round with a mildly envious air and, with a little sigh, earnestly remarked, "O Miss X—, you ought to be 'appy—no 'usband nor nothin'."

AN EDIBLE CURRENCY

AT Cobham, a rural station in central Virginia, Mr. Bell is the storekeeper. One day a small negro came into his store with a single egg. He went up to Mr. Bell and displayed the new-laid egg.

"Mr. Bell, mummer say please, sir, give her a needle for dis egg."

"You can get two needles for an egg," answered Mr. Bell.

"Nor, sir, mummer don' want two needles; she say please, sir, give me de change in cheese."



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



LITTLE BEAR'S SURPRISE PARTY

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

LITTLE BEAR did not like to hear any talk about Sleepy Cave, which was the name of the Three Bears' winter home the year that Jack Frost came so late. There were three beds in Sleepy Cave, ready and waiting for the Three Bears—a big, big bed of fir boughs and moss for the huge Father Bear, a middle-sized bed of fir boughs and moss for the middle-sized Mother Bear, and a deep, deep bed of feathery moss for tiny Little Bear. There were also feathery moss blankets taken from fallen logs in the forest: one for huge Father Bear, one for Mother Bear, and the softest, warmest blanket of all for Little Bear. Sleepy Cave was big and warm and dry. There was no chance for snow to drift in at the doorway, because it was sheltered by a broad, overhanging rock, and the back of it was toward the wind. There was blackberry jam put away in that cave, and honeycombs and many other good things to eat, in case the family should wake up and feel hungry before spring.

But Little Bear did not like to hear a word about Sleepy Cave. With him it was the same old story, beginning, "I don't want to sleep all winter! Mrs. Maria Wildcat, she said, 'Young cub, you won't be anything but a little baby bear, eating porridge out of a little bowl, and sitting in a wee, wee chair, and sleeping in a wee, wee bed for another hundred years, if you lie round and sleep all winter! You'll never grow up!' She always says that! And Mr. Bob Wildcat, he said —"

"There! There!" Mother Bear interrupted. "Don't let me hear another word about Maria Wildcat or any of the Wildcat family! I think I said that to you once before!"

"But I don't want to sleep all winter!" wailed Little Bear. "I want to stay in our own little house in the woods and see the snow on the evergreens! I'd love to play in the snow and go sliding on the ice! I want to stay here and eat porridge out of my little bowl, and sit in my little chair and sleep in my little bed! Father Deer's children do not sleep all winter. They make tracks in the snow, and they lie down to rest in the evergreens and watch for their enemies in the middle of the day. Father Deer told me about it all over again. I want to stay here and play all winter like other folks. Sally Beaver's mother, she said —"

"Hush!" said Mother Bear. "You have talked enough."

She spoke severely; but a moment later, when the little fellow went out and sat on the doorstep to think, she said to Father Bear, "Suppose we have a surprise party for Little Bear, so he will have something pleasant to think about when he goes to Sleepy Cave?"

"A good idea!" agreed Father Bear. "But

there is snow in the air, and if there is to be a party it had better be this afternoon. Whom do you wish to invite?"

Mother Bear smiled as she answered, "Let us invite the children of all our friends who sleep through the winter. I think that will be pleasanter for Little Bear. We'll invite Auntie Cinnamon's children, and Uncle Brown Bear's family, and the Porcupine twins, and the Field Mouse children, and the young Woodchucks. If you will go and ask them, I will make blackberry-jam sandwiches and honey cakes, and get the house in order."

Little Bear did not ask a question as Father Bear, looking rather proud of his new fur overcoat, went forth to visit the neighbors.

That afternoon, as Father Bear and Mother Bear were happily waiting for Little Bear's company to arrive, there came a knock at the door, and in came Auntie Cinnamon. "I came to say," said she, "that my children cannot come to the party because they have gone to

"But where is the party, mother? Am I invited?" suddenly asked Little Bear.

Just then came another knock at the door, and Mother Porcupine walked in to say that the twins were tucked away in bed for the winter, she hoped, so they could not come to Little Bear's surprise party.

Little Bear was so delighted when he learned that he was to have a surprise party that he was not disappointed when the laughing Blue Jay came with a message from Mrs. Field Mouse, saying that none of her children could keep their eyes open, they were so sleepy, and so of course they could not come to the party.

"I'll sit by the window and see who does come," said Little Bear, happy as he could be.

Now it happened that no one else could come to the party; so Mother Bear took Little Bear to the cupboard to show him the blackberry sandwiches and the honey cakes, and let him taste them to see how good they were, while Father Bear stepped outdoors to ask the Blue



MOTHER BEAR LET HIM HAVE A BLACKBERRY SANDWICH

sleep for the winter. No, I cannot stay, I thank you, but I am glad to stop in a minute to say that I wish Little Bear pleasant dreams, and the same to you!"

"Sleepyheads!" said Little Bear, when Auntie Cinnamon had gone on her way.

Next came Uncle Brown Bear. He was so fat that he was out of breath from walking fast and had to rest a minute before he could say, "Our children are asleep and cannot come to the party, but Auntie Brown would have me come over to thank you and to wish you all pleasant dreams." And away he went.

"The sleepyheads!" cried Little Bear again, and how he laughed and laughed!

Jay to please fly quickly away and invite the Wildcat children, and the young Squirrels and Chipmunks and Foxes to come immediately to the party.

The Blue Jay flew away to do the errand, and soon many chattering, noisy wildwood children were hastening to the party. But when they reached the house, they found Little Bear sound asleep in his wee chair with a contented smile on his face; he was dreaming of that party. The merry children wished to share with him the jam sandwiches and the honey cakes, but they could not waken him, although they tried their best.

Late that afternoon, when the party was over and the frolicsome children had gone, Father Bear took Little Bear in his arms and Mother Bear closed the house. Then away went all three to Sleepy Cave.

When Little Bear was snugly tucked up in his feathery moss bed, Mother Bear kissed him and whispered to Father Bear, "I am so glad that he was happy when he fell asleep!"

That very night it snowed, and snowed and snowed.

WHEN BILLY WAS TARDY

BY BLANCHE STUART

THIS is the story of the way a nail in the fence of Billy Allen's garden kept the fourth-grade room in the Lincoln School from winning the beautiful flag that the teacher and pupils had set their hearts on. It really was not the fault of the nail, as you shall see, for the nail had its own work to do, and would rather have been doing it than making trouble for the fourth-grade room.

The story of that nail goes back to last summer, when Billy was helping his father fasten some boards that had worked loose in the garden fence.

"I can drive nails, father; let me hammer some of them," he begged.

His father handed him the hammer, and Billy did very well indeed—for a time; but after he had driven three or four nails he suddenly tired of his task and dropped the hammer to chase a butterfly that was hovering near. It

THE SANDMAN'S WIFE

BY MIRIAM CLARK POTTER

The little brown sandman lives, you know, On the top of the hill where the cherries grow; The roof of his house is a great toadstool With a wee bell tower, like the village school; And tumbling and heaping about the door Are piles of sand from the white seashore.

The little brown sandman, bent and thin, Has a deep-blue cloak that he wraps up in; His peaked hat has a star on top And he fastens his cloak with a green gumdrop; He's always sleepy; a slow man he; And he stretches and yawns at half past three.

Now, the greatest joy in the sandman's life Is Polly M. Pumpkin, the sandman's wife; She's a round little soul, with a rosy face, And she bustles and bounces about the place; The children the sandman goes to see She loves a great deal more than he.

At seven o'clock, on every night, She lights his lamp with a fagot bright; Then Polly M. Pumpkin wakes him up As he sits asleep by his blue teacup. "The children are nodding now!" she cries. "Go sprinkle the sea sand upon their eyes."

And she hands him a sack, when he blinks and starts, "For my sleepest children— Ah, bless their hearts!"

And quite unknown to the brown sandman She has mixed it up, as only she can, With magical sugar, as sweet as a rose, That brings good dreams wherever it goes.

"Now hurry away!" she cries, and stands On the flat doorstep and waves her hands. The little brown sandman slips away Till he's lost in the stars of the Milky Way. "He'd never get started in all his life, If it weren't for me!" says the sandman's wife.

Then she climbs the bell tower, up on the house, And she peers about, like a bright-eyed mouse; And she says to herself, as she always does, "I'll let him sleep some night, because I'm going to go in my husband's place." And a mischievous smile lights up her face.

did not seem important to Billy that he had left one nail driven only halfway in, and his father did not notice the half-driven nail when he picked up the hammer and went on with the work.

That was last summer, as I said before. Since school began there have been weekly contests between the rooms of the Lincoln School, which Billy attends, for a beautiful silk American flag. The room that does not have a single tardy mark for the week holds the flag for the following week. Some weeks no room earns the flag, and then it remains locked up in a closet. Billy's room, the fourth-grade room, has not yet had the flag once; but there was one week when it looked as if that room were surely going to win. When Friday came it was the only room in the big building that had no tardy marks.

Billy lives very near the schoolhouse, and he had not been late all the term. It was no fault of his that the room had not won the flag long before. Of course he would not be the one to fail it now!

But on that Friday morning he slept a little later than usual. When he dressed, the buttons would not stay buttoned and there seemed to be more of them than usual. Then he wanted an extra slice of toast, and had to wait while his mother prepared it. By the time he was ready to start it lacked only four minutes of nine.

"Lots of time!" he cried, when he kissed his mother and put on his cap. "I'll go through the garden. It's a short cut."

Billy ran down the garden walk and clambered to the top of the fence. The school yard lay just beyond. The pupils were watching, and they clapped their hands when they saw Billy coming. But Billy did not jump off the fence. He sat there and acted as if he were trying to take something out of the pocket of his trousers. His mother ran to the door.

"Billy, do hurry!" she urged. "It's almost nine!"

Then the teacher of Billy's room came to the window and called sharply:

"William Allen, do not sit on that fence an instant longer! The last bell will ring in a minute and you will be tardy!"

Still Billy sat on the fence, although it was plain now that he was trying to climb down. His mother saw that something was wrong, and ran down the garden path. Billy began to struggle harder. There was a sound of tearing, and Billy fell to the ground with a big hole in his trousers. Just then the bell rang. Billy's room had lost the flag.

"It was an old nail!" complained Billy, crying bitterly, as he climbed back over the fence and walked to the house to have his trousers mended before he went to school. "It had no business there, anyway!"

But later when he and his father talked it over, he remembered about the nail that he had left half driven; and the lesson that Billy has learned is one that he is not likely to forget.

GAMES OF OTHER DAYS AND LANDS

BY HARRIET O'BRIEN

I. EGYPTIAN HANDBALL

HOW old is the game of throwing and catching a ball? No one can say. It is probable that it has been played in one form or another through all the thousands and thousands of years since first there were children in the world. Of course in the earliest times the game was very simple. The ball may have been a shell picked up on the shore, or a large nut, or some kind of wild fruit. Or it may have been made of such rude materials as a bit of skin rolled up and tied.

We know that tossing and catching a ball was a favorite sport of both the Greeks and the Romans, for the old writings that have come down to us from their time tell us about it. Further back in history than that, the Egyptians not only played with a ball but made up a simple game in which the ball figured. The two pictures that appear here are copied from an ancient Egyptian carving of four thousand years or more ago. Each of the children has a ball, and each throws to the other at the same time. Then, having thrown his own ball, each crosses his arms and catches the other ball with the arms in that position. That is, if the ball comes on the right side, it is caught with the left hand; if it comes on the left side, it is caught with the right hand. If you think that is easy to do, try it.

No doubt the boys and girls who lived along the Nile enjoyed this game many centuries before Columbus discovered America, or Julius Caesar led his armies, or the Greeks besieged Troy. It is as easy to get fun out of it now as it was then, for the game of ball never grows old, no matter what form it takes or where it is played.



Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

FAMILY PAGE for JANUARY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

CLIMBING VINES FEW PEOPLE KNOW

AMATEUR gardeners have strangely neglected some of the best of the climbing vines. One that you seldom see, in spite of the fact that it was introduced into this country nearly fifty years ago, is the climbing hydrangea, which originally came from Japan. Perhaps the formidable-looking name—*Schizophragma*—under which it is commonly catalogued may account in part for the fact that it has remained in the background so long. It bears splendid tresses of white flowers in July and August, and, as it clings readily to any rough surface, is especially suited for growing on tree trunks and rustic arbors. It is hardy, but does not climb so rapidly as some other vines.

Polygonum arbutifolium is a very fast-growing vine that late in summer bears a great cloud of fleecy white flowers. It serves excellently for covering fences and trellises.

Although *Aetnindia* is somewhat better known, it is rarely seen except in the hands of professional gardeners who have learned its value in forming dense screens. It is especially well suited for covering lattice-work in order to produce a screen, and for growing on porches where seclusion is desired. The fact that insect pests almost never infest the vine offsets the scantiness of its white flowers and edible fruit.

Akebia quinata needs more sun than the *Aetnindia* vine, but, like it, is exceptionally free from insect pests and plant diseases, and is excellent where you do not desire a dense screen. It grows gracefully on arbors and trellises.

There has been a strong desire for a climbing vine that is evergreen in the Middle and Northern States. *Eucynips regalis*, or evergreen bitter-sweet, answers that description. However cold the weather may be, the leaves are as pretty and green in February and March as they are in June. It produces great numbers of yellowish-red berries that last half the winter. The *Eucynips* does not grow very fast during the first year, but after that it makes moderately rapid growth. It is especially attractive when grown on walls; it also looks well on arbors, and can be used to advantage in covering the foundations of buildings. Sometimes it is used for edging and, where box is not available, for making miniature hedges in place of it. Altogether it is one of the best vines that have been introduced in recent years, and has the further advantage of being inexpensive. Plants already started cost only twenty-five cents apiece.

Another rather new vine is *Ampelopsis brevifolia*, called the Japanese ivy, which is like the common Boston ivy except that the leaf is smaller and more finely divided. It is the equal of the Boston ivy in its ability to cling to the smoothest surface and in its rapid growth. Its light-green foliage turns bright red in the fall.

Newer than any of the vines just mentioned is a wonderful clematis recently brought from China by Mr. E. H. Wilson, the plant hunter. *Clematis montana rubens*, as it is called, has rosy-red flowers that resemble those of the Japanese anemone. Flowering begins in June and continues to some extent throughout the season.

Many varieties of the clematis grow well in this country, although only two or three are known to the average amateur. *Henryi*, which has white flowers eight inches across, *Madame Andre*, which has deep crimson blossoms, and *Sieboldi*, which bears wonderful, large lavender blossoms, should be as well known as the common *paniculata*, although they are not quite so hardy and need some protection when fall comes.

One new vine among the annuals that deserves to be mentioned is the cardinal climber, which has bright scarlet flowers that resemble small morning-glories. It grows rapidly and is very attractive even when not in flower, for the leaves are dark green and finely cut. Like most plants that have flowers of the morning-glory type, the cardinal climber likes an open, sunny position. It is best to start the seeds in the house by planting them one to a pot late in March.

FOOD VALUES

IN these days of high and still-mounting food prices, housekeepers have to know something of food values. When a family includes a hard-working father, one or two voracious boys and, let us say, a delicate little girl, all of whom must be fed on a small outlay, the problem is not an easy one. Many families live in a state of semi-starvation, although they do not know it, and, at the same time, spend enough money on their table to provide them with plenty of good food.

The first thing to learn is that a large family cannot be fed on a small outlay if the members demand table luxuries, or if the whole week is stunted in favor of the one big meal on Sunday. When the money allowance is very small, not only are expensive cuts of meat out of the question, but there can be very little meat of any kind. While the children are young they must have milk, and the first thing to be sure of is that it is clean and fresh. Then the mother should learn how to vary her marketing in order to keep up the right ratio of proteins, fats and sugars.

People who can afford to buy without thought of cost get most of their proteins from steaks and chops, turkeys and chickens; but peas, beans, lentils and oatmeal do just as well, and cost much less. Cheese is a most valuable food, and can be made palatable in many ways.

Many children dislike fat, especially those who need it most,—yet it is a very necessary element in their diet. When it cannot take the form of cream or good butter, it should be supplied in the form of "dripping," suet or oleomargarine. Children who refuse to take fat when they see it in bulk, will usually take it in the form of milk puddings, or when cooked with their vegetables, or

hidden in sandwiches and disguised under a relish. Children usually welcome sugar in any form. Jams and fruit butters are wholesome, and molasses is an economical form in which to supply sugar.

AN ANNUAL MEETING THAT WAS NOT DULL

"HOW odd to have a programme at an annual meeting!" exclaimed a woman who had just come into the Sheldon Women's Club. "A blessing, though, to have anything novel! If there's any gathering more deadly dull—" She stopped eloquently.

"Yes!" agreed her neighbor. "Why, look there! They seem to have some sort of stage behind those curtains. That's funny! What do you suppose it's for? The first number on the programme is the 'Report of the House Committee.'"

As if in response to the question, the curtain parted, and a ripple of merriment ran over the audience as they recognized a facsimile of the shabbiest corner of the Sheldon Women's Club owned and conducted for girls who were employed in the city.

"Do you suppose that's the report?" whispered the woman who had first spoken. "It certainly speaks for itself."

Just then a young girl appeared on the stage and began to rearrange the furniture. She placed two chairs in the corner, tried the effect of a small taboret over a large ink spot in the rug, and was arranging the magazines on the table when another girl entered.

"Are you going to have a caller?" she inquired.

The first girl nodded. "Do you think there's a chance of our having the place halfway to ourselves?" she asked anxiously. "He's a boy from home, and rather bashful, you know."

"I hope so," said the second girl sympathetically; "but I'm afraid—you see the glee club's planning to practice, and then there's Amy Nutting and her crowd. Here they come now."

Six or eight girls entered noisily and spread in every direction. One of them ran her hand hastily over the magazines, and pushed one or two to the floor before she found the one that she wanted; another helped herself to the taboret, and a third looked longingly at the two chairs in which the other girls had hastily seated themselves.

Suddenly some one noticed that another girl was standing on the threshold, from her timid air, her outside wraps and the suit case in her hand, evidently a stranger. "Is this the Sheldon House?" she asked.

The group of girls came forward cordially. In a few moments they had answered her questions about the cost of rooms, the laundry, the dining room and the bedrooms.

"Upstairs is really lovely," they explained, "because some one gave the house committee money enough last year to renovate it. But look at this! They know there ought to be three or four rooms, so everyone wouldn't be jumbled together, but they just haven't the money. Still, you'd better stay! Some one's sure to help out soon!"

They swept her away to the registrar's office just as the glee club and a group of listeners crowded into the room.

Behind them came the "bashful boy from home" with his hostess, but the two chairs had already been taken. Finally the girl found one small chair, and the boy perched uneasily on a narrow window sill.

They tried to talk, but between the confusion of the rehearsal and the battery of eyes the boy seemed stricken dumb. Groups of girls came and went. One or two tried to read some of the magazines but gave it up in despair.

"Oh," said the boy at last, "let's go out and take a walk."

"It's nearly zero outside," said the girl. "But I'll tell you, Tom. We'll go down to the station. There aren't many trains for an hour now, and it'll be light and warm—and rather quiet."

The curtains closed and the report of the house committee was over.

"That's the best report I ever heard," said one woman. "I shall look into that parlor business right away."

The next number on the programme was the "Report on the Cooking Classes." The curtains parted again to reveal the stage set for a cooking lesson, and a group of young cooks gave a "demonstration," although the lack of one or two things in the equipment was very clearly brought to the attention of the spectators.

Next, in front of the curtain, came the finance report. At a table in the centre sat the treasurer.

To her came first the different receipts: a fairy bringing "the gifts of friends," smiling girls with the income from classes and rooms, a bank messenger with the returns from investments; then a funny tax collector appeared for his taxes, a carpenter and a plumber for payment for repairs, a grocery boy for money for supplies—the line of disbursements that filed across the stage seemed almost endless. When the last one had gone, the treasurer rose and carefully counted out some bills and change.

"Cash on hand for another year, five dollars and two cents," she announced ruefully, and left the stage.

Other committees followed, each setting forth its needs or its work in similar novel and picturesque fashion. When the meeting was over there were many women in the audience whose interest in the club had been keenly reawakened. They



"REPORT OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE"

had come expecting to be bored, but had found themselves interested from beginning to end.

A SENSE CONTEST

THE game consists of a number of tests in which the winners are those who make the best use of their five senses.

In different rooms or at different tables arrange a group of tests for each of the five senses. An older person should act as judge; if a great number of children take part, have a judge for each group of events. The number of players is limited only by the trouble you are willing to take in planning the contest. Give each player a card with the various events written on it and a space opposite each event for the judge to write the score made by the player. It is convenient to mark the grades on a standard of one hundred per cent.

Vary the tests as much as you please, but keep them simple and of a nature that will interest young persons. There is no need to use anything in the contest that you do not have at hand in the house. Here is the way one mother planned the various events, all of which proved successful.

There were five tests for the sense of sight. First the players were asked to look for two minutes at a large picture full of detail; then they had to turn away and write as complete a description of the picture as they could. They were then allowed to see a tray on which were displayed ten or twelve small, familiar articles, such as a match, a thimble, a fork, a pencil, a stone, and so on; the contestants had to say at a glance how many articles there were on the tray.

After a somewhat closer study, the players had to turn away and tell what the articles were. Then, while their backs were still turned, one of the articles on the tray was removed; they were allowed another glance at the tray, and had to tell what article had been taken away. That event was repeated with the change of adding an article to the tray instead of taking one away.

As each player finished the tests for observation, he passed into the room where the events for the sense of hearing were held. For those events the player was blindfolded. Each player took the tests by himself, apart from the others. First a silver and a gold thimble were dropped on the floor, and the player had to distinguish them by their sound. Then a note was struck on the piano, followed by a number of others; the player was asked to say when a note an octave higher than the first note had been struck. After that a number of notes were struck on the piano, or on glass tumblers filled with various amounts of water. After each series of notes the player had

to say which note had been the highest, or the lowest, or the loudest, or the softest.

During the tests of the sense of touch the players remained blindfolded. Each player in turn was allowed to take various objects in his hand, and was asked to name them by his sense of touch. White potatoes and sweet potatoes, fruits of all kinds, an onion, a shoehorn, a ten-cent piece afforded tests that kept the players alert and that yet were not beyond their powers. Oddly enough, few of the children could tell what the shoehorn was, and all of them mistook the ten-cent piece for a one-cent piece. After the players had finished those events they passed to the last test for touch, which consisted in feeling an older person's finger and telling which finger of the hand it was.

For the sense of smell, various things, such as vinegar, oil, essence of peppermint and essence of vanilla were put into small bottles. The players, still blindfolded, had to determine by the sense of smell what the various bottles contained. They also had to name certain fruits by the smell of them.

The tests for the sense of taste were performed in a similar manner; the players had to name by the taste various harmless articles of food.

The children who took part in the contest were as much amused when they made mistakes as they were delighted when they made good scores.

WHEN TO STOP WORK

AS there is an appropriate time for everything, there is an appropriate time to stop work. When hours for work are definitely fixed, the stopping moment comes at a regular time. But suppose our time is our own, but that we must devote a share of it to work: when shall we stop? Shall we cease when the work is done, and not until then?

Usually that would be best; whenever it is possible, we ought to complete a task before we lay it aside. But sometimes we cannot finish the work at one sitting. Then we ought to be sure not to stop until we have done the hardest part—until we feel assured that the end is in sight, and that we can leave the work in such a stage that taking up the task again will be more of a pleasure than a burden. All of us delight in doing a thing that we know we can do, especially if the thing is difficult; we should make our return to a task attractive by the feeling that we can solve the problem that confronts us.

A piece of work uncompleted remains on the mind; but if it has been well started, remembering it is a pleasure. To put it in terms of wrestling, we should get a strange hold on a task before we pause for breath. If we do that, going back to the matter, whatever it may be, will be pleasant, and completing it will be swift and gratifying.

FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

IN joining the seams of garments, either when basting or when doing final stitching by hand or by machine, always hold the bias edge of the material on top of the straight edge—that is, nearest you. In that way you will avoid stretching the bias edge unduly. While dressmaking, have a board and an iron ready for pressing seams, hems and turned-down edges. Do not wait until the garment is finished so that you may do the whole at one time. Better results follow when you press each small part of the work as you go on. Press open every seam, and overcast or bind it. The finish will be more accurate and more "professional."

If you are not sure how to make any part of a garment, you will save time, not by experimenting, but by looking at a similar old garment. This applies particularly to plaquettes, cuffs, collars, and similar accessories.

Save and use left-over odd colors of sewing silk for basting silken fabrics, satin, chiffon, crepe, velvet, and materials of that sort. Sewing silk will not mark the material, as will cotton thread.

Cut the basting threads in garments at rather short intervals before you attempt to remove them. To pull the length of a long basting thread from a garment is to risk tearing the fabric or at least separating the warp and woof fibres. The difference of time between the two methods is negligible.

When you hem, use a very fine needle and thread appropriately fine for the material. The right-side stitches will be much smaller than when the hemming is done with a medium-coarse needle, and the nervous effort to keep the stitches small on the right side will be greatly reduced.

When you baste, use a long milliner's needle. It is a habit hard to acquire, but one that will be very helpful when once established.

When you are dressmaking, have plenty of pins at hand. Dressmakers' slender steel pins are excellent for the purpose. At any rate, buy pins so fine that they will be virtually useless for other purposes. By using slender, extra sharp pins you mark the fabric less.

When you work on black or dark fabrics, wear a white apron. The reflected light will be of material help.

Save all selvages of Georgette crepe, chiffon or fancy fine weaves. You can make a novel and attractive finish by applying them as a tiny ruffle or by leaving them on the material in the original cutting.

To Remove Clinkers. When there is a good fire in the kitchen range and the clinkers on the lining of the fire box are red, clean the ashes from the upper edge with a poker, and pour as much salt as possible on this edge where it joins the fire



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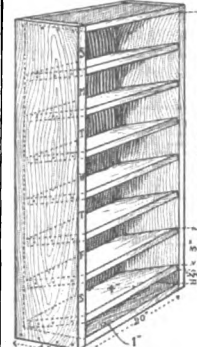
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Boston, Mass.

CONTINUING THE FAMILY PAGE FOR JANUARY

brick. The salt eats away the clinkers. The first application may not be successful, but when it is repeated on three or four successive days the clinkers will disappear; or if they have not fallen away of themselves, they can easily be pried off with a poker when they are red hot.

AN EGG RACK

PEOPLE who keep from ten to thirty hens almost invariably have one basket or box in which they put their eggs day after day. Thus the freshest eggs, being always on top, are the first used, and, unless the basket is entirely emptied occasionally, some of the eggs at the bottom are likely to become stale.



Each day's eggs should be kept separate from those laid on other days, but a basket for each day in the week requires too much shelf room. The egg rack described here solves the problem admirably. It should hang on the wall, entirely out of the way, in a cool cellar.

Let us suppose you have a box about twenty-three inches long and twenty-one inches wide made of boards about one half inch thick. That is a good size. From it make a shallow box four inches deep, twenty-two inches long and twenty inches wide. Next make seven shelves of half-inch boards four inches wide, and just long enough to fit the box inside. Nail them in place, three inches apart, and sloping downward one inch from front to back.

By using one shelf for each day in the week you will know exactly how old each egg is. The rack will accommodate eighteen eggs a day.

THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America and Europe and are fully tested

WINTER SOUPS

SOME one has said that there are as many soups as there are days in the year. Probably there are more, but only a very small number of them appear on the dining table of the average family. Among the following receipts are some that are little known, but they are especially appetizing on cold winter evenings, when a hot, rich soup seems the most appropriate beginning for a meal.

French Onion Soup.—Chop two medium-sized onions, and fry them to a rich brown in two ounces of butter over a moderate fire, for onions burn quickly. To them add a quart of boiling soup stock of any kind, or simply water or milk, and cubes of lightly toasted bread. When the soup is ready to serve, add a little grated cheese, and season it with salt and white pepper.

A Flemish Soup.—To two pounds of washed and picked Brussels sprouts add ten potatoes, two onions, two leeks, salt and pepper. Cook all gently until the vegetables are tender; then pass them through a sieve. Force as much of the vegetable pulp through as possible. Add one quart of beef stock and serve the soup very hot.

Cream of Potato and Chestnut Soup.—Boil one cupful of diced potatoes and one half cupful of chestnuts in salted water until they are tender. Drain them and add one quart of scalded milk; season the mixture with a dash of nutmeg, salt and Cayenne pepper; thicken it slightly with a tablespoonful of cornstarch moistened with a little cold milk, and add one tablespoonful of minced parsley when it is ready to serve.

Tapioca Soup.—One quarter cupful of tapioca, one cupful of cold water, one pint of boiling water, one quart of chicken or veal stock, one cupful of hot milk, the yolks of two eggs, salt and pepper. Soak the tapioca in the cold water for two hours, drain it, add the boiling water, and cook the whole in a double boiler until it is transparent; add gradually the hot stock and cook both for ten minutes; then add the seasoning and the hot milk. Beat the yolks of the eggs and add them after diluting them with a little of the hot mixture. Stir the soup for a few seconds, pour it into the tureen and serve it.

Pot-au-Feu.—Choose a good-sized beef bone that has plenty of meat on it, cover it with water and boil it for three hours. Remove the bone and cut the meat into bits. Let the stock cool, then remove the fat, add the meat to the stock, return it to the fire, add one large onion that has had ten whole cloves imbedded in it and has been browned until it is brown, add one pint of cooked tomatoes, one half cupful of rice, and one quarter cupful each of chopped potatoes, carrots and cabbage. Cook the whole until the vegetables are tender, and add salt and pepper. Just before you serve the soup, add one teaspoonful of white sugar burned to a good brown color. That adds to the flavor of the soup and gives a rich color.

Clam Chowder.—One and one half dozen clams chopped fine, one cupful of water, three large potatoes peeled and cut into dice, two slices of pork or bacon cut into dice, one sliced onion, one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter teaspoonful of pepper and a dozen large crackers. Try out the pork or bacon and fry the onion in the fat; add the clam liquor, the water and the potatoes. Cook the chowder until the solids are tender; season it, then add the clams and the milk. Cook it ten minutes longer, then thicken it with the flour and the butter creamed together. Pour the chowder over the crackers, sprinkle the top with the chopped parsley, and serve it immediately.

Creole Soup.—Wash and cut into slices one half dozen good-sized turnips; add half a can of tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of sweet red peppers, canned or fresh, half a teaspoonful of allspice, ground, one sliced Bermuda onion, a scant teaspoonful of salt, four whole cloves and a large tablespoonful of butter. Cover the ingredients with water, place them over the fire, bring them to the boiling point and cook them rapidly until the vegetables are tender; then strain the soup and keep it hot, without letting it boil. Heat a pint of rich milk in a double boiler and thicken it with a small teaspoonful of flour moistened in a little milk. Be sure that the sauce boils, then turn the vegetable purée into a hot tureen, stir into it a pinch of baking soda to keep it from curdling, and very gradually add the sauce, stirring the soup constantly as you do so. Serve it at once.



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Have any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

BOYS' PAGE for JANUARY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

A BOY'S MICROSCOPE

SOONER or later every boy who becomes interested in nature study feels the need of a microscope, for he soon learns that by the use of an instrument that magnifies 20 to 75 diameters, or, according to the popular way of figuring by areas, 400 to 5600 times, a new world is opened to him.

He seldom has means to get a standard instrument, which costs \$18.00 or more; nor would he be likely to appreciate a fine instrument if he had it, or, in his lack of experience, to give it the care that such a piece of mechanism needs. It is therefore usually best to start with a \$2.00 or \$3.00 instrument. Any boy who deserves a standard microscope will accomplish a great deal with the smaller one. Fig. 1 shows one of the cheaper instruments in use.

In buying a low-priced instrument, unless you get it from a company that has a high reputation, be cautious, for some cheap microscopes on the market are absolutely worthless, and among those at the same price there is often much difference. Hence it is well to have something mounted on a



FIG. 1

glass slip, and to test several instruments with it, choosing the one that shows the brightest, clearest image. If possible, get the microscope that has a concave mirror, and avoid all that are alleged to magnify more than 80 or 90 diameters, or that produce a cloudy image.

The cheaper microscopes sell at prices that range from \$1.00 to \$12.00, but it does not pay to get one that costs more than from \$2.00 to \$4.00, for the more expensive among them have virtually the same lenses as the cheaper ones, or are of too high power for their quality, and so are of no use at all. Those that range in price from \$5.00 to \$12.00 are more convenient to use; but if a prospective purchaser can spend that amount of money, he will do better to add a little to it and get a standard instrument. When the need of greater magnification is felt, as it will be after long use of low-power instruments, it will be necessary to buy a standard instrument; there is no satisfactory way to apply fine lenses to a cheap stand.

One of the first ideas for a beginner to get rid of is that magnifying power determines the value of a microscope. To see detail, the first necessity is resolving power; and if the objective—the most important part of the microscope—is well constructed otherwise, the resolving power depends upon what is called aperture.

Roughly speaking, aperture is the proportion, according to certain laws, between the diameter of the back lens in the objective and the length of focus of the objective. That means simply that for every magnification there must be a corresponding proportional aperture: if the enlargement is too great for the aperture, all the extra diameters are useless. The writer has two objectives that magnify to the same degree but have very different apertures. One will reveal marks on an object that are only $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch apart; that is, it resolves those marks. The other will not show any marks that are nearer together than $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch; all marks nearer together than that become so blurred that they blend together and so are invisible. The first objective cost \$50.00, the other one \$4.00; but their magnification is the same.

Other things as important as magnification, and without which even aperture is useless, are good corrections for spherical aberration and chromatic aberration. The rays of light that pass through the centre of a simple lens are affected differently from those that pass through near the edge, and so cause blur and confusion unless the difference is compensated by a special method of construction. The same is true of color. The different-colored rays that together make white light are affected differently, one from another; so the lens must not only have curves that are exactly right but must be made of the right kinds of glass, known as flint and crown, and the two kinds must be used each in its proper place.

None of the small, cheap instruments have much, if any, correction for chromatic or spherical aberration, or sufficient aperture for any enlargement above 90 or 100 diameters. Above 80 diameters less detail rather than more appears, although, of course, the main outlines are larger. As magnification is increased, the care of materials used in making and mounting the lenses must be increased much more than in proportion. Therefore a small microscope made by a responsible concern and costing \$2.00 or \$3.00 will afford better satisfaction than some that are more pretentious, because it will give clear enough vision not to strain the user's eyes.

Any of the compound microscopes made by reputable companies have objectives of good aperture, and spherical and chromatic corrections good enough for the ordinary requirements of a lifetime, yet their price is within the reach of an ambitious and industrious boy.



FIG. 2

There are several well-known makers who for \$17.50 sell really good stands, with an objective that gives from 120 to 130 diameters, and about 35 when one lens is unscrewed. The instruments have coarse adjustment by rack and pinion, plane and concave mirrors, and iris diaphragm under the stage, and are well made and finished. They give a bright, sharp, flat field of view. The careful construction and the concave mirror permit objectives that give magnifications up to 300 diameters to be added and used later. Such objectives cannot be obtained in a cheaper instrument.

For about \$19.50 a very much better stand can be bought, if the 4-mm. or high-power objective is left out, although some dealers add ten per cent if that lens is omitted. For the young person who has shown by his continued use of his \$3.00 instrument that he will stick to microscopic work, the \$19.50 instrument is the cheapest one it will pay to buy. It has the minimum of attachments for good work, and yet all the other attachments can be added. With a 10-power eyepiece it will give 100 diameters with the 16-mm. objective that comes with it; or the divisible sort described above can be substituted.

A stand of the kind that allows high powers and their accessories to be added as they are needed should have a plane and a concave mirror so mounted as to swing out for oblique lighting; a substage screw for attaching the condenser necessary for very high powers; an iris diaphragm just under the stage for controlling the light; a coarse adjustment by rack and pinion; a fine adjustment by another milled head, to allow the highest powers to be used; an eyepiece held in a drawtube so that the distance from eyepiece to objective can be altered, and an inclination joint that will allow the microscope to be used comfortably in other positions and even horizontally for photography.

Such an instrument is a good investment, for eventually it may grow into a complete high-class microscope.

Sometimes good bargains can be found in second-hand microscopes, but unless the buyer knows what he is about he may find that he has bought nothing but a lot of junk.

As should have been gathered from what has been written above, the objective is the important thing. The modern tube length is short, about 160 mm.; the older instruments had a tube length of 200 mm. or even 250 mm. The older objectives, such as came with the microscope, are suited to the greater length, but a modern objective, made to work with a short tube, would be useless on the old-style microscope, as would most other modern equipment. Hence it is not wise to buy an old instrument with the expectation of adding accessories in the future; but if the lenses that come with it are good, there will be no need of new ones, and so a useful instrument can be got for very little money. But in case there is no substage condenser,—and many of the older instruments lack it,—there should be a concave mirror; otherwise the microscope is likely to be poor.

The Companion will soon print in the Boys' Page an article on The Care of the Microscope.

THE GAME OF SHOGI

SHOGI, or Japanese chess, is an extremely interesting game, little known in America. It differs widely from Occidental chess, but it provides the same unlimited opportunity for skill, and offers an infinite variety of situations and interesting complications. A set of *shogi-no-koma*, or Japanese chessmen, can easily be made by any boy; and the game can be played with the help of a few simple rules.

To make a board, get a smooth piece of wood about sixteen inches square. On it mark off a square with sides 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Divide the square so drawn into eighty-one 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares. After inking or painting the lines, shellac the board; but instead of making the squares alternately light and dark, as in checkers, leave all of them in the natural color of the wood.

The men are all exactly alike in shape (Fig. 1) but differ in size. For the two kings, which are the largest, cut blocks of wood 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. For the soldiers, which are the smallest pieces, cut eighteen blocks 1 inch long. Then there are two elephants and two chariots, each 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; four golden generals, each 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; four silver generals, each 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; four knights, each 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long; four spears, each 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. You will thus have forty blocks of various sizes ready to be labeled. On the upper side of each piece print its name, and on the other—except in the case of the kings and the golden generals—put its initial, or initials, and the letters, GG. In the case of the spear, put on its back SP-GG to distinguish it from the back of the soldier, S-GG. When all the pieces have been labeled, you will have two kings, two elephants, two chariots, four golden generals, four silver generals, four knights, four spears and eighteen soldiers. The board and the men will then be ready for play.

THE RULES

I. The object of the game is to checkmate or "kill" the opponent's king. That is accomplished when the king is under attack by a hostile piece and cannot escape the attack by moving out of danger, or by interposing one of his own men, or by capturing the attacking piece.

(a) A player attacking his opponent's king shall say *check*, or *o-te*, thus warning his opponent that he must remove the king from danger.

(b) A king under attack shall be called "in check."

(c) Neither player shall make a move that will place his own king in check.

II. The pieces shall be arranged on the board as in Fig. 2.

(a) In the first row on the centre square place the king; on the two adjacent squares to right and left place the golden generals; on the next two squares the silver generals; on the next two squares the knights; and on the two corner squares the spears. In the second row place the elephant on the square in front of the left-hand knight, and the chariot on the square in front of

the right-hand knight; all other squares in this row are to be left vacant. On the nine squares of the third row place the nine soldiers.

(b) Each player shall place his pieces with the pointed end toward his opponent, in order that it may be possible thus to distinguish the ownership of the men. (Because the pieces often change hands during the course of the game they are not distinguished by color, as in checkers or Occidental chess.)

III. The board shall be theoretically divided into three sections: the three rows occupied by the player's men are to be known as "home territory"; the three central rows, on which no men are placed

Spear	Knight	Silver Gen.	Golden Gen.	King	Golden Gen.	Silver Gen.	Knight	Spear
	Chariot						Elephant	
Soldier	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.
Soldier	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.	S.
	Elephant						Chariot	
Spear	Knight	Silver Gen.	Golden Gen.	King	Golden Gen.	Silver Gen.	Knight	Spear

FIG. 2

at the beginning of the game, as "battlefield"; and the three rows on which are placed the opponent's men, as "enemy's territory." It will be seen that one player's home territory is his opponent's enemy's territory.

IV. The different pieces may move as follows (see Fig. 3):

(a) The king may move one square at a time in any direction.

(b) The chariot may move straight to the front, straight to the rear, or straight to the right or left, as many squares as may be desired, but it must not pass over any other piece.

(c) The elephant may move diagonally forward or backward as many squares as may be desired, but, like the chariot, he must not pass over any other piece. (In their powers, elephant and chariot are like the bishop and castle in Occidental chess.)

(d) The golden general may move one square at a time in the following directions: straight to the front, rear, right and left; diagonally forward.

(e) The silver general may move one square at a time in any of the following directions: straight to the front; diagonally forward and backward.

(f) Whenever the knight makes a move he advances two squares to the front, then turns one square either to right or left. The knight alone may jump over a piece that stands in his path. Unlike the knight in Occidental chess, the knight in shogi must not move backward or to any squares except the two indicated.

(g) The spear may move any number of squares to the front in a straight line, but must not move backward.

(h) The soldier may move only forward and one square at a time.

V. On entering enemy's territory, any piece may be turned over, thus signifying that it has been promoted to the powers of a golden general, or it may remain as before, at the will of the player. When such a piece is turned over, it becomes to all intents and purposes a golden general; but if captured and returned to the board as a "captured piece" (Rule VI), it reverts to its original status.

(a) The king and the golden generals cannot gain promotion.

(b) The chariots and the elephants, on entering enemy's territory, not only retain their former powers, but may move one square in any direction. In any one move, however, they must not deviate from a straight line.

Note 1. The inscription on the under side of a piece that is turned over indicates that the change in power has taken place. For example, suppose a silver general has entered enemy's territory; on

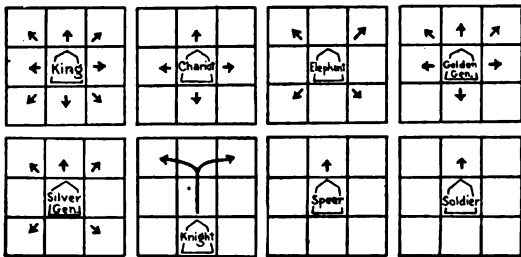


FIG. 3

its back it bears the initials SG-GG, which signify that a silver general has acquired the powers of a golden general. When once this change of power has been made it may not be withdrawn.

Note 2. There is one exception to that rule: In the case of a captured piece (Rule VI) put into play in enemy's territory, it must make one move before it can be promoted.

VI. A piece taken by either player shall be known as a captured piece. The captor may put such a piece into the game anywhere on the board as one of his own men.

(a) There are two exceptions to this rule:

1. A captured soldier shall not be put into play on a column that is already occupied by a soldier belonging to the captor; that is, no player shall have one soldier in front of another.

2. A captured soldier shall not be put into play in such a manner as to checkmate a king. But a captured soldier that already has been put into play and

has become a golden general may move and checkmate a king. A captured soldier may be put into play in such a manner as to check a king, when the king is able to escape from the check.

VII. A piece is captured or "killed" when an opposing piece lands on the square it occupies.

(a) All pieces, including soldiers, "take" in the same direction in which they normally move.

(b) The knight alone may jump over a piece; a piece so jumped is not captured.

(c) No soldier that has not become a golden general may checkmate a king.

In its tactics shogi differs radically from chess. Under ordinary circumstances the knights should not be moved out, for they are a strong force in the defense, and their inability to retreat renders them liable to capture in the centre of the board. Caution should be exercised in moving the chariot and the elephant off the line of attack on which they are placed at the beginning of the game. The silver generals are commonly advanced to feel for weak places in the hostile line. When it is possible to take the offensive early in the game, an attack concentrated on a definite point should be maintained as vigorously and consistently as possible. Captured pieces should be utilized whenever it is practicable.

The game can be played carelessly for an hour's amusement, or it can be studied and made a genuine science, at the will of the player. In any case, it offers a fascinating entertainment that will well repay the slight trouble of making a set of the men and mastering the moves of the pieces and the simple rules of play.



A TOY SUBMARINE BOAT

THIS is a submarine boat that really goes. You can make it if you can find a bit of tin, some lead, a few brads and, most important of all, an old window-shade roller that has a good spring in it.

The spring is the submarine engine. Saw off the roller about three inches beyond the spring, and shape it like the blunt nose of a submarine boat.

Flatten a piece of the lead, and with two slender brads fasten it to the bottom of the boat for a



keel. You will have to experiment a number of times until you get the keel of the right weight and in the right place to permit the boat to swim evenly a few inches below the surface of the water. Of course the keel must not be heavy enough to sink the boat.

Next comes the propeller. First cut a piece of tin into a disk two inches in diameter, then cut it as shown in the illustration, and bend the flanges to shape it like a real propeller. In the centre make a hole that will just admit the end of the spring, to which it must be soldered. Wind up the engine by turning the propeller or the bit of iron knob that protrudes beyond it.

The shade-roller spring can be used as an engine for any sort of craft, from a toy motor boat to a toy battleship. It works effectively, and does not easily get out of order.



ROGER—AND RULES

"WHAT'S the matter with Roger? He doesn't seem to be able to hold a job more than a few months. I notice he's constantly changing from one place to another. He has a good education, he's bright and capable. I'm surprised that he hasn't gone ahead faster. What's the matter with him?" The speaker looked questioning at his friend.

"Well, it's only one thing," said the other. "I've known him ever since he was six years old, and he's been the same fellow always. He won't obey rules. He hasn't any use for regulations."

"I remember that when we used to play marbles he wouldn't stick by the rules. He was determined to 'fudge'—not to be more sure of winning, but merely because he wanted to override the law of the game."

"We went to boarding school together, you know, and the first thing he did was to laugh at the rules."

"What makes you laugh?" one of the older boys asked. "You'll find those rules are rules. That card on the wall isn't merely ornamental."

"We'll see," said Roger. "I think I can manage to jump some of them."

"He did. Consequently, although he was a bright student, he was usually in hot water with the board. The very fact that the students were expected to be in their rooms at ten o'clock awoke in Roger a desire to stay out until ten-thirty—he wanted to show the rest of us that no one could compel him to submit to rules. Some of the other fellows followed his lead, and the whole school was stirred up. The authorities struggled along with him to the end, but his standing was not good, and they were glad to get rid of him."

"In work a fellow has to stick to the rules, of course, but Roger doesn't see it that way. His employer may have rules to be observed by his help; but if Roger doesn't like them, he smiles and does as he pleases—for a few days or weeks; then he is looking for another job."

"It isn't that he lacks ability. His last employer told me that he was one of the most capable young men he ever had, but that he wouldn't live up to the rules of the house. He spread the contagion among the other employees; there was trouble

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CONTINUING THE BOYS' PAGE FOR JANUARY

all round, and so Roger had to go. If he could overcome that fault, you'd see him start to climb the ladder mighty fast."

AN ATHLETIC MATCH EVERY DAY

MANY curious facts have come to light since men of science began to measure the amount of effort required for different things that people do. Among other things it is now known that young people have to do more work in proportion to their size, merely to live at all, than their elders do. Their hearts beat more rapidly, their lungs pump faster, and in general they make harder work of all their bodily processes.

The units by which bodily work is gauged, and by which, also, the energy of the food that we eat is measured, are called calories. Bodily work includes not only productive labor, such as hoeing corn or sawing wood, but also eating, breathing, keeping warm, and the like, which even in the case of a laboring man use up at least half of the energy he expends.

While an average grown man at light, indoor labor does about seventeen calories of work a day for each pound of body weight, a boy or a girl does twenty or twenty-five, a young child thirty, and a very young baby forty-five.

A comparison of growing boys and girls with their fathers and mothers shows at once that they are very like the members of a college athletic team compared with other students. That is to say, they are working their bodies much harder; and as a matter of fact the college athlete actually does the twenty or twenty-five calories of work to the pound that his younger brother in the grammar school does.

But no first-rate college in these days expects its athletes to live, while they are in training, just as the other students live. The trainer takes special pains to get them to bed early and to see that they avoid all bad habits. Usually, of course, they eat at "training tables," where the food is especially nutritious.

Every boy, then, ought to remember that as long as he does his twenty calories and upward of work every day, largely by the mere act of living, he is an athlete in training, and is playing a match every day in the year. Therefore, like the older athlete, he should make sure of his sleep and guard his general health. Most especially, since all of his work has to come out of his food, he should put himself at "training table," and not eat what he knows is not good for those who are in training. People who are doing only seventeen calories of work for each pound of their weight can afford to do many things that people in the twenty-calorie class had better avoid.

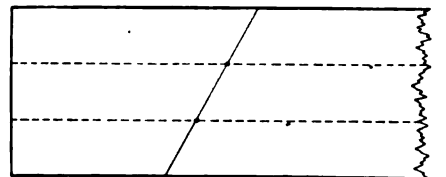
A SHORT CUT

BOB'S face assumed a puzzled expression as he looked at the board before him. It was ten inches and a fraction in width, and for almost ten minutes he had been trying to divide it into three equal parts.

"That's harder than I thought it was!" he exclaimed finally, as he realized that he was getting larger and larger fractions, although he was still far from the accurate division that he sought. "I guess I should never make a carpenter."

Bob's uncle glanced toward him with an amused twinkle in his eye. He had noticed his nephew's puzzled silence and had guessed the reason. Getting up from his position in front of the workshop that both were building, he went over to where Bob stood.

"This is the way to do it," he said. Taking a rule, he laid it across the ten-inch board obliquely, so that the oblique measurement

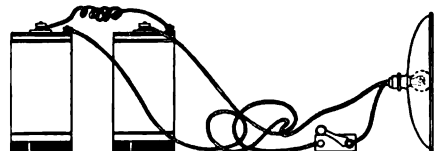


was exactly twelve inches. Then he marked off with his pencil three equal divisions—one at the four-inch line and the other at the eight-inch line. "Now you will find your board accurately divided," he said. "That is the easiest way to make divisions. It works on any width or for any number of divisions. To divide a 9½-inch board into four parts, for example, you make your ruler measure obliquely just 10 inches across the board, and then you would mark off your division at 2½, 5 and 7½. It is a very handy thing to remember, for it will save you many a quarter hour of ciphering."

A HOMEMADE FLASH LIGHT

A SUBSCRIBER writes that, if the necessary materials are at hand, it does not take long to make a serviceable flash light of no small illuminating power. The supplies that are called for are a three-volt incandescent lamp and a socket to hold it, a small reflector, two dry-cell batteries, three feet of double-braided insulated wire and a switch.

First, with a short piece of the wire, connect the zinc binding post of one battery with the carbon



binding post of the other. Cut the remaining wire into two pieces and attach them to the other binding posts, as shown in the illustration. Bore a hole in the reflector the size of the screw on the lamp, and put the lamp through it. Screw on the socket and attach the two loose ends of the battery wires. Break one of the wires, connect it with the switch, and the flash light will be ready to use.

It can be packed in a small box for convenience in carrying. If that is done, care should be taken to keep the batteries from touching each other and thus "running out." By adding more batteries and using a larger lamp, you can, of course, get a more brilliant light.



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GIRLS' PAGE for JANUARY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

A WINTER PICNIC

THE girl who belongs to a family in which the income is inadequate to social needs and demands is compelled to face difficulties that are not imaginary. To wear an old hat serenely when everyone else has a new one is a test of character. To be content with a last year's gown when your friends appear in smart, new garments requires a brave spirit.

The inability to entertain is often the most serious hardship that people of small means are obliged to meet. It is there that ingenuity and a willingness to be original may prove of more value than money, as in the case of two girls who, in spite of a very slender income, have an abundance of pleasure and are as popular in a set of wealthier girls and boys as they would be if they had a fortune.

One of their most interesting achievements was a winter picnic. They had been invited to teas and luncheons until the time had come for them to return some of the hospitality that had been extended to them; and being happy, courageous girls who wear their simple gowns with an air, they determined to steer clear of formal and conventional things, and to make originality take the place of money.

They live in a suburb of a big city, so that fields and wooded hills are near at hand. On a cold December Saturday, when a light fall of snow had made all things lovely, the young people met at eleven o'clock. There were eight boys and eight girls, all in sweaters, and wearing stout shoes.

The hostesses had prepared small bunches of holly tied with red ribbon. These were pinned to jackets and sweaters, and the party set out for the woods. The chaperon was a married sister, so full of the love of a good time herself that, although her presence held in check all tendency to roughness, she was in no sense a kill-joy.

A long tramp through the woods carried the party to a rocky hill overlooking a frozen river. There, in a small clearing, the young people found that some one had been before them.

A hole had been dug and was full of hot coals; a small, growing cedar tree had been hung with amusing favors; and as the party arrived, the big brother of the girls waved his cap and said, "Good-by!" Having played fairy godfather in the arrangement of the camp, he was no longer needed.

The live Christmas tree proved most successful, for the fun began with the distribution of the favors, each of which was accompanied by an appropriate verse. Then the party gathered round the glowing coals; and while the girls opened the boxes, the boys spread the steamer rugs in a sheltered corner.

From the boxes came glass cans of oysters, crackers, pickles and a bottle of milk. The result was an oyster stew, steaming hot; and after it came bread and cheese toasted over the coals, and a pot of fragrant coffee.

The two girls who were the hostesses have a country-bred mother who is teaching them that the open fireplace and "God's out of doors" are great adjuncts in dispensing hospitality. She is teaching them, too, that their lives need not be barren of social joys because they are not rich.

The Making and Application of Design

It is in the Girls' Page for February

THE VALUE OF A MUSIC TRAINING

THE power to make ordinary, everyday living an artistic thing, to transform and beautify life, is not a natural gift, but comes through training and growth. As a rule a course in college is the means by which a girl can best obtain such training; but it is natural, also, that the fine art of living should receive special nurture from the fine art of music.

Music educates taste and gives quickness and fineness of perception. Moreover, it makes a special appeal to the emotions; a cultivated woman is one whose feelings are fine and true.

At first sight, to study music seems to be only a matter of practicing until you can play or sing. But the modern music school, with its courses in harmony, the mathematics of music, in theory, in music history, and generally in modern languages, offers much to give the intellectual balance that a well-rounded cultivation requires.

Many girls who for various reasons cannot go to college have an ability in music that might be trained in such a way as to give them some of the things that a college course would give, and also a certain amount of experience that a college course does not always afford.

In a music school a girl can begin work at the point which she happens to have reached in the study of music. She is at no great disadvantage if she has little real knowledge of music, for she does not, then, have to go through the discouraging process of breaking up bad habits in playing or singing. Her work is so arranged that all her study contributes to definite progress, and she advances at the rate of her natural ability. The education of the eye should be an important part of a girl's training. That is something that the music student has an opportunity to gain, for the music school is generally situated in a large city. The city itself will offer much in the way of beauty. In its museums the girl will see the art of the world and in its libraries will find the stores of knowledge.

If the school has a home for its students, the

girl will have certain social privileges. By mere association with other girls, she will learn more about the characteristics of different parts of her own country than she would be likely to learn in any other way. She will find that her happiness depends on her being tolerant of the opinions of others, for girls have their own way of training one another.

As she becomes proficient in music, the value of her education becomes apparent in her ability to entertain. Music is a sort of universal language; and the feelings of people the world over are very

will not stick to the fingers. Do not put any butter on the fingers, but work fast.

THE HOTEL-REGISTER GAME

THE brief description of the amusing pastime of inventing hotel-register puns that we printed on the Editorial Page for January 20, 1916, led many cheerful punsters to send us lists of such names as Mr. Perry Scope, Mrs.

EARNING MONEY AT HOME

THE COMPANION is eighty-nine years old. A part of the pleasant fortune of its long life has been receiving the confidences of four generations of American girls. Through countless letters it has known their personalities, their problems and their ambitions.

Among these problems, great and small, one that is neither the greatest nor the smallest is the most common. That is the economic question of *Earning Money at Home*. The household service that the girl renders keeps her from feeling altogether dependent upon her male relatives; but that is not enough. An allowance may provide spending money, but it may be too small to cover all the girl's needs, and it can never provide her with the feeling of independence that she craves.

Many girls who would prefer to stay at home are preparing to leave it for factory, store or office because they cannot get any money of their own at home. Others remain, but do so in a spirit of willing or unwilling sacrifice. A great number of girls and women cannot and do not consider any other economic field than the home; yet at the same time they wish to earn, either for pocket money or to increase the family income. All these groups The Companion will try to help.

The Companion has found that ways, means and materials for earning often lie close at hand unrecognized, and that many girls need only to have their attention directed toward them. The best way to do this is to avoid vague and glowing general suggestions, and give her the clear, detailed facts of actual experience.

Many resourceful young women have lately set their wits to work and discovered the solution of their own special problems. From such commonplace occupations as cooking, preserving, sewing and poultry raising several girls have thought out paying schemes. Others have thought out more novel, but no less simple, plans. For the most part these plans demand only a small amount of capital. Some of them can be developed into more ambitious projects, according to the ability and the ingenuity of the experimenter.

Ideas that The Companion has collected from all parts of the country will be published from month to month, as space is found. The Companion cannot, of course, guarantee success for any one venture; but since all the plans are based upon actual experiences, they may reasonably be expected to "work" again.

much the same. The musical girl is at home wherever she has an opportunity to play or sing. People of differing views or even of different tongues may alike enjoy her music.

The ability to entertain others passes easily into the power to influence others. When the girl goes back to her home, she will be sought for in school, in church and in society. She will come naturally into vital contact with the whole community. She has it in her power to become a civilizing centre.

The more complete her music education, the greater, of course, will be her power; but even a comparatively short course in a music school should yield returns that will be well worth while. It should give her a new outlook—power to see beauty in life and to make life beautiful. But in order to gain those things she must go to the school with a determination to put her whole heart and her whole mind into her work.

And she will not truly have gained those things unless, when she goes back to her home, she goes with a feeling of obligation to pass on to others the benefits that her music education has conferred upon her.

A HANDKERCHIEF DANCING DOLL

WHEN or where the first handkerchief dancing doll delighted children with its performance and made the "grown-ups" laugh is unknown; but although the doll is not a recent invention, it is still a novelty.

In the border of a handkerchief between two corners make a solid knot to serve as the doll's head. The corners at the sides of the knot are the arms. Next lay the handkerchief straight and flat with the knot at the top; then grasp between the thumbs and fingers of both hands the bottom corners of the handkerchief. Holding the handkerchief in that manner, lift it and twirl it round and round until you have two tightly twisted legs.

The two corners that you hold are the feet.

Taking care not to let the handkerchief untwist, grasp both feet in one hand, and, with the other holding the bit of border that sticks up from above the knot, help the doll to dance. At the end of the dance, as you hold the feet firmly and pull up on the head, suddenly let go one foot, and the doll will give a kick that is sure to cause a laugh.

Grandmother's Best Molasses Candy. — Use two cupfuls of

New Orleans molasses, one cupful of white sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter and one small teaspoonful of soda. Put the ingredients together and boil them hard for twenty minutes. Stir the mixture all the time, for molasses and sugar at the boiling point will burn in an instant. If the quantity is doubled, boil the candy five minutes longer. Cool the candy in shallow pans. If it gets quite cool before it is touched, and is pulled in small quantities, it

Addie Pose and Mr. Tim O'Rous. Those The Companion printed in the issues for March 30 and August 17. One ingenious subscriber went so far as to devise a hotel-register game of cards, which is an excellent source of entertainment on a winter evening.

Make a pack of one hundred blank cards, and on them write the names of the "guests," so that two cards make a set. For example, write "Allie" on one card, "Gator" on another; "Jennie" on one, "Rossity" on another. Give ten of the sets distinguishing marks, so that they will be known as prize sets. You will then have fifty sets of cards, certain ones of which are more valuable than the others. The game is at its best when from two to six players join in the fun.

Shuffle the cards well and deal five cards to each player, leaving the rest face down in a pack on the table. The player at the left of the dealer begins by matching any sets he may have in his hand. He may then call upon any player in the group for the other name of any "guest" he holds in his hand, be it first or last name. Should he fail to receive the card that he calls for, he draws one from the pack in the centre. If it is the card for which he asked, he matches the two and places them at one side and calls again. He may call as long as he receives or draws the one he calls for; should he draw one that matches another card in his hand, he reserves it until his next turn, when he may put the pair on the table and call as before. If any player's hand runs out, he draws a card from the pack and proceeds as before. The game continues until all the cards are matched.

The score is counted in this way: the player who holds the most sets at the end of the game gets ten points; each prize set counts five. The one who has the highest score wins, or several hands may be played and the game set at a number agreed upon at the beginning.

SUCCESS WITH FERN BALLS

INNUMERABLE failures in trying to grow fern balls result from not giving the balls sufficient water. Mere spraying is useless. Nothing short of a good soaking every other day until growth has started will bring success. Two or three hours is none too long to leave the balls in the water, and regular watering is required even after the ferns have begun to appear.

By soaking the balls in weak manure water after growth has begun to show, you can develop extra fine specimens. Pulverized sheep manure from the seed store is a very convenient fertilizer for use in town houses. Put it in a cheesecloth bag and immerse the bag in a pail or tub of water until the water has assumed the color of weak tea, when it will be sufficiently strong. Feeding the ferns in that way even once a week will result in amazing growth.

The best time to start fern balls is early in the year; in from two to four weeks they will be covered with feathery green foliage. They may be dried off at any time, and will then remain dormant until water is applied again.

If you cut a fern ball through the middle and place one half flat side down in a fern dish, and apply water as already described, you will have

in a short time a charming centrepiece for the dining table. The divided fern ball will demand much less care than the ferns commonly used on the dining table. If it takes on a burned appearance, it is likely to be because of exposure to the sun. It is better to keep it out of direct sunlight at all times.

Fern balls are made by packing the roots of a special variety of Japanese fern in moss, forming the whole into the shape of a ball and binding it with tough string. Sometimes the strings rot away or break, but then it is necessary only to fasten a few fine wires round the ball to make it as firm as ever. Properly grown, fern balls are interesting and attractive, but the half-naked specimens that are often seen have little to recommend them.

THE CLUE

ISABEL came flying out of the music room, humming the solo that she was to sing at the concert that evening. Aunt Nell looked up brightly from her taffing.

"You have your solo almost perfect, haven't you, dear? A half hour more of practicing —"

"Almost! Aunt Nell!" Isabel stopped in her whirlwind rush to the front door. "Why, I know it from beginning to end, every note of it."

"Every note?" echoed Aunt Nell quietly but with peculiar emphasis.

Isabel hesitated for a second. "Well, every note except one—that difficult one where I drop from F to A flat; but Jean always gives me a note for a clue, so I'm all right," she declared confidently.

Aunt Nell's face was serious. "But suppose Jean forgot to give you the clue? Suppose she should be unable to play your accompaniment to-night?"

"Oh, but she will be able, of course," said Isabel, with a laugh. "Bye-bye, auntie!" and off she ran.

Aunt Nell, anxious for her niece's success at the concert, watched her hurry down the walk with flying feet, and then, even as she watched, those twinkling feet faltered, hesitated, turned and came back toward home. In a moment Isabel solemnly entered the sunny living room.

"O Aunt Nell," she cried dolefully, although her eyes twinkled, "you've spoiled my afternoon! I've simply got to conquer that note and depend upon myself." And with a prodigious sigh she again entered the music room and closed the door.

After twenty minutes Isabel appeared with a look of elation on her face. "There," she said, grasping her aunt by the shoulders and giving her a loving little shake, "are you satisfied? Is your blessed old mind quite at ease?"

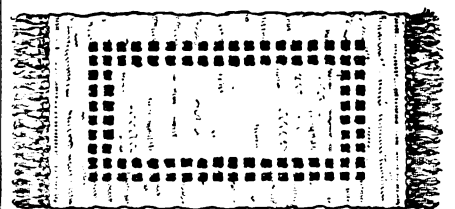
Aunt Nell gazed fondly into the glowing face so near her own.

"Quite," she answered, smiling, "but it wasn't solely a question of my mind."

A WASH RUG FOR THE BATHROOM

THE wash rugs that are sold at the stores are as a rule expensive, but a handsome wash rug can be easily made according to the following directions:

Take two balls of carpet warp and a medium-sized steel crochet hook. Make a chain of one hundred and seventy-five stitches, turn into the third stitch back, make a double crochet stitch;



continue the double crochet across; chain three, turn, and go across with the double crochet; chain three, turn, and double crochet six stitches; then chain two and double crochet into the third stitch on the last row; chain two, double crochet into the third stitch, and so on. Continue to within six stitches of the end of the row; into those stitches put a double crochet; chain three, turn, and go across like the last row. That makes two rows of openwork stitches. For the fifth row, double crochet six, then make two openwork spaces, then solid double crochet until within two openwork spaces of the end.

Continue back and forth, making two rows of openwork until the mat is one yard long. Finish with two rows of solid double crochet. That makes a plain border outside the openwork.

Into each end of the rug make a fringe by knotting in three strands of warp five inches long.

THE GAME OF INITIALS

AN amusing way of entertaining a group of friends is to teach them the game of initials. Provide each player with paper and pencil, and read aloud the following questions: What is your favorite occupation? What is your chief characteristic? What do you most admire? What is your pet aversion? What is your favorite book? What is your principal article of diet?

The only condition of the game is that each player shall answer every question with words that begin with her own initials. Thus a girl named Mary Anne Smith might give as the answer to the first question, "Making artistic stories," and she might further state that her chief characteristic is "Most amazing severity," and so on. The answers, of course, will vary, but reading them aloud is sure to create merriment. Other questions to add to those given here will suggest themselves.

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HEADACHE IN CHILDREN

THE healthy child has no headaches, and ought not to know the meaning of the word until it is well into its teens. Nevertheless, headache is not very uncommon in children, and it does not always receive the attention from parents or physicians that it deserves. In children under three years of age it is difficult to recognize headache, for they cannot describe their symptoms, and can only cry violently or else lie very still and resent any attempt to move them.

Habitual or frequent headache in a child is generally an indication of some constitutional fault; he may have a gouty or nervous inheritance, or he may be run down or anemic. The latter condition often affects older children as they approach the period of adolescence.

Another common cause of habitual headache in children of school age is eyestrain; that comes on toward evening, and is absent during vacations and on Saturdays and Sundays. Chronic nasal catarrh is also a cause of headache. That form differs from the eye headache in being constant or else in coming on irregularly—in the morning as often as in the evening.

Another cause of headache, less frequent in children than in adults, is auto-intoxication, due to intestinal torpor, an inactive liver, or worms. In searching for the possible cause of obscure headaches, the teeth also, which sometimes begin to decay very early, must not be forgotten.

The onset of acute disease, such as one of the contagious fevers of childhood, is almost always announced by severe headache in the forehead.

The place of the headache is sometimes, although not as a rule, an indication of its cause. In general, pain in the forehead or over the eyes is due either to anæmia, auto-intoxication, affections of the nose or eyestrain; pain in the temples or the sides of the head is caused by ear troubles or decayed teeth; eyestrain and ear inflammation sometimes cause pain in the back of the head; and the pain of anæmia and auto-intoxication is likely to be in the top of the head as well as in the forehead.

THE ROOT OF BITTERNESS

YOU heard Bob and me fighting, Sunday night," said Nan.

"Did I?" pondered Aunt Hester. "That was the time when you wanted eggs for your chafing dish, wasn't it, and Bob was reading his paper and didn't go at once to the kitchen to get them for you? Was that what you call fighting?"

"I said some sharp things, and Bob got grumpy. I've been used to having men jump to do things for me, and it makes me frantic when Bob doesn't notice."

Aunt Hester chuckled softly. "You're planting a root of bitterness, Nan Brewster, and you'd better get right down on your knees and dig it out. There was a wise man who wrote a letter to the Hebrews. 'Watch diligently,' he said, 'lest any root of bitterness, springing up, trouble you.'"

"Why don't you say that to Bob?" protested Nan. "It isn't up to me."

"Yes, it is up to you," contradicted Aunt Hester, briskly. "You're head gardener of this home, and you're cultivating a root of bitterness where you might have sweet blooms."

"But I'm not going to spoil Bob all the rest of his life just because his mother spoiled him."

Aunt Hester laughed again her big, comfortable laugh. "That's all right; train him up in the way he should go. But suppose each one of Bob's inadvertencies had been a single instance. Is any one of them worth a quarrel or even a tear?"

"But that's just it. Every time he acts like that it makes me remember the time before and the time before that, and then I get hot."

"But that's just it," mimicked Aunt Hester. "Instead of treating each little quarrel as a trifle to be disposed of and forgotten, you establish it as a shoot of your root of bitterness, and you can never get rid of the shoots while the root is there. The only way is to dig up the root whole. Think how many wonderful, wonderful flowers you could grow in the spot that root has usurped. Think of your love and Bob's; was there ever a more beautiful flower than that?"

"No," breathed Nan. "Your common interests; your work and play together; your deep thoughts shared and your jokes exchanged; aren't they worth cherishing?"

Nan nodded. "Then plant your garden thick with them, my dear, and let the little quarrels go by. There's never any poison in one little quarrel, but it comes when one quarrel after another springs from that old root of bitterness."

"But wouldn't you ever tell Bob when he's wrong?"

"I'd tell Nan first where she's wrong. And sometime, when you're loving Bob the hardest, you can take your most effective smile and cut down the weed in his character that distresses you. It will come easy if you treat it as a separate weed, instead of a sprout from the old root of bitterness. Don't you see?"

"I guess so," answered Nan in a meek voice.

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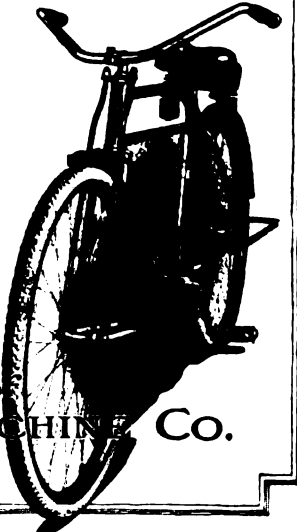


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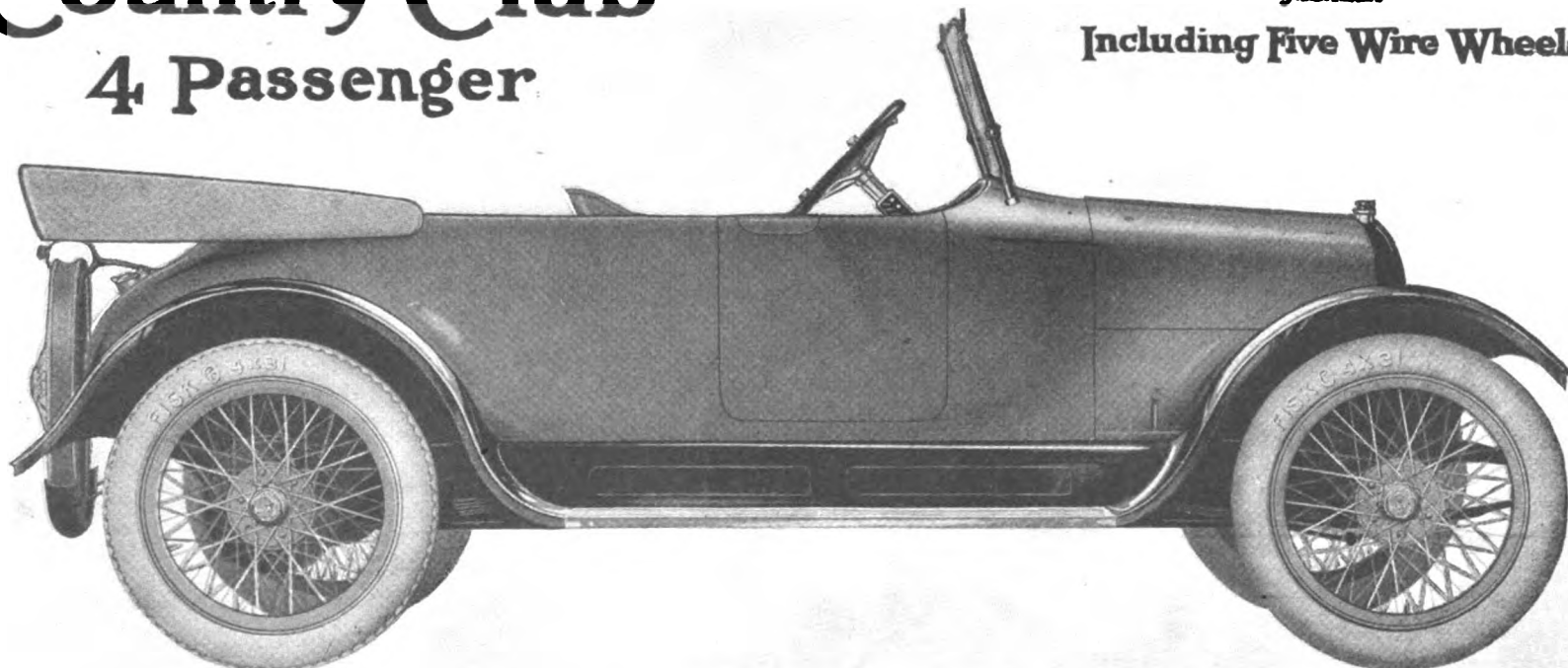
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THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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WHEN in middle age Prof. Franklin Rudolph found that his health was failing under the strain of college work, he decided to live outdoors as much as possible for a few years. After considering various parts of the country he bought an abandoned farm far up on Spring Creek in the wildest part of the Missouri Ozarks. In the spring he and his wife and two boys, Wayne, eleven years old, and Ted, three years younger, moved out to the farm. Down the creek they had neighbors within half a mile of them and thence at regular intervals all the way to town, eight miles away; but up the creek no one lived except Big Mose.

Mose was a big, fat, sleek-looking negro who made his living by hunting and fishing, and whose reputation for honesty was none too good. He planted only an acre or two of corn, and his one horse grew very thin and hide-bound in the winter; but his two large hunting dogs of mongrel breed always looked as well-fed as himself. A perpetual enmity existed between the state game warden and Big Mose, for the negro was known as a persistent violator of the game laws. Proof against him was hard to get, however, because his white neighbors seemed willing to tolerate his depredations so long as he clearly recognized the difference between wild animals and domestic stock. That he had been always politic enough to do.

Soon after the Rudolphs arrived in their new home, Wayne and Ted heard that Mose had a bear cub that he had taken from a den early in the spring. With the help of a neighbor Mose had killed the mother bear, but he had kept the cub "to train his dogs on," as he said.

Early one afternoon the boys went up to the negro's cabin to look at the cub. It was fortunate for the little bear that they went when they did. Even before they came in sight of Big Mose's shack they heard a great outcry—the growls and snarls of dogs fighting, mingled with the whimpering and crying of a voice that was strange to them. Running forward, they found that the dogs had the bear down on the ground in front of the cabin and were rapidly shaking the life out of the little fellow. The big negro, with his face aglow with malicious pleasure, stood over his dogs and encouraged them. The boys were shocked. From their earliest years their mother and father had taught them kindness to animals. Besides, the little bear was not much larger than a full-grown cat.

"Stop 'em!" Wayne pleaded. "Don't let 'em kill it!"

"Who-oo-e! Wool him, Towsuh, wool him!" shouted Mose. "I'm jes' a-trainin' dese dogs," he explained. "'Sides, dat li'l black scoun'el done bit me. Gwine let 'em finish him right now."

On the way up the creek Ted had cut a stout club for a cane, and now without stopping to speak he ran up close to the dogs and began to beat them. Wayne picked up a stick and helped him so lustily that the two mongrels, with shrill yelps of pain, leaped away from the cub. The little bear lay still, breathing in painful gasps, too far gone even to raise his head.

Mose stood dumfounded at first, and then he grew indignant.

"Whut make you-all do dat? Hain't dis my balah? Why cain't I kill my own balah ef I wants tuh?"

"You mustn't worry him to death; it's against the law!" cried Wayne, trembling with excitement and anger.

"Sho' now! Den I'll knock him in de haid wid an axe."

Little Ted had knelt down and raised the cub's head, for the poor beast was showing signs of reviving.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Mose," said Wayne. "I've got two dollars of my own money that I'll give you for him."

"Got dat money right now?"

"It's at home. You can go with us and get it."

That was how the Rudolph boys got their pet bear. He grew amazingly and was far more playful than a kitten or a puppy. He quickly seemed to forget all the hardships of his early existence, and grew very fond of his young masters. At night, when they put him to bed and left him, he cried, and at daylight in the morning he whimpered until they came.

Having no boys to play with, Wayne and Ted made a boon companion of the little bear. Every trick that they had ever heard of a circus bear's performing they taught to Black Billy, and the cub proved himself an apt and willing pupil. Little Ted made a "goat" of him by teaching him to pull a cart, which the boys made themselves, and before the summer was over, Ted was driving him all through the woods and fields. Meanwhile an enmity still existed between Black Billy and Mose and his dogs. If the dogs or their owner came



in sight the cub always stopped still, whatever he might be doing, and stared at them with a red gleam in his eyes. One day Mose came into the yard and passed near the cub. No one knows whether the negro kicked the little beast, but suddenly the family heard a sharp growl from the bear and a shout from Mose. Rushing to the window, they saw that Billy had seized the negro by the leg, had ripped his trousers to shreds and was trying to fasten on him with his teeth. Mose broke away, climbed the paling fence and escaped. Later Mr. Rudolph offered to make good all damages that Mose had suffered.

When blackberries ripened, Black Billy took to making excursions to the patch alone, for he was very fond of the berries. It seemed, however, that Billy could go berry hunting only at the risk of his life, for Mose's two dogs never missed a chance to attack him. Several times they treed the cub and kept him treed until one of the boys rescued him by driving off his assailants. Once the dogs caught him on the ground and badly worried him before Ted and Wayne came. Again the boys found Big Mose trying to club the little beast out of a tree while his dogs howled beneath, waiting for their prey to fall. The negro dodged quickly into the brush when he saw the two young owners.

Time passed and Black Billy became as large as either of the dogs. He weighed over fifty pounds; his legs grew strong and his teeth keen and long. Then one day he gave the dogs a lesson in bear fighting that they never forgot. It was August, and Ted had driven the bear some distance from the house to a thicket of black haw trees. Billy had reached up and pulled down a limb of one of the bushes,

and both he and his master were eating their fill. Suddenly the two dogs rushed up with sharp barks. Either the presence of his little master or a growing realization of his own strength heartened Black Billy. He sprang to a large tree, placed his back against it, and met the first of his antagonists with a blow that sent the dog rolling over and over. The other dog had seized the bear, but Billy calmly reached down and picked him up clear of the ground. He must have given the mongrel a real bear's hug, for the dog yelped frantically as he struggled to get loose.

From a thicket of brush a few yards distant Big Mose now came rushing up with a club in hand. He aimed a blow at the cub's head, but the bear dodged with the cleverness of a trained boxer, and the club, glancing from his shoulder, expended its force on the dog. Black Billy released the dog and, making a long jump straight at his old enemy, gave him a swinging side swipe as he landed.

With a howl of surprise, the big negro turned and made very clever use of his legs in getting away; the dogs had already fled. The victorious Billy merely sat still and grinned broadly. Finding himself unpursued, Mose stopped

and shouted back to Ted, "Now I gwine shoot dat balah—you heah me!"

Of course Ted reported the whole occurrence to the family, and Prof. Rudolph thought it best to interfere before the negro carried out his threat.

"Mose," he said, when he met the negro on the road one day, "I don't want the cub killed, because he amuses my boys when they have no other play-fellow, and he's harmless. I take it you would rather the game warden didn't know about the green deer hide I saw at your cabin the other day—you understand me, Mose; you let the bear alone."

"Yassir. I ain't never tetch him. But dat beast is sho' dangerous, you mind me! He gwine kill somebody er kill some stock right erway! Dat's de way tame balahs allus does when dey gits big. He gits you-all inter trouble sho' as you is bawn."

It was well along in the fall, in hickory-nut time, before Mose's prediction threatened to prove true. Mose and his dogs had taken particular pains to avoid Black Billy. The bear was now apparently two thirds grown and weighed more than a hundred pounds. The boys thought that no dog could have been more obedient or half so useful as their pet, and from merely tolerating him for the sake of the lads Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph had now become much attached to the faithful, willing, good-tempered black fellow.

In fine weather Ted and Wayne hitched him to his cart and drove him into the woods on expeditions after hickory nuts, pecans and walnuts. Once among the timber they would unhitch him. He would immediately shin up the trees and shake off the nuts. Down on the ground, he helped the boys to gather and to shell out their harvest; he was as handy as a squirrel with his forepaws.

Wayne was permitted to use a little rifle that fall. Squirrels had done a good deal of damage to the Rudolph



DRAWINGS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

HE SPRANG TO A LARGE TREE, PLACED HIS BACK AGAINST IT, AND MET THE FIRST OF HIS ANTAGONISTS WITH A BLOW THAT SENT THE DOG ROLLING OVER AND OVER

BLACK BILLY

By Charles Askins



"NANCY, could you take me to the Dolls' Show at the Smith & McNeil's toy department this afternoon? Mother can't, because she has to stay with grandma." It was Nancy's little seven-year-old sister, Charlotte, who spoke. "Could you?" she repeated. Then, as Nancy still did not reply, she added entreatingly, "I'm just *wild* to go! Jeannette Barlow has been; and she says there are *hundreds* of dolls."

"I'm so sorry, dear, but I can't possibly take you," Nancy replied at last. "This is my afternoon for telling stories to my club at the settlement, and I *must* do it. Think how few pleasures those girls have and how many you have! You have so much to make you happy this afternoon without the Dolls' Show, and they have nothing except my story-telling. I must go," she said again; "they need me."

Charlotte said not a word. With tears of disappointment in her eyes, she walked away. Nancy, glancing up at the house as she sped off to the settlement, saw the child, curled up on the library window seat, gazing wistfully out at the gray winter sky. She frowned impatiently.

"It's enough to try the patience of a saint," she exclaimed to herself, "the narrowness and selfishness of the family point of view! It's so out of date, to say the least, to expect a person, just because she is born in a family, to sacrifice everything and everyone to that family! Charlotte expects me to give up my settlement-club meeting of two *dozen* little girls to take her, *one* little girl, to a Dolls' Show!"

"As for the rest of the family, they all, except mother, are the same! Henry doesn't see any reason why I can't neglect any and every one of my clubs if he wants me for something at the same time! Marion is just as bad! Even father can't understand that I'm needed at the settlement. Grandma thinks making calls with mother on that tiresome Miss Jones, who doesn't need me at all, more important than all my dozens of friendly visits in the settlement neighborhood—where they *do* need me! Mother is the only one who understands that interest in humanity ought to be socialized—that the people who need your time, not the people who only *want* it, should have it."

Such reflections as those had been frequent with Nancy during the three months she had been taking a "course" at the Social Science School. Her family had indeed tried her patience. Nancy was the eldest daughter; they were an ordinary, everyday, well-to-do family, and were like other ordinary, everyday, well-to-do families in asking of her those things that such families have asked of their eldest daughters for a great many generations. "Except mother!" Nancy's irritable musings invariably included those words.

After the Story Club had dispersed, Nancy lingered at the settlement talking with the head resident about social service. "You ought to give yourself to the persons who really need you, hadn't you?" she said finally.

"Most certainly!" the head resident agreed. She looked keenly at the young girl, and then added, "Of course you should make no mistake about who they are."

Neither then nor immediately afterward did Nancy bestow more than a cursory mental glance upon the suggestion contained in the last remark.

Why should she? She was quite sure who the persons were that needed her. Were they not the children who came to the settlement and their families? Had she not, indeed, returned at the Social Science School, after only three months' attendance, that you should love and serve, not only your family, not only your personal friends, not only even your immediate neighborhood, but the whole human race—or such part of it as might especially need your love and service?

As she hurried home from the settlement Nancy's thoughts turned to Charlotte. "I

NEEDING NANCY

By Elizabeth McCracken

hope," she said to herself rather petulantly, "that by this time Charlotte has got over being blue because I could not take her to the Dolls' Show! A dissatisfied child is so very trying!"

She found the family at supper. Far from being "blue," Charlotte was radiant with excitement and delight. "O Nancy," she cried, as her eldest sister slipped into her chair and unfolded her napkin, "I did go to the Dolls' Show! And it was *lovely*! Henry took me."

"And very good of Henry it was, too, when skating is so fine," said the father of the family, with a pleased look at his son.

"I'm glad we have *one* brother or sister to

said with quiet conviction, "It is the best thing in the world to be needed."

Many times during the rest of her course at the Social Science School Nancy remembered her mother's words. But perhaps she recollected them most vividly in the weeks after the course was finished, when she was trying to obtain a position as a settlement worker, or, finally, as a social worker of any kind.

It seemed that no such position "needed" her! Her work in the settlement during the period of her course had been arranged by the school. Now she had completed the course,

DRAWN BY E. F. WARD



IT SEEMED THAT NO SUCH POSITION "NEEDED" HER!

do something for us once in a while," said thirteen-year-old Marion—a remark somewhat ambiguously worded, but quite clear in meaning.

"Marion, my dear!" said the mother reprovingly; but she smiled at her son very happily.

Although gratified at heart that his act was so generally appreciated, Henry showed a fifteen-year-old boy's dislike of being publicly praised. "Oh, let's talk about something else!" he said gruffly.

Nothing loath, Nancy began to relate anecdotes about her settlement boys and girls and grown-ups. "They are *so* interesting," she concluded, "you can do so much for them—they *do* need you so!"

The other members of her family made various and characteristic rejoinders to that assertion, none of which Nancy found very sympathetic—except her mother's. Her mother

and the work she had been doing was assigned to another student of the school.

At last Nancy, in dismay, consulted the head resident of the settlement in which she had had charge of the Little Girls' Story Club. "I thought I was needed here," she faltered.

"What you *did* was needed," the head resident reassured her. "It is still going on—only now some one else is doing it."

"But I thought I was needed," Nancy's voice was not quite steady.

"My dear," said the head resident gently, "few young girls are needed individually except by their own families—and in these days, alas! not all are needed even by them."

"What do you mean—'not all are needed by them'?" Nancy questioned.

"I hope you may not have to know!" was the head resident's only answer.

But poor Nancy did have to know. Unable

to find a position as a social worker that needed a person so young and inexperienced, she said to herself, "I believe I *will* try to give myself to the family. They need me!" She now remembered the head resident's earlier words about making no mistake as to who the persons who needed you were. "They are the family," she declared to herself. "I already love them; I shall serve them!"

By way of beginning she said to Charlotte, whom she met in the hall as she entered the house, "There is a Children's Fair at the church house to-morrow afternoon. I'll take you if you'd like to go."

Charlotte stared at her sister in an amazement that made Nancy blush. "Marion is going to take me," she said. "Thank you very much," she added with tardy politeness.

"You never can take me anywhere; so mother decided that, to *some* things, near home, Marion was old enough to take me, if I would do just what she said, same as if she were my eldest sister."

Late in the afternoon Nancy came upon Henry, busily engaged in some wood carving. He had met with a difficulty, owing to the grain of the wood. Nancy had taught wood carving to a class of boys at the settlement, and after watching her brother for a few moments she said, "Let me help you with that."

Henry gazed at her with an astonishment equal to Charlotte's. "Father always helps me over the hard places," he replied. "Guess I'll wait for him."

For that day Nancy tried no more. Several times during the evening, when plans for the rest of the week were being discussed, she almost offered her services in carrying them out, but something—a nameless but terrible fear—prevented her.

The next morning, however, after a night of refreshing sleep, things seemed less desperate. At the breakfast table, her father said to no one in particular, "My desk is in such confusion I can't find a postage stamp on it."

"Let me tidy it for you, father," Nancy said at once.

He peered at her over the edge of his paper. "You, my dear!" he exclaimed. "Thank you very much, but Marion has done it lately—she knows about the things on it."

To her grandmother next, then to Marion, she tried to be of service, and could not. They no longer needed her! She said it to herself with a bursting heart. None of them needed her! Unless—her mother. "Mother does, of course," Nancy assured herself.

But for three whole days she deferred offering herself in any capacity to her mother, until she thought she could not endure the lurking doubt another hour. When her mother one day after dinner mentioned her intention of calling that afternoon upon Miss Jones, she said hesitatingly, "Would you like me to go with you, mother?"

Her mother looked at her, but, blessed relief! not in surprise. "Yes, dear," she said in her sweet voice, "very much. And Miss Jones will like to see you. She needs visits from young people."

Needs! At the word Nancy's eyes filled with tears. In another moment she was in her mother's arms, sobbing out the whole story on her shoulder, and being comforted. "No one needs me, not even the family, any more!" Nancy cried. "But I need you, mother!"

Her mother held her closer, kissing her softly. "We every one need you," she said tenderly, "and it won't be many days before you know it! We grew accustomed to not *having* you, when you were so busy with your settlement work, but not to not *needing* you; we've needed you every minute of the time! And you will find that the more you give yourself to your own family, the more you will be able to give yourself to the rest of the world—the more you will be needed by everyone."

"I don't just see how," said Nancy, puzzled. "You *will* see how!" her mother answered.

cornfield, and the boy made a very acceptable addition to the family larder with those he managed to shoot. Of course Billy went along on those shooting trips, and Wayne often sent him up into the tall trees to scare out hidden squirrels or to investigate nests.

He was better than an ordinary watchdog, more alert, and quicker to detect visiting "varmints." He killed a raccoon that visited the henroost one night, and on a subsequent night Prof. Rudolph sent him up a very large elm in which he suspected that a wildcat had taken refuge. The cat was there, and jumped wildly for its life. Mrs. Rudolph declared that without Billy she never could have raised poultry in that wild country.

The one sorrow of the young bear was that his little masters had to attend school. Since Billy would surely have accompanied them if he had been left free, Prof. Rudolph had to chain him in the daytime. That was not such a great hardship for the cub, however, for at night—when bears are naturally most active—he had full liberty.

But a storm was about to break over the apparently innocent head of Black Billy. The

boys brought the first word of it from school, and, with indignant disbelief, related what they had heard. Certain of their schoolmates had openly declared that Billy had become a mean and thieving bear, that he was almost nightly visiting the surrounding farms, bent on mischief, and that eventually he would have to be shot.

Prof. Rudolph listened to the boys with more gravity than they had expected. He had been told that as a pet bear reached his maturity his wild nature would be sure to assert itself, and that, in fact, he would be likely to do exactly what Billy was accused of doing. Nevertheless, the professor meant to give the little bear the benefit of every doubt. So far as he knew, Billy did not roam away from the place at night; late in the evening he was always in his bed, and in the morning he was sure to be somewhere round the yard.

But after visiting several of his neighbors down the creek the next day, Prof. Rudolph became convinced that Billy had really turned marauder. A bear had certainly been making raids in the vicinity—a

bear that was evidently well trained and accustomed to human beings.

Squire Robbins had seen the bear deliberately unlatch his lot gate, walk on his hind legs to the corner and unfasten the door. At his shout the creature plunged behind the crib and was gone. One moonlight night Mr. Winton had seen the bear pulling up turnips with his paws. Jake Sims could have shot the bear while he was trying to break into his smokehouse, but refrained, knowing how much his young owners were attached to him. Sam McCracken had actually seen the bear walking off exactly like a man, with a fifty-pound porker in his arms. And Al Jones had missed a calf, although he did not know whether or not the bear had killed it. All told, the calf, several hogs and some poultry had disappeared. Corn pens, apple bins and potato piles had been raided. No bear other than Black Billy could have planned and carried out the thefts so cleverly.

Squire Robbins declared that the patience of the neighborhood had been exhausted and that if the depredations of Black Billy did not cease some one would shoot him. Prof. Rudolph

reluctantly agreed to give the bear away and at once wrote to the zoological park in St. Louis. Receiving a reply that the park would be glad to accept the bear as a gift, he had a cage built in which to ship Billy. He was hauling it home, when he met Big Mose driving his old roan horse.

"Whut dat box for, 'fessor?" asked the negro.

"I'm going to ship Billy to St. Louis."

"Er hah! Whut 'id I done tole ye 'bout baiahs! He been cuttin' up scan'lous."

The big negro laughed maliciously as he drove on.

Two small boys romped with Black Billy as long as they could that evening, putting him through all the circus tricks that they had taught him. Tired at last, they curled down with the bear in his bed and rested their heads on his shaggy side. When the time came for them to go to their own quarters, they asked that Billy might be turned into the root cellar for the night, in order that he might eat his fill of the fine winesap apples lately stored for the winter.

"We'll take some apples out of one of the

bins, dump them on the floor and let him eat and eat," said Wayne. "He can't get at the others in the bins, and he won't want them, anyway, with all we'll give him."

As it was the last thing the boys could do for their pet, Prof. Rudolph gave them permission. Boylike, neither of them in the least believed that their pet was guilty of any of the crimes ascribed to him.

"I'll never drive him any more," said Ted forlornly as he and Wayne lay in bed. "And he'll be put in a little iron cage and never have a chance to climb a tree for hickory nuts again. Billy wouldn't hurt anything at all 'cept old Mose and his dogs."

"I don't believe he would, either, Ted," said Wayne, "but maybe it's for the best. Father says he would carry Billy back into the mountains and let him go, but Billy would be sure to come back home or some one would shoot him."

It was the greatest sorrow that the boys had ever known.

Prof. Rudolph planned to get the bear off to the express office before his young masters awakened in the morning, and had sent for Squire Robbins's son to come over to spend the night and to help load the heavy animal



and cage into the wagon in the morning. Shut into his root cellar Black Billy made no sound, and it must have been after midnight when Prof. Rudolph was suddenly roused.

From the cellar came whines, growls, heavy blows and shouts. Followed by Tom Robbins, Mr. Rudolph rushed out. As he dashed round the smokehouse in sight of the cellar door, he saw what seemed to be a bear emerge on all fours, stagger about for an instant and rise to his feet, with a club in his paws. After the first bear came another smaller bear; but what the second animal lacked in size he made up in rage, for his eyes were gleaming and the moonlight showed his bared teeth. His hair was raised, and he roared with anger as he

dashed fiercely forward. The first bear swung his club heavily as the pursuer came on; but, dodging the blow, the smaller bear sent his adversary, club and all, spinning a dozen feet out into the yard. Mr. Rudolph at once recognized the second, smaller bear as Billy, and undoubtedly Billy was winning the fight.

With a frenzied shout for help the other bear tried to get to his feet and run. Billy was upon him too quickly, and, grasping him with teeth and claws, he pulled his entire hide off. Freed from his skin, the bear proved to be Big Mose. He ran wildly for the smokehouse, plunged in and slammed the door.

By that time the boys and their mother had reached the place and were staring in

amazement at the scene. Billy was busily mauling the empty hide, and he was still so much enraged that they feared to approach him—all except little Ted, who walked up to his pet fearlessly.

"Behave yourself, Billy! Don't be a bad bear."

Billy desisted, sat up, waved his paws and grinned amiably. So far as he was concerned, the fight was over.

They found Big Mose in the smokehouse, so much frightened that they could hardly induce him to come out.

The whole scheme of the rascally negro was now clear. Disguised in a bearskin, he had for the past month been committing all kinds of petty thefts, many of which were malicious, knowing that the pet bear would be blamed for it all. At last he had decided to lay in his winter supply of apples from the Rudolph bin, but fate in the shape of Black Billy himself had overtaken him.

The negro was not badly hurt, although he would retain some marks of his fight in the cellar for many a day. Hearing his confession, Squire Robbins gave him twenty-four hours in which to leave the country and never return. He left. At last account the boys still had their bear, older now, but still their goat, clown and playfellow.

COAL-TAR PRODUCTS

By Ira Remsen, President Emeritus, Johns Hopkins University

EVERYONE knows that there are two kinds of coal—soft and hard, or bituminous and anthracite. When either of them is heated to a high enough temperature, where air can get at it, it takes fire and burns. During the burning, gases are given off, and when the burning ends, an ash remains. That ash is something that was contained in the coal—something that will not burn.

When soft, or bituminous, coal is heated in a vessel that has only a small outlet and no inlet for air, it does not burn, but it does undergo great changes. Gases and liquids form and, passing out through the small outlet, leave behind a solid that is familiar to the world as coke.

COAL TAR A PANDORA'S BOX

IN the making of coke, as well as in the manufacture of illuminating gas, there is always formed a thick, black liquid, more or less viscous, called coal tar. For many years it was regarded as a nuisance to be got rid of as soon as possible. To some extent it was used for making tar paper and for preserving lumber, but the quantity used for those purposes was very small compared with the quantity formed. Coal tar would never have become so famous as it is now if chemists had not become interested in it.

In 1845, A. W. von Hofmann, then a young man of twenty-seven years, who afterwards became one of the leading chemists of the world, discovered that, when coal tar is heated in a closed vessel with an outlet so arranged that the escaping vapors pass through a long tube surrounded by cold water, the vapors are condensed and form a liquid, just as water vapor, when cooled, forms a liquid—water. He also found that the liquid first condensed consists largely of a substance that had previously been obtained from benzoic acid. It is called benzol, and is now known to chemists as benzene. That was the beginning of the scientific study of coal tar.

The wildest dreams of the pioneer workers in this field must have fallen far short of the results that followed. Coal tar, the despised nuisance of the middle of the nineteenth century, has become a veritable Pandora's box from which almost anything may be expected.

At the suggestion of Hofmann one of his pupils, Mansfield, undertook a more thorough study of the products formed when coal tar is distilled. The results were published in 1849. Neither Hofmann nor Mansfield foresaw then that the work they did would be likely to have any commercial value. They were merely trying to find out all they could about this tar. When they found that some of the products they obtained from coal tar were commercially useful, Mansfield undertook to distill the tar on a large scale and, sad to relate, lost his life in consequence of an accident in his factory.

The next step in discovering the wonders of coal tar, and a most important one, was also taken in Hofmann's laboratory. While Hofmann was away on a vacation a young Englishman, W. H. Perkin, who was serving as an assistant, tried some experiments of his own with the ambitious purpose of preparing artificial quinine. The experiments did not turn out as he hoped, but he noticed that

in some cases a colored product was formed. That led him to undertake further experiments in the hope of obtaining colored products that might prove of value as dyes. In one of those experiments he used aniline, and discovered a black substance that did not promise much. He found, however, that when he treated it with alcohol a lilac-colored solution resulted. From that solution he obtained the first aniline dye. It came to be known and is still known as mauve. It has also been called Perkin's violet.

Although mauve was the first aniline dye, it was not the first coal-tar dye to be made. That honor belongs to picric acid, a yellow dye, which Woulfe discovered in 1771; he made it, however, not from anything then obtained from coal tar, but from indigo. Picric acid has become a much-prized substance and is now obtained from coal tar.

The discovery of mauve led at once to active work with the object of finding out what that colored substance was and whether other colored substances could be formed from aniline. The most astonishing results followed. The chemists discovered that an almost infinite variety of colored substances could be made by comparatively simple methods.

Some of the substances were valuable as dyes and some were not. The dyes first made were in many cases rather harsh to the eye, and, although they were extensively used, they gradually came into disrepute. Then, too, some of them came to be used illegitimately—to color preserved fruit, for example. At one time arsenic was used in making one of the best-known aniline dyes, which was used in dyeing stockings; it was popularly believed that the dye caused poisoning.

Notwithstanding the prejudice thus created the aniline-dye industry grew rapidly, and new and better dyes were soon discovered. Among the dyes that were found practically useful only a few need be mentioned here: Hofmann's violet, Paris violet, crystal violet, opal blue, night blue, Victoria blue, glacier blue, dragon green, acid magenta, navy blue, night green. It may be said that almost any color or shade can be made, although not all the colors are fast. One of the most valuable aniline dyes is aniline black. It shows great resistance to the action of soap, light and air.

Now, let us go back for a moment and inquire what aniline is and what connection there is between it and coal tar. Aniline was first made from indigo, which is obtained from the plant known as *Indigofera anil*. Chemists later found that they could make it from benzol. Thousands of tons of aniline now come annually from that source. The connection thus established is this: Coal gives coal tar; coal tar gives benzol; benzol gives aniline; aniline gives aniline dyes.

ARTIFICIAL INDIGO

BUT benzol is only one of hundreds of substances obtained from coal tar. Another is toluol—called toluene by chemists. It yields a substance that is similar to aniline and that in turn yields many colored substances useful as dyes. Those are also called aniline dyes.

Another substance obtained from coal tar is

naphthalene, familiar to the world at large in the form of "moth balls." Naphthalene has come into prominence because it serves as the starting point in the manufacture of a large number of beautiful dyes, such as various oranges, fast red, Congo red and benzo-purpurin.

Indigo is one of the most highly prized and most extensively used dyes. Until a few years ago it was prepared entirely from the indigo plant, but at present it is manufactured. In making it naphthalene plays a leading part, and so indigo must now be classed with the coal-tar dyes. It is well to observe in passing that when artificially prepared indigo was first put on the market there was great prejudice against it. It was said that it was not the same thing as the indigo made from the plant and that it therefore could not be used for the same purposes. In spite of the objections, artificial indigo has made its way and has virtually displaced the natural dye. There is not the slightest question of its being the same thing. But, furthermore, it is better than the natural indigo, for that always contains impurities, whereas the artificial product can be made pure.

COAL-TAR MEDICINES

AMONG the products obtained from coal tar is anthracene. It "began life" as an obscure substance with apparently no hope of acquiring fame, but it has risen to great prominence because two chemists found that they could make from it the well-known dye Turkey red, or alizarin. Alizarin had formerly been obtained from madder root, and madder was cultivated extensively for the purpose. But in 1868 two young German chemists undertook to find out what alizarin is; they treated the substance in many ways and in one experiment obtained anthracene from it. That gave them the clue. They reasoned that if they could get anthracene from alizarin they might be able to get alizarin from anthracene. That proved to be not very difficult, and Turkey red is now a coal-tar color—one of the wonders of coal tar. In this case, as in that of indigo, the manufacturing chemist has taken the place of the cultivator of the soil.

The dyestuff industry of to-day is based almost wholly upon coal tar. The dyes in the market are not all aniline dyes. Many are not at all related to aniline. The expression "coal-tar colors" is, of course, broader, and includes most dyes in use.

But other valuable substances that are not dyes are obtained from coal tar. There is a long list of coal-tar substances used in medicine, many of which are undoubtedly beneficial—some of which perhaps are not. Among the more familiar ones may be mentioned atophan, antipyrine, antifebrine, aspirin, salicylic acid, salvarsan. The effects of many such substances upon human beings have been studied with great care, and their value as remedies is thoroughly established; in other cases there is not a sufficient basis of knowledge to justify our using them. It seems not improbable that, as investigation proceeds, many specific remedies will be added to the short list now at our command. It is, however, only through long-continued scientific study that the desired result

can be reached. A great field is open, which has been cultivated only to a slight extent.

Some of the most valuable perfumes have their origin in coal tar or are related to coal tar—and some of them are in the nature of frauds. When benzol is treated with nitric acid a compound known as nitrobenzol is formed. It has an odor that suggests the oil of bitter almonds—a fact that has led to its being used under the name of "artificial oil of bitter almonds," although the two substances are not at all closely related. Its chief use is in the manufacture of soap. No harm is likely to be done to the person using it; yet the name is a fraud. "Essence of mirbane" is another name given to it. That is also objectionable, for the substance is not an "essence" and "mirbane" is merely a trade name.

Essence of wintergreen, or oil of wintergreen, which is related to salicylic acid, is made artificially and is widely used on account of its pleasant odor. As a remedy the artificially prepared substance is identical with that obtained from the plant, and there is no objection to using it if precautions be taken to prepare it in pure condition.

Vanillin, the odoriferous constituent of the vanilla bean, is now made artificially, although not from coal tar. Nevertheless, we may confidently expect that the time will soon come when it will be obtained from one of the constituents of coal tar, for it is closely related to some of them. The same may be said of heliotropin, an artificial perfume, which is extensively used.

By far the most important of the substances obtained from coal tar that are used because of their taste is saccharin. It is about five hundred times sweeter than sugar; when you take it into your mouth it tastes like sugar, but that first taste is followed by a slight sensation of bitterness. Nevertheless, saccharin is used for various purposes, although in several countries its use is prohibited by law.

THE VALUE OF SACCHARIN

IN view of that prohibition, the first and most important question that suggests itself is this: Is the use of saccharin objectionable on the score of health? Those who have investigated the subject most thoroughly say that it is not. I can safely say that small quantities of saccharin—such quantities as would be likely to be used—are not injurious.

Another question that has been raised, and very properly, is whether saccharin is used, or can be used, in any way that can be regarded as objectionable. To discuss that question properly we must take many things into consideration and must present many facts; there is not space to do it here. Suffice it to say that the saccharin problem, which has acquired national significance, will no doubt in time be solved satisfactorily.

Finally, another class of substances obtained from coal tar calls for mention. The substances in this class are used on account of the ease with which they explode. Many explosives are known, but the two that are related to coal tar are picric acid and trinitrotoluol. Picric acid has already been mentioned as the first coal-tar dye; it was made by the action of nitric acid on indigo. It is now made in enormous quantities by treating carbolic acid with

nitric acid; and most of the carboic acid used is made by starting with benzol. Carboic acid is known to chemists as phenol, and picric acid, as trinitrophenol.

Some of you will perhaps remember that during the South African war it was at times noticed that the skin of those engaged in a battle became yellow. That was a result of the contestants' using the explosive lyddite, the chief constituent of which is picric acid. The latest explosive is, however, trinitrotoluol, which is being used extensively in the present war; the chemists make it by treating toluol with nitric acid.

It is interesting to observe that the three most widely used explosives have names that resemble one another: they are trinitroglycerin, trinitrophenol and trinitrotoluol. Indeed, if we go back to gunpowder we find that nitre, or saltpetre, is, so to speak, the milk in the cocoanut. Now, nitric acid is obtained from nitre, and the three explosives

named are formed by treating glycerin, phenol and toluol respectively with nitric acid.

Probably enough has been said to give at least a slight impression of the "wonders of coal tar." Starting with the black, offensive substance that is always formed in manufacturing illuminating gas and in preparing coke, it is possible to obtain:

1. An almost infinite variety of dyes of any desired color.
2. Substances that are extensively used in medicine.
3. Perfumes, delicate and otherwise.
4. Substances used because of their taste, chief among them, saccharin, five hundred times sweeter than sugar.
5. Explosives of the most violent type.

The end is not yet. Chemists are at work in many laboratories throughout the world, and the experience of the past justifies us in the confident belief that of the wonders of coal tar there is not likely to be an end.

NORTH FORTY EAST

By Homer Greene

In Ten Chapters. Chapter Six

D R. BURNSIDE was right in his prediction. Stanley Orchard did not need an opiate the following night in order to induce sleep. New hope, new life, entered into his blood and flushed his arteries and veins. The realization that after all Ralph was going to college, drove all unhappy and distressing thoughts from his mind. He was a changed man. He did not of course become immediately well and strong. It was many weeks before he could work in his garden or field as he had done before. But with the help of a good hired man, who replaced Old Tompkins as chore man and who did the heavy work of the farm besides, he was able to plant his garden, sow his grain and care for his stock, and later on to harvest his crops, which were again rich and abundant.

However severe had been the result of his disappointment, the fulfillment of his ambition made him completely happy. No prouder day ever dawned for Stanley Orchard than the day in September when his son went forth to the engineering school. He saw Ralph off at the train. It might do for the boy's mother to kiss him good-by at the farmhouse gate, but it was for his father to witness his real departure at the station. Nathan Brill went back to his studies at the school by the same train, and Adam Brill was also at the station to bid his son good-by. Equality at last! In spite of poverty, in spite of oppression, Stanley Orchard was doing for his son all that Adam Brill with his wealth and power could do for his. That, indeed, was glory enough for one day.

There were no tears in Orchard's eyes as he watched the train disappear round a curve. When it was gone he turned and walked, with firm step and head held high, down the platform and out into the street. He passed close to Adam Brill, but he did not care to speak to him or to boast in his presence. His triumph was sufficiently complete. He stood justified that day in the eyes of the world.

Brill did not fail to notice the evident pride and exhilaration of his adversary. The crease between his bushy eyebrows had grown deeper and his gray face had hardened into immobility as he had glanced now and again at Orchard and his son and had seen the triumphant stride with which the proud father swept down the crowded platform and out into the street. It was apparent that if he would curb and crush Orchard's spirit he must use harsher measures than any he had yet taken, and he was ready and determined to do so.

Brill went from the railway station to the office of his attorney in Mooresville and instructed the lawyer to begin at once an action in ejectment against his neighbor. Stanley Orchard should feel his power and resentment as he had never felt them before.

Meanwhile Ralph and Nathan, on the same train and in the same car, were speeding toward a common destination. They had seen little of each other since that eventful day on the hill when Ralph had ordered his friend to leave him lest quick and passionate words should bring their friendship to a sudden end. They had met occasionally on the street, and had talked now and then of the school that Nathan attended, but there was no longer any comradeship between them as of old. Neither boy had dared try to bridge the gulf between them lest the result of the effort should be to widen it.

Ralph certainly could not ignore or excuse in any way what he considered the unjustifiable and barbarous treatment of his father by Adam Brill. Nathan, on the other hand, although he realized that his father was taking

an unfair advantage of his neighbor, could not, as his son, admit that he was wrong. Yet from the day when he had heard his father openly declare that he would deprive Orchard of his home the thing had oppressed him and appalled him. It was so utterly unjust; so unnatural and inhumane. It was on his mind by day, he often dreamed of it at night; yet he was bound by filial loyalty to utter no word of condemnation or complaint.

Like a trailing ghost the memory of it followed him to the school, and try as he would he could not drive it from his thought. And in its train came other thoughts, still more terrible. How many were there among the hundreds with whom his father dealt, as landlord or mortgagee or creditor, whose woes were similar to those of Stanley Orchard, whose hardships and sufferings had contributed to the wealth of which he, Nathan Brill, was now the beneficiary? Unpleasant thoughts indeed! They left him unsettled, unhappy, unstrung, unfit to accomplish fully the work for which he had gone to school.

During the first term of his freshman year he had indeed started bravely out and made excellent progress, in spite of the disturbed condition of his mind. His brightness and frankness and social ease, as well as his intellectual ability, soon made him popular with his fellows. He was taken into one of the leading fraternities. He became active in athletics. He was always welcome at any social gathering. He enjoyed those things, for they diverted his thoughts. When he was engaged in them, unpleasant memories did not dare to intrude into his mind; but when he took up a book to study, he found a shadow striking across every page. What wonder, then, that his ambition to be an intellectual leader soon waned, and that the harder and more persistent workers passed him in the race? Yet, by making a heroic spurt at the close, he finished his freshman year without falling seriously behind, and would enter his first term as a sophomore without conditions. He was going back, however, with no buoyancy of spirits, no taste for the coming tasks, no determination to lay ghosts or to conquer obstacles or to attain success.

When the train was well under way he came over and sat down in the seat beside Ralph. "It's mighty fine," he said, "that you're going down to the school. I understand that you're to enter sophomore and will be in the class with me."

"Yes," replied Ralph, "Dean Robinson thought I could do it easily enough, and that even if I had one or two conditions I could work them off without much trouble."

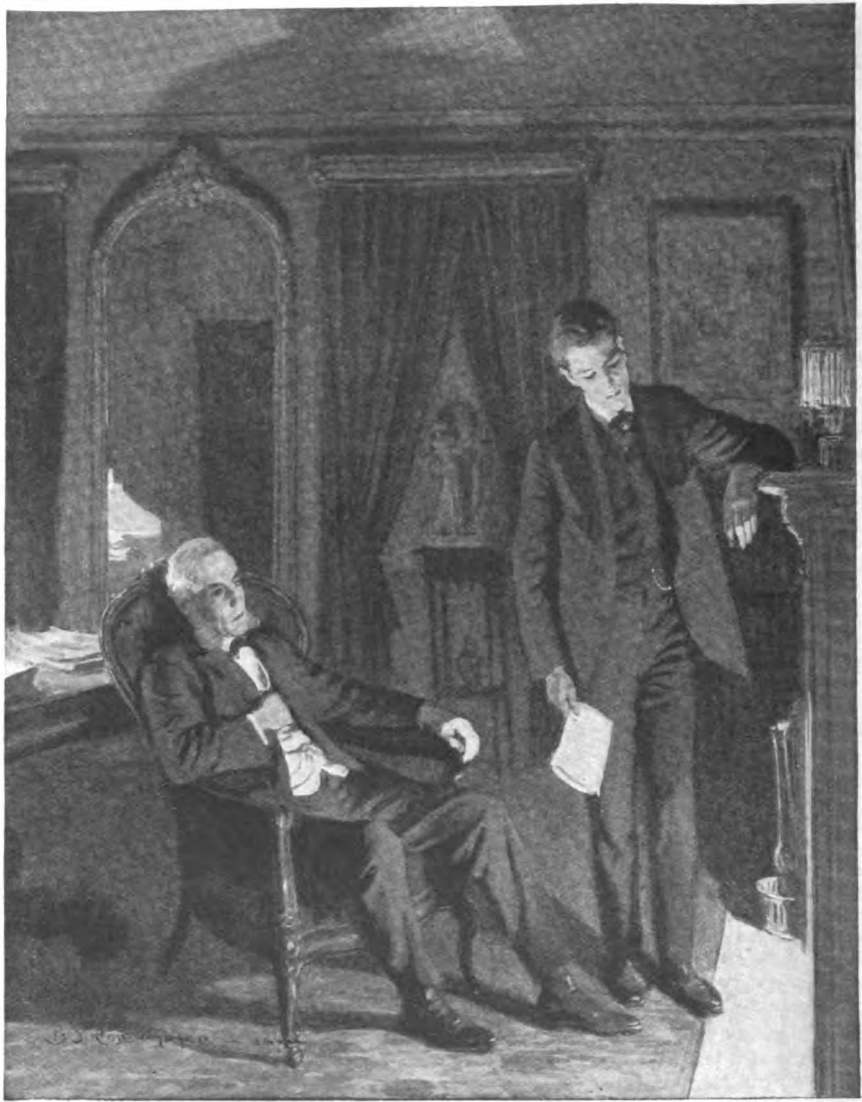
"Of course you can. The dean will take care of that. If he finds that a fellow is plugging away at his best, he'll go a thousand miles out of his way to help him."

After that there was silence between them for a few minutes. Nathan sat drumming listlessly with his fingers on the arm of the seat and looking out through the window across the aisle. Then he said:

"Of course you understand—I don't want to intrude on you—but if there's any assistance I can render you in any way—it won't be very much, I'm afraid—I'm heartily at your service."

Ralph thanked him, and again there was silence. The train stopped at Millbury. Passengers left the car and others entered. The engine puffed out from the station and once more the travelers were moving swiftly toward their destinations. Suddenly Nathan turned and faced his companion.

"I say, Ralph," he exclaimed, "what's the



THE THING THAT HE HAD EXPECTED AND DREADED HAD COME. IN WHAT MANNER SHOULD HE MEET IT?

use of all this? I mean all this coolness and restraint. We can't help what's happened back there. Why not forget it while we're away, and get back on the old footing?"

"I can't forget it, Nate," replied Ralph; "but I've nothing against you. I'm willing to meet you halfway, and more than halfway."

"Good! You don't know how this thing has hurt me. Of course you weren't home, but I haven't dared to go and see your mother more than twice this summer. I don't know what she thinks of me. Now, if I had to see you every day down at the university and get no more than a nod or a smile, the same as I do from any other fellow in the class, I'd simply go crazy. The thing has played hob with my nerves as it is."

His eyes, his face, his passionate utterance, showed how intense was his feeling. The old fondness for the companion of his boyhood flamed up in Ralph's heart. He held out his hand.

"I'm with you," he said. "I shall need you down there as much as you'll need me. I'm glad you broke the ice. We can't travel much together, maybe, but I reckon we can keep a grip on each other."

So they shook hands and it was settled. And the friendship renewed that day was never again broken as long as they both lived.

When they reached the town where the university was, Nathan was as good as his word. He took charge of Ralph, helped him with his baggage, piloted him to the campus, introduced him at the registrar's office and saw him settled in his room.

After that, although they saw little of each other in the social life of the university, for their associations were entirely different, they nevertheless kept up their cordial personal relations. They occasionally took long walks together into the country. Ralph seldom visited his friend's quarters, which were in another hall from his, across the campus, but Nathan came often to sit in Ralph's bare room.

The fact that Ralph was outstripping him in all studies that they had in common aroused no feeling of jealousy in Nathan's breast. There was no legitimate excuse for Nathan's failure to keep up in his work, for he learned easily; but in his character, gentle and manly though it was, there was an innate weakness that yielded readily to suggestion. He needed outside influences or a moral shock to hold him fast to his better self. Ralph understood his friend's lack of moral stamina and tried to supply it, but not always with success. In answer to his repeated protests, Nathan would good-naturedly admit his faults and offer some plausible excuse. Athletics, the glee club, social affairs in the city, student affairs on the campus—they all took so much time and required so much attention. A fellow could not be forever plugging away at calculus and conic sections. The charm of college life would be lost.

Once in a while, it is true, Nathan did brace

up and by weeks of splendid work encourage his friend. Then for some unaccountable reason, he would suddenly drop back into the old rut.

When the Christmas vacation came the two boys went home together. On the train, after an interval of silence, Nathan turned to his companion.

"Did I tell you that the dean called me up yesterday?" he said.

"No," Ralph answered apprehensively. "What was it?"

"Oh, just another admonition to mend my ways! Things have been going bad lately, I guess."

"I'm sorry. It's a shame; when you could make a record to be proud of if you'd only try."

"That's what the dean says," Nathan admitted. "I suppose you're right."

"Then why don't you try? Why don't you start in at the beginning of next term and put up a genuine fight for it—a real, persistent, practical fight?"

"I think I will. I told the dean I would, anyway. I had to tell him something like that, or rustication would have been the next thing in order; and rustication's not pleasant in the winter time. Besides, he said he was going to write to my father, and I wanted to influence him to give an optimistic tone to the letter."

"Please don't make light of it, Nate," said Ralph in much concern. "It's too mighty serious a matter."

"I know it's serious." He had grown suddenly sober. "I know it's serious. You can't tell me. Nor can I tell you what's behind it all. I wish I could. I wish I knew, myself. I'd like to smash the whole slate and begin all over again, and have only myself to depend upon."

Another proud day had come for Stanley Orchard. His son was home from school—home with a report of which any father might boast. The joy he felt had had few parallels in his narrow and unfortunate life. He could not refrain from gazing proudly on this splendid young fellow, tall, well-built, fine-looking, neatly dressed, with the bearing of a soldier, with the learning, so Stanley Orchard thought, of a sage. Adam Brill might begin a thousand suits in ejectment, might issue a hundred writs of possession, might put him out, bag and baggage, on the winter roadside, and still he should be happier than Adam Brill; for it was neighborhood gossip that although Ralph Orchard was doing excellent work at the scientific school Adam Brill's son was falling seriously behind.

"I said I'd show Adam Brill that if he had money in his family we had brains in ours," declared Orchard to his wife that night, "and I've done it."

"Don't be too hard on Nate, father," Mrs. Orchard replied. "I can't believe all the things we hear about him. Ralph is still fond of him and says nothing unpleasant about him. Don't

let's judge other men's sons, lest some unhappy thing should come upon our own boy."

"That's right, mother," assented Orchard readily. "I've got nothing against Nate. He's always treated me like a gentleman. If he's gone wrong, it isn't his fault; and he isn't responsible for his parents."

Perhaps it was some such thought that crossed the mind of Adam Brill as he sat alone before his fire on Christmas night and thought about his son. He had known for some time that Nathan was not making good progress in his studies. It was not a pleasant thing to contemplate. And now, with the Christmas holidays, had come a letter from the dean, saying plainly that unless Nathan applied himself more diligently to his studies it would be a waste of time and money for him to keep on at the school, even though he should be permitted to remain. It would be hard to conceive of any disappointment that could fall on Adam Brill more bitter than that, except possibly the absolute expulsion of his son from the school. He was not angry or resentful. His affection for the boy was too deep to permit him to feel anger or even resentment; but he was unspeakably grieved.

Sitting alone before the blazing fire of wood, he wondered whether the blame should rest entirely on his son; whether, for some reason that had not hitherto occurred to him, the fault might not be partly his own. But he could not think of anything that he had done that might have led to such an unhappy result, or of anything that he had left undone.

Toward midnight Nathan himself came in. He had been attending some Christmas festivity at Little Bethel. Now he stood with his back to the fire, facing his father.

"You're up late to-night, father," he commented.

"Yes, I've been waiting for you."

"That wasn't necessary, was it?"

"I think it was. I've a letter here that I've been holding for a few days, waiting for a chance to discuss it with you."

He drew the dean's letter from his pocket and handed it to Nathan to read.

"Well," he asked, when the boy had finished reading it, "what have you to say about it?"

The young man turned partly round and gazed into the fire without answering. The thing that he had expected and dreaded for so long had come. In what manner should he meet it?

"What have you to say about it?" repeated Brill a little more insistently.

"There's not much to say," replied Nathan, finally. "I suppose the dean is right."

"What's the matter? Can't you do the work?"

"The work is very hard."

"Can't you do the work if you try? I understand Ralph Orchard does it, and does it successfully."

"Ralph is a plugger. He's at it early and late."

"Can't you be a plugger, too? Can't you be at it early and late?"

"I'm afraid you've expected too much of me."

"I've expected you to take advantage of the opportunities I've given you, that's all. It's humiliating to see you left behind by the son of a pauper."

Nathan turned and faced the man squarely. "Father, Ralph is my best friend. And it seems hardly fair to call his father a pauper."

"He will be a pauper before I'm through with him, or he'll face about in his conduct toward me."

Brill rose and began to pace the floor.

Nathan did not remember when he had ever before seen his father so agitated.

"I'm sorry you feel that way toward him," he replied. "That's one of the things that hurts me and discourages me: to be on friendly terms with Ralph and to know all the time that you're taking every advantage you can of his father."

"I haven't requested you to be on friendly terms with the boy. I'm doing nothing to his father that the law doesn't permit."

"I know. I suppose that's true. But ever since that day on the hill, when you laid claim to his property because of the description in the deed, the thing has worried me. I haven't been free from it. I don't offer it as any excuse for what I've done at college. But if I could shake off the feeling that you've been unfair to Mr. Orchard, I believe I could brace up and be of some credit to you."

Brill stopped in his walk and looked curiously at his son.

"So the boot is on the other foot," he said. "It is my conduct now that comes in for criticism. Well, my boy, I'm fifty years old, you are twenty; I'm not willing as yet to place either my conscience or my business affairs in your keeping. And I do not see how my conduct can have any possible bearing on the question of your taking advantage of your chance to get an education."

"Perhaps it hasn't. I don't know. I only know that I feel that way about it, and it depresses me. I can't explain it to you; I don't believe you'd understand. But regardless

of all that, is it worth your while, is it worth the thought you give it, to follow up Stanley Orchard the way you're doing? He's boastful and irritating, I know. But he's poor and powerless, and simple-minded. And you're—you're the other thing. Is the game big enough to make it worth your while to hunt it? It would take very little to make him your friend. Just a few words, a kind act. Why can't you, father? Why can't you?"

He held out his hand appealingly, but his father was obdurate.

"Because I don't choose. Because there's time enough for that when I've beaten him into submission, as I shall. Besides, that's not the question under discussion. Here's the

dean's letter. You admit that at present you are making a failure of your college course. Now, you have reached a point where there are two ways open to you: You can go back and make of yourself the man that you are capable of being, and that it has been my life's ambition to have you be, or you can drop out and become the disappointment and failure that will make us both miserable from this time on. Take your choice."

For a full minute the two men, young and old, stood looking into each other's face. Then Nathan turned again toward the fire and gazed wearily on the glowing coals.

"I will go back," he said.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"SHORTEN HAWSERS!"

By George C. Lane

WITH a stiff westerly wind blowing across the river, the tug Dauntless and her tow of two light barges neared the drawbridge at Brownport on her way down to the Sound.

The tug signaled to the barges to shorten hawsers. Because of the wind it would be necessary to take the barges abreast through the draw.

The hawsers were stiff with ice. Joe Bozeman, on the head barge, found his very hard to handle. The job of barge captain was a new one for him, and he made awkward work of taking up the slack.

"Come, get a move on there, kid!" shouted old Jenkins from No. 28. "Your line'll foul the propeller if you don't show some signs of life."

In a few minutes the two barges were abreast and the space between them was closing. Their sterns were already together. Jenkins ran down along the side of his barge toward the stern.

"Hang on there a minute, kid, and I'll jump over and give you a lift!" he shouted. "It's jest as I said to you before we started down: you was never cut out for this kind of work."

Young Bozeman knew that old Jenkins was well-meaning enough; but it had galled the boy to be told over and over again that he was useless. He was doing his best, and everyone had to learn, he reflected rather bitterly, as with aching hands he pulled away on his hawser.

The next instant came a sharp cry from Jenkins, cut short by a great splash. The old bargeman had slipped on the icy deck and fallen overboard.

Even as Joe ran to the side of his barge, he realized the terrible peril that Jenkins was in. The space between the two barges was rapidly lessening; like the jaws of a huge pair of pliers the two were coming together. Jenkins was swimming frantically in an effort to reach the bows in time to avoid being squeezed to death; but it was evident that the old man was not much of a swimmer. His chance of getting out before the huge jaws closed tight was almost hopeless.

It was fifteen feet from the deck of the barge to the water. Joe had no means of reaching the man. He thought of going back for the ladder; but he realized at once that before he could unlash it and get back the old man would be crushed. For a second his brain seemed a blank, and then, while Jenkins still struggled desperately toward the bows, all sorts of useless ideas crowded into his mind.

All Joe's resentment at Jenkins' bullying gave way before his alarm at the terrible death that threatened the old man. Joe looked about him helplessly. Along the entire length of deck the only thing in sight was a short piece of iron rail used on the guy rope that served to steady the coal buckets as they were hoisted out of the hold. But of what possible use could that be to him?

Again Joe glanced over the side. The space had become appreciably narrower. Jenkins, splashing furiously in his attempt to reach the bows, had still more than half the length of the barges to go.

At last Joe had an idea that seemed practicable. "Dive!" he shouted. "Dive! It's your only chance! You'll have to go under them."

Jenkins paid no attention; perhaps he did not hear. Joe shouted again with all the strength of his lungs:

"Dive, man! You can never swim out that way!"

Hampered by the cold and by his heavy clothes, Jenkins was making harder work of it all the time. Presently he stopped stroking and tried to push himself along with his hands on the nearer barge; he made no



HOLDING THE PIECE OF RAIL CLOSE TO HIS BODY WITH ONE ARM, HE JUMPED, STRAIGHT AS A DART, BETWEEN THE TWO VESSELS

better progress by that method, and presently his head went under and he came up choking.

It was hard for Joe to stand there and witness the old man's frantic but feeble struggles. He must do something. He knew that Jenkins' only chance of escape was to dive under one of the barges. Since the old man would not attempt it, Joe decided that he himself must jump over and pull the man down with him. For an instant he shunned the idea. Was it possible, he wondered, after all? Could he pull the struggling man down quick enough to avoid being crushed along with him?

He looked about him again. His eyes fell on the piece of rail, and with quickly beating heart he ran cautiously down the icy deck, seized the iron, which weighed at least thirty pounds, and hurried forward again.

As he reached the spot directly over the struggling barge captain, he shouted again, but Jenkins paid no attention. Joe took a long, full breath and, holding the piece of rail close to his body with one arm, jumped, straight as a dart, between the two vessels.

He struck the water near the struggling man and with his free hand gripped him about the neck and shoulders. Down, down they sank in the icy water, dragged toward the bottom faster and faster by the iron rail.

Jenkins struggled furiously to free himself,

but Joe clung with a desperate hold. The old man clutched and clawed and wrenched at Joe's arm and wrist to free himself. Ordinarily, strength for strength, Joe in his youthful vigor would have been more than a match for him; but now Jenkins fought with the strength of the drowning. It was all that Joe could do to keep his hold on him.

Down, down they went, headfirst now; in another instant they touched the thick mud of the river bottom.

So precipitous had been their descent that Joe had forgotten to let go of the piece of rail. Now he dropped it and, still clinging to Jenkins, began to stroke with his free hand toward the surface.

In spite of the awful throbbing in his ears his brain was still clear; he remembered that if he was to avoid the bottom of the barge he must swim to one side and not straight upward.

Jenkins' struggles to break away were growing feebler, but suddenly he threw both arms round Joe's neck and clung with a deathlike grip. In alarm Joe fought to free himself; with the old man's arms round him, he could not. His own strength was fast failing him; his lungs ached and the blood in his head throbbed painfully.

He managed at last to seize Jenkins' fingers and to pry loose their strangling grip. Then, still clinging to the old man's shoulder, he again fought his way toward the surface.

It seemed to Joe that his lungs would burst with the breath that was in them; but he dared not expel it. Summoning his failing strength, he redoubled his efforts. Jenkins, who had ceased struggling, was like a dead weight in his grasp; Joe did not know whether the old man was still alive or not.

Would he never reach the surface, the boy wondered? He was tempted to let go his hold on Jenkins, so that, unhampered by the dead weight, he could reach the air sooner. Had he not done his best? There was no need of their both drowning. Black specks danced before his eyes. His right arm felt as heavy as lead. His furious struggle and the icy cold of the water had robbed him of all except the last ounce of strength, it seemed, and yet he fought on stubbornly, if feebly, although he hardly realized what he was doing.

It did not make any difference now, he told himself. He might as well keep his hold on poor Jenkins until the end. Only a moment longer and then— Well, when they found him still clinging to the old barge captain, they would know that he had done all that a man could.

If only his lungs did not ache so! If only— Although hardly realizing at first what he was doing, he was gulping a fresh breath of air. He had reached the surface!

Close beside him loomed the high, black side of one of the barges. His brain cleared at once, and he supported Jenkins' head so that his face was clear of the water.

"Gone, course they are, both of 'em, just squeezed to death, that's all," he heard some one say on the barge, which now loomed almost above him. "The two boxes came smack together a few seconds after the youngster jumped. I seen it all plain as day."

Joe tried to shout, but he had no breath for the effort.

"I s'pose the kid had some notion of trying to save the old man," another voice said. "Pretty tough, though. Wal, ain't nothing much to do, 'cept wait round a few minutes, and then I'll have to run in to Brownport and report the drownin'."

The tug had stopped. Joe, who was in the lee of the barges, turned over on his back and, still supporting Jenkins' apparently lifeless body, kicked himself along toward the end of the barge.

Ahead of him, only a few feet away, was the tug. A moment later the greatly astonished crew of the tug were helping the two barge-men over the rail.

In the engine room they rolled Jenkins on a keg and after a while succeeded in getting the water out of his lungs.

"Well, kid, I sized you up wrong, and I'm willin' to admit it," old Jenkins said an hour later, as he gratefully wrung Joe's hand. "You can make a barge captain of yourself if you want to, all right; but I reckon you're cut out for somethin' better than that."



FACT AND COMMENT

AT the banquet of life, there are tables for the notables, but there are no tables for the not-ables.

A House begins to be a Ruin when
A Fallen Tile is not put back again.

WHENEVER you can look at yourself and be satisfied, you should begin to suspect yourself of moral blindness.

DO not be disappointed if the Bureau of Ethnology cannot answer your request for "the Indian word" for this or that. In a recent report it says that there are, or have been, fully five hundred distinct Indian languages on this continent north of the Rio Grande, and almost twice that number in the whole of the New World.

THE wheat belt is already looking forward to a bumper crop in 1917. The fall months were exceptionally favorable for farm work, and the acreage of winter wheat is far greater than usual. All the wheat that America can raise this year will be needed, for it is certain that none will be left over from the short crop of 1916, and probable that the European harvests will again be short.

CANADA is rapidly gaining possession of the greater part of Niagara Falls. The American Falls now carry less than a twentieth of the entire flow. For two hundred years or more the centre of Horseshoe Falls has been receding by erosion at the rate of about five feet a year. The edge of the American Falls recedes much more slowly—only a few inches a year. As the Canadian Falls drop back toward Lake Erie, they receive a larger and larger volume of water.

TO a father who admitted in court that he did not know how his son, then under arrest, had been spending his evenings or what he had been doing the judge put some questions that other fathers might well ask themselves: "Do you keep a horse?" "Yes, Your Honor." "Where is it now?" "In the barn." "You know where it is every night, don't you? You lock the barn door to keep the horse safe, and you feed it and care for it, don't you?" "Yes, sir." "Which do you think the most of, the horse or the boy?" "The boy, of course." "Then see that you treat him as well as you treat the horse."

THE world little notes what happens on the ancient throne of Abyssinia, where tradition has it that the Queen of Sheba once ruled, yet an interesting change has just taken place there. Before Menelik, the reputed descendant of King Solomon, died, a few years ago, he selected his grandson, Lij Yasu, as his successor. It was an unpopular choice, and the young man has been forced to step aside in favor of Zeoditu, a daughter of Menelik. The Empress Zeoditu, who is forty years of age, hates all foreigners, and is likely to attempt absolutely to close Abyssinia to them.

THE revival of plans for a tunnel under the English Channel brings out the interesting and little-known fact that a substantial beginning on the tunnel was made a generation ago. In 1874 a French company sank a shaft at Sangatte and drove a gallery a mile and a half under the Channel toward England. In 1881 an English railway company sank a 160-foot shaft near Dover and drove a 7-foot tunnel more than a mile under the Channel toward France. Then the cautious statesmen interfered and stopped work. Both tunnels remain virtually intact. Engineers have found that at a depth under the Channel ranging from 80 to 200 feet is a stratum of gray chalk that is the easiest possible material to cut through.

IT took seven weeks to compile the official returns of the popular vote cast in the recent presidential election. Mr. Wilson received 9,116,296 votes, almost three millions more than he got in 1912, and a million and a half more than any previous candidate received. Mr. Hughes, too, had more than any previous candidate, and nearly a million more than Taft and Roosevelt together polled four years ago. His total was 8,547,474. Mr. Hanly, the Prohibition candidate, got 225,101, which is

17,000 more than his party received in 1912; but Mr. Benson, the Socialist, who polled 750,000 votes, got 150,000 less than Mr. Debs received at the last election. The total vote was three and a half millions greater than it was in 1912; not far from half the increase came from women voters, enfranchised since the last election.

OUR WEST INDIES

ALL the essential preliminaries to transferring the ownership of the Danish West Indies to the United States were completed in December. The treaty, which had already been ratified by the United States Senate, was approved in Denmark by both branches of the Rigsdag and signed by the King. When Congress appropriates the twenty-five millions that is the price agreed upon, the cession will be formally made.

The Companion lately told the story of the several efforts of the United States to purchase the islands; there is no need of repeating it. Heretofore Danish sentiment has blocked the sale, and there has been little disposition in this country to press the matter, except in those official circles that emphasize the importance of national defense.

When the United States took over the Philippine Islands, and virtually paid Spain a large sum for them, the late Thomas B. Reed made an ironical remark about the price per capita that we were paying for some millions of savages. We are now paying almost three hundred dollars an acre for one hundred and thirty-eight square miles of territory. And yet, although for purposes of production the land is not worth three hundred cents an acre, the bargain is a good one for us as well as for Denmark, because it gives us one of the best harbors in the West Indies for a naval station to protect the Panama Canal.

Although Columbus discovered one of the islands, St. Croix, or Santa Cruz, on his second voyage, and although the islands, since they were settled by the Dutch about 1630, have been at different times in the possession of England, Spain, France and Denmark, they have little that is picturesque or noteworthy in their history. Nor is their trade of much value. Their entire commerce with Denmark in 1914 was worth less than \$200,000. They have long had closer trade relations with this country than with Denmark. In 1914 we imported from the islands produce to the value of about \$30,000, and sold them goods worth nearly \$900,000.

The purchase will add a little less than thirty thousand people, mostly free negroes, to the number of those who acknowledge allegiance to the United States.

The transaction is purely a business matter, based on the fact that the islands are useless to the seller but valuable to the buyer.

OIL WELLS, EAST AND WEST

THE four things that make modern warfare unlike the warfare of the past are the aeroplane, the submarine, the automatic gun and the motor transport. Three of them are dependent on the gasoline engine; and therefore no country can wage modern warfare successfully unless it has access to a large and constant supply of gasoline. For the first time in history the oil well has become as important to the plans of a general staff as the iron mine, the grain field, or the munitions factory.

During the opening year of the war the Central powers had some reason to worry about their gasoline. Germany itself produces little of the precious stuff, and the great Galician oil fields, which lie under the slopes of the Carpathians, were constantly threatened by the Russians, and part of the time occupied by them. But since the battle of the Donajec in May, 1915, the greater part of that region has been in the hands of the Germans. Only the wells of the Kolomea district are still held by the Russians.

To the Galician oil fields the Germans have now added those of Roumania, and while they hold them they will not need to economize in the use of gasoline. The Roumanian wells, like those of Galicia, are found among the foothills of the Carpathians, and belong to the same geological formation. The United States, Russia and Mexico produce more petroleum than Roumania, but, except for the Dutch East Indies, Galicia comes next. Roumania and Galicia together can furnish about twenty million barrels of oil a year.

Of course England and France are worse off for native supplies of petroleum than the Central powers are, but so long as the British navy holds the seas they have the unlimited supplies of North America and Russia to draw

upon—to say nothing of the less productive wells of India, Persia and the East Indies. The British expedition into Mesopotamia, our readers will remember, was not undertaken originally to seize Bagdad, but to gain control of the promising oil field near the mouth of the Tigris River. That object it has attained in spite of the reverses that followed the ill-advised attempt on Bagdad.

COAL

WHEN beef and mutton grow dear, prudent housewives buy less meat. When eggs soar upward to fantastic figures, valiant housewives have been known to buy no eggs at all. With every advance in price there is a corresponding decrease in consumption—except in the case of coal; but so strong is custom, and so submissive are we to its decrees, that, if coal were four, or fourteen, or forty dollars a ton, it would make no difference in the stifling heat of American houses and hotels, shops, banks and railway stations.

Parlor cars are beyond redemption. They are heated without extra cost, and kept at the temperature in which the African porter loves to bask. Post offices are beyond redemption. The taxpayer settles their coal bills, and their clerks simmer in an indescribable atmosphere, compounded of steam, dust, stale smells, old clothes, old boots and the breath of the passing populace. But why should a big hotel, a cheap boarding house and an ordinary restaurant vie with one another in suffocating their patrons? In one of Mrs. Wharton's novels an ingenious gentleman attains great wealth by patenting a device for the exclusion of fresh air from hotels. To judge by the dining room of any hotel in the country, that patent must still be minting money for its owner. It is characteristic of our imperfect civilization that, so long as the food is rich and abundant, we do not ask to eat it in comfort. A crowded room, a blare of music, a curious medley of costumes, a shrill crescendo of voices striving to talk the music down, closed windows, heavy upholstery and a temperature of 80° F.—that is the combination familiar to all Americans who are rich enough to afford such indulgence.

Poor people get less food and no music, but the same hot and tainted air in which to eat their Hamburg steak and pie. The boarding-house keeper sighs her soul out over her coal bills. The merchant resourcefully adds the increased cost of fuel to the price of his commodities, and makes the public pay for the pain it suffers. Uneasy citizens declare that the government should take control of the coal mines and sell their product cheap; but everyone wants to go on living in a crematory, because that is what we are accustomed to. No one wants to lower the blast-furnace temperature, which stands responsible for half the ailments in the country.

The coal that Americans burn every winter to produce an excess of heat—let us say a temperature over 68°—is worse than wasted. It assures us, at a heavy cost, discomfort and disease.

BELGIUM

WHO are the Belgians, whose sufferings have aroused the sympathy, and whose courage has aroused the admiration, of the world? Belgium, as Belgium, is one of the youngest countries in Europe; it dates only from 1830, when it separated from Holland, with which it had been united since 1815. But its people have a long and honorable history; it goes back to the time of Julius Caesar, who regarded the Celtic tribe of the Belgae, living between the rivers Scheldt and Seine, as the bravest of all the Gauls. Like all the rest of Gaul it became a part of the Roman Empire. Then, in the fifth century, it was overrun by the Franks and for four hundred years it was Frankish. When Charlemagne's empire dissolved, a part of Belgium, Flanders, fell into the hands of French rulers and the rest of it was included in Lorraine, then ruled by German kings.

Later still, both parts of Belgium, together with Holland, became part of the dukedom of Burgundy, which was independent both of France and of Germany. Then, by marriage, the House of Hapsburg became possessed of Burgundy; and the Netherlands, Dutch and Belgic, became under Charles V a fief of the Spanish crown. When Spain lost its power and Holland gained its freedom, France got back a part of Flanders, and the rest of Belgium passed to the house of Austria, in the hands of which, with some vicissitudes, it remained until the French conquered it in 1794, only to give it up at the fall of Napoleon.

Belgium, therefore, like many another frontier region, has known many masters, and its people have become one of the most mixed in Europe. It is not unfair to say, however, that they are very much like the people of northern France—with less of the Roman infusion and a stronger strain of Germanic blood. To their northern neighbors, the Dutch, the Belgians are less nearly allied, although the two countries have often been politically united.

Unlike the Dutch the Belgians are prevalently Catholic; and although in Antwerp they have one of the great seaports of Europe, they are more industrially and less commercially minded than the Dutch. They are industrious, thrifty and home-loving. Their little country was until the other day the most thickly settled and one of the most prosperous in Europe. It is one of the most highly civilized, too. As far back as the Middle Ages Flanders and Brabant were the workshops of Europe and, next to Italy, its art centres.

The geographical situation of Belgium and its age-long position on the border between the powerful countries of France and Germany have made it perhaps the greatest battlefield of Europe. The Belgians have seen too much of war and suffered too much from it to be a quarrelsome or a warlike people, but they are high-spirited and do not submit tamely to aggression. What the future of the nation is to be is not perfectly clear. To-day Germany is administering the country as a conquered province; and it is strategically and commercially so valuable that the Germans would like extremely well to add it permanently to their empire. That they would no doubt do if they were able to dictate the terms of peace; as it is, the general opinion is that the Germans are ready to withdraw from Belgium, if the Allies will let them control the Balkans and the Near East. Whenever and however peace comes, the Belgians may be depended upon to set to work again, with the sturdy, patient courage they have shown more than once before, to build a new prosperity out of the ruins of their towns and the shell-ploughed stubble of their fields.

THE PUBLIC-BUILDINGS SCANDAL

AFTER long efforts by reformers, public opinion found a way to put an end to the worst abuses of the "spoils system" in the distribution of petty offices. It has not yet been fully aroused to the scandal of the raids on the national Treasury for which new public buildings serve as a pretext.

Let us go back to the beginning and see how the evil started. In certain of the largest cities it was impossible to hire privately owned buildings that in size, arrangement and situation were suitable for customhouses, courthouses, or post offices. It was therefore both economical and efficient to buy sites and erect buildings for government occupation. In time, conditions in some of the smaller cities made it seem wise to extend the policy. Those cities were either ports of entry or places where the national courts held sessions; in some cases one building served as customhouse, courthouse and post office. Even at that it was in many instances false economy to build rather than to hire quarters.

Then ambitious towns, here and there, doing an unusually large postal business in proportion to their populations, sought and received ornate buildings to be used solely as post offices. In a few of the cases the government possibly saved small sums by building in preference to renting; but most of the public buildings of that class cost much more, counting interest on the capital, upkeep and maintenance, than equally useful if less picturesque hired accommodations would have cost.

Then the door flew wide open to a scramble by cities, ambitious towns and even small villages. Congressmen, importuned to procure public buildings for them, courted favor and popularity by yielding to the demand. Those who had indefensible projects combined to stand by one another. The result was the shameful raids on the Treasury that have come to be known as "pork" bills.

It would be easy to fill this page with examples of excesses that no reasonable person would justify. The last public-buildings appropriation act authorized the expenditure of \$487,000 for post-office buildings in nine towns in one state. According to the last census the aggregate population of the nine was 25,729. The buildings will take the place of rented quarters that cost \$5860 a year. Thus, merely the interest at four per cent on the cost of the new buildings will be more than three times the rental now paid, to say nothing of the expense of maintaining them, which, it is

estimated, will be on the average more than \$3,000 a year for each one.

Another example—the worst, no doubt, that can be cited—is that of a town of 537 inhabitants, for which the government is asked in a bill now pending to build a post office that will cost \$40,000.

Although that is the worst project in the bill, the Treasury Department estimates that four fifths of the items in the measure represent waste. That waste will go on until public opinion convinces Congressmen that the surest road to unpopularity at home is to sanction absurd demands even from constituents; and that nothing will discredit them so promptly as “log-rolling.”

CURRENT EVENTS

RAILWAY AFFAIRS.—The railway representatives and the heads of the four brotherhoods of employees failed to agree upon a *modus vivendi* while the constitutionality of the Adamson eight-hour law was before the Supreme Court. The employees asked for increase of pay from January 1 until the court's decision was announced. The railways declined to agree to that, although they promised to make the increase of pay retroactive in case the court upheld the law. On January 1 the brotherhood officials issued a statement to the members of their organizations explaining the situation and asking to be instructed whether or not to renew the threat of a general strike.

THE PEACE NOTES.—On December 30 the joint reply of the ten Allied governments to the peace suggestions from Berlin was given out at Paris. The note solemnly protested against the German assertion that the Allied governments were responsible for the outbreak of the war and against the assumption that the Central powers were in any sense victorious. It added that the mere suggestion of peace based on those fundamentally untrue propositions and containing no hint of the terms proposed was a sham offer of peace and in reality a war manoeuvre. The note went on to present the Allies' case against Germany, especially illustrated by its aggression against Belgium, and declared that the Allies could not consider peace until they had secured reparation for violated rights, the recognition of the right of small states to existence and freedom from molestation, and a settlement that could be regarded as a guarantee against such disturbances of the world's peace as the present war. — The three Scandinavian nations dispatched notes strongly supporting President Wilson's peace note. The Spanish government sent to Washington a reply declining at present to take action in support of Mr. Wilson's suggestions. — A resolution that committed the Senate to the support of the President's note was introduced by Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska, but action on it was prevented by Republican Senators who were unwilling to indorse the President without more information concerning the actual diplomatic situation.

MEXICO.—The American members of the joint commission decided to consider Gen. Carranza's appeal for a modification of the protocol recently drawn up by the commission to provide for the immediate withdrawal of Gen. Pershing's force from Mexico. — The government at Washington learned that Villa and his partisans were recruiting and finding equipment for very considerable armies, and that it grew daily more doubtful whether the Carranza government would ever be able to regain the control of the northern states of Mexico.

HUNGARY.—On December 30 the new Emperor of Austria was crowned at Budapest as King Charles IV of Hungary. Count Stephen Tisza, the premier of Hungary, placed the crown on his head and the ceremony is described as brilliant. There are reports of political dissensions between the kingdoms of the dual monarchy; according to one, Count Tisza himself is likely to retire. It is not clear whether the new ruler is personally responsible for the changes that are occurring or expected

to occur in the cabinets both of Austria and of Hungary, but his policy will probably look toward a closer connection of Austria with the German Empire as a makeweight against the constantly increasing influence of Hungary in the affairs of the monarchy.

TURKEY.—The government of Turkey has announced that it is no longer bound by the treaties of Paris and Berlin, according to which the great powers of Europe exercised a kind of supervision over the relations of

Turkey with the citizens or the governments of foreign states. The note points out that Turkey is now an ally on equal terms with two of the powers in question, and must insist on being recognized as a perfectly independent and sovereign state.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From December 28 to January 3)

The probabilities and the possibilities of peace were the chief topic of discussion during the week, for the winter weather made military activity difficult on almost all fronts. The feeling was general that the German suggestion of a peace conference was certain to fail, especially since the German government had shown by its reply to President Wilson that it was not ready to declare publicly the terms that it thinks the military situation justifies. It was understood, however, that the government at Washington was secretly informed of the precise basis on which the Central powers are willing to negotiate, and many public men thought it possible that, if that were sufficiently liberal, a way might still be found to bring about a conference.

The German and Bulgar forces in Roumania continued their offensive and, according to Berlin, gained ground steadily, although much more slowly than in preceding weeks. The impression that the dispatches give is that the drive is slowing down and that the conditions of immobility that are present on the other war fronts are already in sight in Roumania. At the end of the week the Russian line ran from Braila to the Carpathians near the Oitoz Pass; it seemed unlikely that the Russians would be driven any farther back than the line of the Sereth River, unless their flank should be turned from the Dobruja. That district has not yet been entirely cleared of Russian troops, and the crossing of the Danube at that point would be a difficult matter. The retreating Roumanians, according to official report, destroyed nearly all the oil wells and refineries in the districts now occupied by the Germans. The stores of grain that were at Braila and Galatz are also said to have been destroyed or removed.

On the French and Italian fronts there were constant artillery duels, and in the region of Verdun there were occasional spirited local attacks, but no operations of importance. The British army has taken over another section of the front in France.

The ministers of France, Great Britain and Russia at Athens have demanded that Greece limit the number and the armament of all Greek troops and reservists north of the Isthmus of Corinth, release all Venizelist sympathizers now under arrest, and make suitable



OUR LADY OF THE TRENCHES
A CHURCH IN THE BATTLE AREA WITH ONLY ITS ROOF AND ITS SEPARATE BELFRY ABOVEGROUND

apologies to the Allied flags for the attack made by Greek soldiers on Allied soldiers in the streets of Athens. The royal council took the demands under consideration.

Berlin reports the sinking of a steamer carrying a regiment of Russian coast artillery near the Gulf of Finland. The ship is said to have struck a mine. The French armored cruiser Gaulois was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, but almost all of the crew were saved. Berlin declared that during November German submarines sank 138 enemy merchant ships and 53 neutral ships carrying contraband.

Aerial fighting was lively along the French front. The French aviator Guynemer brought down his twenty-fifth enemy airplane. British and French aviators dropped bombs on several factories and furnaces behind the German lines in Lorraine.

Gen. Joffre has been made a marshal of France, but apparently he is relieved from any further military responsibility.

Herr Batocki, the regulator of food supply for Germany, reported that the attempt to enforce an absolute maximum price for the necessities of life and to obtain an equitable distribution of produce throughout the country had broken down, owing to the unwillingness of producers and consumers alike to submit to the regulations.

Unsubstantiated dispatches from Russia told of the assassination of Gregory Rasputin, the monk whose influence on the royal family of Russia has long been the subject of international gossip. Rasputin was said to favor a separate peace with Germany.

There is an interesting movement on foot in Great Britain to take the liquor business out of the hands of private persons, with a view to restricting radically, if not actually prohibiting, the sale of liquor. Mr. Lloyd-George is believed to be considering the control of the liquor trade by the state through purchase.



Flour Facts

It is not generally known by the public that many different grades of flour are made in the same mill, at the same time, and from the same wheat.

The quality of each manufacturer's best-finished flour depends very largely upon how skillfully and carefully he separates it from the undesirable lower grades. The greater the proportion of the lower grades he puts in, the less it costs him to manufacture.

The making of the best quality flour can be likened to the skimming of milk; some skimmers are careful to take off only pure cream; others carelessly or purposely include a percentage of milk.

Therefore, grinding the best wheat does not alone insure the highest quality flour because the quality and richness of the flour are determined largely by the care, pride and equipment of the man who makes the separation.

The purity of both flour and cream depends upon how closely they are skimmed, and this is entirely up to the skimmer (the miller).

Pillsbury's Best is absolutely pure. It contains none of the cheaper grades; so we say,

The Flour Question Settled
“Because
Pillsbury's Best”

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Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE LANTHORN OR THE GLEAM

By Morris Gilbert

CHOOSE! ye must choose, the lanthorn or the gleam—
Which shall ye take, oh, which shall ye resign?
Scale the star-clad uplands to the crest that lights a dream?
Trudge the shifting circle of the lanthorn's shine?
Unto each the choice—to none the sure command.
Lo! The timid bluebells in the sweet, wet crevices!
Silver pipes a-shrilling where the waifs of whimsey baid;
Clarions a-blarney where the way of service lies.
Down the powdered road shows the lanthorn on the way;
Yonder—yonder calls the glory of the gleam—
Shimmering, whispering, leaning to the day—
Leaning to the dawning of the day within the dream!

WHEN TRIBULATION AROSE

"I'M sorry, Harley," the minister said; he spoke in a low tone, as if speaking to himself. Memory was reconstructing the scene of seven years before, when, in that same room, he had knelt and prayed with the hopeful young convert and had looked into the earnest face, all aglow with enthusiasm. "I'm sorry, Harley. Tell me just how it was."

"I thought that I'd made a fine start toward being a Christian," the young man replied, with a little of his old-time boyish frankness, "but I see my mistake now. I was sincere enough, but I didn't count the cost. I'm a carpenter, you know, and I've often heard men say that building a new house, or repairing an old one, almost always figures up more in the end than you estimate it will. I didn't allow for the extra cost, Mr. Kingsley, and—there wasn't any reserve laid by."

"It was easy to live right, here. It was what everybody expected of me, after I'd taken the stand I did. When I was married, and went away, it was different. Ada—my wife—didn't care for that sort of thing, and the men I worked with were mostly rough and careless. At first Ada went to church with me, and I kept up family prayers. We had a good deal of company, though, especially on Sundays,—that was what Ada had always been used to, and I didn't want to dictate to her,—and that made it harder to keep on the way we'd begun."

"One evening Ada made some light remark about my family prayers, and the others laughed. She was only thoughtless, but it took all the heart out of me. I tried it a few times more, but it seemed useless, and I gave it up. I said to myself that I might just as well pray alone."

"Then harder things came, and the good seed got uprooted. I hadn't allowed for the stress and strain of what the Bible calls 'tribulations.' I thought I was down on bed rock, but there was sand somewhere, and—and the house went over. I know you'll say that I ought to begin all over again, but I can't. I couldn't feel any interest in it now."

"Have you noticed John Wheldon's new house—on Park Avenue?" The young man looked curiously at the minister as he nodded assent.

"For years John saved for that," went on Mr. Kingsley, "and four years ago he began building. When the frame was up and partly covered, a big wind laid it flat. It was a heavy loss for a poor man, for a good many of the boards and timbers were splintered and broken. To use your own expression, it 'took all the heart' out of John. He stored what was left of the wreckage under a shed, and never touched the work until a year from the next spring."

"Even when he began again the old enthusiasm was gone. I never saw a man more indifferent about anything. He said he'd never have touched it if he hadn't had the cut lumber on his hands. But the building went up, and stayed up. The debt is paid, I understand, and it's a snug little home, and John and his family are enjoying it. The contractor tells me it's a better house than the other one would have been, because John put his hard experience into it."

The young man was silent a long time. "Yes, I've got the cut lumber on my hands," he said musingly. "I suppose God will expect me to make some use of it."

ROSIE'S MOTHER

CLEARING her desk for the night, Miss Harlow heard footsteps out in the hall—shy, hesitating steps that did not sound like those of a child or a teacher, or of an angry parent. Her hands full of papers, she waited, curiously, until the stranger came into view. She was right: It was neither child nor teacher, nor parent with a grievance. Yet it was a mother—there was no question about that. She was speaking timidly.

"I—I am looking for Miss Harlow."

"I am Miss Harlow. Won't you come in?"

Her visitor entered and sat down. She was very nervous. Her soft, troubled eyes pleaded for sympathy.

"It's my little girl, Rosie—Rosie Doran. She's real pretty."

"Rosie is bright as well as pretty," Miss Harlow answered.

A flash of pride illumined the face of Rosie's mother and made it for a moment incredibly younger.

"Yes'm, she is. I—I want Rosie to have things nice. I do everything I can, but her father's been sick so much. And Rosie thinks somehow that I don't want to get her things. She don't understand—a girl like her couldn't. I thought maybe—Rosie said you were so nice to talk to—maybe you could help me some way. She thinks a lot of you."

Miss Harlow read the whole story clearly in the soft, timid eyes. When Rosie's mother went, at last, with a gleam of comfort on her tired face, Miss Harlow sat thinking until the janitor came to close the building. But then she had her idea.

She announced it to her class the next day. The class merely thought it a funny subject for a "composition." The subject was, "What my mother does."

There were schools where the experiment might

have been dangerous, but Miss Harlow knew her little world. These mothers worked in ways that children could comprehend. They needed only to see. In a day or two she began to hear discussions—heated ones. "My mother does more than yours." She smiled; it was a wholesome rivalry on the whole—far better than blindness. But she could hardly wait for Rosie's paper.

The time came at last. The class had gone. She ran rapidly through the pile and opened Rosie's paper.

The "composition" was blithe and boastful. It listed lightly a fabulous number of achievements. Miss Harlow read it through with a sinking heart until she came to the last sentence.

"I guess I didn't know how many things my mother did till I counted up," Rosie wrote. "I guess there isn't any mother does as much as mine."

The teacher's eyes lighted happily. Whether anything lasting came of it or not, here was reward for Rosie's mother.

THE EFFICIENT BOOT TOE

IT is very probable that Costello Robinson, who lives in the backwoods township of Albany, New Hampshire, is the only man who hunts bears by kicking them. He was recently on his way to work on the road that leads to Gumm's quarry and happened to have a rifle with him. Suddenly he came on two half-grown black bear cubs. Up went his rifle, and one cub fell dead; the other took speedily to a tree. It came over Costello that the other cub would be worth more to him alive than dead, and he began to shout lustily for assistance.

His cries reached the ears of Orrin Tyler, on whose land the bears were trespassing, and he hurried to the spot.

"What'll ye take for 'em, Orrin, jest as they be?" asked Costello.

"Oh, they're wuth ten dollars, I guess," replied the farmer.

Meantime the bear thought it was time to make his escape, and he began to back down the tree.

"Look out, Costello, or ye'll lose him!" cried Orrin.

"Not much, I won't!" cried Robinson, and as the bear neared the ground, growling menacingly, Costello drew back and with a powerful swing landed a kick where a kick would naturally terminate in such case. With a scream of outraged dignity and pain, the bear shot back up the tree. Orrin started up after him, but the bear managed to keep on the opposite side of the big pine trunk, and when Orrin was well up among the branches the bear scrambled rapidly down the trunk again.

Costello was right on the spot, however, and ready with his powerful boot toe. That treatment he administered on seven different occasions, and each time the bear went whimpering back into the tree. Finally the men understood that they must have a rope in order to make any progress.

"You go git one, Orrin," said Costello. "I'll see that he doesn't get away."

"H'm, yes; but I guess I'd better have my money first," said Orrin.

Costello agreed, and redoubled his guard lest both bear and cash should be lost. The bear tried again and again to escape; he circled, he slid, he dropped from limb to limb, but he always found Costello ready with his relentless boot, until, too sore to relish any more of that game, he perched on a branch and awaited his fate. The mother bear, if there was one in the neighborhood, did not appear, and when Orrin, accompanied by Elijah Mason, came back with a rope, the three men lassoed the bear and lowered it to the ground, a biting, snarling tangle of fury, disgust and entire loss of self-respect.

Costello collected the five dollars state bounty on the dead bear and sold the live one for fifteen.

THE UNGENEROUS BIRDS

LAST fall, writes a friend of The Companion, we built a home in a little patch of woods just outside the city. After we had moved in we began to feed the birds that flocked round. We found that tying pieces of suet to the trees, as the writers recommend, was not a success; for the birds worked at them so industriously that the pieces always fell to the ground in a day or so. So we put the suet up in latticed tin boxes that are made for the purpose. We nailed bacon and ham rinds to the trees, and put out a table that we kept covered with seeds and crumbs.

Almost every day there were five or six kinds of birds at our table. The table was a fairly democratic place, but usually only one bird at a time ate at a suet box or pecked at a bacon rind. If a newcomer flew down, the one already there flew away, although there was plenty of room. The only exception was made by the tufted titmice; two of them sometimes perched on the same bacon rind. The chickadees always gave way to the tufted titmouse, and then perched on a near-by twig and scolded about it. The tufted titmouse and junco flew from the nuthatch, the nuthatch from the downy woodpecker, the downy from the hairy woodpecker, and any of them from the blue jay. The blue jay seemed to swoop down on the birds who worked at the bacon and ham rinds for pure joy in seeing them scatter.

The blue jays, however, were so polite among themselves that they even fed one another. It was funny to see one blue jay ramming crumbs down another's throat.

The shy cardinal did not discover the crumb table until the twenty-eighth of February. When he did, though, he stayed right there nearly all day, leaving it for the night at half past five o'clock. The second day the cardinal came at longer intervals, and hung round once more until half past five o'clock. The next afternoon it snowed, and the cardinal did not reappear until mid-afternoon, and by that time the juncos were swarming all over the place. When he did arrive he began to clear the table of juncos. There were so many of them that they kept him wheeling and charging until he had no time to eat. There was plenty of food, but he plainly considered the juncos insufferable interlopers.

The next day he was less belligerent, and sometimes permitted a junco to stay. For some reason he affected not to see the nuthatches when they came, but on three occasions we saw him drive off a blue jay. Once the cardinal and a blue jay alighted on the table at the same moment, and the cardinal flew at the blue jay with an impact that drove them both a yard into the air.

Gradually the other birds came to be interested elsewhere when the cardinal arrived; so he really became lord of the table. Later he brought his lady; she almost never perched on the table, but

she expected him to come and feed her, and he did, too. At frequent intervals he would fly to the ground and put a seed into her outstretched bill, and then fly back to the table and continue ministering to himself.

We have never seen any cordiality among different bird species during our woods observations. Each bird seemed to consider himself first, always; his lady second, sometimes; and all other birds intruders, to be brushed aside whenever it was possible.

SCALDING TEARS



"But, Lena, dear, don't weep such hot tears—I'll be back in a month!"—Fliegende Blätter.

THE LAMKIN'S CAR

SWINGING round, with his back against the counter, for a few minutes' refreshing interchange of ideas and information with the social circle round the glowing stove in Lem Stanford's grocery, Simeon Gaines observed, "Lonny Lamkin must ha' been doin' pretty well lately. I'd a notion he must be prosperin', buildin' him new henhouses and all, but all the same I'll admit it comes as a surprise, him buyin' him a car. There ain't no reason he *shouldn't*, fur's I can see, only somehow it never entered my head he *would*. Lonny's bein' so deliberate, to say the least, and automobiles so extry totherwise."

"Well," agreed Uncle Eli Bonney, "Lonny's doin' well, all right, but henhouses are one thing and an automobile's another. When a henhouse is built, it's *built*. It don't keep bustlin' pieces off itself, nor feed on gasoline at a quarter a gallon; but an automobile—well, mebbe Lonny can afford it, but I should scarcely think he was justified."

"Unp!" snorted Uncle Eli Emmons. "Ye're puttin' it too mild, St. Gasoline and tires and tinkerin' are bad enough, but there's worse. Lonny couldn't drive a car to save his immortal soul—he's a Lamkin, and there never was a Lamkin yet with more mechanical knack than a baby; there'll be the shuffer to pay, and if ye was profane by natur' ye might put it there'd be somebody else to pay it ain't polite to name. I don't see no reason for mincin' language; I call Lonny Lamkin an extravagant idjit!"

"Oh, well," put in Lem Stanford pacifically, "mebbe he ain't contemplatin' a shuffer, Eli. Lonny ain't so to say handy, but he might learn."

Uncle Eli snorted again. "You mark my words, he'll never drive that machine. He's *some* kinds of an idjit, but he ain't that kind. Feller that can't drive a nail 'thout poundin' his thumb, and managed to blow himself up with his wife's gas stove, and bewitched his windmill first day, so's he had to send to Boston for a man to put it right agin—He durstn't!"

"He ain't goin' to hire a shuffer, though. I heerd him say so," remarked Simeon Gaines. "I was down to the depot when they was unloadin' the car, jest now. I must say she's a good looker."

"Did Lonny drive her home?" inquired Uncle Eli skeptically.

"Nobody drive her; she's there yet," said Simeon. "She'd better be," rejoined Uncle Eli darkly, "ef Amanda Lamkin ain't pinin' to be a widder. I see ye smilin', but I know what I'm talkin' about. There's a family genius and family fallin' that can't be got away from; and a Lamkin is a Lamkin. I've known 'em from their gret-grandfather down, and they're capable enough at farmin', but helpless infants with machinery. I tell ye, there'll be a shuffer or a smash-up out to the Lamkin place, or that car'll be sold secondhand within a fortnit."

There was a loud, approaching purr and a cheerful honk. Every head turned toward the door, and a glistening new motor car swept proudly by with a woman at the steering wheel.

"Amanda Lamkin!" cried Simeon, with a big laugh. "Fooled ye there, Uncle Eli. I bet there won't be any shuffer if Amanda's on the job!"

"Didn't fool me, neither," declared Uncle Eli loftily. "Wasn't I jest tellin' ye 'bout family inheritances? Amanda's mother was a Totten, and Gran'ther Totten run a tugboat forty year. It's jest what might be expected."

"THEIR LITTLE EVENING SHOOT"

I RODE into Festubert, which was full of noise, says Capt. W. H. L. Watson in his *Adventures of a Dispatch Rider*, and, hastily dismounting, put my motor cycle under the cover of an arch and reported to the general. He was sitting at a table in the stuffy room of a particularly dirty tavern. At the far end a fat and frightened woman was crooning to her child. Beside her sat a wrinkled, leathery old man with bandaged head. He had wandered into the street, and he had been hit by shrapnel. The few wits he had ever possessed were gone, and he gave, every few seconds, little croaks of hate. Three telephone operators were working with strained faces at their highest speed. The windows had been smashed by shrapnel, and bits of glass and things crunched under foot. The room was full of noises: the crackle of the telephones, the crooning of the woman, the croak of the wounded old man, the clear and incisive tones

of the general and his brigade major, the rattle of not-too-distant rifles, the booming of guns, and occasionally the terrific, overwhelming crash of a shell bursting in the village.

There was the sharp cry of shrapnel in the street and a sudden rattle against the whole house. The woman and child fled somewhere through a door, followed feebly by the old man. The brigade major persuaded the general to work in some less unhealthful place. The telephone operators moved. A moment's delay as the general endeavored to persuade the brigade major to go first, and we found ourselves under a stalwart arch that led into the courtyard of the tavern. We lit cigarettes. The crashes of bursting shells grew more frequent, and the general remarked in a dry and injured tone:

"Their usual little evening shoot before putting up the shutters, I suppose."

But first the Germans "searched" the village. Now, to search a village means to start at one end of the village and place shells at discreet intervals until the other end of the village is reached. It is an unpleasant process for those in the middle of the village, even if they be standing, as it were, in comparatively good shelter.

We heard the Germans start at the other end of the village street. The crashes came nearer and nearer, until a shell burst with a scream and a thunderous roar just on our right. We puffed away at our cigarettes for a second, and a certain dispatch rider wished he were anywhere but in the cursed village of Festubert by Béthune. There was another scream and overwhelming relief. The next shell burst three houses away, at our left.

The Germans finished "their little evening shoot." We marched back very slowly in the darkness to 1910 Farm.

TRULY DELIBERATE

IN a certain Southern city there lives a bachelor, whom we will call Mr. Jack C—, who has the reputation of being the slowest man in town. Indeed, his friends doubt whether any other town can produce a man who could compete with him in deliberation.

One night in the autumn, just at the time when country dwellers are bothered by the wasps that come into the house to seek protection from the cold, Mr. Jack C— and his cousin, Mr. Jack M—, who is of a very different temper, stopped overnight at a farmhouse where they had to share a double bed. Upon retiring, Mr. Jack M— promptly fell into a doze, from which he was shortly roused by the restless movements of his bed mate. He growled out:

"What's the matter, Jack?"

To which he received the drawling reply:

"I belle-e-ve, Jack, there's a wa-a-asp in this bed."

"You just imagine there's a wasp in the bed,"

was the sharp rejoinder. "Keep still and go to sleep."

His companion subsided, and Mr. Jack M— fell into another refreshing doze. About five minutes later his cousin's drawling voice penetrated his consciousness:

"Jack, there *is* a wa-a-asp in this bed."

"No such thing! Shut up and let me sleep!"

was the reply, in a wrathful voice.

There was quiet for a short time. Then Mr. Jack C— spoke again, and his voice had a rising inflection.

"Ja-a-ack, I tell you, there's a wa-a-asp in this bed."

"For heaven's sake, Jack, shut up! There isn't any wasp in the bed. Keep still and let me sleep!" snapped the now thoroughly irritated Mr. Jack M—.

About ten minutes later the wasp got over on the other side of the bed. There was a sudden snort, a violent exclamation, a mighty upheaval of the bedclothes. Mr. Jack M— was dancing round the floor on one foot while he held the other in his hand, and gave vent to a steady flow of picturesque interjections.

From the bed Mr. Jack C— calmly regarded his cousin's gymnastic performance, and when the verbal fireworks had sufficiently subsided for him to be heard, remarked:

"I to-o-old you there was a wa-a-asp in the bed. He stu-u-ung me three times!"

A BOOK OF "NEW LEAVES"

EVEN the great men of the earth evidently find that keeping New-Year's resolutions is not so easy after all. Those of us who know the difficulties of early rising—particularly on the dark and shivery winter mornings that follow immediately on the heels of the first of January—will look with the "wondrous kindness" of a "fellow feeling" upon these self-incriminating entries that are taken from the diary of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson:

"1760—Resolved, to rise as early as I can."

"1761—My purpose is to regulate my sleep."

"1764—My purpose is from this time to rise early."

"1764—(September)—I resolve to rise early: not later than six, if I can; I hope sooner, but as soon as I can."

"1765—My resolution. I purpose to rise at eight, because, though I shall not yet rise early, it will be much earlier than I now rise."

"1769—I purpose and hope to rise early in the morning, at eight, and by degrees at six."

"1772—I hope to rise by degrees more early in the morning."

"1774—I hope to rise at eight."

THE FIRST POISON-GAS FIGHTER

A RECENT dispatch from the London correspondent of the New York Sun shows that the discovery of poison gas was anticipated in nature's laboratory. A little British beetle has been employing it in self-defense for untold ages. One of the strongholds of this bombardier beetle (*Brachinus crepitans*) is along the shores of the Thames in the Gravesend district. Here it finds a home under the flat stones that are scattered along the river's bank.

The beetle is very likely to be attacked by some of the fierce ground beetles, or Carabidae. As soon as the pursuer draws near, the little beetle ejects a peculiar liquid, which, when it comes into contact with the atmosphere, bursts into an acrid, evil-smelling smoke.

This has an astonishing effect on the pursuing beetle. Indeed, it seems to be overcome and stupefied by the suddenness of the attack. The smoke has a blinding and suffocating effect that lasts for a minute or so, and during that time the little beetle makes good its escape.



BUSTER'S VISIT TO DREAMLAND

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

To Dreamland! To Dreamland!
It's there I'll go to-night.
To Dreamland! To Dreamland!
The land of dear delight.
I'll ride upon a bunny,
Along a way that's sunny,
And hold on very tight, tight, tight.

In Dreamland, in Dreamland,
Oh, wondrous things I'll see!
To Dreamland, to Dreamland,
Oh, won't you go with me?
The night is soft and June-y,
The Milky Way is moon-y,
And all the stars are free, free, free!

Some one was singing very soft and low when Buster started off on the road to Dreamland. The song had something in it about riding on a bunny, and Buster laughed out loud at the idea of going to Dreamland in that fashion. There was no bunny to be seen, anyway. And why should the road to Dreamland be sunny? Of course it would be a moonlight road. Anyone ought to know that. But how can a night be "soft and June-y" in the middle of the winter?

Buster was now so far along on the road to Dreamland that he could hear the voice of the singer only faintly, far behind him. There was a turn of the road, and he heard the song no more. Buster's feet were bare, but he did not mind, for the road had a carpet of flowers. He hurried on until he came to a steep hill. The road became narrow here, and ran close to the edge of a precipice.

"I must be almost there," he thought; and then the path curved round a great rock and he saw Dreamland just ahead.

He could see high mountains, with castles on the tops and sides, wonderful trees and flowers all round, and a great waterfall that tumbled over a cliff into a deep valley where there was a curious little house reached by long bridges. Close beside the road ahead of him grew great clusters of giant poppies. As he looked he heard a voice singing:

Have a care! Have a care!
Into Dreamland would you fare?
Then take heed! Then take heed!
Here it is, the key you need!

The voice was heavy and harsh. The song stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Buster looked round eagerly, but he could see no person; but all at once he knew that the words came from the bill of an immense black bird that was perched on the wall beside the path, a bird that wore a shawl and a bonnet and held a great key in one claw.

"If you please, Mr. Bird," said Buster boldly, "may I go into Dreamland?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the bird. "That is what Dreamland is for—a place for good boys and girls to visit when the day is ended. Take this key. It will unlock the great door in the archway between the tall towers yonder."

"Do you give the key to everyone who comes along?" asked Buster.

"Oh, no!" answered the bird, with a chuckle. "I have sharp eyes. I can tell that you have been a good boy to-day."

"Ye-es," faltered Buster, "except that mother had to scold me for tracking in that mud, and I forgot twice to shut the door."

"That was not so very bad," said the bird, "and I know you mean to do better to-morrow."

"Oh, yes!" agreed Buster readily. Then he looked ahead to the tall towers and asked, "What if I should get lost in Dreamland?"

"Nonsense!" croaked the big bird. "Don't worry about that. Here are three of my very best guides that I am going to send along with you—Chipper, Trip and Dozy."

Buster looked down and saw in the pathway beside him three oddly dressed little fellows, not half so tall as he was. They smiled in a most friendly way, and bowed low, to show that they were ready to serve him.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bird," said Buster, taking the big key that the bird was holding toward him. "I'll hurry along now."

When he started toward the arched gateway, Chipper, Trip and Dozy ran spryly before him, and he heard the black bird on the wall chanting in a hoarse voice:

Hurry slow, hurry slow,
If to Dreamland you would go!
Ponder well, ponder well
What you do and what you tell!

Buster had barely put the key into the lock of the door between the tall towers when the door swung open before him, and he stepped through the archway with his guides.

"This," said Chipper, spreading out his hands, "this is the Candy Garden."

"The what?" gasped Buster.

"The Candy Garden," repeated Chipper. "Every kind of candy grows here. All the

trees, bushes and vines are loaded with candy. See! That tall tree bears pink lollypops, and the lemonade lake is just beyond, with the maple-sugar hedge round it. Those shrubs have a fine crop of bonbons and fudge."

"My!" exclaimed Buster. "I should have brought a basket! Can't we stay right here?"

"Oh, no!" said Chipper. "There is much else to see. Perhaps we'll come back later."

Buster did not believe there could be any part of Dreamland better than the Candy Garden, and he kept looking back over his shoulder as the three little guides led him on. They passed through an orchard where the trees were bending low with golden fruit and a beautiful park where deer were feeding beside a sparkling lake. Then they followed

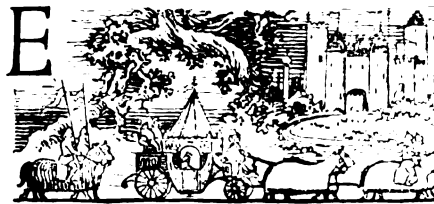
"It is a visitor to Dreamland," answered Chipper, "and he wants to look down on the world from your mountain top."

"Your visit honors us," said the king grandly, as he stooped over the side of the chariot and lifted Buster in with him. "What is your name?"

"Rodney Dwight Woodford," answered Buster, "but they call me Buster for short."

"I see," said the king. "Well, Buster, I hope you will like our mountain top well enough to come often. Let me show you some of the things worth seeing."

Then they rode slowly round the edge of the great plain on the loftiest mountain in Dreamland, while Chipper, Trip and Dozy ran along beside the chariot, and the knights



Beyond that plain, where the two rivers come together, you see a beautiful castle. That is the Castle of Song. All the birds come there to get their supply of music every spring. And in the valley beyond those green hills all the animals that came in the ark are still living happily together. Perhaps you would like to go down that way; the road is easier there."

"Thank you, I think that will be fine," said Buster.

So when they had ridden the rest of the way round the plain and looked out over the Hills of the Holidays and the Christmas Tree Forest, King Gingerjug said good-by to Buster and drove into the courtyard of his castle. Then Buster and his three guides took the road that led down the mountain side.

While they were resting a moment in the shade of a mince-pie tree, Buster heard a voice singing near by:

Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!
Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!
Ta-de-dum,
Ta-de-dum,
Ta-de-dum, dum, dum!

"That is Little Bear! I know it is Little Bear!" cried Buster, springing up. "That is the same song he sang when the elephant that got away from the circus helped him make a path through the forest for the otter babies!"

Sure enough! Round a bend in the road came Little Bear, dancing from one side of the road to the other while he sang.

"Hello, Little Bear!" called Buster. "How did you ever get here?"

"Oh, I had no trouble!" said Little Bear who was too polite to show surprise that a strange boy had spoken to him. "They think I am curled up in Sleepy Cave for the winter, but I slipped away one moonlight night. But how did you know me?"

"Oh, I've seen your picture in The Companion!" answered Buster, "and my mother has read me the stories about you."

"I thought you might be the boy who was so frightened when I looked into the schoolhouse window last summer," said Little Bear. "His name was Simon."

"Mine is Buster, and I should not have been frightened," said Buster.

Then they sat on a rock side by side, and talked of the time when Little Bear fell over backward into a basket of eggs, as he was fishing on a raft, and of the important errand that he did for the Wildcat family when Yowler Wildcat was teething, and how he bragged too much before he had the race with Grandpa Tortoise, and how he learned to swim by falling off a log while crossing the stream. It was great fun.

Finally they said good-by. Buster told Little Bear how eagerly he should watch for the stories of his adventures in The Companion, and Little Bear sent his love to all the boys and girls who enjoy reading about him. Little Bear went on his way, singing as usual. Buster kept on down the mountain road, and soon came out of the forest into a sunshiny place where there were many strange little folk flitting round. When he had watched them a moment, he knew that he had seen them before. They were the Giggglequicks!

"What is your name?" he ventured to ask one of them.

"I'm Chucklechin," came the smiling answer. "This place is Happy Highlands; and the Giggglequicks live here. Of course, we may be sent for at any moment, you know, to help out some boy or girl who is in trouble."

"Yes, I know," said Buster. "I've seen you in The Companion—Besnig, the fattest Giggglequick, and all the others. I think you are just wonderful!"

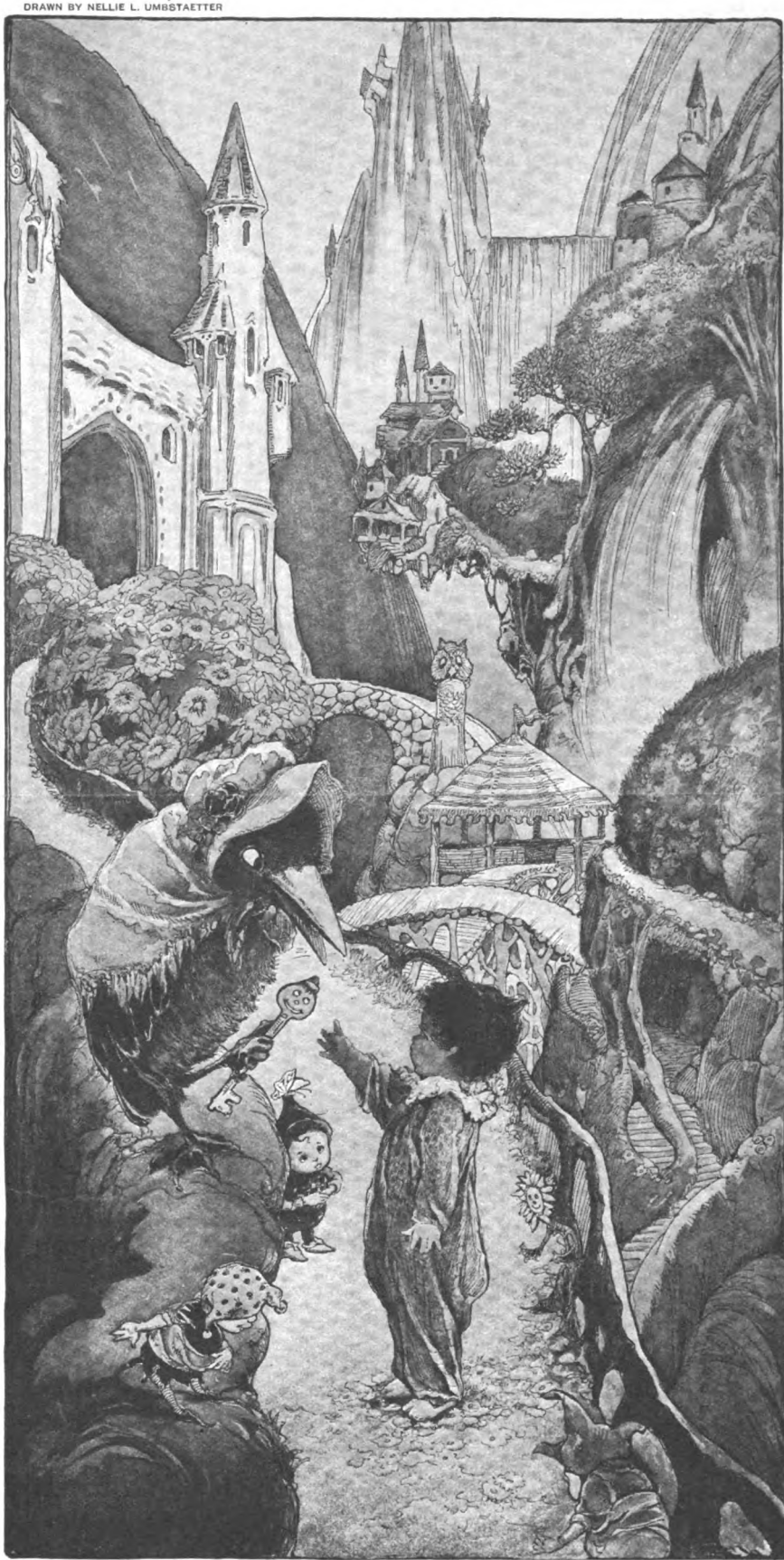
"Thank you!" said Chucklechin. "I hope that you will not need our help, but if you do we will try to be there in time."

Then it was Buster's turn to say "Thank you." He was just going to tell his guides that he was getting tired, and that he should come back some other time to see the rest of Dreamland, and especially to visit the Candy Garden, when he found himself going on through the arched gateway between the tall towers. He looked back an instant as he passed the giant poppy plants, and saw Chipper, Trip and Dozy, with their arms round one another's shoulders, singing a farewell song to him:

Bid the Land o' Dreams good-by;
Rosy morning gleams
Bring a warning you must hie
From the Land o' Dreams.

Bid the Land o' Dreams good-by;
Down the Milky Way
You'll go sliding through the sky
To the sunny day.

Bid the Land o' Dreams good-by;
You must journey far,
But some other time you'll fly
Back to where we are.



THE BIRD HELD A GREAT KEY IN ONE CLAW

a path that led up into a great mountain. Up, up, up, it went, but Buster did not get a bit tired, although the path became very steep.

"We are almost there," said Chipper at last.

"Almost where?" asked Buster.

"Almost to the castle of King Gingerjug."

"A real king?" asked Buster.

"No, a Dreamland king," answered Chipper, "and of course that is far better. King Gingerjug is a fine old fellow. His kingdom is on the highest mountain."

While Chipper was speaking they came out on a vast, level plain on the top of the mountain. A body of knights on black horses and ladies on white horses came slowly riding to meet them. The prancing horses had golden trappings, and the riders bore little purple flags at the ends of long lances. Behind the knights and ladies the king himself rode in a golden chariot that flashed with a million jewels.

"What, ho!" called the king in jovial tones. "Who comes here? Who comes here?"

on the black horses and the ladies on the white horses rode behind, two by two.

"First look at some of the other mountains," began the king. "That mountain just beyond the sunset is solid gold from base to summit, and the smaller peaks beside it are made of diamonds, pearls, opals and amethysts. They are very hard to climb, but most of our visitors go there, nevertheless. The vast forest that you see in that direction is the Forest of Lost Things. Many of our visitors enjoy rambling there. The lake that seems to stretch away as far as the world itself is the Lake of Love. See how its waters sparkle in the sun!"

"And what mountains are those?" asked Buster, pointing in another direction.

"The one on the left," answered the king, "is the Mountain of Broken Toys. It seems to be growing larger all the time. The other is the Mountain of Schoolbooks. That has some dark caves where cruel giants dwell.



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GRIPPE IN CHILDREN

DURING an epidemic of grippé a great number of children are sure to be among the sufferers; for they are constantly exposed to infection in schools, places of amusement and street cars. It would be a good thing if cases of grippé were quarantined like those of scarlet fever; the habit of regarding it as a comparatively trifling malady from which there is no escape, once an epidemic has started, is unfortunate.

Children of all ages—not even excepting nursing infants—suffer from grippé, and the symptoms are often as severe as they are in adults. It is certainly worth while to take all pains to keep the sick away from the well, and to see that young children are not taken into overheated or overcrowded places or exposed to prolonged cold.

Grippé is probably taken by breathing in infected air, and therefore very cold outdoor air is more healthful than the stagnant, contaminated air of our houses. At the same time, many people carry the theories about "hardening" their children too far. They keep them outdoors, often insufficiently clothed, until they are thoroughly chilled, and their vitality is so much lowered that they fall victims to the first germ that comes their way. Brisk play in frosty weather is a tonic for all children, but there are days in the winter climate of our Northern States when children are better off in a well-ventilated play room than outdoors.

An interesting experiment was made in one hospital during a grippé epidemic. Generally every child will take the grippé, once it has got a foothold in a hospital ward; but in this case a double wall of gauze was put up between the different beds, and no drafts strong enough to carry the germs from one bed to another were permitted.

Although the same nurses took charge of all the children, most of the children escaped the disease.

Special care should be taken to protect very young babies from the grippé, for it usually goes hard with them. If a nursing mother is suffering from an attack, she should be careful not to breathe or cough over the baby, and should hold a handkerchief before her face whenever the baby nurses.

Many children suffer from a persistent cough and rise of temperature whenever they have grippé, and those symptoms last until warm weather comes. They should be strengthened by tonics and given a change of air, if that is practicable.

BULLETINS OF BEAUTY

CROP reports have held their place now for many years in the daily news. But it is becoming more and more common to find reports of crops, grown either by art or nature, that are of value only for the pleasure they give. Perhaps it is a line in a country paper: "Mayflowers are now in bloom in Follymill Woods"; perhaps a metropolitan journal announces that the lilacs or rhododendrons or roses are now in the height of their glory, either in some public park or in some suburban estate, generously opened by the owner that the public may share his pleasure in its beauty. More and more the public responds to these bulletins.

In England, the London newspapers for years have announced the blooming of the magnificent horse-chestnuts that line, four deep, the avenue in Bushey Park; and Londoners in thousands hasten to see the sight. In beauty-loving Japan, cherry-blossom time not only calls forth notice of the blooming of each historic grove or tree, but it turns the pilgrim crowd into poets, who tie their charming verses to flutter praise among the flowers.

Perhaps the most famous tree of all—"the cherry tree of all Japan"—is the enormous old weeping cherry of the Gion Temple, which for a hundred and thirty years has been the official harbinger of the Japanese spring, the first cherry tree to burst into bloom. It is a noble tree with massive trunk and huge branches, supported by a little forest of posts and props. Age has not lessened its vitality, and it blooms from the lowest, sweeping bough tip to its airy crown. The minute the word goes forth that the buds have opened—processions begin. "Banners on high proclaim it by day, and lanterns, picturesque pine torches in iron baskets, electric lights and colored fires exalt it when daylight fades. By lantern and firelight the clouds of blossoms are more enchanting than by day."

Our way is not the Japanese way; the Orient and the Occident, even when they feel alike, express themselves differently. Some day, far in the future, our heterogeneous crowds may learn to delight in beauty, enhanced by history and tradition, as keenly as do the Japanese. But even then it is doubtful whether we hang odes in our ancient elms, or illuminate on the Fourth of July that avenue of blossoming catalpas along which the signer, Richard Stockton, rode home bearing the news of the immortal Declaration.

Perhaps we may evolve ways of our own to honor our most beautiful forests and trees and fields of glowing bloom; perhaps we shall always remain in such things an unexpressive people. But the chief thing is to seek, to behold and to appreciate; and we are learning fast.



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They Don't Last—That Is True

People eat Puffed Grains for breakfast—with sugar and cream or mixed with fruit.

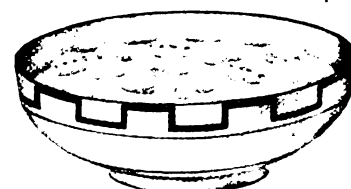
In the forenoon, perhaps, the girl of the house uses them in candy making. In the afternoon, the boy, perhaps, eats them like peanuts, buttered or salted. For supper they are floated in bowls of milk.

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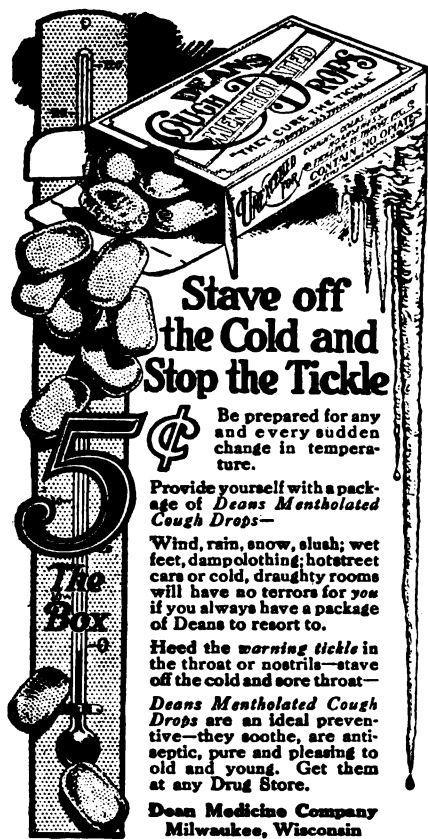
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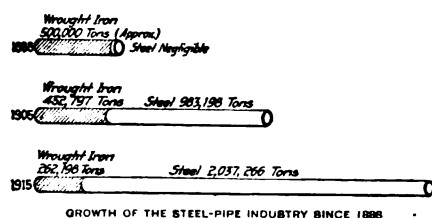
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JOHN L. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

NATURE & SCIENCE

GAME LAWS FOR WHALES.—Prof. Zonia Baber, author of *The Oceans: Our Future Pastures*, in the *Scientific Monthly* protests against the wholesale slaughter of whales that is taking place at present without the slightest attempt at preventive legislation. In the early fifties from 30,000 to 40,000 California or gray whales passed along the coast of California between November and May every year. To-day you can travel thousands of miles in the Pacific Ocean without seeing one whale. Prof. Baber believes that the time will come when men will have to depend upon the larger Cetacea for their meat supply, since it will be impossible to raise cattle because the density of population will be such as to leave no available land for grazing. The writer therefore proposes that the great nations agree upon an international closed season for all marine mammals except the killer whale—the only one that destroys warm-blooded animals—until the valuable sea creatures can multiply sufficiently to take the place, in part at least, that sheep and cattle now hold in the food supply. Unless some such measure is taken soon, the Greenland, the humpbacked and the gray whale will, like Steller's sea cow, the passenger pigeon and the great auk, pass to extinction, victims of commercial greed.

OUR PIPE INDUSTRY.—Very few people realize the varied applications of the prosaic steel or iron pipe. It has been used for many years as a conduit for water, sewage, steam or gas, but at the present time pipe enters into the construction of such varied products as agricultural implements, automobiles, architectural ironwork and grill work, building columns, refrigerating machinery, dry-kiln apparatus, elevator cars, wheelbarrows, workbenches, ornamental gates, elevator



grain spouts, safety ladders, warship masts, lighting and high-tension poles, electric wiring, railway signal apparatus, sprinkler systems and signal towers. As the variety of uses for tubular products increased and the cost of making steel diminished, there has been a change also in material. Fifty years ago nearly all the screw-joint pipe was made of wrought iron. The accompanying diagram furnished by the National Pipe Company shows the effect on the pipe industry of the Bessemer and open-hearth processes of making steel.

SALVING THE WASTAGE.—Heaton Park Hospital at Manchester, England, is now devoted to treating disabled and convalescent soldiers. One of the novel methods of treating cases of rheumatism, debility following dysentery or typhoid, heart disease, shell shock, painful and contracted scars and similar ailments is a whirlpool bath. It consists of a tank that contains four feet of water and that is large enough to hold twelve men. Halfway down are seats that allow the bathers to be immersed up to their necks. The temperature of the water is kept about ninety-three degrees—just below that of the body. The men stay in the bath for an hour at a time. The room is dimly lighted, and there is a general atmosphere of quiet. From the bath the men pass to rest rooms, where they remain in bed for an hour or more. They are excused from physical training for a time, and their lives are made as cheerful as possible. Disordered action of the heart, caused usually by shell shock, is the fundamental trouble in nearly all the cases. The results of the treatment have been most favorable. Ninety per cent of the men become fit for physical training, and a large number return to their units, fit for active service.

A SOLAR WATER HEATER.—The sun itself heats the hot water used by many residents of Monrovia and other places in southern California. According to the *Scientific American*, the sunshine water heater consists of a coil of pipe arranged in a box about four inches deep with a copper bottom and a glass top. The apparatus is usually placed on the roof or in a similar exposed location. The rays of the sun heat the water in the pipe and thus set up a circulation that carries the water to a storage tank, from which it is drawn for household uses. The storage tank is so thoroughly insulated that the loss of temperature during the night is usually not more than four or five degrees. Southern California is unusually favored with sunshine, but there seems to be no reason why this economical method of heating water should not be used in other parts of the country during hot, sunny weather.

THE MOSQUITO PERIL.—One of the greatest discoveries in the history of medicine was that of Dr. Ronald Ross, who, at Calcutta, in July, 1898, found that the spores of malarial parasites are concentrated in the salivary gland of the mosquito. As Dr. Ross himself wrote, "The exact route of infection of this great disease, which annually slays its millions of human beings and keeps whole continents in darkness, was revealed. These minute spores enter the salivary gland of the mosquito and pass with its poisonous saliva directly into the blood of men. Never in our dreams had we imagined so wonderful a tale as this." Until lately it was not known whether a disease-spreading mosquito could infect more than one person. Recent experiments of the Public Health Service have proved that an infected malarial mosquito can infect several persons without again obtaining blood from an original source of infection, and that an infected mosquito retains her ability to infect with malaria for at least twenty-five days. Even if a mosquito empties her available supply of malarial parasites into one man, she may infect a second man a few hours or a few days later through a new generation of parasites. This is a most important discovery, for it shows that the individual disease-laden insect is a veritable machine gun in point of danger, and it emphasizes the necessity for stamping out the breeding places of the malarial mosquito.

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THE ITALIAN CABLE RAILWAYS

THE *teleferica*, or cable railway, that the Italians have contrived to supply their mountain troops quickly and easily with ammunition and provisions, is one of the most interesting inventions that the war has brought forth between high mountain and low mountain.

The steam railways, says a writer in the *Railway Age Gazette*, run in the valleys at the foot of the Alps. The freight, however, has to be picked up and distributed by wagon or automobile truck, and it must go up the higher mountains on mule and man back, and finally on man back alone, bit by bit. But here the *teleferica* steps in and says, "Let me do it. I'm quicker and surer. I can go in all weathers. Avalanches can't stop me."

Along the 400-mile front the *teleferica* daily does the work of an army of at least 240,000 men—or 120,000 mules. The last figure is interesting when it is considered that there are only 175,000 mules and horses used for transportation purposes in this entire army that the Italians have organized to fight the Austrians.

According to the official statistics there are 125 miles of *teleferica* scattered along the front, with a total daily carrying power of 3600 tons. Each *teleferica* built can carry roughly 30 tons. There are some 120 different stations, each with a line a mile or so in length. The one I saw reached a height of 11,000 feet on the side of Monte Adamello, in the central Alps; it did the work of 2000 men every day.

The operation of the *teleferica* is not much more difficult than that of an electric elevator in a "skyscraper." Once the heavy motors and machinery are got up the mountain sides and the three-quarter-inch steel cables strung across deep valleys and chasms and rivers, the mounting of the car upon the overhead cable and the attaching of the pulley cable are simple enough.

We had been coming up all morning by burro from the valley, the alpinist colonel and I, riding along narrow roads built on the side of a huge mountain.

We came at last to a small shack that blocked the road. The colonel dismounted, greeted the officer in charge of the station, and let me take a look round. I saw a couple of heavy motors with cables. My eye followed those cables, however, and they kept going across the valley and up the side of the opposite mountain until the eye, dazzled by the snow, could follow no longer. "Well," remarked the colonel, as he cheerily knocked the snow from his thick, hobnailed boots, "suppose we go up."

We climbed into the basket, four feet long by two wide, with side rails not more than six inches high. Wheels began to whirl, and our car ran smoothly out into space.

I held on for dear life to those low sides and fervently hoped the colonel would not rock the boat. "This thing wouldn't pay in peace times," I said.

The car ran up on a thirty-degree incline for a couple of minutes and stopped, for we had completed the first *teleferica* section of the three that would take us to our destination. In seven minutes we had traversed a distance that on foot required an hour.



A DOG ARISTOCRAT

ABOUT her fine collie, Max Gladstone O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor tells many engaging anecdotes in her book, *Dog Stars*.

All the cabmen at the cabstand, writes Mrs. O'Connor, had a word for Max, and hopefully he frequently got into a waiting vehicle and sat there until the laughing "cabby" drove him up and down the embankment.

One lovely morning in June I was walking through Grosvenor Square when I observed an equipage, the like of which is to be seen only in London, waiting for some great lady. The large, sash-smooth horses, jet-black, were perfectly matched; the silver-plated harness glittered magnificently; the long, melon-shaped barouche was lined in wine-colored satin; the coachman and footman, both big, fine-looking men, wore powdered hair, claret-colored broadcloth liveries, richly adorned with silver buttons, and high hats with silver bands and cockades. Conscious of their importance, they looked neither to the right nor to the left, but with proud eyes gazing into space remained immovable. Such magnificence could only be the product of an old, picturesque and self-respecting aristocracy, possibly the carriage of royalty.

Suddenly I missed Max. He seemed to have disappeared as if by magic, for he was not on either side of the street, and yet it had been only a moment since he was trotting by my side. I turned back and, as I passed the carriage, looked up, and there he was, smiling and at ease, sitting in the back of the wine-colored barouche on the tufted satin seat.

"Max," I called, "get down at once and come along!"

Those massive, self-important lackeys never winked an eyelash. They must have seen him get into the carriage, and certainly they saw him get out, but they made no sign. And I am confident that if a kangaroo had taken a flying leap into that opulent richness he would have been treated with the same silent, crushing pomposity.



AN EXPENSIVE FISHING TRIP

AN ardent fisherman was President Cleveland, and a writer in the *New York Sun* says of him that he enjoyed angling for the fish that would not bite quite as much as he did for those that would. While fishing one day, dressed in oilskins and a slouch hat, he was addressed by an angler garbed in the height of piscatorial fashion with:

"Hello, boatman! You've certainly got a good catch. What will you take for the fish?"

"I'm not selling them," replied the man in oilskins.

"Well," continued the persistent angler, "what do you want to take me out fishing to-morrow?"

Mr. Cleveland, who was plainly enjoying the joke, replied, "I can't make any engagement except by the season. Will you give me as much as I made last year?"

"You're a sharp fellow," replied the angler, "but a good fisherman, and I'll accept your terms. What did you make last year?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Cleveland, "about a thousand dollars a week! I was President of the United States."



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"DO leave that crazy book and come out skating with me!" said Nancy. She twisted her scarf round her neck. "It's too cold!" With an amiable smile, Sally waved the "crazy book" at her roommate.

"Isn't! The skating's perfectly great." "I skate so badly that it really isn't any fun for me."

"You wouldn't skate badly if you'd only practice. You've got the stroke and you're as strong as an elephant; all you need is to keep at it."

"Much virtue in that 'all,'" murmured the other, sinking deeper into her comfortable chair.

"You're the laziest girl in this school!" Nancy was so small and red and snappy-eyed that she reminded you of an enraged robin. "You won't work, you won't play, you won't do anything; you dawdle through your whole life, 'Sleepy Sally Payson'!"

Sally's smile was just as sweet as ever as she drawled, "You've got kick enough for us both, honey chile. This room would go up in smoke if two steam tugs lived in it."

"Well, I'm going to have some fun. You can toast over the fire—pussycat!" With a sound of clashing skates and banging doors Nancy darted off.

Sally smiled on tranquilly and gazed at the fire. "I am a poor creature—can't skate, can't swim, can't golf, can't play basket ball, can't do anything. This is a queer old school for me, with everyone else hot for sports. Nan's right, too. I am as strong as an elephant."

She stretched out her splendid, lithe body to the fire and flung her long arms above her head. She was so warm and vivid and alive that it was hard to believe that a languid spirit dwelt in her strong body.

"I must make it up by my vast intellectual efforts," she said to herself, and picked up her book with a laugh, for she was just over the line of failure in all her studies. "I suppose I could learn to skate—but I don't believe I'll begin this afternoon." With her feet on the fender and her head sunk into the cushions, she was the picture of lazy comfort.

Outside, Nancy was blowing off her wrath to her friend, Suzette Reeves, as they clumped down the corridor together.

"It's a shame!" she raged. "Sleepy Sally's got brains enough to head her class, and she's got a voice like a bird, and she's built for athletics; but she never studies, and she won't practice for the choir, and she can't even make second team in anything."

"She's a nice, sweet girl, though," said Suzette. "You always feel something in her."

"Something! She's a gold mine; but she'll never dig the gold out. Do you mean to tell me she amounts to anything in this school?"

"Why, no,—I don't suppose she does; everyone likes her, though. There goes Miss Vanaine; let's hurry and catch up with her."

Suzette was not especially interested in Sally; no one in school was.

"It's a wicked shame!" muttered Nancy, as she ran after her friend.

Sally read a little, dozed a little, and stirred herself languidly to brew a cup of tea. Suddenly she flashed into life. She had caught a glimpse of a black braid bobbing against a vivid green coat. Sally pressed against the window to watch the only girl that she had ever really cared for. She gazed down at the tall, strong figure, the keen, gentle face with the dark, soft, poetic eyes, until her own blue eyes grew wistful.

Happening to glance up, Elizabeth Janney nodded, laughed and beckoned to her.

"Come out to the lake!" she called.

Sally flung up the window.

"Gorgeous skating!" cried Elizabeth. "Out with you!"

"All right."

Elizabeth did not offer to wait. "We'll all be there!" she cried over her shoulder.

Sally routed out her long-neglected skates and swung off down the campus—a wonderful

SLEEPY SALLY

By Grace Margaret Gallaher

DRAWN BY WILSON DEXTER



BUT SHE CAUGHT HERSELF AND SWEEPED AHEAD ON A MIGHTY RIGHT STROKE

figure of youth with her rosy cheeks and her easy stride. "If it isn't Sal Payson!" "What have we here, Sally Pay?" "Howdy, Sally!" All the girls greeted her cordially, for everyone liked Sally; but they did not gather round her as they always did round Nancy.

"I don't really make any difference to them," Sally thought with a momentary feeling of bitterness. "Oh, well, Nan is so keen about everything she deserves to be popular; she takes the trouble."

Sally caught snatches of the girls' talk, which was all about the coming match with the rival school, The Firs.

"Hockey match first this year," explained one girl.

"Short race next," went on another.

"And three against three for the long-distance."

"What's the course for that?"

"Round the island," announced Nancy, who seemed to know.

"Josephus! I went halfway round last year without stopping, and that'll do me!" exclaimed Alicia Griffith, a tall, red-haired girl.

"The Firs have a winged wonder!" said Suzette.

"The winged wonder will skate a onesome, then. We haven't any girl who can do that!"

"Nonsense! Elizabeth Janney!"

"I'd try," said Elizabeth modestly, "but

I'm afraid my poor old ankle will double up on me. You'll have to get some one else."

"Helen Richards, then, and Phoebe Sears!" The names came in many voices.

"Plucky little Helen, she'll get it on cold, hard grit," said Elizabeth, smiling at a small, sturdy figure skating down the lake.

Sally yearned in a queer, new way to have Elizabeth smile so at her.

"But the third?" asked Betty Ely. "Who'll we have to stand up against that wonder?"

"No one," Phoebe Sears conceded gloomily, "and we'll be beaten, just as we were last year."

"And the year before."

"When I was a freshman in this school," Alicia declared, "no one ever dared dream that an upstart place like The Firs could beat our school, and now they've beaten us hands down at basket ball and at winter sports!"

"They shan't this year!"

"We'll have a wonder, too, if we have to make her out of snowballs!" Nancy cried.

"Come on, I'm freezing." Betty seized Nancy with one hand and Elizabeth with the other, and the three shot off up the lake, with the others following in a string.

No one seemed to notice Sally, left to struggle with a strap. She skated after them with a slow and awkward stroke, but her great strength held her against the wind, which

was blowing strong from the north. When the girls were far ahead of her, they suddenly turned and swept down on her in a laughing, racing crowd. Sally put her whole strength into her stroke; she would not waver before those girls!

"Awful grind against this wind!" they cried as they tore past. "Turn round with us!"

"Thanks! Going round the island!" she called back.

"What an idjit!" she said to herself, clenching her teeth and struggling against the wind. "I couldn't skate round that island to save my neck. I guess the girls must be laughing at me now. I don't believe that one of them could make it in this gale."

In her strange new energy she ploughed ahead stubbornly against the wind.

Click! She shot forward and thumped flat. The buckle had loosened. Scrambling to her knees, she cast a guilty look over her shoulder. No one had noticed her, for all the girls had crowded up on the wharf, where a newcomer was brandishing two bottles.

"That's Mary Howland with something hot to drink! Glory, wouldn't it taste cheerful!" The lonely skater felt chill and forlorn. "I can't go any longer against this howler, but I won't face those girls again on their upskate. No, siree!"

An idea came to her and she laughed aloud. "Why not?"

In a moment she had jerked off her skates, had climbed up the bank and was walking through the trees across the island. At that point it was scarcely a hundred yards wide, and she came to the other side within half a minute.

"They'll think I skated round it." She looked up to the distant head of the island and laughed again; it was such an outrageous "fake" that not even a freshman would be taken in by it.

The girls were long in starting up the lake again. They had not gone far before they saw Sally come skating round the foot of the island.

"It's Sally!" they shouted. "She's skated round the island!"

"In this wind!"

"In this time!"

A moment later Sally joined the group.

"Sally Payson, what a bag of tricks to hide from us! I never dreamed you could skate like this!" It was Elizabeth's deep, sweet voice.

Afterwards Sally thought of the man in the Bible who had "a dumb devil." It was so easy to say, "Oh, I walked across!" Yet not one word came from her.

"I thought you were going some when we passed you!" cried Alicia.

"If that's how you can skate," said Phoebe, president of the athletic association, "you've got to skate in the race."

"One of the three!" they all cried.

This astounding feat of Sally's astonished them less than it would have done if any other girl in the school had performed it; they knew her magnificent strength, and to what good purpose she could exert it at the last moment, if she only would.

Still Sally stood dumb before them. Then she swung herself round and made for the wharf, which was easy for her to reach now, with the wind pushing her from behind. Did she imagine that Elizabeth's soft eyes questioned her?

She gave her back a look as hard as the ice itself.

The girls flocked up to school with her, and pulled her into the gymnasium.

"Miss Hare, we've found some one to beat that Firs wonder—Sally Payson!" Nancy announced.

"But Sally doesn't skate, although she ought to," said the little gymnasium teacher.

"Listen! Listen!" they all cried at once.

Sally heard it all and made no protest; at Miss Hare's "I knew you had it in you, if you'd only bring it out!" she stood as if she were in a dream, smiling, in what the girls thought the silence of modesty.

Although she ached with weariness, Sally

42 THE CODE OF THE TRAPPER

By Ernest Russell

DUSK was gathering over the muskegs on the Cariboo River; the lengthening shadows reached rapidly toward the farther shore. In midstream a rippling trail broke behind the canoe of Colin Fraser, who was paddling to his trapper's camp with the silence and the easy grace characteristic of the wilderness hunter.

From the half gloom of the ridge behind him suddenly shot a thin pencil of flame, the report of a rifle shattered the silence, and a tiny jet spurted from the water just in front of the canoe. A second shot followed, and a splinter whirled from the blade of Fraser's paddle. Then silence again fell on the river.

With a hasty backward glance, Fraser drove his canoe into the protecting gloom of the nearer

along the shore, a bear shuffling along the denuded slope opposite, all served to enliven his weary hours of watching; but he never took his eyes for long from the distant bends of the river.

Five days he passed thus in ceaseless watching. The sixth dawned, gray and dismal, with a thin, cold drizzle. A little after midday Fraser, cowed like a monk in his wet and sodden blanket, saw through the pall of mist that overcast the farther reaches of the river the faint outline of a moving object. As the dim object entered the quick water and approached the conflux of the streams, it quickly took shape.

Fraser did not need to scrutinize the oncoming craft closely. The posture of the man, the manner of his paddling, the very canoe itself, proclaimed the half-breed. When the canoe had swept round a bend and disappeared, the trapper stood up, fumbled in his pocket for his short black pipe and, with numbed fingers, slowly filled it.

A week later Fraser was at home, busily engaged in preparing for the long season of exile and work amid the snows. At the general store of the little frontier settlement he bought such provisions as he could not get at the post; he examined carefully all the details of his equipment. At last he was ready to depart. When he had stowed his dunnage into his canoe, he pushed from the shore and, settling into the rhythmic swing that long habit gives, paddled silently into the shadows that embraced the stream.

The mantle of the snows had fallen upon the wilderness; from the snug little cabin on the Cariboo, Fraser looked forth on a world of white. He liked the solitary life amid the great silences. Its ceaseless toil and its harsh privations could not dispel the glamour that his calling had for him.

For a week the weather was fair. Then there came a dark day, with a hurried gathering of clouds that packed closer and closer together in dull gray masses, and with an ominous commotion in the tree tops. Early in the evening snow began to fall. All night the wind howled round the little cabin.

Early the next morning the trapper put on his snowshoes and struck off, light-hearted, to open up his line.

On the fourth day out there came an event that stirred his blood. Stooping to dig from the snow a hidden trap, he found it sprung but empty. Almost at the same instant his quick eye saw a waving thread of coarse red yarn caught on a twig near by. He instantly remembered the brilliantly hued mittens that Louis Gonyea habitually wore.

"The thievin' half-breed! Thought this storm would hide his work, did he? Well, I'll git him next time, sure as eels is snakes!"

The code of the trapper in the far north is inexorable in punishing poachers. The blood law of the old days still holds; death, swift and summary, is the fate of the poacher caught red-handed in his thieving. Fraser guessed that the half-breed would probably make another foray, and saw his way to settling all scores.

After days of waiting there came, almost unheralded, out of the still air one gray morning the great, fleecy flakes of a storm quite to the liking of the grim trapper. When the snowy tumult was at its height, he plunged into the thick of it, and, settling into a long, easy stride, headed straight to the east.

When he neared the place where he thought the half-breed would probably come to poach, he moved more cautiously. Winding his way among the trees, he strained his eyes to catch through the descending wall of snow some glimpse of the figure that he sought.

When, after a while, he came on an otter trap, he found the news he wanted. The trap had been rifled, and a telltale track of snowshoes led into the woods. The trail was already almost obliterated, and the trapper knew that he should have to hurry

if he wished to carry out his plan of vengeance.

For several miles he traveled at a pace that tried every muscle in his frame; now and then he stooped to assure himself that his victim had not escaped him. It had become very cold, and the snow, turning to sleet, stung wickedly. His breath came in short, rasping gasps, yet on and on he pressed with tense face and straining eyes.

As he was swinging down a slight incline to cross an ice-bound stream, he suddenly halted and, dropping to one knee, peered into the thicket.

Crouching over some object, with his back toward his pursuer, was his enemy—motionless, unsuspecting. In the first moment of exultant frenzy the trapper's fingers clutched at the trigger of his rifle.

Then, laying the gun down, he crept toward the kneeling half-breed. When he was within a few feet of the poacher, Fraser rose, and, hurling himself upon him, pinioned his arms in an iron grip.

Under the violent impact of Fraser's charge, the half-breed plunged face forward into the yielding snow. The trapper's muscles tightened to meet his violent struggles. For a second he waited grimly, but no sound or movement came from the man beneath him.

Suspicious of a ruse, Fraser felt with his right hand for the other's throat and clutched it. With a quick turn he forced the limp form upon its back and gazed upon the face of Louis Gonyea. The poacher's eyes were closed, his lips parted, and his face had a strange, grayish pallor. Then Fraser saw that through a rent in the homespun trousers, well above Louis' right knee, blood was slowly oozing.

Scattered in the snow were the furs that the half-breed had stolen. Flung to one side lay a half-trimmed carrying pole and his hand axe. A glance told Fraser what had happened. As if guided by the hand of retributive justice, the keen-edged weapon had glanced, sunk deep into the flesh of the luckless Louis and brought him defenseless before his enemy. He had probably just met with the accident when Fraser came upon him.

The trapper found that Louis' heart was still beating, and he quickly formed a plan for saving the life that he had been perilously near taking a few minutes before.

Hours later a pale, round moon looked down through scurrying clouds upon the bent figure of the trapper, who, carrying Louis on his broad shoulders, was laboring heavily across the snows toward his shanty on the Cariboo.

The next morning Louis' large black eyes opened weakly on the interior of the cabin, rested on the blanketed figure on the floor, wandered over the hanging litter on the walls and wearily closed again. Shortly afterwards



FRASER HURLED HIMSELF UPON HIM

Fraser awoke, revived the dying fire and, glancing now and then at the sleeping figure in the bunk, busied himself with his morning's work.

Ought he to protect and conceal the worthless criminal who threatened his own livelihood? Or ought he to show the half-breed before the people of the settlement in the colors that would brand him always with dishonor? Fraser pondered long over the problem. At last there came from out his better self the answer that he sought, and from that moment he labored with all the fervor of his strong nature to bring about the desired end.

One day Fraser returned to the shanty to find his charge seated on the edge of the bunk contentedly smoking a vile-smelling pipe.

"Well, Louis," he said, "if you're able to stand up to that there pipe, I reckon you'll be moggin' soon; and as we've got to have some kind of a parley before you go, I'll out with my part and then you can say yourn. You've had a close call, my lad; and you come near goin' with a back load of sins. By a mere matter of chance I've had a hand in bringin' you through. It wasn't of my seekin', I'll own to that. I know you was lifting my fur, and I know it was you that laid for me, below on the dead water last fall.

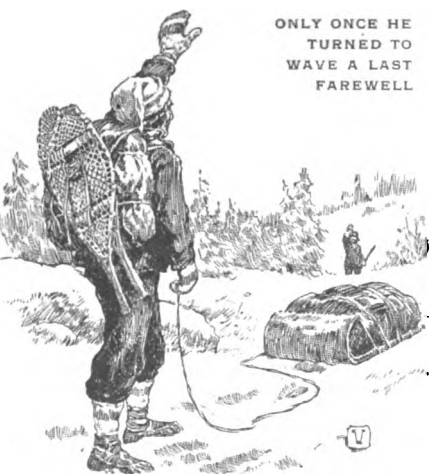
"But it's come to me to give you a chance. There's no call for doin' murder over a passel of fur; there's a-plenty for the both of us, I reckon. If you want to make a new start, I believe I'll see that you can. I've brought down your fur, and if it ain't enough I'll give you some of mine. You'll find some manner of work out to the front. I'll see you don't lose by it if you travel a straight trail. How does it strike you, lad?"

Louis sat for a long while with downcast eyes fixed on the old pipe in his hand. Unknown to him his heritage of French sensitiveness and emotion was warring in him with the hatred of the white man and the scorn of reconciliation of his Indian ancestors. Centuries of civilization battled with centuries of aboriginal instinct—and in the end it was civilization that triumphed.

At last he lifted his eyes and with simple words and in a low voice uttered his decision. The inscrutable features gave no hint of the feelings that stirred within him, but he gave his hand on the compact with a quiet earnestness that impressed the trapper.

Thus the two came to their understanding. During the final days of their sojourn together neither referred to the incidents that had moved the deepest feelings of his heart. When the time came for Louis to go, Fraser loaded his toboggan for him, and a generous burden it carried.

Dragging the load himself, Fraser accompanied his silent companion far upon the way. He parted from him with brief words of caution and good cheer, and swung briskly eastward to his long-neglected traps. Only once he turned to wave a last farewell to the figure standing in the snow.



ONLY ONCE HE TURNED TO WAVE A LAST FAREWELL

shore. Grasping a projecting branch, he held his craft close to the bank under the overhanging trees.

"Well," the trapper muttered, "that was pretty slick shootin' for this time of day, and me movin' right along lively. Glad it wa'n't any lighter. 'Twa'n't an Injun sighted that gun, at that distance—and there ain't any white man got a spite agin me. If it wa'n't an Injun and it wa'n't a white man fired them shots, it comes in between—and the 'breeds are up to it. Sneaks and cowards—that's what they are.

"Take that Louis Gonyea, now—if 'twas him, he came a long ways to do a dirty piece of work. Must want these trappin' grounds pretty bad to do murder for 'em—but let's see you get 'em, my boy!"

The trapper kept to his hiding place until the rising moon showed a brilliant course before him; then he silently paddled onward through the friendly shadows. The moon stood high in the heavens when he rolled his blanket about him and sought sleep in the shelter of a rough lean-to far down the stream.

The next morning Fraser was early on his journey. There followed two days of unremitting toil at the paddle, of hurried portages and scanty meals. The end of the second day found him camped where the whitened waters of Rocky River joined the dark and placid current of the Cariboo.

Whoever had made the attempt upon his life must sometime leave the wilderness by one of the two waterways that he guarded. He must know who that person was, so that no doubt should hamper his firm resolve to have vengeance. He had not yet planned the manner or the time of his retaliation; the future would solve its own problems.

Screened among the cedars that clothed the high bluff at the confluence of the rivers, the keen-eyed trapper kept his vigil. Trout flashing in the stream, a predatory mink wandering

lay awake that night for a long hour watching a great, cold moon sail across the sky and hide behind the pines.

"Am I a liar?" she asked herself with cold scorn. "I can't remember that I ever told a lie, but I must be a liar, for I acted this lie so easily."

She turned her back on the moon.

"What'll I do? Tell the girls that it was a joke?" She shivered in her warm nest. "Oh, why didn't I have the sense to say it straight out? I've got to tell them to-morrow morning."

She could not tell them. She had never made a moral effort in her life, and she could not force her lax spiritual muscles to it now.

"I suppose I could learn to skate before the race; it's three weeks off. Why, I've got to

learn! The girls will depend on me, and they shan't be disappointed!"

Her tense nerves relaxed; she slept.

"If there were such a thing as a will serum, I should say that a fairy doctor had inoculated Sally Payson with it," the gymnasium teacher said to her assistant; "she's determined to win the race with The Firs. She practices hours every day all by herself on the old rink; she won't go on the lake with the others for fear of playing."

"I always knew there was the best sort of stuff in that girl, if she were once roused," answered the assistant.

Sally certainly was roused. She skated with a grim earnestness that was absolutely different from her usual listless dallying. Not only her body struggled; her brain shook itself free

from cobwebs. The school required good work of its athletes, and Sally, who had been wont to dream away hours over a lexicon, now had to crowd a lesson into a few minutes in order to find time for the necessary practice in skating. With muscle, mind, spirit, she toiled at the highest tension.

She hated it. She longed for her chair by the fire and her sweet castle-building afternoons. This jumping on the hour and filling in every crack of time hurt her pleasant tranquillity; but she stuck to it like a bulldog.

The girls were amazed at the change and rather awed by it.

"It's a sort of Undine finding her soul," Alicia said to Elizabeth. "What did it, do you guess?"

"She's a splendid girl," Elizabeth murmured. Elizabeth was often with Sally now, and

Sally grew fonder and fonder of her. Elizabeth was her ideal—gay, strong and sweet. She was all on fire for school interests, yet never fussy or priggish.

At last the day of the ice sports came—clear, but with a stiff wind blowing from the north. The banks were thronged with spectators.

The school won the hockey match, The Firs won the dash race. The long-distance race was hailed with breathless excitement. The six girls ranged themselves in line—Phoebe, a little unsteady but capable of fiery spurts, Helen, slow but solid as a rock, and Sally, x in the problem.

"I'm scared of her," she heard a girl whisper behind her; "she's such a dark horse."

Sally centred her attention on the renowned skater of The Firs. There was nothing remarkable about the middle-sized, red-cheeked girl,

unless it was her very clear eyes and her very square jaw.

Crack! They were off. For the first time in her life Sally set herself against another in fierce competition. She got away easily on her long swing, and held herself just behind the Firs champion, for she had been advised to let her set the pace up to the home stretch. The wind seemed a hurricane to her. Still, she held her own until they rounded the head of the island. "Ah!" It was a long breath of comfort as the wind began to push her onward instead of hold her back.

She glanced over her shoulder. Phoebe was down! Whether it was a broken skate or a turned ankle she could not stop to see. Helen and one of the racers from The Firs were far behind. All the race was on her shoulders! She wavered, then steadied herself with a tremendous jerk and swung on.

Sally felt a shadow at her side, saw a figure glide ahead of her, and realized that she had two skaters to beat. Had she lost her speed or her strength? She heard the girls who had chosen vantage points on the island shouting her name. They were cheering her steadily, to keep up her courage. They trusted her. She had cheated them into that faith.

"They shan't lose by me!" she said to herself, grimly.

Then she sank her head between her shoulders, hunched her back and bent half double in her stride. Appearances were nothing to her; the wind that crowded her lungs to bursting was nothing; the pain in her side, nothing.

"I will not let the school be beaten by a lie!" she whispered through her closed teeth; and on she skated with body, mind and soul.

She passed the Firs skater who a moment before had passed her, and inch by inch she crept up to the Firs champion, then, shoulder to shoulder, held the pace. They passed the foot of the island together and together glided on, with the wind still behind them. Now Sally could make out different faces on the wharf. Only a few yards more and the race would be over. She felt the girl beside her gathering herself for a rush.

"You would, would you?" cried Sally in her throat, and gathered herself, too.

"Hurry, Sal, hurry!" She could even distinguish Nancy's voice from the others.

She swung tremendously on her left stroke. The skate slipped loose under her! Some fault in a strap or buckle had betrayed her.

But she caught herself and swept ahead on a mighty right stroke, slid for the wharf like a baseball player for the base, grappled for the rope in the air, caught it and dragged herself to her feet, two seconds ahead of the wonder from The Firs.

"You might have killed yourself, you reckless thing!" were Elizabeth's first words.

"I never thought of that," replied Sally, wiping a trickle of blood from her face, where the ice had grazed it. "I just was in honor bound to win."

In the twilight that night she and Elizabeth wandered about the campus, with arms intertwined. The wind had gone down and the air was soft. The two girls had grown very close to each other in the past few weeks.

"Do you know," Elizabeth said shyly to Sally, after a long silence, "the best of all this beautiful year is knowing you?"

"Thank you," said Sally, in the darkness.

"I'm so glad—so thankful—that we're going to college together. You're such a big girl, Sal, and so—so straight!"

Sally halted in the path. "Yes, I guess I am—usually."

"Always, you goose. I've—I've watched you, and I never knew so square a girl."

"You're square as a brick yourself."

"Mostly," Elizabeth laughed and pulled Sally's face round to hers. "You're an old darling!" Then she added, "I've got to write a letter for the last mail," and flitted away among the trees.

Sally turned to follow her, and then stopped; she never acted from impulse. Letting her friend go, she lingered in the silent night until the lights began to go out in the school.

"Elizabeth's friendship is the most beautiful thing I ever had in my life. I want to have it rest on a right foundation. Maybe, if I tell her, she won't like me any more, what I did was so—contemptible."

She looked straight up at the stars. "I won't that skating race on sheer, cold will. Have I got will enough to tell her?" Then, after a minute this strange girl said to herself, "Not now, but maybe I can work myself up to it before school closes."

All the rest of the week Sally "worked herself up" inch by inch, as she had won her race, making up her speech, picturing Elizabeth's amazement, facing her dislike. Then, in dull, prosaic noontime, she walked into her friend's room. It was empty, and she sat down to wait.

"On what a little hinge the gate of destiny swings!" she thought. "If I hadn't gone skating that day — If I hadn't worked like a dog all these weeks, I shouldn't be tough enough to do this."

"Elizabeth," she said as the door opened, "I never skated round the island that day. I walked across it. This afternoon I'm going to tell the other girls who were there."

Elizabeth sank to the arm of her chair. She looked strange and excited, but not especially startled.

"Afterwards I saw the red tassel of your cap on a bush, where it had caught, and—it jumped into my mind that —"

"Did you think I was—a-liar?"

"I—I—I couldn't judge. It seemed monstrous; so I tried to get better acquainted with you, and then I thought I was mistaken."

"And now?" Sally's voice was even.

"I believe more than ever you are the most honorable girl in the whole world. Oh, I'm

so glad you told me! You're free from all doubts now." She flung her arms round her. "No one except you, Sal, would ever have told after you had won the race."

"Elizabeth, you duck," said Sally. "I'm a reformed criminal, and you are both the stirrer-up and the prize obtained. School versus Firs Skating Race, prize—one beautiful Elizabeth."

"No, no!" cried Elizabeth, half shaking, half hugging her. "Prize—one beautiful Sleepy Sally."

"No, sir!" Sally returned the shaking. "One wide-awake-forever Sal."

NORTH FORTY EAST By Homer Greene In Ten Chapters Chapter Seven

NATHAN went back to college, but he went back heavy-hearted. He had none of the joyousness of his traveling companion, Ralph Orchard. Their vacations had been widely different. Although they lived within half a mile of each other, took part in many of the same holiday festivities in the neighborhood and had a hundred things in common, the atmosphere that surrounded the life of the one was entirely foreign to the life of the other.

So, whereas Ralph took up his books and studies with renewed interest and zeal, Nathan went to his tasks as if driven to them by a hard and heartless master. Yet he went to them bravely and with determination, and while he kept up in his current studies continued to make up much of the work in which he had fallen behind.

Dean Robinson was greatly pleased with Nathan's progress and did not hesitate to express his pleasure. He had grown fond of the young fellow whose attractive personality won him so many friends. He encouraged him in every way that he could, and resolved privately that, even though the boy should fall behind again, he would stretch the limit of his patience and power in order to keep him in college and to help him to graduate with honor.

Ralph watched Nathan closely, for he was always fearful lest the strain should prove too great for his friend, and that in some moment of weakness he should give way under it; but as the weeks went by and Nathan did not relax his toil, Ralph's hope grew stronger that his friend would conquer, after all. Then, in February, there came a change. It crept on so slowly that no one except a close friend could have noticed it at first. Nathan began to cut classes; evenings that he should have spent in working he spent in amusement; he failed in recitations more and more frequently. He was more jovial in manner than ever, but his joviality seemed forced.

"I'll brace up again soon," he said in reply to Ralph's protests. "I want to have my fling for a fortnight; then I'll get busy again." But the fortnight went by. The snows melted and ran away. The March winds howled across the campus. The warm sunshine of April came, and still Nathan had not forsaken the easier way.

One day a messenger from the dean's office came to Ralph's room. "Dean Robinson would like to see you in his study," he said. Putting on his hat, Ralph followed the messenger back across the campus and up the walk to the engineering building.

Dean Robinson motioned Ralph to a chair. "It's an unpleasant business," he said, "but I want to talk with you about Brill. You're a friend of his and know that he's been going wrong again. The thing is serious. I want to know what you can do to help save him."

"I don't know," replied Ralph. "It seems to me that I've already done all I can."

"Well, it's too bad. I don't like to see a fellow of ability go to pieces like this."

"Neither do I. I'd do almost anything to pull him out of it."

"I knew you would; that's why I sent for you. I've exhausted my own efforts. He promises readily enough, but he doesn't fulfill

his promises. I've written to his father, but if Mr. Brill has brought any pressure to bear on the boy it has apparently done no good. I'm sorry to say it, but if a change doesn't take place at once Nathan Brill will have to leave the university. You're the last resort. If you can do nothing, he'll have to say good-by to us."

"I can't have him go like that!" Ralph exclaimed. "It would break my heart. I don't

his friend's errand was. "Dean Robinson has been talking to you, hasn't he?" he asked.

"Yes, he has. And it's really his message that I want to give you."

"I can guess it, old man. I've been expecting it. Well, to-day's the last. To-morrow morning I brace up again and go to work. However, I'll come over after a while and we'll settle the details."

He turned away to rejoin his companions, but before he opened the door he said:

"If you should happen to see Robby on the campus, tell him I'll be round to-morrow morning as good as new."

"All right! I'll be waiting for you in my room."

Ralph went back to his own quarters and, taking up a book, tried to study. But across each printed page fell a picture of his friend as he had just seen him: the bright and wandering eyes, the forced smile, the flushed face and the hollow cheeks. After a while he laid down his book, lifted his hinged drawing board, braced it, got out his triangle and T square, and began to put a shading of parallel lines on a sketch that he was making.

Half an hour went by, and Nathan did not come. Another half hour, and still there was no sign of him. Perhaps it had not been so easy for him, after all, to get rid of the merry crowd in No. 83. Every time Ralph heard a footfall on the staircase his heart beat quicker in anticipation. Five o'clock came and went.

The light grew too dim for drawing, and Ralph stood at the window of his room and looked out across the athletic field to the college grove where the shadows were already deepening in the April twilight. Had Nathan forgotten his promise, or had he been afraid to hear the dean's message?

Long after his usual time for going to supper Ralph left his room and started toward his boarding house. As he was passing Allingham Hall it occurred to him to go up to Nathan's room and see whether he was still there. He ran up the stairs and knocked at the door. There was no response. He knocked again, but, except for the noise of his knocking, the silence was unbroken. He tried the door and found that it was locked. But of course there was nothing strange about that; most doors in the dormitories were locked at that hour, during which the occupants of the rooms were at their evening meal.

When Ralph came back to the campus from his supper he followed a path that passed the rear of Allingham Hall, in order that he might see whether there was a light in Nathan's window. There was none. He went on to his own room and started his evening tasks; but he had to exert all his strength of will to keep his mind on his studies. His anxiety was developing into genuine foreboding.

At ten o'clock he put on his hat and coat and again crossed the campus to Allingham Hall; but Nathan's window was still dark and his door was still locked. So he went back to his own room and to bed. He tried to argue with himself that his fear was without cause, that there was nothing especially strange in Nathan's absence from his room or in his failure to keep the agreement to call; but his forebodings would not down, and he was long in finding sleep.

The next morning he looked forward with hope, although not without anxiety, to seeing Nathan in the classroom at ten o'clock. That was the morning on which Nathan, in accordance with his promise, was to turn over a new leaf. But Nathan did not attend the class, nor yet the class at eleven o'clock; nor did he appear at the lecture at three.

As Ralph was crossing the campus after the lecture, Dean Robinson stopped him. "Have you seen anything of Brill? I understand he has been absent from all classes to-day."

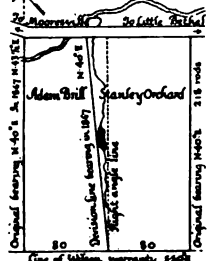
"I don't know where he is," Ralph replied. "I've been looking for him."

"There are some unpleasant rumors about him. There may be slight foundation for them; but the thing looks bad."

"I hadn't heard them. What are they?"

"Oh, some goings on down at Guelph's. I hear. A little trouble in the street afterwards."

The dean passed on, but turned and called Ralph back to him. "I think you'd better keep up your search for him, Orchard. It's barely possible that he's in trouble." After a moment he added, "I doubt whether the faculty, after this incident, will permit him to



DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER



RALPH STEPPED FORWARD AND LAID HIS HAND AFFECTIONATELY ON THE SPEAKER'S SHOULDER. "I WANT YOU"

know but it would break my mother's, too. She's been very fond of him. You know his own mother died when he was four years old."

"Indeed! No, I didn't know." He sat for a moment in thought. "That may account for it to some extent. The power and influence of a good mother to keep a fellow straight is beyond reckoning. I like Brill. If there's any way on earth to save him I want to do it."

Rising from his chair as he spoke, he walked to the window and looked out. After a moment he turned again to Ralph. "Well," he said, "that's what I wanted to say to you. See what you can do. I give you three days."

Ralph left the dean's office and started across the campus toward his room. Then he turned back and went to the main entrance of Allingham Hall and up two flights of stairs. He stopped at the door of No. 83 and knocked. From inside the room came the sound of boisterous laughter and the clapping of many hands. Nathan himself opened the door, and when he saw who it was that had knocked he came out into the hall and closed the door behind him. His face was flushed, his hair was in disorder, his eyes were unnaturally bright.

"What is it, Ralph?" he asked anxiously.

"I wanted to see you," replied Ralph. "I have something to say to you. I can't say it here. Will you come over soon to my room?"

"Certainly! Just as soon as I can get rid of this crowd of fellows. No bad news, I hope?"

"Bad enough. But you can take the sting out of it if you want to."

Instinctively Nathan guessed at once what

remain under any circumstances. I wrote to his father this morning to come on. Doubtless he'll be here to-morrow. But that doesn't relieve you, as his friend, from the duty of looking him up."

The dean went his way; and Ralph, distressed beyond measure at the turn things had taken, started out on a definite tour of inquiry. The first man he met was one of his and Nathan's classmates, who was always well-informed on all college affairs.

"No," said the young man, in answer to Ralph's inquiry, "I haven't seen him. But I understand he was on something of a breeze last night; had a little mix-up with a cop. Resting up somewhere to-day, I imagine. If I hear anything I'll let you know."

The young fellow passed on, and Ralph went across to Allingham Hall. In the doorway he met Tracy Randall, who by common report was given to just such adventures as Nathan was said to have had the night before. Randall looked harassed and careworn.

"Do you know anything about Brill?" inquired Ralph.

Randall eyed his questioner keenly. "Why do you ask me?" he said.

"I thought you might have been with him last night and could help me to find him."

"Where I was last night," Randall replied shortly, "is no concern of yours. And where Brill is to-day is no concern of mine. I'm not his keeper. You might inquire at Guelph's." Turning, he went down the steps.

There was still one other person on the hill from whom Ralph might get information.

That person was Lomax, a senior, president of the fraternity to which Nathan belonged. When Lomax opened his door in response to Ralph's knock and saw who was there, he motioned to his visitor to come in.

"I was just thinking of you," he said. "I thought possibly you might be able to tell us something about Brill."

"I came to get information about him myself," Ralph answered.

"I'm sorry I can't give you any. He was in some trouble last night. We haven't been able to find him to-day. Some of the boys are out looking for him now. What do you know?"

"Hardly anything more than that he was at Guelph's and was mixed up in some fracas on the street afterwards."

"Yes. It's too bad. He's the best fellow in the world when he's himself. We want to get hold of him and bring him up with a round turn, and put him on his feet."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Ralph. "That's what I'd like to do, too. But I'm afraid we're too late to help him to stay in college any longer."

"Why?" asked Lomax.

"Does the dean know?"

"He knows a good deal," said Ralph. "I've seen him. I think he's made up his mind."

On his way from Lomax's room Ralph passed No. 83. He found that some one had forced the lock and entered Nathan's room, apparently in the hope of finding some clue to his whereabouts. Ralph went into the room, which was in great disorder; but he could find nothing there that would be of any help to him in his search.

So, stopping at his own boarding house long enough to eat a hurried meal, Ralph went on down the hill into the city. He made his way straight to Guelph's, a café on a side street, where scenes of hilarity were not uncommon, and where drunkenness was too often the mark of good-fellowship and good cheer. The manager of Guelph's could, or would, give no information that was of any value. Brill and some companions had been there the night before, he said; that was true. But it was not late when they left, and he was sure they were not unduly exhilarated. What took place in the street afterwards he did not know; at any rate, he was not responsible for it, whatever it was. And he had seen nothing of Brill since. So that settled the matter so far as he was concerned.

After that Ralph tramped through the darker streets, scrutinizing the face of each person he met. He stopped at restaurants, billiard parlors and hotels. He even looked into the coarsest and most disreputable resorts along the river front, in the lower part of the city. He inquired at the railway stations, but no one had seen the young man whom he described. At the police stations there was no record on any blotter about any student's having been in trouble. At the city hospitals no case of accident or illness had been reported that could by any possibility refer to Brill.

At midnight Ralph went back to his room.

But he did not go to bed; he knew he could not sleep. He tried to read, but soon threw down the book. Tired as he was he paced back and forth across the floor. There was no doubt in his mind now that Nathan, overcome by despair, had recklessly broken the last link that bound him to the university. Ralph blamed himself for not having held to his friend with a firmer grip, although what more he could have done he was unable to say.

So the hours of the night dragged on. At four o'clock he opened his window and looked out. The sky was overcast, and a low mist hung above the field and shrouded the trees in the grove. Cold, gray and impenetrable, the night confronted him. It might be that Nathan was out somewhere in the darkness, alone, unsheltered, helpless, hopeless. Ralph did not wait to consult his judgment; putting on his hat and coat, he extinguished his lamp and left the room.

The morning air was penetratingly damp and cold. Over in the east the sky was beginning to lighten a little; elsewhere the darkness was intense. Up out of the mist Allingham Hall loomed, huge and forbidding. There was no light in any window. Under the suffused glow of the street lamps Ralph made his way down the hill toward the centre of the city. There were few people abroad. A heavy wagon, laden with cans of milk, rumbled along

though he shrank back into the shadows, hide his identity from the one who sought him.

Nathan was the first to speak. "Well," he said gruffly, "what do you want?"

Ralph stepped forward and laid his hand affectionately on the speaker's shoulder.

"I want you," he replied.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE "BLACK WIDOWS" MERCY

By Jack Bechdolt

MEN of science agree that there is one spider the bite of which is to be feared. The black widow (*Latrodectus mactans*), also known as the "hourglass," is a desert insect. It is common in the sandy districts of middle and lower California. In several authenticated cases its bite has caused death.

When Prof. Ralph Darrow of the University of Washington held up a black body almost an inch long impaled on a pin and told the students in his entomology class that it was the deadly black widow, there was naturally a craning of necks. The announcement that followed caused even greater interest.

"Imagine my surprise," said Prof. Darrow, "at receiving this specimen from our own state. It was found on a wild beach of Puget Sound not two hundred miles north of Seattle. Mr. Bowling, the father of your classmate, Tom Bowling, made the discovery, and sent this specimen to his son for identification. How these desert spiders got so far north I do not know, but before the summer is over I hope to be better acquainted with *Latrodectus mactans*."

Thus did Tom Bowling receive the answer to a proposal that he had made just before the class met that morning. With sparkling eyes he drew Prof. Darrow aside as soon as the class period ended.

"It's a go, then?" he asked eagerly.

Darrow, who was thirty years of age, smiled back at Bowling, who was twenty, with the same boyish enthusiasm.

"Of course it's a go!" he declared heartily. "I'll be ready to start the Monday after commencement. We'll find those spiders if it takes us all summer."

Six weeks later, on a pleasant morning in July, when the wide expanse of Puget Sound glistened like blue silk, a sturdy launch lay beached on the shore of Whidbey Island. The northern end of the island breaks off in sand cliffs that face the Sound. In some places the cliffs are almost perpendicular; in others they have a gentle slope.

For ten days Darrow and Bowling had been skirting

this shore in a leisurely search for the deadly black widow. The ashes of four camp fires lay behind them. They had searched ten miles past the spot where Tom Bowling's father had found a solitary specimen—the spider that he, unaware of any danger, had dropped into a paper bag, and that he had sent to his son because he regarded it as a curiosity. They had found no sign of another black widow.

Tom was discouraged, but Darrow laughed and reminded him that the spider might easily have traveled twenty miles from its colony. Young spiders, he said, often launched themselves from the tree tops, and drifted on the wind by a parachute of their own webbing.

"The spiders will surely be in the sand," Darrow declared. "We must look along those sandy cliffs."

The beaches beyond the cove where their camp lay were strewn with huge rocks and at high tide became impassable. This morning, accordingly, Tom and Darrow made their way to the top of the cliff. Darrow carried a plate camera swung by a strap from his shoulder. Under one arm he had a wide-mouthed collector's bottle. The big pockets of his heavy shirt bulged with notebook and spare plate holders. Tom was laden with a coil of light Manila rope, the canteen and the luncheon.

At the brink of the cliffs they began their search. Where the slope was too steep for them to climb down they used the rope; one stayed at the brink to bend the line round a tree trunk and to raise and lower his companion.

Toward noon Tom, clinging to the taut rope and digging his heels into the sun-baked sand, climbed wearily to the top of the cliff.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself on the ground. "I know now just how a fish feels when it hits the frying pan. That sand is just about as cool as the top of a red-hot stove."

Darrow mopped his moist face. "It's too

hot to work," he said. "Let's have a bite and then loaf for a couple of hours."

"The canteen's dry again," Tom said. "I'll hike back to that spring we passed and fill up before we eat."

Darrow grunted assent, and stretched himself wearily on a carpet of moss close to the brink. A moment later his extended foot touched the specimen bottle, which he had set down. The bottle turned over slowly and hesitated at the edge of the slope. The entomologist sat up and reached lazily for it, but, even as he reached, the bottle turned over again. In a little cloud of dust it slid down the cliff and brought up, ringing but unharmed, on a projecting rock forty feet below. Darrow groaned and eyed the errant bottle spitefully. As far as the rock where his bottle lay the slope was not steeper than forty-five degrees, but it was all soft sand. Beyond the rock it seemed to pitch off more sharply to the beach.

With his face to the earth, Darrow launched himself backward over the cliff; his feet ploughed great furrows in the sand as he lowered himself toward the rock. When a glance over his shoulder told him that he was close to the bottle and as near the brink of the steeper slope as was safe, he hunched himself to reach for his property. As he moved he felt the sand beneath his feet slowly yield. He dug his toes in to get a firmer hold, but was alarmed to find that he was slipping faster. He threw himself upon the slope, face down again. His progress slackened gradually, almost stopped, then began again. Gently but surely he was sliding toward the brink; the whisper of the sand that was cascading over the cliff told him that he was near the danger point.

The earth suddenly dropped out from beneath his feet, but as he plunged downward he clutched at a rock close beside him. His body came to rest, with his feet overhanging empty space. He peered up into the hollow under the projecting boulder, and there he saw the cave of the black widow.

Although at first Darrow did not see the spider, he knew that his search was ended, for across the mouth of the little natural cave was a web. Hanging from it by strands of spider silk were little bundles—the bodies of black beetles wrapped in webbing. *Latrodectus mactans* is one of the few spiders that attack armored insects like the beetle. It snares its victims and hangs their bodies before its home as a butcher hangs beebes before his shop.

In another second, however, the seriousness of his plight crowded aside Darrow's scientific interest in the spider's lair. He lay with both arms stretched above his head, grasping the projecting rock. Although only a part of his weight pulled against his aching muscles, his position was decidedly uncomfortable. No matter how he turned, he could not get a firm purchase on the flowing sand with his feet. He dared not let go the rock.

"Tom, O Tom!" he shouted.

A black, furry body darted out from the gloom of the cave under the rock. Alarmed by the shaking of her home, the black widow had come forth to give battle.

Darrow's rolling eyes saw the spider not two feet from his face. Comparatively small though the deadly insect was, she caused him to shiver with repugnance. Coal-black was her coat everywhere except for one scarlet splash on the abdomen—the "hourglass" marking that distinguishes the female. She was not far from an inch long. Fresh from feasting among a heap of beetle husks, the widow had darted forth angrily, and at the sight of this strange foe she had "frozen" to an attitude feigning death.

The entomologist accepted the challenge and struck first. Shifting all of his weight to his right hand, he aimed an awkward blow with his left at the ball of black.

The blow went wide; a second blow also missed the mark. As he struck, he gave his right arm an excruciating wrench, and had to grasp the rock again with his left hand. The spider darted back into her cave.

"Tom, Tom, hello—help!"

Darrow's husky voice cracked. He was hot and thirsty, and now grew suddenly faint. There was fine sand in his eyes and nostrils and between his teeth. The pulsing blood pounded like trip hammers at his brain.

"Tom Bowling, Tom, help!" he called, trying to catch a glimpse of the cliff top.

Something tickled his hand, and Darrow, turning his eyes, gasped. The black widow had swung herself up on a silken cord until she had reached Darrow's wrist. Now, on velvet feet, she moved across the strained tendons. There was a moment that seemed like eternity. Darrow's eyes were glued on the spider. His



DARROW'S ROLLING EYES SAW THE SPIDER NOT TWO FEET FROM HIS FACE

the pavement. An early riser, huddled in a greatcoat, hurried by. A destitute straggler with his hands in his pockets slouched miserably along, looking for some place of shelter. At a corner of the main street a policeman stood, lazily swinging his club. Day was beginning to break; people would soon be astir.

Four blocks down and three blocks to the right was the Union Station. Trains were arriving and departing every hour. Gathered on the station platform in the gray dawn were many people waiting for the Inter-State Express, which was late. They walked up and down or stood in shivering groups round the doorway. Ralph went among them and looked into all their faces. He entered the waiting rooms and scrutinized the occupants of the benches, many of whom had fallen asleep. But, waking or sleeping, the one whom he sought was not there.

Sick with anxiety, he pushed open the heavy door and started up the platform toward a different street from the one by which he had entered the station. There no one walked or loitered. The place was deserted except by one human figure, a man standing hidden in the shelter of a doorway. Ralph had almost passed him before he discovered him; but when he did see him, he stopped and looked him square in the face.

A casual acquaintance might very possibly not have recognized the man as Nathan Brill; but the heart of the friend who had searched for him leaped with the sudden triumph of discovery. The person who stood there shivering in the mist-cold morning, whose torn and soiled clothing and battered hat showed the hard usage that he who wore them had undergone, whose white and haggard face and swollen lips and bloodshot eyes told their own tale of riotous excess and wretched waking—this person could not for one moment, even

breath fluttered in his throat and his heart seemed to cease beating. He waited, tingling, for the pain of the spider's poisonous bite.

His strained muscles ached, but he dared not move lest he provoke an attack. An almost irresistible impulse to let go and end the suspense came over him. But that way lay certain death; if he could hang on until the spider left his hand, if he could only strike without being bitten, one sharp blow would crush the beast.

Darrow's tired eyes watched the widow crawl across his warm flesh, exploring curiously. The seconds dragged past, dusty, scorching hot, terrible.

"Tom, Tom, Tom, O Tom Bowling!"

The spider then stopped, alarmed; but as

Darrow's shouting ceased she stirred again. In a flash Darrow remembered something that gave him hope. The spider has an acute sense of touch and feels the slightest vibration, whether in air or earth. The breath of his shout had alarmed the widow. If he could keep the spider paralyzed with fear for a few brief seconds, he believed he could pull himself up to safety.

Twisting his face in the sand until he fronted the foe just overhead, he blew fiercely. A shower of sand particles flew from his lips and bombarded the poisonous widow. Instantly she curled into a lifeless ball.

In a flash Darrow put the accidental discovery to effective use. He sucked up a mouthful

of sand and blew it at the spider. The bombardment was effective. Half buried in sand, the widow continued to feign death.

"Now or never!" Darrow muttered. He summoned every ounce of his failing strength. The cords stood out on his hands and wrists, and his tired muscles quivered as he slowly crooked his elbows and forced his body upward. He groaned under the torture, but not for a second did he relax his effort. His knees floundered for a hold in the sand, slipped, and then caught for a brief instant.

It was a shifty kneehold, but enough. He had both arms round the rock now; with his knee he got a purchase on it, and in another second he lay upon the table-like projection.

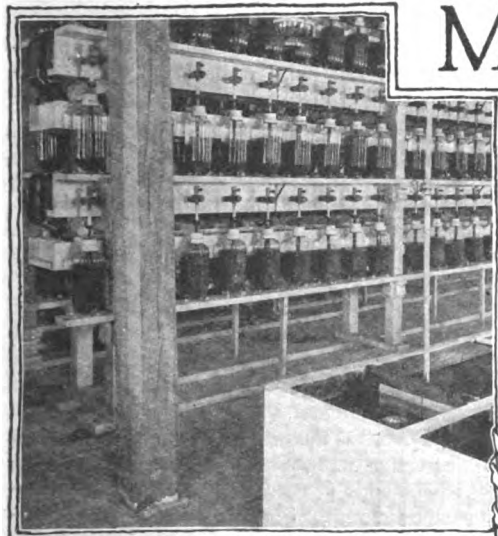
In that moment of triumph he felt the spider stirring again, but now he could cope with her. With a quick flit of his left hand he sent the black widow spinning a yard away. Then he rolled over on the rock and for five drowsy minutes lay very still.

When Tom Bowling returned from the spring, he spied his friend floundering through the sand just below the top of the cliff.

"Call that resting," he began; but Darrow interrupted him.

"Look!" he croaked hoarsely, waving his specimen bottle. "I got the widow—but—she pretty nearly—got me!"

As he spoke he reached the top and there crumpled up, utterly exhausted.



JARS CONTAINING WHITEFISH EGGS

THE Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of Commerce is organized scientifically to help the fishing industry. The service it performs is most useful and practical; it pays its own way in the economic value of the work performed, commends itself to the business world, and in general appeals to the hard common sense of the American public.

Because the states have reserved for themselves the right to regulate their fisheries, the national government has no jurisdiction over any except the Alaskan fisheries. Soon after the bureau was created it was seen that the most effective direct aid that the national government could give the fishing industry was breeding food fishes and with them stocking waters free of charge. From the very outset the fish-culture work proved successful and popular; indeed, for years it has overshadowed all other branches of the service.

In 1915 the bureau ran fifty permanent hatcheries and half as many more auxiliaries and field stations. Their output exceeded four and three quarter billions of young and adolescent fishes and partly incubated eggs transferred to state hatcheries.

To distribute the enormous numbers of young fish produced each year is a huge task that requires a special staff of workers and unusual transportation facilities. Last year the bureau delivered fish to applicants in every state.

From an early period the bureau has used special fish-distributing cars. At present there are five such cars in use, and another car, of modern all-steel construction, has just been built. The cars, which have their permanent crews, are equipped for carrying large numbers of live fishes safely and comfortably; they are hauled everywhere, attached to passenger trains. Shipments off the main lines are entrusted to messengers, who carry their fish in baggage cars. Certain railways, which appreciate the advantages that accrue from stocking waters along their routes, do not charge the government for the transportation.

A natural outgrowth of the fish-culture work has been the transplanting of native fish into waters in which they are not indigenous. The bureau has thus increased the supply of food and game fishes in every part of the country, has greatly enhanced the pleasures of angling and has obtained very important economic results. Two of the most conspicuous cases, in which Atlantic coast fishes were established on the Pacific coast, are particularly interesting.

At a cost of not more than \$4000, young shad from eastern rivers were introduced into the Sacramento River between 1871 and 1880, and into the Columbia River in 1885 and 1886. From the outset the shad found their new home congenial; they multiplied at a rapid rate and distributed themselves along 4000 miles of coast, from southern California to southeastern Alaska.

Considered from a business point of view, that experiment in acclimatization has proved a remarkably good investment of public money; the fishermen of the Pacific coast states have caught and sold upward of 30,000,000 pounds of shad—they even ship to eastern markets—and have enriched themselves by the sum of \$600,000. Surely that is a good return on the original sum invested!

The striped bass has been acclimatized in much the same way as the shad, and the

MONEY-MAKING FROM WATER

By Hugh M. Smith
United States Commissioner of Fisheries



GOVERNMENT MEN TAKING COD SPAWN ON A GLOUCESTER FISHING VESSEL

economic results have been equally striking. In 1879 and 1882 two colonies, comprising about 435 young fish, were liberated in San Francisco Bay. They increased so rapidly in numbers that to-day the striped bass is more abundant in California than in any Eastern state. Up to the present time the yield of striped bass on the Pacific coast has been more than 28,000,000 pounds, with a market value of about \$1,750,000. The total cost of introducing the species was less than \$1000!

The Bureau of Fisheries does not breed and distribute the oyster as it does the other food fishes. In every seaboard state it has, however, surveyed the oyster grounds and made practical recommendations for starting and carrying on oyster planting. What a great help that service has proved may be judged from the history of the oyster-planting industry in Louisiana.

Up to 1898 there were few planted beds of oysters in Louisiana waters. That year, however, the bureau investigated the oyster grounds. As a result of its reports certain favorable laws were passed that stimulated oyster culture in the state. Indeed, 20,000 acres of bottom lands were soon under cultivation. In 1906, to promote the local industry still further, the state asked the bureau to examine large sections of unutilized bottom land in order to determine their productive capacity. The conditions were found to be exceptionally favorable for oyster growing; within two years after the spawn was down, experimental plants produced to the acre from 1000 to 2000 bushels of oysters ranging from 3.5 inches to 4 inches in size. In Barataria Bay, where there had been no oysters whatever, the bureau established such promising beds that prospective planters immediately leased hundreds of acres of adjacent bottom land. In the first year after the bureau had finished its experiments, bottom lands hitherto unproductive yielded oysters that had a value far in excess of the

total appropriations for the research work of the bureau. Furthermore, large revenues have come every year to the state from leasing grounds for oyster planting.

After a number of years of patient research and experimentation the bureau has perfected a method of growing sponges from cuttings, and has thus opened up to sponge cultivation large sections of the bottom land off the Florida coast. That land formerly produced sponges, but had long ceased to bear them.

A concrete example of the ways in which the bureau gives practical assistance to the fishing industry is its recent highly successful campaign for introducing a new food fish into American markets. A result was that a new fishery sprang up on the Atlantic coast.

The tilefish, first discovered in 1879, was apparently exterminated in 1882, when dead fish of that species were found covering an area 170 miles long and 25 miles wide. Estimates made at the time indicated that 1,500,000 tilefish had perished from some vast submarine cataclysm. For ten years persistent search failed to reveal any tilefish in their old haunts, but in 1892 the bureau caught a few of them; the tilefish had re-established itself.

The situation confronting the bureau was this: The ultimate consumer was not acquainted with the tilefish and would not buy it. So long as any other fish were available, the dealer continued to be too busy to advertise it. The fisherman could not be expected to catch a fish of the existence of which he had no visible evidence and for which there was not a certain market. The problem of the bureau was to provide a demand and simultaneously to satisfy it—to excite the consumer's desire, the dealer's business sense and the fisherman's interest, and to make each react on the others.

Within less than a month from the day the demonstration vessel set sail for the fishing grounds the bureau turned the business over to the regular trade. More than twenty vessels



GOVERNMENT MESSENGERS PLANTING FISH IN A PUBLIC STREAM

have already entered the fishery and others are outfitting for it; the demand for tilefish is ten times the present catch, and the chief difficulty has been to keep the price from going too high.

Until a comparatively recent time all pearl buttons used in the United States came from abroad. When the Mississippi River and many of its tributaries, together with other inferior waters, were found to contain mussels the pearly shells of which could be used in making buttons, a new industry was launched. It grew rapidly, gave employment to many thousands of persons and supported a lucrative fishery.

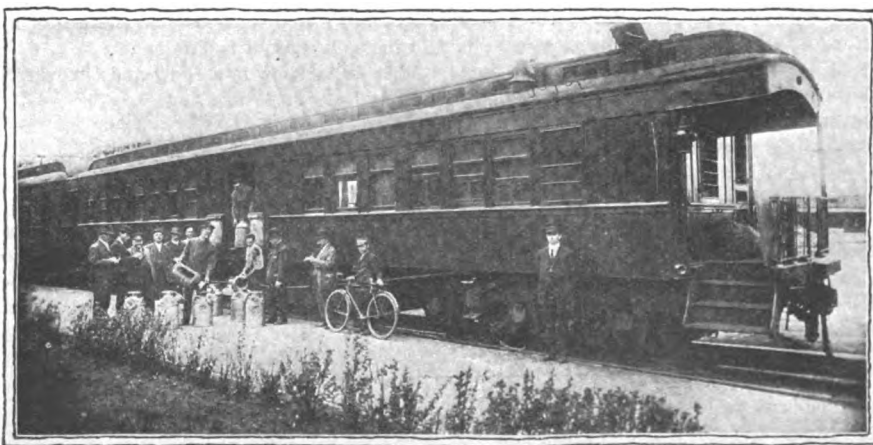
The activity of the fishery, combined with the slow growth of the mussels, began after a time to affect the supply of the raw material, and in the end it became so much reduced that the welfare of the industry was imperiled.

While waiting for action by the states that would prevent the mussel beds from being further depleted, the bureau entered the field with the intention of bringing artificial propagation to the aid of the mussel fishery. The bureau set to work to make those biological studies and experiments on which successful attempts at cultivation would have to be based. It established on the Mississippi River in Iowa a very complete mussel laboratory, and soon devised a feasible method of mussel culture. The result was that the artificial propagation of mussels soon attained large proportions and is becoming more extensive and efficient every year.

In the Alaskan seals the United States government has the most valuable herd of wild animals ever owned by man. Of that herd the Bureau of Fisheries is the custodian. Indiscriminate slaughter at sea has sadly diminished the seals, and the herd may never again contain the millions of animals that it had in 1867, when Alaska became ours. Thanks, however, to an international convention concluded in 1911, to which Great Britain, Russia, Japan and the United States are parties, the herd has more than doubled in four years and now numbers more than 400,000 animals. Congress has thought it wise to forbid the taking of seals for commercial purposes, and at present the only seals that may be killed are those required for the food of the native inhabitants of the Pribilof Islands—tiny bits of land in Bering Sea to which the Alaskan seals resort.

Under the leasing system, which was done away with by Congress in 1910, 2,320,000 young male seals were taken by the lessees, who paid an annual rental and a royalty on each skin. The skins were then salted and shipped to London, and there sold at public auction. After being dressed and dyed by a secret process, seventy to eighty per cent of the skins were imported into the United States.

All that is now changed. When the business history of America is written, one of the most noteworthy chapters will be that which relates how in 1914 the Department of Commerce, acting through and in behalf of the Bureau of Fisheries, upset the unbroken practice of more than two generations, and decreed that government-owned fur-seal skins should no longer be sent abroad at increased expense and sold for the benefit of foreign merchants, but should be sold at home for the immediate benefit of the American trade.



A GOVERNMENT FISH CAR STOPPING AT A STATION TO DELIVER LIVE FISH TO APPLICANTS



THE NEW LEG
A Punch cartoon by John Tenniel suggested by the Berlin Treaty of 1878. Bismarck, Disraeli and Lord Salisbury are trying to put the crippled Turk on his feet

FACT AND COMMENT

THERE are hundreds of overworked stomachs to every overworked brain.

What Happy Hearts are those that find a true Delight in Many Things, a Need of Few!

MOST of us believe that clouds have a silver lining, but few of us make any effort either to turn the clouds round or to get behind them.

WE little know how many men have gone from the United States to take part in the great war! Gen. Tozzi of the Italian army, who is over here on business connected with munitions, says that eighty thousand men have gone from this country to the Italian army alone.

JUDGED by the attention that the newspapers have given the 421 Ohio boys and girls who won prizes in this year's corn-growing contest, they are among the most important visitors that New York has had in a long time. The young Ohio corn growers who contested for the prizes raised on the average 80 bushels an acre, which is twice as much as the ordinary adult Ohio farmer raises. The winner of the first prize got 138 bushels from his acre, and the winner of the second prize, a girl, took 121 bushels from hers.

AT a recent meeting of teachers of English in New York, one of the professors in the Columbia School of Journalism deplored the fact that our colleges use classic examples in teaching English, and therefore, as he maintained, do not turn out students who can write a good newspaper style. He advocated the use of newspapers in teaching English. Nothing could be more unfortunate. The chief reason why newspapers are so much alike and so monotonous is the utter lack of distinction with which most reporters and not a few editors write.

ASHIPPING paper publishes a true story so remarkable that few writers of sea romances would dare to offer it as fiction. In January, 1904, a tidal wave left the British bark Avenger high and dry on a small island in the Gulf of Mexico. Last July another tidal wave swept the vessel back into deep water. Now, after a vacation of twelve years ashore, she is once more in the merchant service. The war has raised ocean freight charges to such a figure that the cost of repairing her was a small matter in comparison with what she can earn.

WHEN the native Australian or the long-time resident hears the cry, "Rabbo, wild rabbo! Rabbo!" he knows that he can get a cheap dinner that will also taste good, for the rabbit huckster is going by. But rabbits are now not nearly so cheap as they were before the war. The demand for meat of any kind has raised the price. The supply, however, is almost inexhaustible, and since refrigeration and canning have been undertaken on a large scale rabbit flesh has become an important item in the food supply of the world. One Australian firm last year canned 385,636 rabbits, and millions go to England and other countries in cold storage.

IN the list of families whose successive generations have rendered exceptional service in the Christian ministry the Cronenwett family deserves a high place. The Rev. George C. Cronenwett, a Lutheran minister, began preaching at Woodville, Ohio, in 1840, and remained at the head of his congregation until he died, in 1888. His son, the Rev. E. Cronenwett, was ordained in 1863, and is now in his fifty-fourth year of continuous service. Since 1877 he has been the pastor of a church in Butler, Pennsylvania. Thus father and son together have served one hundred and two years in the ministry.

GREAT BRITAIN is no longer the only nation that can say that the sun never sets on its territory. Since the United States acquired the Danish West Indies it can make the same boast. Hitherto the little island of Culebra, which is virtually a part of Porto Rico, has been our most easterly point of land,

and the island of Balabac in the Philippines our most westerly point. The distance between them is just a little less than 180 degrees, or half the circumference of the earth. St. Croix, in the Danish West Indies, is thirty-eight miles farther east than Culebra—enough to bridge the gap. Just as the sun is rising on St. Croix it is setting on Balabac.

UNIVERSAL SERVICE

FOR better or for worse the United States has become a member of the community of nations—a world power. The phrase should signify merely that we have become a more important member of that community. If, as we hope, the great war establishes and secures the rights of all nations, small as well as great, the rôle of every "world power" will be merely to protect those smaller nations that are not world powers.

The fact that, partly in consequence of its own acts, partly by events beyond its control, this country has been forced to abandon the attitude of "splendid isolation" that it held for the first century of its national existence imposes upon it both a duty to itself and a duty to other nations. We must assure ourselves of adequate security against the peril to which every nation is exposed—that of sudden and unprovoked attack—and we must be ready to take our part in protecting weaker nations.

To meet those duties an influential body of opinion favors universal compulsory service. That does not mean service after the German fashion, which requires all young men to spend two years or more in the ranks and to be subject to call during the greater part of their lives; it means only that since our present practice of leaving the defense of the country to a handful of regular troops and a larger but much scattered body of volunteers is too risky, all able-bodied men should receive such military training as will make it possible to turn them quickly into efficient soldiers.

What can be said in favor of the policy is so obvious that it need not be stated. The objections to it are all that need be discussed. Those who oppose the policy dread militarism. Whether requiring all young men to take brief courses in military training and introducing universal military drill into the public schools would lead the country to become militaristic is really the only issue between the advocates of complete preparation and their opponents. That is wholly a question of opinion.

But that more preparation is needed than any that has yet been made is also beyond argument. Take the present war as an example. Did Germany force it on Europe? Then how unfortunate it was for the Allies that England was found unready with an army hardly larger or more efficient than our own! Was it the pressure of the Entente that drove Germany into war? Then how fortunate for Germany it was that its preparation enabled it to carry the fighting into the enemy's territory and keep it there! So long as there are selfish and ambitious and aggressive nations, so long as there are nations that play the part of bullies, just so long will unoffending nations be liable to unprovoked attack, and so long must those unoffending nations make ready to defend themselves.

The only question then is, How far shall we go? By no means so far as to acquire a lust for war and to become swashbuckling in our attitude toward foreign powers, but certainly far enough to make an intending enemy pause and think again before attacking us.

BIG FIGURES

PROBABLY no commercial nation ever experienced so great and so sudden a change in its foreign trade as the United States has experienced in the last two years. Although it has become a commonplace with us to read every month that the "record" has been exceeded, there are nevertheless certain facts about the matter so startling that they still continue to astonish.

In 1914, in the ten months between the beginning of the year and the end of October, we exported about 6 million dollars' worth of explosives; in 1915, 111 million dollars' worth; in 1916, 583 million dollars' worth. Again, brass manufactures show values in the three years of 5 million, 38 million and 263 million. Of acids, cotton wearing apparel, firearms, barbed wire and sugar we exported in the first ten months of 1914 some 30 million dollars' worth; in 1915, 90 million dollars' worth; in 1916, 213 million dollars' worth.

Uniting all the items here mentioned, the aggregate for 1914 was 41 million dollars; for 1915, 239 million; and for 1916, 1059 million.

Since, in the case of all the items, the increase is owing almost entirely to the war, there will be a reduction when the war ends of more than a billion dollars a year in the trade in those articles alone. But the fact should not cause alarm or induce business men to anticipate the end of the war with dread. When the demand for war goods ceases, Europe will make a hurried and urgent call for goods that are in ordinary use, the supply of which has been cruelly depleted during the last two years and a half. Besides, it is easy to overestimate the importance of the foreign trade. At all times, even now while the European peoples are lavishing their orders upon us so freely, it is small compared with the home trade.

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

ROYALTY has always recognized the importance of being picturesque. It lives and acts before the eyes of its subjects a sort of continuous pageant, or serial romance, or moving picture. Good Americans abroad have sometimes been a little ashamed to find how readily they became interested in such colorful but futile affairs—a royal baby at its christening, yelling lustily in a cloud of lace; the betrothal of a princess and the exploitation of her trousseau; a king laying a corner stone very awkwardly and making a three-minute speech that the mayor of the little home town could easily surpass.

Royalty nowadays is busy with other affairs than those of court life and social pageantry. In these times of stress and agony most European sovereigns are anxious, hard-worked men, and their families must share their burdens; but with us in America the pageant of fashionable society is a continuous performance, which no cataclysm has yet interrupted. Many thousands of good Americans, to whom the press, the moving pictures, the magazines and the photographers make accessible the leaders of fashion, are given to following the doings and diversions of those persons with constant interest and no qualms of self-reproach. Sometimes they admire, sometimes they envy, often they criticize; but they seldom perceive that there is really less excuse for an American's interest in the society "movies" of America than for the interest of an Englishman or a German in the affairs of King George or Emperor William. After all, a king and a queen do represent something. They and their court may with a certain degree of right stand for the most elegant and interesting mode of life, as their nation conceives it. They are traditionally expected to exemplify high life at its highest; and even though they fail to do it—as they often do—it is a natural and not necessarily an ignoble curiosity that makes their people find them interesting.

On the other hand, what does the social pageant of fashion in America represent in its more than royal luxury? Not the ideal of the majority of Americans, certainly; not the "best" society, however worthy and high-minded some of the individuals may be; not authority, or fealty, or history, or tradition, or example. Better than the extravagant careers of some of our opulent citizens do the lives of some princes and princesses of modest income and manners represent that ideal of life and behavior which we like to think our nation still cherishes.

The consoling point is that, after all, a show is a show and "movies" are "movies." They may have some influence, perhaps an important one; still, not every boy who pays a nickel to revel in cowboy scenes is really filled with eagerness to don "chaps" and ride a bucking broncho. Because a girl gloats over Parisian ball gowns, Palm Beach bathing scenes and descriptions of the marvelous trousseaux of brides of multimillionaires, it does not necessarily follow that she is longing discontentedly for dollars and display. Often her interest is attracted not so much because the matter is alluring as because it is different.

After all, a show is a show and "movies" are only "movies."

THE NEXT STEP

THE recent passage of the national child-labor law has unified the regulations under which children may be employed in factories, mills, canneries, mines and quarries anywhere in the country. Nevertheless, since it applies only to industries the products of which are shipped in interstate commerce, it does not protect the children employed in local industries. The boys and girls whom we see at work every day—bootblacks, "newsies," messenger boys, bundle girls—belong to the latter class. So also do those engaged in the

different forms of agricultural labor. It is estimated that of the 1,350,000 children unaffected by the passage of the national law nearly three quarters are farm workers.

The protection afforded to those young laborers by the state authorities is frequently inadequate. For example, twenty-eight states have no regulations for street trading, and of the twenty that do have some regulations only one has a fourteen-year age limit for boys. Yet the occupations of newsboy, peddler and bootblack are not very well paid, and in many places are undesirable for youngsters. Night-messenger service is particularly objectionable. On the other hand, some states have passed laws that recognize the necessity of protecting the child, but have made no adequate provision for enforcing them. Again, public opinion is often insufficiently awake to demand the punishment of employers who break the law. In some cases the court remits or suspends fines; in other cases the jury always returns a verdict of "not guilty."

Because of those facts the National Child Labor Committee is urging all who are interested in its work to look about them, to find out what measures their respective communities seem to need, and then to work to get them. If they can properly organize public opinion they can appeal to the state legislature with some chance of success, and organized public opinion will insist that such laws as are passed shall be enforced.

But in all this work one point needs careful attention. Ill-considered legislation can do as much harm as good, and may even defeat the object for which it was enacted. It is futile to forbid children under fourteen to work if at the same time you do not oblige them to attend school. Children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen who are allowed to work should have a chance to get some form of supplementary education in industrial or continuation schools.

TURKEY AND THE TREATIES

THE "sick man of Europe," round whose bed the anxious powers have sat for nearly a century, has leaped to his feet, pitched his crutches out of the window and cried aloud to the world that he is restored to perfect health. In other words, Turkey has denounced the treaties of Paris and Berlin.

One of the two treaties was negotiated at the close of the Crimean War, and the other followed the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78. Both represented the determination of Western Europe to keep Russia out of Constantinople and to bolster up the crumbling strength of Turkey. The Treaty of Berlin in particular marks one of the great crises of European politics. Turkey lay prostrate; if the great powers had kept their hands off, the Moslem would have been turned out of Europe for good and all, and Russia would have realized its age-long dream—Constantinople and the straits. But the powers dared not permit that; they turned Russia back, took the trembling Turk under their protection and in view of his helplessness put him under certain restrictions in his dealings, both public and private, with foreigners and Christians.

Those restrictions have no doubt been annoying to the patriotic Turk, but they were the price of his existence; the treaties that contained them were made to save him when he could not save himself. In denouncing them Turkey asserts its sovereignty against its former guardians and present enemies, France and Great Britain, and points out that it is not right that a nation that Germany and Austria have received as an equal ally should consent to be ordered about by the other nations of Europe.

The action of Turkey is not of substantial importance, for the war has already torn up the Treaty of Berlin and made a new composition of the Eastern question inevitable. It is an interesting matter of speculation, however, whether Turkey has taken the step of its own motion, that it may be in a position to claim territorial or other advantages in case the Central Powers are able to make a favorable peace, or whether it is only the first step in a concerted plan by which Germany and its allies will all denounce the treaties of Paris and Berlin, in order to erect on their ruins a province of "Mitteleuropa" in the Balkans. The second explanation is rather the more probable.

So far as actual independence, sovereignty and national power are concerned, Turkey was never worse off than it is to-day, in spite of the high-sounding phrases of its manifesto. The Italian and Balkan wars lopped from the empire Tripoli and almost all its remaining

territories in Europe. Since the war began Egypt, Cyprus, Armenia and lower Mesopotamia have been annexed by its enemies, and Arabia has revolted. The German organization has established a military and political receivership at Constantinople, and no sultan ever had so little authority as Mohammed V. However the war comes out the Ottoman power is certain to lose. The "sick man of Europe," who says he is cured, is sure to have a relapse, and possibly enough a fatal one.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—On January 5 the Senate, by a vote of 48 to 17, passed an amended Hitchcock resolution approving that part of the President's peace note which suggested that the belligerents name the terms on which they would discuss peace. —On January 9 the Senate passed the bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the District of Columbia. Both houses passed the conference report on the immigration bill. —Secretary Daniels asked Congress to appropriate twelve million dollars additional to equip the navy yards to carry forward the new building programme, since the private yards had not offered bids for the entire programme at terms that were satisfactory to the Navy Department. —The rules committee of the House began an investigation into the charges that advance news of the President's peace note had been given by some one in Washington to certain stock operators in New York and Boston. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson of Boston was a witness before the committee, and so were Secretary Lansing and the President's secretary, Mr. Tumulty. Mr. Lawson declared that he believed highly placed officials have profited by the affair, but he declined to give the names of the men he suspected.

THE PEACE NOTES.—The reply of the Entente nations to President Wilson's note had not been received when this record closed, but it was expected daily. —On January 6

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AN UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A FRENCH AÉROPLANE, GUIDED BY A SEARCHLIGHT, FINDING "HOME" AT NIGHT

Ambassador Gerard, at a meeting of the American Association of Commerce in Berlin, spoke of the President's note as an "olive branch." He also declared his confidence that the present administration in Germany was determined to cultivate the friendship of the United States. Several eminent Germans, including Vice Chancellor Helfferich, Foreign Minister Zimmermann and Arthur von Gwinner of the Deutsche Bank, expressed similar views. The State Department cabled to Mr. Gerard for a verbatim report of his speech, in order to see whether he had offended diplomatic proprieties.

TARIFF BOARD.—On January 6 it was announced from Washington that Prof. Frank W. Taussig of Harvard University had consented to serve on the Tariff Commission, probably as its chairman. The other members of the board have not been appointed.

SUPREME COURT.—On January 8 the Supreme Court affirmed the constitutionality of the Webb-Kenyon law that forbids liquor to be shipped from "wet" states into states that have prohibited the sale or importation of liquor. On the same day the court began to hear arguments on the Adamson eight-hour law.

MEXICO.—Villa was beaten at last by a Carranza general, Francisco Murguía. The battle took place at Jiménez, north of Torreon, on January 4. Villa's losses were put at eighteen hundred men, and he was reported to be fleeing with the remnants of his army toward Durango. Parral and Santa Rosalia were also occupied by Murguía. —It was said in Washington that the administration was considering the withdrawal of Gen. Pershing's force from Mexican territory, after which it was expected that the protocol recently drafted by the joint commission would be ratified and put into effect.

RUSSIA.—Gen. Trepoff, the Russian premier, has resigned and Prince Golitzine is premier in his place. The new premier is a Conservative, and is opposed to the growing

influence of the Duma; he declares himself determined to press the war to a victorious conclusion before discussing internal reforms.

RECENT DEATHS.—On January 5, Gen. Peter J. Osterhaus, last of the Union corps commanders in the Civil War, aged 94. —On January 11, Col. William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," aged 70.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From January 4 to January 10)

The Teuton drive in Roumania still continued. On January 5 the important city and grain port of Braila, on the lower Danube, fell into Mackensen's hands, and a few days later the Germans and Bulgarians broke through the Russian lines in front of the river Sereth and by a flanking movement obliged the Russians to give up the fortified city of Focsani and fall back behind the Sereth. In these operations Berlin reported that more than four thousand prisoners were taken. At the same time Russian counter-attacks in the Carpathians met with some success.

It is clear that the Russians, like the Roumanians two months ago, are suffering from an undersupply of ammunition. The situation is unlike that in Russia last year, for the Germans are shortening their line as they advance, and improving their means of communication by uncovering one after another of the passes across the Carpathians from Hungary; and they are able therefore to make full use of their superiority in gun power and ammunition. The Germans have reached the point best adapted for establishing permanent defensive lines, and we shall soon see whether they mean to stand along the Sereth or will try to push the Russians entirely out of Roumania.

The Roumanian Chamber of Deputies at Jassy issued a manifesto defying the invaders of the country and promising the nation final victory.

There was some sharp fighting along the Dvina River in Courland; the Germans were on the offensive and took an island near Friedrichstadt. Petrograd reported that other attacks were repulsed and that the Russians in turn had taken a vigorous offensive.

British assaults were reported from Beaumont-Hamel, on the Ancre, and from Arras. In the latter case London declared the British soldiers got clear through to the German third line. A German raid in the neighborhood of Loos penetrated the British trenches to the same distance, said Berlin. Skirmishes were reported from Verdun and the Argonne, and from Lake Garda on the Italian front.

The Entente Powers sent another ultimatum to King Constantine of Greece demanding that he comply with their wishes as to the disarmament of his troops. The blockade, which the powers declared when the King declined to meet their views, was said to be causing great inconvenience and not a little suffering in Greece.

Premier Briand, the minister of war, Gen. Lyautey, and the minister of munitions, M. Thomas, from France; Premier Lloyd-George and Lord Milner from Great Britain and Gen. Palitzin from Russia were in Rome in consultation with the Italian government. The subject of their discussions was kept a secret, but it was believed to relate to the policy to be pursued in the Balkans and to the reply to be made to President Wilson's peace note.

The Cunard steamship Ivernia, in use as a troopship, was sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean. One hundred and fifty-three men were drowned.

About the usual number of merchant vessels were sunk, mostly in the Mediterranean. The list included one Spanish and one Greek ship. It was reported that the British merchant ship Arrino had rammed and sunk a German submarine.

The German government has asked that Mr. Vopicka, United States minister to Roumania and Bulgaria, be recalled from Bucharest, on the ground that he is unneutral in his attitude. Mr. Vopicka, who is a Bohemian by birth, will probably be withdrawn from Bucharest, but still remain accredited to Roumania.

A number of expatriated Belgians have been returned to their own country from Germany. Many of them are suffering from tuberculosis.

The London papers declare that the news that comes to them from the Central Powers points to a great scarcity of food in both Germany and Austria-Hungary. The Chronicle says that the Budapest Hirap quotes the food director of Hungary as saying that only one seventh of the grain supply needed to carry the people through the summer is in sight.

No Other Six Resembles Hudson Super-Six

Don't Be Misled—It is a Hudson Invention

Sixes have come into renewed popularity since the Super-Six won the top place. But the Super-Six invention—controlled by our patents—added 80 per cent to the six-type efficiency. And that 80 per cent is what gave it supremacy, when the V-types threatened to displace the Six.

Late in 1915, remember, the Six was a waning type. Even the Light Six, which Hudson gave first rank, had revealed some vital engineering limitations.

It had not solved the problem of motor vibration. It had not minimized friction and wear. Its endurance had proved disappointing.

Sixes at that time held hardly a single record. They were mostly held by Fours.

And leading engineers, including the Hudson, were seeking a remedy in Eights and Twelves. At that time the Six, for high-grade cars, seemed verging on displacement.

What Saved the Day

It was the Super-Six invention, remember, which then saved the day for the Six.

Hudson engineers discovered the shortcoming. By a basic invention they corrected the fault. They ended nearly all the vibration. They doubled the motor's endurance. Thus they created a motor which has since won all the worth-while records.

But that doesn't mean that the old-type Six is any better than it was.

'Twas the Super-Six That Won

The Super-Six, in a hundred tests, has out-performed all other motor types. It has not merely broken records. It has made new records which, a year ago, no man considered possible.

It broke the 24-hour endurance record by 52 per cent. It broke the transcontinental record twice in one round trip. A Super-Six touring car went from San Fran-

cisco to New York and back in 10 days and 21 hours.

It beat twenty famous rivals up Pike's Peak. It broke all stock-car speed records, and all for quick acceleration.

Then, after 7,000 record-breaking miles, it showed itself in new condition. Not a part or bearing showed evidence of wear.

No other motor ever built has shown anywhere near such endurance.

All By Saving Waste

The Super-Six develops no more power than other like-size motors. It simply delivers more. It almost eliminates motor friction and wear by ending nearly all the vibration.

That vibration, which wasted power, was the great fault of the Six. It is that which led to the Eight and Twelve as a possible solution. Any motor in which that fault remains can't compare with the Super-Six.

A New Gasoline Saver

The Hudson Super-Six, in endurance and performance, stands foremost in the world. The new-style bodies which we have created make the car look its supremacy. A new exclusive feature—a gasoline saver—gives it this year another advantage.

It now outsells any other front-rank car. It has 25,000 enthusiastic owners, who know that no rival can match them.

You can prove in one hour, at any Hudson showroom, that this car deserves its place. And that no other car, at any price, can be classed with it. Do that before the spring demand overwhelms us.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, \$1650	Limousine \$2925
Roadster, 2-passenger, 1650	Town Car 2925
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950	Town Car Landaulet 3025
Touring Sedan 2175	Limousine Landaulet 3025

All Prices f. o. b. Detroit

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE SOLDIER'S GOOD-BY

By Gregory Hay

MY little lad is sleeping now,
So straight and strong, with sunny brow;
I will not wake him lest he cry
To have to bid Old Dad good-by.
His valiant sword lies by his head,
With which he strikes his foemen dead—
The blade of tin that never yet
Felled him in the dread onset.
He's dreaming of the Days of Gold—
There little lads are Warriors Bold.
Perhaps he's fearing lest too late
He pushes on to Lucknow's gate;
Enacts again the part he bore
In the mad mêlée of Agincourt;
Or gayly bears his shining shield
Into the fray at Flodden Field;
Or with the Saracens he fights,
The boldest there of all the knights;
Or smites with David's sling and stone—
And Giants die with awesome groan.
My little dreaming soldier lad,
When you awake and miss your Dad,
Gird on your trusty sword and be
Through life a braver man than he:
A Fighter ever for the right
Amidst the shadows of our night.
I may not come again to see
The glory of your victory;
But I shall hope—O God, I hear
The bugles screaming, deadly clear,
And I must go, dear lad o' mine!
Good-by, dear boy, dear lad o' mine!

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

SITTING at his big desk in the office of the Thornton Manufacturing Company, Mr. William Thornton was dictating letters when the name of the Rev. Dr. Colton, the minister of the church he attended, was brought in. Mr. Thornton dismissed the stenographer and told the boy to show the clergyman in.

When Dr. Colton came in, Mr. Thornton greeted him cordially, but he secretly wondered what had brought the good doctor there so early in the morning.

"I'm sorry to disturb you at this hour of the day, Mr. Thornton," he said, "but I have just come from the home of a woman whose husband has died, and there's nothing left to bury him with. I'm trying to raise enough to cover the expenses of the funeral. Can you give me fifteen dollars toward it?"

William Thornton knit his brows. "Wasn't it less than two weeks ago that I gave you twenty-five dollars to help pay a hospital bill for some one?" he asked.

"Yes, it was," said Dr. Colton.

"Well, when is this thing going to end, doctor?" he inquired. "One time it is twenty-five dollars for hospital fees, another time it's ten dollars for coal, another it's twenty for rent, and now it's fifteen for funeral expenses. When are you going to stop coming, doctor?"

Dr. Colton looked him squarely in the eye and answered, "I will stop coming whenever you wish it, William. Do you want me to stop coming when you are amply able to help in such cases?"

Mr. Thornton thought a minute, and then replied warmly, "No, doctor, I don't want you to stop coming. I'd grow as selfish as the devil if you did. Here's the money, and God bless you in the use of it. It's hard to keep money from petrifying your feelings, isn't it? Come again when you need more."

THAT HOME LETTER

NO letter from John to-night, mother?"

"No, father; but I wouldn't worry any more. John must be all right or we should hear." So father goes back to his work a little comforted; and mother goes on—worrying.

Just why the average young man will not write good home letters is a mystery that no parents have ever solved. He pleads that he has not time to write the long, loving messages that his conscience demands of him. But his father and mother, who have sent him through college and should now be thinking of laying up something for their old age, have time to earn a few extra dollars each summer to send to their boy on his birthday. "I wonder what he will do with his present this year," the mother muses as she cans several baskets of fruit for market. "Think of it, father, our John is almost twenty-six!"

The chances are that mother will never know how that ten dollars was spent. Parents know so little about their absent sons!

"I am well and getting along famously." That ought to satisfy anyone," argues John to himself as he writes his weekly or monthly home letter. But his parents, back there in the little village or on the farm, want to know how many men are working under him or with him, what salary he gets, where he goes to church and how he likes the minister, how his room or home is furnished, and what he has to eat. If he is married, his wife will probably supply the information, but it would mean so much more to the parents if it came in John's own handwriting.

"It seems ridiculous to keep telling folks that our boy is well," said a mother, "but that is really all we know about him."

"Except his views about the war," added her husband grimly. "I guess he's forgotten that we have a daily paper now. Didn't he say what he is getting in that new position of his? It would give me something definite to think about."

"Why, father, you don't spend all your time thinking about what John is doing and getting, do you?" asked mother.

"He's the only boy we have, you know," the man apologized. Mother knows. For a month she has thought of little except the Thanksgiving box she is planning for him.

As it happens, this particular John is doing very well, but he does not consider a salary of a thousand dollars anything to boast about. But to his parents out there on the farm a thousand dollars would seem a good deal of money, and so it would to the neighbors. Some day, of course, John will come home and show folks what a college education and a few years of hard work can do for a man. He may even give a library to the town. But until he has "made good" according to city standards, he cannot see that there is anything to write about.

Some men are incredibly careless. A salesman in a large department store was startled one day when a traveling man came to his counter and

inquired for his health; he had been asked, he said, to look the young man up the next time he came to the city.

"Wh-what?" stammered the young man. "I wrote home last week—or the week before—or —"

"Nine weeks ago, they told me," said the stranger with a smile, as he turned away.

"I can't understand why you worried about me," the son wrote home that night. "I've been very busy, and you know how I hate to write letters. I never can think of anything to say. I never wrote an interesting letter in my life."

But whatever the quantity or the quality of these letters from absent sons may be, mothers will keep on writing "just the same." Thousands of Johns are sure of at least fifty-two long, loving letters each year.

What would John do without his weekly letter from home?

ISAAC HADEN'S HOUNDS

THE dogs of war, as we know them to-day, are employed to succor, not to harm. They are noncombatants—gallant four-footed wearers of the Red Cross. But once at least in American history dogs played a different part on the fighting line.

The incident occurred during the Creek war in Alabama. There had been a number of Indian massacres, and the scattered farmers and their families had gathered for protection in strong little stockade forts scattered here and there. From one of these, Fort Siquefield, on September 2, 1813, no Indians being supposed to be at that time in the vicinity, the defenders and their families came forth to bury the bodies of a murdered family who had been slain at a distance, discovered and brought in for interment.

The funeral procession wound across the open ground to a little valley not very far away; the men, with an incredible lack of precaution, left their arms behind and the gate of the stockade open. Their every step was watched by ambushed Indians, who waited until all were gathered about the graves, then dashed out of hiding and made directly for the fort. If they could capture it, the unarmed whites would be at their mercy.

Their purpose was instantly clear, and the white men, running at a converging angle to the enemy, strove desperately to reach the gate first. They succeeded, but only to perceive with horror that the women and children were left outside. They had fallen behind, unable to maintain the pace. With a whoop, the savages, having missed their first object, bore down upon their helpless prey. The men, even if armed, were not enough to overcome them; and by the time they could get their rifles and rush to the rescue it would be too late.

At that moment Isaac Haden and his dogs came upon the scene. He was a notable hunter, who kept a pack of sixty fierce hounds, trained to pull down any living creature their master chose to pursue. He took in the situation at a glance, and spurring his horse forward, with a cry of encouragement to the pack, he led his sixty bellowing hounds in a wild charge upon the flank of the Indians. The dogs seized and bit right and left; confusion reigned; the women seized their chance and fled to safety. The men from the fort met them, hurried them forward, hustled them in, followed, and barricaded the gates. One woman only was killed. All the rest, and the children, were safe within.

But Isaac Haden yet remained outside; and between him and the fort were the Indians. In his mad charge he had ridden straight through them; now it seemed his only chance was to break through again. With a blast on his hunting horn he rallied the remainder of his pack, and with a pistol blazing in each hand and his dogs about him he charged once more. His horse fell dead, and his emptied weapons were useless by the time he had cleared their ranks, and there was still a race with death to the gate beyond, held open a crack to let him in. Five bullets went through his clothes, but he reached it and slipped through unhurt, although so closely pursued that it slammed shut in the very face of the foremost foe.

Whether any of his gallant dogs survived also history has forgotten to record.

AN ESCAPE FROM A CREVASSE

I WAS alone with a very green tourist one day, said a famous Norwegian mountain guide, Knut Vole, to Mr. N. Tjernagel, author of Paragaphs of a Pedestrian, when something happened that for a time I thought would end all my climbing forever. We were roped together safely enough, but I forgot to be watchful of the person I had in my charge.

To walk with a slack rope among those tricky crevices is to court danger. With my attention called elsewhere, I did not notice that my companion, contrary to instructions, was hanging hard on my heels and dragging the loop of the rope in the snow. Of a sudden the crust gave way beneath me and an awful, black abyss opened and swallowed me up. There was nothing to do except fall—which I did; but, luckily for me and the man above, my feet struck a ledge about twenty feet down. That stopped me and saved me from pulling the other fellow in after me.

Being still in the possession of my wits, I clung where I had landed, thankful for so much safety at least. But the ledge was so narrow that I could hardly keep my balance, and imagine my horror when the man above took to pulling and jerking on the rope! Had he succeeded in pulling me from my perch, we should both have plunged headlong into a bottomless pit. Falling in his well-meant but foolish effort to help me, he desisted. The rope grew slack, and I knew that he had departed in search of aid. I began to look about me. As scarcely any light penetrated from above, I was obliged to feel about with my hands to discover, if possible, some means of escape from my fearful situation. There was ice in plenty to support my weight, but there were no other accommodating ledges, and I soon saw that if I was to escape I must make my own way.

With my ice axe I began to chop steps in the ice, but I found it exceedingly slow work on account of my cramped position and frequent slips. Several times I almost lost my grip on the axe handle. After several hours of steady chopping, I got up nearly to the surface; but, as I was congratulating myself on my approaching escape, a huge cake of solid snow from above, becoming loosened, plunged down upon me. It enveloped me in a cold embrace, like that of death; by a miracle my head burst through the avalanche, but it drove my body so hard against the icy wall that it knocked the breath out of me and left me swaying about in a dizzy stupor. But I gradually recovered my senses and began to breathe. Slowly I took up my task again and cut my path upward to the light. I cannot describe my happiness when at last I

climbed out; words are not for such uses; let each one take thought to himself. Thanks to my good health, I quickly recovered from the shock and found my way home quite alone.

THE ARMY BOAT BUILDERS

WHAT would Uncle Sam's soldier boys do if they came to a river across which there was no bridge, or only the ruins of one destroyed by the enemy? Of course, they might set to work to build a pontoon bridge, but suppose they did not want to wait for that? How would they get across?

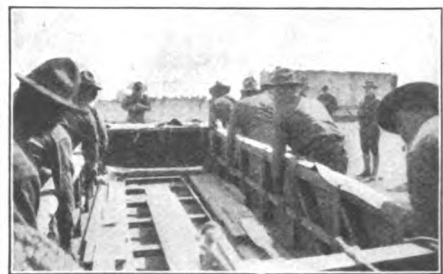
If you have ever visited a militia encampment where there is a company of engineers, you may have seen a huge sheet of what seems to be common canvas drying on the ground near the company street. That is the bottom, sides, prow and stern—if you please—of a company boat; whenever the boat is needed a squad of eight men,



PUTTING THE CROSSPIECES IN PLACE

detailed for the work, hurry off to the supply wagon and take from it the framework of the required craft. The great square of canvas is laid out on the ground; the timber sidepieces and crosspieces are laid out on that canvas according to system; each man knows exactly what to do. The sides are brought up; the ends drawn over; there is a knot made here, a buckle there; the commanding officer casts over the boat an approving eye—four minutes are gone, or perhaps five—and the boat is before you.

Nor is it a frail craft, to be used by a single scout. As it stands, it will support a weight of forty-five



READY TO LAUNCH THE BOAT

hundred pounds. As you listen amazed to that fact, the men hurry up with boards to make a bottom for the boat, and throw in oars and an anchor. Five minutes and twenty seconds after the first call the boat is ready to be launched.

If there is need, such boats can be built in great numbers. Meantime, having transported its first quota, each boat returns for more to the nearer side of the stream. In that way it would not take long to ferry a regiment across a very sizable stream.

A FASHIONABLE SCARECROW

"MY gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Gunney. He passed from the fervent warmth of the June sunshine into the welcome coolness of Caleb Peaslee's wagon shed and fanned himself vigorously with his straw hat. "My gracious!" he repeated. Mr. Peaslee looked up from the rake that he was mending.

"What's the matter of ye now, Obed?" he desired to know.

"My wife and daughter," replied Mr. Gunney, "have jest gin me a kind of goin' over, I guess you might call it—and me as innocent as a baby. It sort of took my breath away, and I've skun out a spell, to give 'em a chance to get over it."

"What you been up to now?" demanded Mr. Peaslee.

"I ain't been up to a single thing," asserted the culprit stoutly. "At any rate, I ain't done nothin' further'n to make a mistake that any man might have made. I desay you would have done jest the same as I did."

"Mebbe," admitted Caleb. "What you been doin'?"

"Well," hesitated Obed, "I'll tell you how 'twas. My wife and S'lome have been away visitin' for 'bout three weeks, and they left me to do as I was a mind to in most ways; but when any little thing'd come up that I was onsartin' 'bout, I'd write to 'em, or one of 'em. There wa'n't much—'bout whether I'd set another hen, or how much M's' Griggs owed us for butter, or some such thing as that."

"Bimeby, though, I wanted some advice 'bout what to use to make a scarecrow. I'd got my corn in, and them pesky crows was clawin' it out of the ground faster'n I could put it in. I didn't know where to find the things to make a scarecrow of; so I wrote to 'em and wanted they should tell me where I could find somethin'."

"Mebbe you remember," said Obed with a questioning glance, "that woman and her daughter that boarded at our house last summer?" Mr. Peaslee signified that he remembered them well.

"Well," Obed went on, "when they went away they left a raft of stuff that they didn't want—in the way of clothes, I mean. Some of the things were clothes that they'd worn fishin' and trampin' round in the woods, and they was c'n'sid'able tore to pieces. There they was, hangin' up in a clothes-press, and S'lome wrote to me to go and get somethin' to dress the scarecrow. She didn't tell me what to take," he added defensively, "so how in tunket they blame me is more'n I can figger out."

"Well, I went up there, and I pawed over that mess of stuff and picked out some things and took 'em out to the field and dressed the critter up in 'em. There was a fancy rig for a hat, and a long, jacket-like thing that they called a blazer, and a skirt with red and white stripes in it, and the stripes was an inch and a half wide. I don't believe," Mr. Gunney declared, in the pride of

creation, "that when I got through you could have found a tastier-dressed scarecrow anywheres."

"I took a lot of pride in it," Obed admitted, "and I guess it's just as well I took it before them womenfolks got home. Well, I ain't had a quiet minute since, and no knowing when I will have."

"Come to get at the rights of it," he explained, "there was some things there that both my wife and S'lome was callin' to wear themselves. My wife was goin' to fix over the hat for herself, and S'lome'd been picturin' herself rigged out in that striped skirt and that fancy jacket."

"Course they couldn't use 'em now—'twouldn't never do to have it said that they'd been robbin' a scarecrow to get things to wear. So the upshot is that I've had to give 'em more money than I could reely afford, to lay out in new clothes. There's jest one comfortin' thing 'bout the whole business."

"What is it?" asked Mr. Peaslee.

"Them crows," grinned Obed contentedly. "There ain't been a crow that's felt it safe to come within a quarter of a mile of the field since I rigged that scarecrow up. So mebbe I'll get my money's wuth out of it after all."

MR. WU'S VISIT TO MILLEDGEVILLE

IN June of 1902, when Wu Ting Fang was the Chinese minister to this country, he visited the little city of Milledgeville, Georgia, in response to an invitation to deliver the commencement address at a military college in that town.

The large audience that had gathered to hear the famous stranger had been instructed to rise from their seats as a mark of respect when he entered the auditorium. In their eagerness to do the proper thing, they did rise and remain standing when two Chinamen with queues down their backs entered the hall and were escorted to the stage; but they were rather disconcerted when it dawned upon them that their respectful greeting had been given to two Chinese laundrymen of the town who had been invited by the committee to take seats on the stage, where they might the better see and hear their famous countryman. Those two coolies also received the salute of the cadet battalion drawn up at the entrance of the building; but they were put in their proper place by Minister Wu, who, in receiving introductions after he had made his address, refused even to speak to his low-caste fellow countrymen.

Minister Wu appeared somewhat bored at the various entertainments that were arranged in his honor. A reception had been planned for him at the State Hospital for the Insane. Without much enthusiasm on his part, he was escorted to this institution; once there he began to show considerable interest, and asked to see some of the wards of the asylum. Disappointed at the mildness of the patients whom he saw, he demanded to be shown some violent cases. As the ushers led him into another ward where more violent patients were confined, a woman ran wildly out from her room and, with a loud shriek, seized the minister's queue, which had attracted her curious attention, and swung heavily upon it. Mr. Wu, concluding that he had seen enough, called loudly for his carriage and his attendants, and demanded to be driven away from the place at once.

It was with a feeling of relief that the entertainment committee saw their distinguished guest aboard his private car and bade him adieu.

A CAUTIOUS LOVER

MANY were the famous characters produced on the circuits of early days, says Mr. Arthur W. Spaulding in The Men of the Mountains—men fearless in danger, unwearied in labor, enduring in privation, powerful in exhortation, ready in wit, and often prepared to use physical as well as spiritual muscle in their combats with the Devil and his human agents.

Among the most interesting of them was Lorenzo Dow, a roving preacher whose work was not confined to the mountains or the frontier; for although he labored from the high peaks of North Carolina to the banks of the Mississippi and from Georgia to Canada, he was well known also along the Atlantic coast, and even in England and Ireland. Restless and eager, he continually traveled; nor would he marry until he had found a young woman who would promise that she would spare him from home twelve months out of thirteen.

His proposal of marriage, a letter that is, I think, unique in the deliberation and caution with which it approaches the subject, ran as follows:

"If I am preserved, about a year and a half from now I am in hopes of seeing this northern country again; and if during this time you live and remain single, and find no one that you like better than you do me, and would be willing to give me up twelve months out of thirteen, or three years out of four, to travel, and that in foreign lands, and never say, Do not go to your appointment, etc.—for if you should stand in the way, I should pray to God to remove you, which I believe he would answer—and if I find no one that I like better than I do you, perhaps something further may be said upon the subject."

WHY THE LION ROARS AND THE CAT PURRS

THE eminent English naturalist, Sir Richard Owen, made the interesting discovery that the lion roars simply because the hyoid bone in his throat is loose. In the cat, this bone is stationary, and therefore the cat purrs, and cannot roar; but in the lion and tiger the hyoid is loose, and, even when calling to their mates, the larger members of the cat family, including the leopard and the jaguar, roar.

The roars of the jaguar and leopard are "like hoarse, barking coughs; an interval of about one second separates the expiratory efforts," says Sir Richard. The cheetah and the puma are like the domestic cat; their hyoid bones are firmly set in place, and they can purr.

HE WAS NOT A JOSHUA

LITTLE sister and brother had quarreled. After supper, says Harper's Magazine, mother tried to establish friendly relations again, and quoted to them the Bible injunction: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Turning to Edward, the older, she said, "Now, Edward, are you going to let the sun go down upon your wrath?"

Edward squirmed a little as he looked up into her pleading face.

"Well, how can I stop it?" he asked.

The CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE RACE ON THE ICE

BY G. M. SMITH

AFTER the famous race through the forest, early in the winter there began to be talk of a race on the ice, once round the big lake, to see which of all the wood folk was the fastest on skates. Again there was much boasting, but the three deer, Prong Horn, White Throat and Velvet Eyes, had nothing to say. They did not care for ice racing,

hard ice! The judges watched them fly down the side of the lake, round to the right along the curving shore, and back on the farther side. The five kept almost in line. Once Mikey Mink got ahead of the others for a short distance. Then Billy Bear and Ray Coon had a sharp brush for the lead and forged ahead of the other three. But the effort

eager to tell. So there was much confusion and a great clamoring until old Roundface Owl came tumbling along with his camera under his arm.

"Hoot! Hoot!" he called. "I snapped a picture just as they crossed the line. That will tell us who won."

And when the picture was printed, it settled the question. Bouncer Rabbit was the winner. The picture showed it plainly enough, and the others crowded round him to pat him on the back, for they all liked him. The four skaters whom he had beaten were prompt to tell him that they were ashamed of their boasting.

"I'm glad you won," said old Grandpa Fox, the wisest of all the wood folk. "You went into it with no boasting, yet determined to win; and that is the right way to enter a race. Moreover, it was a hard, close race from start to finish, and that is the kind of race that is best worth winning."

"Good! Good!" cried the others when Grandpa Fox had finished his speech, and they all crowded round the blushing Bouncer to shake his hand once more.

THE LOVE MITTEN

BY ETTA ELLSWORTH

AUNT JOSEPHINE is coming! Good! Good!" exclaimed Mary and Harold when the postman brought the letter.

"She always tells us lovely stories out of her mouth," said Harold. Besides, Aunt Josephine lived in the country, with the cows and the hens and the sheep, and her stories were "truly stories."

The children could hardly wait until the time for Aunt Josephine's train, and when she arrived at last, how eagerly they watched her while she unpacked her trunk!

To Mary she brought a pair of warm brown mittens that she had made herself. As she handed them to Mary she said, "With every stitch auntie knitted in thoughts of love, and wondered where Mary would wear these mittens, and thought how carefully she would keep and treasure them."

To Harold she gave beautiful reins for his play horse. "When I was knitting them," she said, "I gathered the colors of the rainbow,—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—so that the boys might be reminded of the beautiful colors that the sunshine has given us to enjoy."

The next morning was cold and crisp. Mary begged to wear her new mittens to school. Mother told her that she could wear them, but that she must be most careful not to lose them. Mary meant to be careful, of course, but she was so eager to get home and see Aunt

Josephine that in some way she lost one of the mittens on the way. She came in crying as if her heart would break. She was surely like the naughty kitten who lost her mitten and could not have any pie! What if Aunt Josephine should not tell a story to-night?

After supper, however, Aunt Josephine said, "Now we will go upstairs for the story," and Mary and Harold went up two steps at a time. Not a word did Aunt Josephine say about the lost mitten—much to Mary's great relief; and they sat on the floor at her feet before the warm fire as she began with the magic words, "Once upon a time."

"Once upon a time," she said, "there were two little lambs named Pet and Babe. They lived in the meadow of Farmer Jones with many other little lambs and their mothers. But Farmer Jones had taken those two for his very own. He said that when they grew into big sheep he should keep their wool for himself. All summer Babe and Pet scampered and chased each other in the meadow until winter came and they had to be taken into the barn for the cold weather.

"As the days grew colder and colder, Farmer Jones watched over his sheep; he filled their racks with hay and watched the troughs to see that each one had enough fresh water, for in the spring they were all to be sheared, so that their wool might make warm clothes for some boy or girl.

"One lovely spring morning the sheep were all taken to the river to have a good bath before they were sheared, so that their wool might be white as snow before it was cut. Babe and Pet followed the other sheep to the water and there waited to be sheared, for they, too, wanted to give their wool to some girl or boy. Farmer Jones said to himself, 'I'll save their wool for a winter suit for myself,' and as he was putting the wool into bags he was careful to save the wool of Babe and Pet in a separate bag.

"The next day Farmer Jones had a visitor. He took her out to see his sheep. She said she was soon to make a visit to the city to see a girl and boy who never had a chance to see lambs and sheep. 'How they would love to see Babe and Pet!' she said.

"I think I should like to send them a little present," said Farmer Jones, "and I will send the wool of Babe and Pet off to the factory to have it made into yarn. Then I will send it to you, and you can knit something for them."

By the time Aunt Josephine had got thus far in her story Harold and Mary began to guess who that visitor was, and to realize that their mittens and reins came from the wool of Babe and Pet.

"So we must all learn to be more careful of our gifts," Aunt Josephine said, "for Babe and Pet would be so sorry to know that their kindness had been wasted, and Farmer Jones would be so grieved to learn that all his thoughtfulness —"

Just then the doorbell gave a very loud ring—then another loud ring. Some one was at the door with a small brown thing in his hand. A schoolmate of Mary's had found the love mitten!

A little later bedtime came, and soon the children were sound asleep, dreaming of Farmer Jones and his pet lambs.

PUZZLES

1. BEHEADINGS.

My whole is dishonorable; behead and I will argue; behead thrice and I am a near relative; behead and I am a preposition.

My whole empties the pocketbook; behead, I am an article of food; behead, I am very cold.

2. RIDDLE.

No end, no beginning,
A form, but no face;
It goes always around
While it's still in one place.

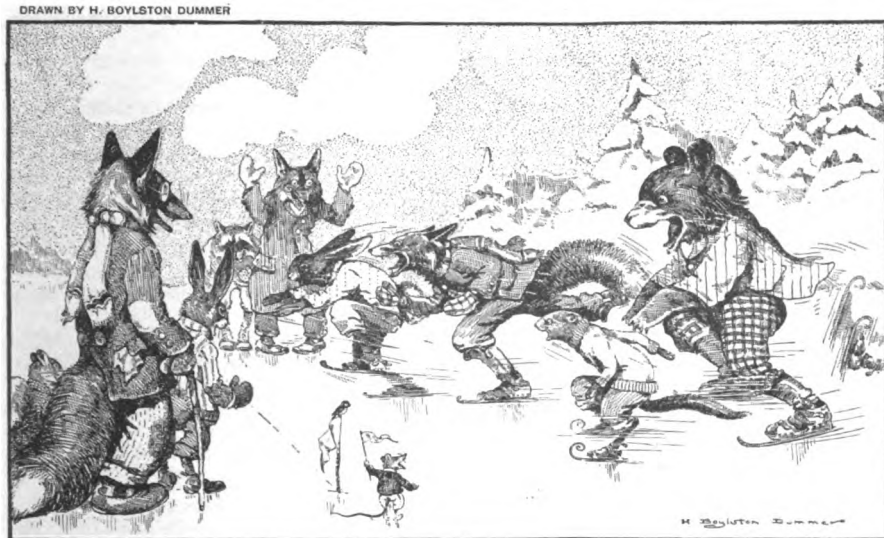
No corners or sides,
But plenty of middle—
What answer is yours
For this curious riddle?

3. STAR.

From 1 to 2 is a county in Michigan; from 1 to 3 is to make good; from 1 to 4 is another county in Michigan; from 1 to 5 is a path in the heavens; from 1 to 6 is a point in the heavens; from 1 to 7 is to get away; from 2 to 3 to 4 to 5 to 6 to 7 is an Indian.

4. CURIOUS ARITHMETIC.

Take five away from half of ten and leave an exclamation.
Take fifty from a tool and leave the same;
Add fifty to a garden tool and find an excavation;
Take fifty from a rod—a man of fame;
Add fifty more than once to us and have a place for water.
Ten from a tool—an article you name;
Add fifty to a donkey small and get a little daughter.
One hundred from some pupils leaves the same;
One hundred from some butter fat will leave a lot of paper;
One thousand put to "sick" will grind your grains;
Add fifty when you clear your debt and then you cut a caper;
Take one from me and naught at all remains!



THEY CAME FLYING DOWN TOWARD THE FINISH LINE

anyway, and they well remembered the time when Bouncer Rabbit had beaten them in the race through the forest in spite of their boasts. Nor did Bouncer Rabbit do any boasting, for he was too modest and too thoughtful of others to boast, and the victory in the forest race had not made him vain.

But Gray Squirrel, Willy Wolf, Billy Bear, Mikey Mink and Ray Coon—how sure each of them was that no member of the big family of wood folk could skate round the lake as fast as he could! They did not think for a moment that Bouncer Rabbit was worth talking about as a skater, and Bouncer said nothing, but smiled in a friendly way and waited for the day of the race.

The great day came at last. It was a disappointment to Gray Squirrel when he found that there were no skates small enough for him, but he bore the disappointment bravely when they asked him to be one of the judges. The other judges were Grandpa Coon and Grandpa Wolf at one end of the line, and at the other end, besides Gray Squirrel, Grandpa Fox, Grandpa Rabbit, Whisker Rat and Sammy Sparrow. Grandpa Fox made sure that he had his spectacles on, and then all was ready for the race. Roundface Owl was to have been one of the judges, but some one objected on the ground that the sun might suddenly come out from behind a cloud and blind him, as it did in the forest race; so he contented himself with getting his camera to take pictures of the race.

There were five racers in all—Bouncer Rabbit, Willy Wolf, Billy Bear, Mikey Mink and Ray Coon. Each was eager for the test. There were two more judges than there were racers, and it seemed reasonable to hope with so many judges there could be no mistake about who was the winner.

When the five were ready in line, Grandpa Fox barked a sharp "Go!" and off they dashed. Zip! zing! zip! How the skates rang on the ice!

IF ONLY WANTS CAME TRUE!

BY JOHN MORRISON

If only wants came true, 'twould be
The finest world I know;
And I would do the greatest things,
And make things happen so!
And school would never keep at all,
Not the whole year through,
But every day would be for play—
If only wants came true!

I'd be the pitcher of the nine,
And pitch two games a day;
And every time I came to bat
I'd knock the ball away
Beyond the fence in centre field;
And what would people do?
They'd shout in joy, "Oh, he's the boy!"—
If only wants came true!

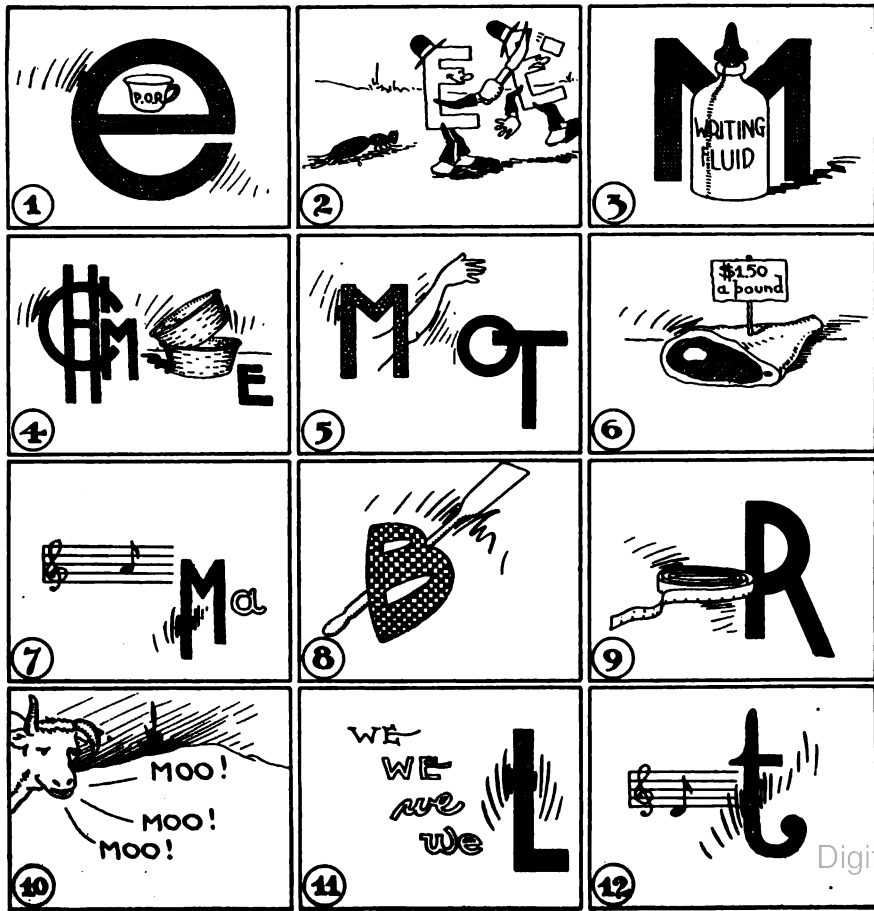
There'd be a Christmas in each month,
And skating all the year,
And yet good swimming all the time—
Though folks might think that queer.
And then I'd sit up late at night,
And have no chores to do;
And what a heap of things to eat—
If only wants came true!

And then when I grew up I'd be
The driver of a van,
Or else a sergeant of police,
Or else a motorman;
I'd buy a circus and a farm,
And have an airship, too,
And then I'd fly across the sky—
If only wants came true!

THE ANIMALS OF PUZZLE-LAND

BY WALTER WELLMAN

AFTER the boys and girls of Puzzle-Land had the parties that you may remember reading about a few months ago, they set out one day to visit the "Zoo." The pictures below tell you the names of some of the animals that they saw there. How many of them can you make out? You will find the right answers next week, with the answers to the other puzzles that are on this page.



THE LOST STORY

By Elizabeth Sears

"MISS BRUCE!" So angry was the voice of the man who appeared suddenly beside her desk that Margaret Bruce jumped. Something was wrong—and probably she was to blame.

She looked up at Mr. Spencer, the editor of Goodrich's Magazine, to whom she was assistant, and her eyes were as round as those of a frightened child.

"Where is that story by Allan King?" the editor asked impatiently. "Come in last week—should have been read before now—important, very. Please look it up and bring it to me."

Before the girl had time to get her breath, he hurried back to his office.

Allan King? She had never heard his name before—much less seen a story from him; but she knew that every story sent to the office came to her as soon as a record had been made of it in the entry department. She searched quickly through the box in which she kept the manuscripts until she had read them; then, with increasing nervousness, she searched through her orderly desk.

Almost four weeks before, Margaret Bruce had come to the big publishing house of Goodrich Brothers on a month's trial. Under any circumstances those first few weeks would not have been easy for a sensitive girl like Margaret; but Mr. Spencer's irascible, faultfinding nature had made them doubly hard for her. The last week had been the worst of all. One thing after another had happened to annoy the editor, and the fact that in most cases they concerned details that he had neglected to explain to her did not help matters.

And now a manuscript had been lost! Straightening up from her desk, she pushed back a strand of hair from her flushed face. Perhaps Mr. Spencer was mistaken in thinking that the story had come in; she could easily find out.

Helen Eaton, the entry clerk, was Margaret's friend, and she looked up with a smile as the girl came to her desk.

"Helen," Margaret said quickly, "will you please look up for me a story by Allan King? Mr. Spencer thinks that it came in last week, but I can't find it."

"Yes, it came in," answered Helen. "I remember it."

She drew her entry book toward her and ran her fingers deftly through its pages.

"Here it is. The Conflict, by Allan King, April 22. You must have it, Margaret, for the manuscripts go straight from my desk to the box in your room. Let me help you look for it."

Together the two girls again looked through Margaret's box and desk, but they did not find the story. The other girls in the room joined in the search; even the stenographers looked through the stories that they were returning to the authors, but The Conflict had completely disappeared.

The bright flush faded from Margaret's face and left it white and drawn.

"You know, Margaret," Helen said, "even if the story is lost,—and it will probably turn up to-morrow,—the firm is not responsible. Don't feel too badly about it. Mr. King undoubtedly has a carbon copy that he'll send us."

"It's more serious than that," Margaret replied, trying to keep the tremor out of her voice. "One of the girls just said that Mr. Spencer worked hard to get this story. She heard him talking about it to one of the editors. Allan King has never sent us a story before, and I'm afraid that Mr. Spencer will be very much displeased."

Much as Helen wanted to comfort her friend she could think of no suitable answer, for she knew that Mr. Spencer would probably receive the news just as Margaret expected him to receive it. Everyone in the office had had occasion at some time to suffer from the short temper of the editor of Goodrich's. Helen could not help comparing him with Mr. Folsom, the head of her department, who had never given her an unkind word during the two years she had worked for him.

When Helen returned to her desk, she still thought of the story; possible hiding places for it kept coming to mind even as she worked. Her friendship for Margaret was strong and dated back to early girlhood. Every summer for seven years Margaret had come to visit an aunt in the New England village where Helen's father was the pastor of a small church, with a salary sadly out of proportion to the needs of his large family.

When the old aunt died, Margaret's visits to the village ceased. Then came the year when Margaret went to college, and Helen, who longed ardently to join her, went instead to New York to take a position with Goodrich Brothers. There were too many little brothers and sisters growing up in the Eaton family to make college possible for Helen.

For a little time the girls almost lost track of each other, and then chance took a hand. One day a pale-faced girl in black came to take the position of assistant on Goodrich's, and Helen recognized Margaret Bruce.

That night, as Helen hurried home, she

torn between joy at having found her friend again and sorrow for the reasons that had brought them together. For Margaret's father had died suddenly, while she was still in college,—her mother had been dead for years,—and there was almost nothing left of the large estate that he was supposed to have owned. It was an old, old story, but Helen could hardly believe that it had happened to her friend, whom she had always looked upon as the most fortunate of mortals.

In fact, Helen hesitated to propose to Margaret that she come and live with her in the quiet, old-fashioned boarding house where she had spent her two years in New York; but when she at last mustered courage enough to make the suggestion, Margaret accepted it eagerly.

In the weeks that had followed, the two girls had dropped back into their old intimacy as naturally as if they had never been separated. And now everything would have been going well except for Mr. Spencer.

All that day he kept rushing out of his office to ask whether the story had turned up; and the crosser he got the more worried Margaret looked. At five o'clock the two girls went home together. It was a silent walk. Margaret did not dare to think what would happen at the end of the week if the story were not found. How could she expect to be recommended to the firm under the circumstances—especially by Mr. Spencer, who certainly was not inclined to make allowances.

"It wouldn't be fair!" she burst out suddenly, when they had reached their room. "No one can be sure that I ever had that story! It wouldn't be fair to—send me off for that—" The tears that she had managed to keep back all day began to fall.

As Helen gathered her into her arms and tried to reassure her, she vowed to herself that she would do something the next day. She would find that story if she had to go through all the manuscripts in the office.

Early the next morning Mr. King telephoned to the office of the publishing house to ask why he had not heard from his story. Mr. Spencer rushed into Margaret's room, and, after a few words very much to the point, rushed out again, and almost collided with Helen at the door.

Margaret was not pale any longer. Two bright red spots burned in her cheeks. She said nothing, and Helen made no comment, but hastened to announce that she had an inspiration.

"Weren't you reading proof on the twenty-second?" she asked. "You might have gathered up the manuscript with some pages of proof and sent it upstairs to the printer."

Margaret nodded.

"I thought of that; but I asked up there, and they hadn't seen it."

Helen went away again without saying anything; but she knew Mr. Dunn, the head printer, pretty well, and she also knew how busy he was with the half dozen magazines that the firm published every month. The chances were that no one had bothered much to look for the lost story. So she went upstairs and told her troubles to Mr. Dunn.

"Yes, yes, I've heard about that once," he said rather shortly. "There's all the copy that went into Goodrich's last month; you can look it over if you want to."

Helen climbed to a high stool at a proof reader's desk that happened to be unused and began to go carefully through the pile of typewritten pages. After a few minutes Mr. Dunn came over and stood beside her.

"I suppose you know," he said, leaning a moment against her desk, "that Miss Watson is leaving next month to be married?"

Helen's heart gave a little jump as she looked up quickly. The old man turned away, but not before she had caught a kindly twinkle in his eyes that belied his gruff manner. She had heard that Miss Watson was leaving, but she had not known when. In fact, Mr. Folsom had told her that she had been spoken of to fill the vacancy. It would be a real promotion.

For the moment, as she perched on her high seat, she forgot Margaret and her troubles.

While the great printing presses crashed and pounded round her, she idly indulged herself in bright daydreams; but not for long. With a start, she remembered the work in hand, and began again to search the papers. Suddenly, with a cry of triumph, she held up the missing manuscript.

Things were brightening! Picking up the story and waving it joyously at Mr. Dunn, who only deigned to nod grimly, she hurried downstairs to tell the good news to Margaret; but at the door she paused, halted by the sound of Mr. Spencer's voice raised angrily. Poor Margaret! The other girls were bending over their work, trying not to hear.

"What a disposition that man has!" Helen said to herself indignantly. "He'll be furious when he hears what happened to his old story."

And then, for the second time that day, Helen had an inspiration. She did not hesitate a moment, but, walking straight into the room, laid The Conflict on Margaret's desk.

"Mr. Spencer," she said, "I'm sorry that

DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL



"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW," HE SAID, "THAT MISS WATSON IS LEAVING NEXT MONTH TO BE MARRIED?"

you've had so much trouble. I have found the manuscript—and I'm sorry about the delay."

If she had spent an hour in planning her words, she could not have succeeded better. Mr. Spencer took them just as she had meant him to take them.

"Thought you never made mistakes in the entry department!" he answered angrily. "Greatest possible inconvenience, Miss Eaton—shall be forced to speak to Mr. Folsom. Miss Bruce, I beg your pardon." And before either girl could answer, he was gone with the manuscript.

Margaret was as completely deceived by Helen's explanation as Mr. Spencer had been. "Now you're in trouble, Helen. I'm so sorry!"

"He can't hurt me," Helen answered, and smiled bravely; but as she walked slowly back to her desk a very real doubt of the truth of her words assailed her.

Ordinarily she would not have greatly objected if a complaint were made against her in such a good cause; but just now, if there were anything in Mr. Dunn's hint, the results might be serious. Already she began to wonder what she could say if Mr. Folsom should question her. How could she be truthful to him and loyal to her friend?

Helen took this new problem home to luncheon with her, and it interfered with her meal so thoroughly that her plate was carried away almost untouched. Everything seemed so confused! If she could only slip away somewhere and think things out; but the noon hour was soon over, and she found herself back at her desk with her mind still unsettled. Her only hope was that Mr. Spencer might relent.

But presently she saw Mr. Folsom coming toward her, and something in his grave, kind eyes told her that he had heard the complaint. He stopped beside her desk and looked searchingly down at her. Helen's heart began to beat quickly.

"Miss Eaton," he said, "Mr. Spencer has made a complaint of carelessness against you, the first that has come to me in the two years that you have been in my department. It is particularly unfortunate at this time. What have you to say about it?"

With a hand that trembled slightly, Helen picked up a pen and carefully traced lines on the blotter before her. Now was the time to speak; she could clear herself with a word. How could she fail this man who was doing everything in his power to help her?

She raised her eyes determinedly. "I'm so sorry, Mr. Folsom—but I have nothing to say."

For a long moment the man looked down at her. "I'm sorry, too, Miss Eaton," he said at last, "very sorry." He turned and went back to his office.

Helen sat quite still at her desk. "Particularly unfortunate at this time!" The words seemed to pound on her throbbing brain. She had thrown away her first big chance—no, she had given it away, and she was glad of it. Oh, no, she was not, she was sorry! Things were more confused than ever. At last, lifting her eyes wearily to the clock, she was surprised to find that it was already five o'clock. A pile of neglected manuscripts still lay on her desk—and she was very tired.

She was glad of the excuse of unfinished work when Margaret came to walk home with her. She had to brace herself to meet her friend's frank eyes. She could not stand their scrutiny now. She felt that she must be alone.

The office emptied rapidly. For a while she worked hard; the mechanical task that was so familiar to her gave her some relief from her problems. But at last there was nothing more for her to do. Now was the time to think things out to a conclusion.

Everything was quiet on that floor; the elevator had stopped running. There must be some men still working on the floor above, for she could hear a press going. It seemed to beat time to the throbbing in her head.

Helen stirred impatiently. What was the use of pretending—of putting off thought any longer? She was wretchedly unhappy. And there was no help for it!

No help for it! A sudden thought leaped to her mind, and she sat up erect in her chair.

It might not be too late! She would not sacrifice herself in this way even for Margaret. She could get Mr. Folsom on the telephone.

With burning cheeks, the girl sought to justify herself. There were her little brothers and sisters, and what she owed them. There was Mr. Folsom and her duty to him. And then there was herself. It was not right for her to lose such a chance!

The telephone operator had long since gone, but Helen knew enough of the switchboard for her purpose.

Seizing one of the wires, she pushed in a plug for Central. The answer seemed a long time in coming, and when it did come it sounded faint and far away.

"Number? Number!"

Helen tried to answer, out something seemed to choke her.

"Number? What number do you want?" the operator called impatiently.

With a hand as heavy as lead, Helen pulled out the plug without answering and stumbled back to her desk. The loyalty of friendship had won! But, shaken and exhausted, with her head pillowed on her arms, Helen sobbed alone in the empty office.

The next morning, as Helen was listlessly opening the mail piled high on her desk, Mr. Folsom came out of his office and stood beside her. It was a hard moment for Helen, but she nerved herself to meet it. She guessed why he had come, and only hoped that she could keep from showing him her disappointment.

So, summoning all her courage, she looked up and said good morning with as near an approach to her usual manner as she could manage. To her surprise he was smiling down at her even more cordially than usual.

"I had a talk with Mr. Dunn last night, and then I did some thinking," he said.

Helen's heart seemed to skip a beat. What did he mean?

After a slight pause, Mr. Folsom went on: "That was indeed very generous of you, Miss Eaton."

Still trying to understand, Helen stared up at him. She felt that she must say something, but nothing came to her lips except a faltering, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Folsom!"

"But how did you happen to see Mr. Dunn?" she asked at last.

"I'm not certain whether it was accident or not," he answered, still smiling. "Mr. Dunn notices more than we give him credit for sometimes. And, by the way, Miss Eaton, that matter about Miss Watson's position is settled. You are to have it—if you like."

If she liked!

"Oh, thank you!" Helen murmured again huskily, but with a joyous smile.

IMPOSSIBLE TO MANY

DOROTHY'S aunt was trying to explain "standard time" to her, but Dorothy was not quite sure that she understood.

"Well, never mind," said her aunt; "you are only in the third grade. When you have gone to school a little longer, you will learn all about it."

"Oh, yes!" answered the little girl, with an assuring smile. "Our teacher says that even lots of eighth graders don't understand longitude and latitude."

PROVERBIAL WEATHER

YOU sometimes hear it said that weather proverbs cannot have any practical use in this enlightened age, since almost every country maintains its own weather service and supplies scientific forecasts to its inhabitants. Our own Weather Bureau in Washington, however, after carefully sifting these ancient maxims, has officially adopted a number of them for the use of its observers, both amateur and professional. Scientific meteorology is not yet sufficiently advanced to prophesy with any degree of certainty whether a season will be warm or cool, good or bad for crops. Not so with proverbial meteorology. There are a number of proverbs that rush in where the angels of science fear to tread, and, according to the government experts, not a few of these homely sayings hit the nail of truth fairly on the head.



"Frost year—fruit year," or "Year of snow, fruit will grow," is one of the proverbs that farmers have found to be quite truthful. This proverb, known in still another form as "A year of snow, a year of plenty," has its basis in the fact that a more or less continuous covering of snow, incident to a cold winter, not only delays the blossoming of fruit trees until after the season of killing frosts, but also prevents the alternate thawing and freezing that is so injurious to wheat and other winter grains.

Scientific prophecies concerning the immediate weather are usually based on the appearance of the sky and the sun, moon and stars. "A red sun has water in his eye" is usually a faithful forecast of rain, because the redness of the sun is induced, for the most part, by the moisture in the atmosphere, which holds in suspension the particles of dust and smoke that cause the peculiar color. Water vapor both scatters and absorbs the blue and other short-wave-length colors of sunlight to a greater extent than it does the longer red waves. This effect becomes more marked as the particles coalesce. Hence, when the atmosphere is heavily charged with dust particles that have become water laden we see the sun as a fiery red ball.

Next to the color of the sun, the appearance of the sky is the favorite medium in the hands of prophets to foretell the coming weather. From an old poet we have:

A red morn that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.

There are other and more easily remembered lines that express the same thought; such, for example, as:

Sky red in the morning
Is a sailor's sure warning.
Sky red at night
Is a sailor's delight.

In many ways the most interesting of the proverbs that deal with the connection between the weather and the color of the sky is the one that, according to Matthew, Christ used to answer the Pharisees when they asked that He show them a sign from heaven:

He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and lowering.

The cause of the fair weather that follows a red sunset and of the foul that comes after a red sunrise is well known to scientific meteorologists and, because it is as near infallible as any general forecast can be, the proverbs of this nature have been officially approved by the Weather Bureau.

Shakespeare, who appears to have been a good weather prophet, gives us another sign by which to interpret a different kind of sunset:

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.

This is the expression of the scientific truth that an absence of moisture in the air brings into prominence the yellow (shorter-wave-length) colors and therefore presages dry weather.

If, however, the sky be neither red nor yellow, but is overcast with a uniform gray, we know that innumerable tiny water globules are present—a condition that favors rain and justifies the proverb:

If the sun is set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day.

Many proverbs foretelling rain and bad weather are based on the appearance of solar or lunar halos and coronas, and, as these form only when there is much moisture in the air, the proverbs of this class are well founded. Typical of such sayings is that of the Zuni Indians, which predicts, "When the sun is in his house, it will rain soon."

Others refer to the apparent diameter of the circle in connection with the proximity of the bad weather. Thus we have, "The bigger the ring the nearer the wet"; "When the wheel

is far, the storm is n'ar
—when the wheel is
n'ar, the storm is far."

Many persons have supposed, and some still maintain, that the moon controls the weather, and there are numerous proverbs based on this assumed relation. That belief is no doubt due to the fact that the appearance of the moon depends upon the conditions of the atmosphere, and, therefore, proverbs based upon phenomena of this nature are more or less sound and of much value when applied to local conditions.

Thus "Clear moon, frost soon" and "Moonlight nights have the heaviest frosts" are true because on the clearest nights the cooling of the earth's surface by radiation is greatest and most likely to cause precipitation in the form of dew or frost.

"Sharp horns do threaten windy weather" is another interesting proverb based on the fact that when the air is clear sight is interfered with by atmospheric inequalities that wind will eliminate. Therefore, when the moon's horns appear sharp, we know that these inequalities do not exist, and the natural inference is that they have been smoothed out by strong winds, which will later reach the surface of the earth.

Like the sun and the moon, the stars have furnished a number of proverbs concerning the weather. Many of these are only nonsense, but a few have decided merit, as, for instance:

When the stars begin to huddle,
The earth will soon become a puddle.

This contains the germ of an excellent forecast. The scientific reason behind the couplet is that when a mist, caused by the beginning of condensation, forms over the sky, the smaller stars cease to be visible, while the brighter ones shine dimly with a blur of light about them, each looking like a small confused cluster of stars. Hence comes the idea that stars can "huddle" together at one time and be separated at another.

The height, extent and shape of clouds depend upon the humidity, temperature and motion of the atmosphere. Consequently they often furnish reliable warnings of the coming weather. Thus one proverb correctly says, "The higher the clouds, the finer the weather." But this saying must be restricted to stratus clouds or other more common clouds. It does not apply to those wispy or cirrus clouds, the highest of all, that float from five to eight miles above sea level. In connection with these the proverb says:

Mackerel scales and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

Part of the air that forms the strong upward current near the centre of a storm rises to great heights and there comes into contact with the swiftly moving layers that carry it and its ice particles far ahead of the rains. As the resultant clouds are only the overrunning part of a storm that is coming from the same general direction, the proverb is evidently well-founded.

When the air is damp and the day is warm, great cumulus or thunderhead clouds are likely to form and produce frequent local showers. Hence:

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

The equalization of the temperature by means of the presence of a large amount of moisture—warming the cold places by condensation and chilling the warm ones by evaporation—is responsible for the easy transmission of sound on a day when rain is imminent. Therefore there is good reason to accept the proverb that says:

Sound traveling far and wide,
A stormy day will betide.

Decrease in atmospheric pressure and increase in humidity are two other storm portents that have led to a number of well-founded proverbs or accurate observations. Thus we find it stated that the approach of a storm is heralded by the rising of water in wells, by the more abundant flow of certain springs, by the bubbling of marshes, by the bad odors of ditches, and various other phenomena, all of which are due to that decrease in atmospheric pressure which precedes a storm.

The increase of humidity—favorable to precipitation—is indicated by the gathering of moisture on cold objects, by the collection of perspiration on our own skin owing to diminished evaporation and by the dampness of many substances that easily absorb moisture.

The last effect is illustrated by the packing of salt, the tightening of cordage and the strings of musical instruments, the damp appearance of stone walls and columns, the settling of smoke and a number of related phenomena, all of which have been appealed to with more or less justification from science as evidence of a coming storm.



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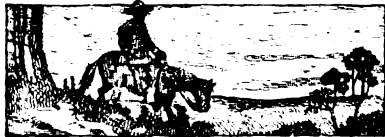
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MALINDA KIVETT'S WEDDING

By Anna Brownell Dunaway

"WHEN Bright Pruitt married Malinda Kivett in the spring of '44," grandmother began reminiscently, and the girls looked up with interest, "he rose before sunup and rode on horseback to the Kivett place, twelve miles away."



had a high neck and long sleeves." "Such styles!" commented Evelyn. "Didn't the people look curious in those days!"

"Just imagine Richard's coming for me on horseback in all the glory of his frock coat, silk hat and white gloves!" said Evelyn, with a smile. "He'll be only too glad to hide such magnificence within a taxi."

She blushed a little as she bent over her sewing. She was embroidering French knots in a dainty ribbon-run gown for her wedding trousseau.

"Bright Pruitt had no magnificence to hide," said grandmother, "and an ox sled was his nearest approach to a taxicab."

"Poor Bright!" cried Evelyn, laughing. "And how did he look? Was he attired in the conventional black?"

Grandmother broke off a thread before she replied. "Land, no, child! Bright Pruitt was glad enough to have a suit of homespun made out of wool that had been sheared from the sheep, washed, picked and colored, carded, spun and woven in town. It was blue in color, and his mother was his tailor."

"And not even a posy in his buttonhole, I dare say," said Evelyn.

"Well, I should say not," said grandmother severely. "People would have thought he was crazy. And there were no ushers or flower girls or ring bearers, either. A wedding seventy years ago was vastly different from the pomp and glitter and ceremony of to-day. Those were simple times, my dear."

"But, as I was saying, Bright Pruitt dressed himself by candlelight, putting on his blue homespun and his best shirt made from linen spun from flax of his own raising."

"In those days in Indiana, travel was not what it is now; the roads were hilly, rough or swampy, as the case might be, and there were innumerable gates to be opened in the stake-and-rider fences. So twelve miles was spoken of in the local vernacular, as 'right smart' of a distance."

"That is why Bright made so early a start, for the wedding was to take place in the forenoon, and be followed by a wedding dinner to which neighbors and friends for miles round had been invited."

"When he arrived the guests were already assembled, the minister had come from Monrovia three miles away, and Malinda, with cheeks like red roses, was shyly mingling with the company."

"There was no wedding bell or canopy or palms. When the minister rose, Bright and Malinda walked over and took their places in

do now," retorted grandmother. "But to go on with the wedding. I remember they had a great dinner of turkey and quince preserves and pound cake. There was boiled beef and cabbage, too, and rye bread. We have no such eating nowadays, child. Nothing in modern cookery can compare with it."

"While the dinner was in progress the sky became overcast and presently rain began to fall in driving sheets. It rained all that afternoon and far into the night. By morning the muddy pond known as 'the lake,' between the Kivett and the Pruitt farms, had overflowed, and the surrounding country was a vast, seething river. In those days there was no drainage system, and rains like that made travel impossible."

"The neighbors dispersed quickly before the roads should become impassable, but it was out of the question for Bright and Malinda to travel a distance of twelve miles with their household goods on an ox sled."

"The infare was to have been held the following day at the log cabin that Bright had built near his parents' home, but of course it had to be given up, and Bright and Malinda had to stay for several days at the Kivetts' before they could go over the road."

"I saw Malinda brush away a tear, for she hated to give up her housewarming."

"Well, I'll never forget the morning they left for their new home. I had slept late, and when I opened my eyes I saw Malinda tripping in and out among the big beds, patting them and making them up deftly."

"She spoke to me kindly: 'Get up, little Ann; the sun is an hour high!' Then she helped me dress and smoothed my hair with deft fingers. It was a beautiful spring morning. The sap was running in the maple grove, and the orchard was just beginning to bloom. Malinda, carrying a pitcher, started for the spring. I caught her hand and cried gayly, 'Let us run a race to the spring house!'"

"She threw back her head and ran with me like a young deer. She reached the spring house first, and, laughing merrily, caught me in her arms and kissed me."

"Then, all at once, her face sobered. 'I mustn't do this any more, little Ann,' she whispered."

"I begged her to tell me why."

"She smoothed her rumpled hair with sweet dignity. 'Because I'm married now, Ann,' she said."

"But I was not satisfied. 'And can't you play any more when you are married?' I questioned."

"Some day you will understand, little Ann," said she. "When we are married the real business of life begins."

"Not long after, she mounted the horse her father had given her for a dowry and rode away with Bright to their one-roomed log cabin."

"On the ox sled were loaded the two spinning wheels, the bedding, the iron kettles, delft dishes and pewter spoons. The cow, which was also a part of Malinda's dowry, followed behind."

"Bright's father had given him a horse, saddle and bridle, and his mother a corded bedstead and a feather bed."

"Malinda turned once, at a bend in the road, waved me good-by and smiled in her sweet, serious way. And I thought of her words to me at the spring house: 'When we are married the real business of life begins.'"

"Poor, poor Malinda!" cried Evelyn, and her eyes were soft with tears. "Just think of starting housekeeping in one room! Why, it wouldn't hold the presents that Richard and I will get! I suppose poor Malinda lived and died in that backwoods cabin, and never saw a chafing dish, or knew the difference between a rabbit and a soufflé —"

"Child," said grandmother, "this is the true story of your Great-Aunt Malinda Pruitt. And she lived to grace a governor's mansion. But more than that, she was known far and wide for her gracious personality. She made her cabin home to blossom as the rose. She was a gentlewoman, a real helpmate, a wise mother, a sympathizing neighbor and a sincere friend."

For a moment Evelyn was silent, and then she said:

"What a life, and what achievement! It makes me feel so useless. Why, I have never pieced a quilt, have never even seen a spinning wheel, have never —"

She stopped speaking suddenly with a catch in her voice. "O grandmother, thank you for telling me! I will try to make as fine a business of my married life as Great-Aunt Malinda did of hers."



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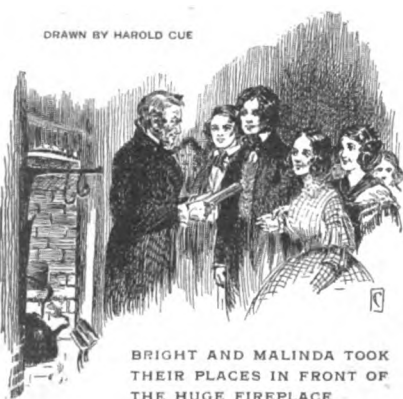
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front of the huge fireplace. Bright's cousin, James Pruitt, and Malinda's cousin, Polly McDaniel, stood up with them.

"Bright and Malinda made a handsome couple. I seem to see them now, as if it were only yesterday. And in the background I can see Malinda's little twin brothers, Hezekiah and Bethira, in their short-waisted butternut suits, clinging to their mother's skirt and sniffing. Malinda had been like a mother to them."

"How did the bride look?" asked Evelyn with interest.

"As nearly as I can remember, for I was only a child of seven," said grandmother, "she was a black-eyed, black-haired girl, with smooth, red cheeks. Just a slip of a girl, too—only seventeen."

"Her dress was of white crossbarred muslin. The Kivetts were forehanded, and Malinda had bought her dress at Monrovia. It was the first crossbarred muslin ever seen in those parts."

"Well, I'm glad she had a white wedding gown," said Evelyn. "And was it made with a round neck and short sleeves and a cute little short waist?"

"Nothing of the kind," replied grandmother. "It was made with a plain waist or boxly sewed on to a rather full skirt, and it



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PLAYING THE GAME

WHEN, at the time of the Boer War, the most English and Imperialist of British poets, who was also acclaimed everywhere as the unofficial laureate of the British army, made disparaging reference to "flannelled fools at the wicket" and "muddled oafs at the goals," there was an immediate outcry of protest and resentment. Englishmen had been brought up too long on the Duke of Wellington's famous saying that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton to believe, even on the word of Rudyard Kipling, that cricket and football could interfere with what the poet had often called "the Great Game" between nations, fought out by diplomats first and soldiers afterwards. England is temperamentally slow to wake up, to perceive a crisis; but it is by no means her devotion to sport alone that hinders her from understanding just when affairs are getting serious. The matter goes deeper than that.

Of course the first epithet the remonstrants made use of was "un-English"; but Mr. Kipling, if he had but known it, could have cited a precedent at once English and royal—for his objections to football, at least. As long ago as 1349 King Edward III issued an order forbidding the game of football entirely because it interfered with the one "rightful sport" of men and soldiers, which in those days was deemed archery. To be sure, the order was little enforced and soon forgotten, and British bowmen—who had won the Battle of Crécy but three years before—continued for many years later to be the best in the world, although they also continued to play football. It was not, however, in those days considered a game for gentlemen, but rather a rough-and-tumble, piebald sport, suitable to the "yokels and 'prentices" among whom it was popular.

Now comes the great war,—the greatest of all wars,—and curiously enough in the British army once more the football comes to the fore, but this time in no mere figurative reference to the playing fields of home. Close behind the trenches, almost daily, the game is played with enthusiasm by eager "Tommys" and applauded by their officers; but that is not all. By more than one regiment, on more than one occasion, footballs have been actually borne into battle and kicked forward under heavy fire across the battlefield—chiefly from sheer dash and bravado, but partly also because to follow the ball, and to have a ball to follow, proved an encouragement and help during the advance. The most notable instance was that of the East Surrey Regiment during the fighting on the Somme. When the Surreys were about to leave their trenches to attack over a mile and a quarter of ground, the captain of one company gave his men four footballs, one for each section commander. At the instant of leaving cover the four commanders kicked off, and the men started after the balls, keeping up, as they had been commanded, a "dribbling competition" down the field toward the distant and dangerous goal. Their captain was killed almost immediately, and men fell fast; but the balls were kept steadily in play. Two were lost or destroyed before reaching the enemy's lines; when the fight was over, two were found well within the captured trenches.

It is an episode to touch the imagination. Not Mr. Kipling, but a lesser poet, "Touchstone," in the Daily Mail has celebrated it in simple but spirited verse:

On through the hail of slaughter
Where gallant comrades fall,
Where blood is poured like water,
They drive the trickling ball.

The fear of death before them
Is but an empty name.
True to the land that bore them
The Surreys play the game!

The two footballs that were kicked ahead to victory have been sent to England, and will be preserved and cherished among the trophies of the regiment as carefully as if they were battle flags.

WHEN THE SULTAN BLUNDERED

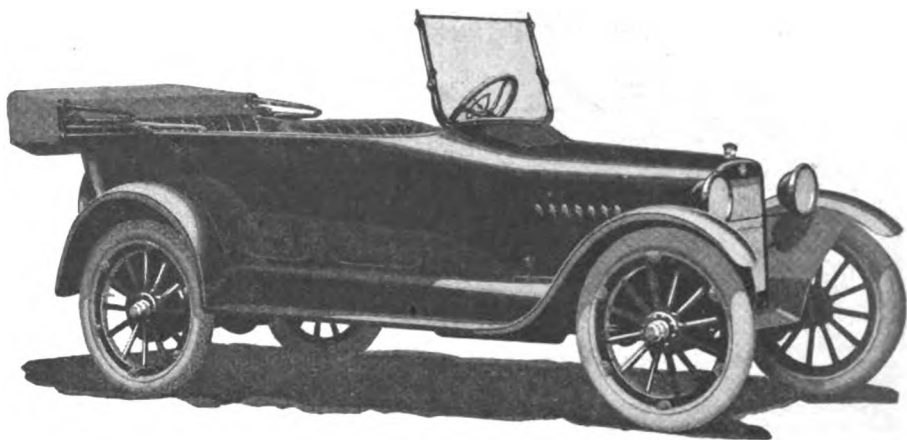
THE haphazard way in which the British Empire was put together is illustrated by the story of the occupation of Egypt told by Sir Edwin Pears in *Forty Years in Constantinople*. Mr. Gladstone had always maintained that the British occupation of Egypt was not intended to be permanent. He remained loyal to the conviction that England ought to maintain the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire. He was really disappointed that the Sultan would not send troops to accompany our army into Egypt as Lord Dufferin asked him to. If Abdul Hamid had had half the shrewdness with which his flatterers credited him, he would gladly have accepted the invitation.

When the Conservatives came into power, Lord Salisbury renewed the declarations that our occupation of Egypt was only temporary, and sent out Sir Henry Drummond Wolff to arrange conditions for its evacuation. Sir Henry succeeded after about two months in coming to an arrangement by which the last soldier was to leave Egypt within seven years, with the condition that in case reoccupation became necessary only British troops should be called in to aid the Sultan. Sir Henry and the grand vizier signed the instrument, and Lord Salisbury promptly accepted it on behalf of Her Majesty.

To the surprise of everyone, Abdul Hamid refused to consent. I never heard any other reason given for such refusal except the desire of Abdul Hamid to administer a rebuff to England. He may have been led to believe that he could get better terms, and that he had made a bad bargain. But I am convinced that the Turkish statesmen saw that the bargain, so far as their country was concerned, was pure gain.

England accepted the Sultan's rebuff, and was not greatly concerned. We were in possession. About a year afterwards it dawned upon Abdul Hamid that he had blundered. He instructed his ambassador in London to see Lord Salisbury and ask for the reopening of negotiations. Lord Salisbury declared that he had no wish to negotiate further, and that he had no proposals to make. The answer probably lost nothing of its abruptness in transmission, and greatly annoyed Abdul Hamid. The Turkish ambassador was ordered peremptorily to demand the reopening of negotiations. It was near the end of the Parliamentary session. Lord Salisbury replied that he was tired, and moreover had made arrangements to go abroad, and the Egyptian question, which was not pressing, would keep perfectly well, and has kept ever since.

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EPILEPSY

EPILEPSY is a chronic brain disorder, of which the most dreaded symptom is the characteristic convulsion, or "fit." The convulsion may be a violent muscular spasm, terrifying to watch and accompanied by complete unconsciousness; that type of epilepsy has been called *grand mal*. In the form called *petit mal* there is only a slight muscular spasm, or even none at all, and often only partial loss of consciousness; the loss may be so transient that the patient is hardly aware of it. That type of the disease shades off into psychic epilepsy, in which there are no particular physical symptoms, like the convulsion, but only a passing mental confusion.

There is no difficulty about recognizing the more severe forms of epilepsy, but the attacks of *petit mal* may be so slight and so fleeting that a stranger would hardly notice them, although the patient is generally conscious that one has occurred. On the other hand, the bystander may sometimes observe symptoms of which the patient is unaware. In cases of that sort the sufferer turns pale and stares fixedly, his breathing stops for a moment, the sentence that he is uttering is arrested on his lips, and whatever he is holding is likely to drop from his hand. In a moment or two the attack is over, and the patient goes on with what he was saying or picks up whatever he dropped. Sometimes these slight attacks occur between graver ones, and in some cases there is a long period of *petit mal* before *grand mal* declares itself.

Many epileptics have warnings when an attack is coming on; such warnings are called "auras." They take the form of a tingling in the skin or of a sensation of pressure or sinking in the abdomen; sometimes the vision is affected, or spots of light or different colors appear before the eyes. In other cases the warnings are psychic or mental, and the patient thinks he hears voices. Not infrequently an approaching attack betrays itself days ahead by despondency, irritability, foreboding, and a general feeling of illness. When the attack finally comes, it is generally preceded by a loud cry known as the "epileptic cry."

The treatment of epilepsy will be taken up in another article.

AS AN INTELLECTUAL EQUAL

WELL, Rose, how was it?" Charlotte pulled her embroidery out of the bag and settled herself for a chat. "You're looking radiant, but that may be either the satisfaction of success or relief that the ordeal is over. Was she human although professional, or as crushingly highbrow as you dreaded? Most inconsiderate of Billy to have a professor for a sister anyway. If it had been a brother, now, I don't believe you'd have been frightened a bit, even if he'd specialized on prehistoric man, or Chinese dialects, or the literature of the Merovingians! But a sister-in-law is different."

"Charlotte," announced Rose impressively, "she was a darling! It sounds a queer word for a professor of mathematics, but she was. She made you forget all about her being intellectual and remarkable. She was just nice. I liked her the first minute, but I felt shy with her. I thought she couldn't help finding me uninteresting, and I wasn't really at ease until she'd been with us a day or two. The furnace didn't draw properly that day, and the living room was so chilly I felt I must ask her to come into the kitchen with me while I was getting dinner."

"Charlotte, we had a perfectly lovely time. She'd been brought up in a tiny city flat, where the children were never allowed in the kitchen, and as soon as she was older her own kind of work took all her time, so she doesn't know the simplest things about cooking and housekeeping. She was as interested as a child in seeing me do things, and asked the queerest questions, and wanted to help, and did everything wrong when she tried, and got herself all over flour and sticky dabs of everything, and upset the pepper pot and nearly sneezed her head off—it was too funny! She's so dignified, you know, but she just gave herself up to enjoying the lark. And when at last dinner was ready, and I was serving up, she turned serious all of a sudden, and drew a long sigh and said:

"Rose, I don't see how you do it! I might learn to cook one thing at a time, if I really tried; but how any one can cook half a dozen different things at once and make them all come out even I can't understand. It's too complicated for my intelligence."

"She was joking!"

"She wasn't. She had really acquired a respect for my powers—I know it sounds silly, but she truly had—that made her treat me as—as an intellectual equal! Of course I'm nothing of the sort, but I couldn't help being pleased; and after that we just enjoyed each other, and Billy beamed on us both."

"It really does sound as if the professor were a darling," admitted Charlotte. "I'll confess I wasn't sorry to be out of town while she was here, but when she comes again— Well, you know I can cook. If I invite her to a chafing-dish supper, and do my prettiest, do you suppose she'll count

me her intellectual equal, too? I feel an anticipatory uplift at the thought!"

"She might," agreed Rose with a laugh, "but you couldn't delude me. I know better!"

LASSOING AN OSPREY

HOW a fisherman lassoed and captured an osprey, or fish hawk, with a hand fishline is told by a correspondent of the New York Sun. A number of fishermen were on board, he says, and we were anchored with lines out in every direction. I was fishing from the starboard side of the top deck, near the stern, watching the graceful circles of a large osprey, when suddenly it made a dive for a bergie that was floating on the water a short distance from the boat, between two lines, but nearer the line of Mr. John Woods of the New York fire department.

Mr. Woods tried playfully to throw his line over the bird, and somehow he actually succeeded in looping the line round its left wing in such a manner that it could not escape.

The hooks did not catch at all, for they were far beyond, but the osprey was securely lassoed. It was at once an exciting and a ludicrous task to reel in the big bird. It struggled desperately, and had it not been for the length of line beyond it, with a ten-ounce sinker at the end, it might have been necessary to reel it down from the sky instead of up from the sea. When it was brought to the deck and found itself in the strong but not unkind hands of a group of fishermen, it seemed frightened, angry and disgusted; but, strange to say, it did not fight its captors.

Some one suggested killing it, and one man urged sending it to an aviary; but above all the other voices I heard a self-appointed counsel for the prisoner, pleading for its liberty with an oratory effective if not classical: "Aw, let the poor fellow go!" And so, on reflection, said the jury.

When the bird was set at liberty, none the worse for its strange adventure, it shot straight down among the lines again, got the bergie it started out to get, and then leisurely flew away.

AT THIRTY BELOW ZERO

AS has been aptly said, Lord Strathcona was "studiously careless" about his health. His chief affliction was "colds," and it is a wonder that, through his imprudences, they did not lead to serious illness.

An old Montreal friend, Mr. C. R. Hosmer, who is quoted in Mr. Beckles Willson's Life of Lord Strathcona, recalls a typical incident that happened nearly twenty years ago:

Lord Strathcona was declared to be very ill and threatened with pneumonia. His private car was ordered to be got ready for a trip to Florida. He learned suddenly that his presence might be useful in Winnipeg, where the Manitoba school question had come to the front. Without saying a word to his doctor or to anyone, he ordered his car to be attached to the Winnipeg train, and off he went. Lady Strathcona was greatly alarmed, and came to my office the next morning. I was then general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway telegraphs. We found out that he was as far as the north side of Lake Superior at the time, and that it was thirty degrees below zero there. The night after he arrived in Winnipeg he gave a banquet to the Bishop of Saint Boniface.

When he returned to Montreal, I spoke to him of how deeply concerned, not to say alarmed, Lady Strathcona had been. He smiled and said, "Yes, I remember that cold morning. I had to break the ice in the pitcher when I got up."

THEODORE'S THORN

THUMBING the thin thesis, the thick thesaurus, Theodore Thwait, thirty, thought theories.

Theresa Thwait, thrifty though thrush-throated, —thrilling thousands thronging theatres,—threatened thriftless Theodore, thumping, thimble, the thrumming, theorizing thumbs.

Theodore, thwarted, thrust Theresa thence, thereafter thought the theories, thrashed the themes, thinking Theresa Theodore's thorn, Theodore's thistle.

That Thursday, Theodore thumbing, theorizing —Theresa throating threats, threnodies—thumps thwacked the threshold thoroughly, then the thatch.

"Thunder," thought Theresa.

"Thieves!" throbbed Theodore.

Theresa thumped, threatened, thwarted those three thieves, throwing the thick thesaurus—that thrilled them!

Theodore thanked Theresa. Theresa thawed. Thenceforth Theodore thought Theresa the thrill- ingest theme.

WASHINGTON AND THE CORPORAL

MARY'S teacher had asked the class to re- write in their own words a story she had told them the day before about Washington and one of his corporals. Mary had been absent and had not heard the story, but it did not occur to her to tell her teacher and ask to be excused. "Can't" was not in her vocabulary. Her ideas of corporals were somewhat hazy, but she made up in originality what she lacked in accuracy. She wrote industriously, and soon produced the following masterpiece:

"George Washington was riding through the woods one day with some of his men. As they were riding along he saw, way up in the top of an old tree, a big corporal sitting on a nest of little corporals. One of the men shot at the big corporal but missed him and he flew down and pecked George Washington on the nose."

AN ANIMATED HAT

THE Tatler has the following account of a nearsighted old gentleman who lost his hat in a sudden gale. The old gentleman started in pursuit of his fast-disappearing headpiece, and finally thought that he saw it in a yard behind a high fence. Scrambling over with great difficulty, he started to chase it, but each time he thought he had caught it it seemed to move away. Then a woman's angry voice broke on his ears.

"What are you doing there?" she demanded shrilly.

He explained mildly that he was only trying to retrieve his hat.

"Your hat!" she said. "Well, I don't know where your hat is; but that's not a hat you're chasing; it's our little black hen!"

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To lower McCALL standards, or cheapen McCALL quality, was unthinkable. The one and only thing to do was to increase our subscription price and keep on improving our magazine.

McCALL'S is now ten cents (10c) a copy, seventy-five cents (75c) a year, (\$1.00 Canada; \$1.50 foreign). March number on sale in February; April number, with advance Easter Fashions, on sale in March. However, for a short time only, opportunity is here given to subscribe at the old low rates.

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"Latch-Strings Ajar," story of a friendly house by the road and a lonely girl and how her Romance came, Katherine Kingsley Crosby; "The Church that Waked Up," Montanye Perry; "Sixteen," a girl misunderstood, Royal Lerner; "The Thorny Path," about a woman who dared; "Seven Times Seven," married problem, Royal Brown; "Personality" of Jeannette Rankin, first Congresswoman; Color Masterpiece, "Gossip," Carl Marr, etc. Stories and articles follow later from these popular writers: Helen Christine Bennett, Anne Gunter Boykin, Mariel Brady, Helen Topping Miller, William Hamby, Lillian Ducey, and many others.

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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AUNT LAVENDER'S MEETING BONNET

By Mary Imlay Taylor

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DRAWN BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS



JOHN COLORED. "I COULDN'T LET THEE DO IT, HESTER. I'VE GOT SOME PRIDE"

"JUST because thee fails once thee shouldn't get discouraged," said Hester Lavender. "Thee hasn't any spunk, John Barney. Doesn't thee remember when thee licked Reuben Slater because he said thee couldn't climb a tree backward?"

"I'm glad I licked Reuben once," replied the young man grimly, "since thee walks home from meeting with him so often!"

"Thee went and climbed the tree backward," Hester continued, turning a deaf ear to his remarks. "Doesn't thee remember how thee caught the bough and then swung backward until thy heels hooked on the tree, and so thee got there? I thought thee almost as great as Abraham Lincoln then! I want thee to climb that tree backward again, John Barney, and not to give up because thy crop of basket willows failed."

"O Hester, as if I'd give up if I could pay to plant it right! Thee knows I've been a fool and done it wrong."

"Thee's been no worse than others; thee must try again. Uncle Laban says thee ought to sell that land."

"But I won't sell it! I won't fail like that!"

"There, now, thee's got some spunk at last! I like to hear thee say that! But is the land worth nothing for another crop? No one thinks thee can succeed with willows; my uncle says they don't pay."

"But they do, Hester!" John cried, eager to defend his hobby.

"They do—folks have raised more than eleven tons an acre. I planted wrong, but I've found out my mistakes. I could make it pay, and thee knows I hate to let the old farm go that mother loved. But all my money went to plant that lowland to willows, and I've failed. I'd show these old wiseacres, if I had a cent to start it again next year."

"Oh, I wish my Aunt Lavender had left me something besides her horrid old bonnet!" said the girl impatiently.

"What in the world does thee mean, Hester?" said John, staring. "Thy aunt left thee an old bonnet?"

Hester nodded. "Just her old meeting bonnet, that's all I got! If—if I had something, I'd help thee."

John colored. "I couldn't let thee do it, Hester. I've got some pride."

She looked at him from under demure lashes. "Wouldn't thee let me help, when thee knows I'm such an old friend?"

John felt a lump in his throat. "Thee is a dear little thing, Hester; but no, I couldn't!"

"Thee knows how to be unkind," said Hester coldly. "Thee needs help to get started; and when I said that, if my Aunt Lavender had left me something besides her old meeting bonnet, I could have helped thee, thee doesn't wait for me to have something—thee gets vexed. Thee's just hateful!"

"But I couldn't take it!" John cried desperately. "A man must work, not beg of a girl!"

"I told thee I hadn't got it!" she retorted, with an angry little sob. "I told thee I hadn't a thing but my Aunt Lavender's old bonnet!"

"Then we needn't quarrel about it, Hester," he said eagerly. "Thee hasn't got it and I couldn't take it, and we're back right where we were; we're —"

"No, we're not!" said Hester. "We've quarreled, John Barney, because thee said thee couldn't take it if I had it to give thee, instead of my Aunt Lavender's meeting bonnet."

"Hester! Now, thee's unreasonable —"

"It's thee who's unreasonable, for thee's refused that which thee can't have—because I haven't got it!" declared Hester. "If thee doesn't value thy friends, if thee won't take help from them, who'll thee go to now?"

"Thee thinks I'll never do anything for myself," he said quickly, flushing to his hair.

Hester's lovely eyes filled with tears. "Thee knows I think thee'll be great yet," she said reproachfully.

His face glowed, and he tried to take both her soft hands in his. "Hester—dear Hester!"

But she slipped away from him and ran.

On the piazza she looked back.

"It's well thee can help thyself," she said demurely, "because thee sees how it is. I've only my Aunt Lavender's old meeting bonnet."

"Hester —"

She was gone; he saw only the flutter of lilac calico as she vanished. But as he went away, a little crestfallen, he picked a spray of mock orange that had touched her cheek. The sweet white flowers comforted him as he trudged homeward to the empty farmhouse and to the acres where his first crop of basket willows had failed. Thinking to begin a fortune by selling the rods to the wicker furniture manufacturers, he had planted all that low, moist land to willows; but being young and very raw at his work, he had planted wrong. All the Friends in that Quaker village had advised him to sell, but sell he would not, and now he was facing failure!

Hester's uncle, Laban Holesworth, shared the general opinion. He disapproved of John Barney's calls upon his pretty niece, and told

Hester so when she fluttered in from her encounter with the young man.

"John Barney's a failure," Laban said, pushing his gold-rimmed spectacles up on his forehead. "Thee shouldn't encourage a trifling young man, Hester."

"I've always known John Barney, Uncle Laban," replied his niece, with her pink cheeks a little pinker than usual. "Thee wouldn't have me slight an old friend in misfortune?"

"Thee can always beat about the bush, niece. Thee shouldn't consider triflers; thee should prefer the sober youths."

"Friend Barney's very sober, Uncle Laban; he's just lost his willow crop."

Uncle Laban's mouth twitched at the corners, but he continued to look severely at the charming figure in the lilac calico.

"Friend Reuben Slater spoke to me to-day of thee, Hester Lavender," he said gravely. "Reuben's a godly young man and he's got a good business. He wishes thee to marry him."

Hester looked down, and folded a tuck in her white muslin apron.

"Thee'll please refuse him, Uncle Laban," she said calmly. "I don't want to marry Friend Slater."

"And why not? Thee can't do better."

"I can't love him; thee knows, Uncle Laban, that a girl can't love a man who looks like a chicken."

"I fail to see what thee means with thy nonsense. A man can't look like a chicken."

"Friend Slater does, Uncle Laban; he has a nose like a beak, and no chin, and he's red-dish. He's just like my old hen Jenny."

"I've no money to leave thee, Hester; it all

goes to my son and his children. And thy Aunt Hannah can't take care of thee. I want thee well married before I die."

Hester suddenly flung her soft arms round his neck. "Thee mustn't die! Thee knows I love thee so!"

"I'd oblige thee if I could," said Uncle Laban, with a grim smile, "but I'm getting old. Friend Slater's a good man, Hester, and thee should think twice. I'd hoped thy Aunt Lavender'd leave thee a little, instead of that silly bonnet! Don't be foolish like her, little Hester. I want thee to marry Friend Slater; promise me thee will."

Hester hid her face on his shoulder. "Will thee let me off a while, Uncle Laban? Just a year—before I promise?"

The old man stroked her hair. "I won't force thee, Hester, but I want thee safely married. Thee mustn't think of triflers, thee hears?"

"But thee doesn't mind if I think of workers, Uncle Laban? Of some one who is doing all he can and —and more?"

"Thee isn't silly enough to think thee's in love?" Uncle Laban almost shouted.

"I was thinking of my Aunt Lavender's old meeting bonnet," Hester said sweetly. "Does thee think she wanted me to wear it?"

"Thee can almost fib, niece! Go upstairs at once and think of Friend Slater!"

Hester went, but when she had locked the door of her room she did not think of Friend Slater; instead she went quickly to an old cupboard and took out a tall, flowered bandbox. It was tied neatly with ribbons and on one side was a plainly written card.

"To all whom it may concern:

"This is the meeting bonnet that I bequeathed, in my last will and testament, to my niece and namesake, Hester Lavender."

Hester had never worn the bonnet; she had never untied the strings of the flowered bandbox, for she had been half-angry and half-amused at Aunt Lavender for leaving her an old Quaker meeting bonnet. Now she slowly untied the bandbox and took out her legacy. It was the Quaker bonnet of fifty years ago, made of dove-colored silk, with a white lining and soft strings to tie under a dimpled chin.

Hester went to her looking-glass and tied the bow with deft fingers.

"Thee's wicked, Hester Lavender," she said to her image. "Thee should think of poor John and his basket willows, and thee can't help him—he wouldn't let thee if thee could! John Barney's so unkind to thee!"

Then, in spite of herself, she dimpled at the image in the mirror, for Hester Lavender in that old bonnet was quite the sweetest picture in the world. She was being worldly, but she could not help turning first one side and then the other to the mirror, and whichever way she turned the vision became more and more beguiling.

"Thee's very wicked," she said again, "but thee might try it and see how it looks in meeting!"

Two days later she was helping Aunt Hannah make the beaten biscuits, when John Barney's voice sounded at the gate.

"Hester!" he called. "Hester, can thee come out?"

"Hush! Thee'll wake Uncle Laban; he's napping!" Hester answered. "I can't come—I'm baking. What does thee want now?"

"Come to the window, so I can tell

thee." John's voice as he pleaded had a quiver of excitement in it.

Hester looked into the oven, then she came. "Thee mustn't be long, or I'll burn the biscuits."

But John was tense with excitement. "Hester, does thee remember what I said day before yesterday—that if I had money I'd succeed?"

"I remember thee said thee wouldn't take it if I had it to give thee, and —"

"O Hester, don't! I've got it. It came this morning from a friend. Two thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills, and just a paper saying, 'Thee can use this without fear. It's from one who believes in basket willows.'"

"O John!" she cried and clasped her hands. "Not really? Who does thee think gave it?"

"Some one who knew father." John was very sober and his face quivered. "Hester, I've got my chance. I'm going to have a crop that'll beat John Henry, thee'll see!"

"I'm—I'm glad, John, though thee was unkind about —"

"O Hester!" His face paled with earnestness. "Will thee wait?"

"For thee to grow willows?" she asked, looking at him demurely. "Thee knows I'll be glad to see thee do it."

"And—if I succeed? D-does thee remember, Hester, when thee named the daisy and pulled the petals, saying, 'Love me, love me little,' and I said —"

"We were very young and simple then, Friend Barney," said Hester severely. "I'm surprised thee thinks I remember —"

"But didn't thee name the daisy for —"

"Thee must smell those biscuits burning! Thee go and grow thy willows," said Hester, disappearing.

Poor John stood irresolute; to enter the kitchen might mean an encounter with Aunt Hannah, who did not approve of him; besides, did Hester mean —

But at that moment the charming head reappeared in the window. "Don't thee get discouraged with trifles, John Barney."

John's eyes flashed with hope. "Hester, does thee mean it?"

"I mean thee must go ahead and grow thy willows," Hester replied with a smile, and closed the shutters.

After that there was much work in John's meadows. The wisecracks of the town shook their heads. John was like his father, they said—all the Barney's were too full of crotchets to succeed. Uncle Laban Holesworth thought so, too, and sent Friend Slater to walk home with his niece. Meanwhile, Hester had nearly demoralized "silent meeting" by appearing in her Aunt Lavender's bonnet. Many of the Friends recognized it, and all of them knew that Hester in that bonnet was the most distracting vision that had ever cast a spell of sunshine and peachblow tinting on that staid and barren place. More than one of the younger members had a stiff neck from sitting sideways to catch a fleeting glimpse of her dimpled cheek and long, brown lashes.

Friend Reuben Slater, walking home with her, remarked upon her unusual headgear.

"They say thee has on thy Aunt Lavender's bonnet," he ventured mildly. "What's the matter with it, Hester?"

"If thee doesn't like my bonnet, thee needn't walk home with me, Friend Slater."

"Thee sometimes says unkind things, Hester. I meant to admire it."

"Thee'd better, for I'll wear it until—the willows bear in Friend Barney's meadows."

"Then thee'll wear it forever," said Reuben, vexed. "Friend Barney's a fool to puddle in the mud with willows. I mind that as a boy he had no sense."

"Doesn't thee remember that he licked thee once?"

"He was a bully," said Reuben, very red.

"Thee was the biggest, but thee didn't like to fight."

"Friends should not fight, thee knows."

"Nor talk behind a friend's back, Friend Slater."

"Thee has a sharp tongue to-day, Hester, and I'm hurt. Thee knows what I said to thy uncle, that I want thee to marry me?"

"I'm to have a year before I think of marrying, Uncle Laban promises."

"Thee'll think of me, Hester?" He was very eager now. "Thee knows I love thee."

"Thee's kind, but thee mustn't expect too much. In a year a girl thinks a lot, and, besides, I'm going to wear this bonnet, and thee doesn't like it."

"I'll buy thee plenty of bonnets if only thee'll marry me, Hester," he pleaded.

Hester had reached the home gate, and she stepped discreetly inside. "Friend Slater, I never cared for bonnets before, but now I'm so much in love with my Aunt Lavender's I can't begin to think of thee and thy bonnets."

True to her word, and quite aware how captivating she looked, Hester, to the amazement of the village, continued to wear that old dove-colored bonnet. But before the end of the year, and while the willow crop was only half grown, Uncle Laban died.

Sad days came then to little Hester Lavender, who had loved her uncle. She was an orphan, and, as he had said, all his property went

to his son and his widow. Hester got two hundred dollars and her uncle's last injunction to marry Reuben Slater—an injunction that was warmly supported by Reuben and Aunt Hannah. The widow was going West to live with her son's family; Hester would soon be adrift. While all that happened, John, toiling twenty miles away among his willows, made no sign. There was a little ache of doubt in Hester's heart. Perhaps, after all, she might better heed her uncle's admonition.

Reuben himself pleaded his cause with all the eloquence he had.

"Dear Hester, thee's had a year, and thee's worn thy bonnet right through it. Now, thee'll let me buy thy bonnets soon, won't thee?"

Whereupon, to poor Reuben's amazement, Hester burst into tears. He tried in vain to comfort her.

"Thee knows I love thee, Hester, but I haven't the gift of tongues. Thee must take me for granted."

"I—I can't!" she sobbed, and left him much bewildered.

Appealing to Aunt Hannah, Reuben got a champion. The old lady labored long and earnestly to persuade the girl from her folly.

"Why did thee act so?" she stormed at last. "Thee's silly, Hester Lavender. Reuben says thee ran out of the room."

"I couldn't help it. He—he looked just like Jenny!" sobbed Hester.

"I don't know what thee means," said Aunt Hannah, "but thee'll have to work for thy living if thee doesn't look sharp."

"I will. I'd like to, thee knows."

"I know thee's a silly little goose!"

That night Hester cried herself to sleep; it was three months since she had seen John, and she had heard that he went home from meeting with Ruth Southey. That night Hester came near burning up Aunt Lavender's meeting bonnet.

It was late the next day when Aunt Hannah came to Hester's door.

"That young man who tried to grow the basket willows and failed, thee remembers, Hester? He's downstairs in the parlor and asks for thee, but thee'd better remember Reuben Slater, and not waste thy time on triflers."

But Hester bathed her eyes, which were suspiciously red. "I hear he's to marry Ruth Southey," she said stiffly, "and thee knows I must wish him joy."

"Thee looks as if thee'd been crying. Don't let him see it; he might think thee cared, young men are so silly."

Hester went downstairs with a prim face.

"I hear thee is to be married, Friend Barney," she began.

"If thee'll have me, Hester!" he cried, and his old shyness suddenly vanished. "Hester—I've won! I got a splendid crop. I'm started now. Hester—dear, will thee?"

She turned from white to red. "O John—the basket willows! Thee—thee didn't love Ruth, then?"

"Thee knows who I love, Hester. Thee'll marry me now?"

It was a quiet wedding. Friend Slater sent a suitable gift, but there was no one there except the two families. Yet when Hester came downstairs dressed to be married, Aunt Hannah cried out in amazement, for there on her head was Aunt Lavender's old meeting bonnet.

"John Barney," said Aunt Hannah, who had been reconciled to the young man, "make her take off that bonnet! Does thee think it good enough for Hester?"

"No, I don't. The most beautiful bonnet in the world wouldn't be good enough for her."

"If thee marries me," Hester said calmly, "thee marries me in my Aunt Lavender's meeting bonnet."

"Bless it!" said John hastily. "If it comes to that, I'd marry thee in a teakettle."

Aunt Hannah held up despairing hands. "Thee's as mad as Hester!"

The bride was lovely in her Quaker dress and her quaint bonnet; John was a proud bridegroom. The wedding cake was cut, the rice thrown, and in the mellow evening sunshine the bride and bridegroom drove home. For a while they did not speak,—words are such poor things!—but when they saw, at last, the old house that John loved and the fields that had just yielded the great crop, they looked at each other with radiant eyes.

"Hester, does thee remember, thee told me to try again?"

"Does thee remember thee said thee wouldn't

take help from a girl, and I said thee couldn't, because I had nothing but my Aunt Lavender's old bonnet?"

"Is that why thee would wear it? I remember thee wanted to help me, but —"

"But thee had it of a friend instead?"

"Did I not?" John glowed with pride. "Don't I wish I knew him? I'd pay him back and love him forever!"

"Thee wouldn't take it from me, but from him; thee rejoiced that I had only a bonnet!"

SERMONS IN STONES

By Andy Adams



REED'S settlement lay at the head of the Cache la Poudre Valley in Colorado. To the west the foothills of the Rockies jutted up to the creek, and there were broad meadows between the bluffs. The sheltered cove, which was well watered with springs, had naturally attracted the first emigrants.

The Civil War drove many men westward. At the close of that struggle a number of families that lived in one of the border states decided to move to a new country and try to mend their shattered fortunes. The colonists elected Isaiah Reed as their captain and, taking their cattle and belongings, moved West until they reached the arid regions; there they turned northward and continued their journey until they arrived at Cache la Poudre Valley.

Anxious father asked Zach Reed, the oldest son of the settlement leader, to go back to the camp in his place. The boy was only fifteen years old, but he had made the trip once with a pack train and, barring accident, could easily reach the outpost in a day's travel. Since all the men were at the camp, Zach was the best messenger that Temple could choose.

"Do you remember the trail?" Enoch asked the boy the evening before he started. "It has rained and snowed on the mountain since the pack train went over. What landmarks do you recall?"

"Yes, I know the way," said Zach. "I remember the blazed trail round the falls on Oak Creek, and where you drop down to avoid the slide rock on Red Mountain, and the game trails near the summit."

"Humph! Three landmarks in thirty miles," said Enoch doubtfully. "Well, I'll have to send you anyhow. Be ready at daybreak."

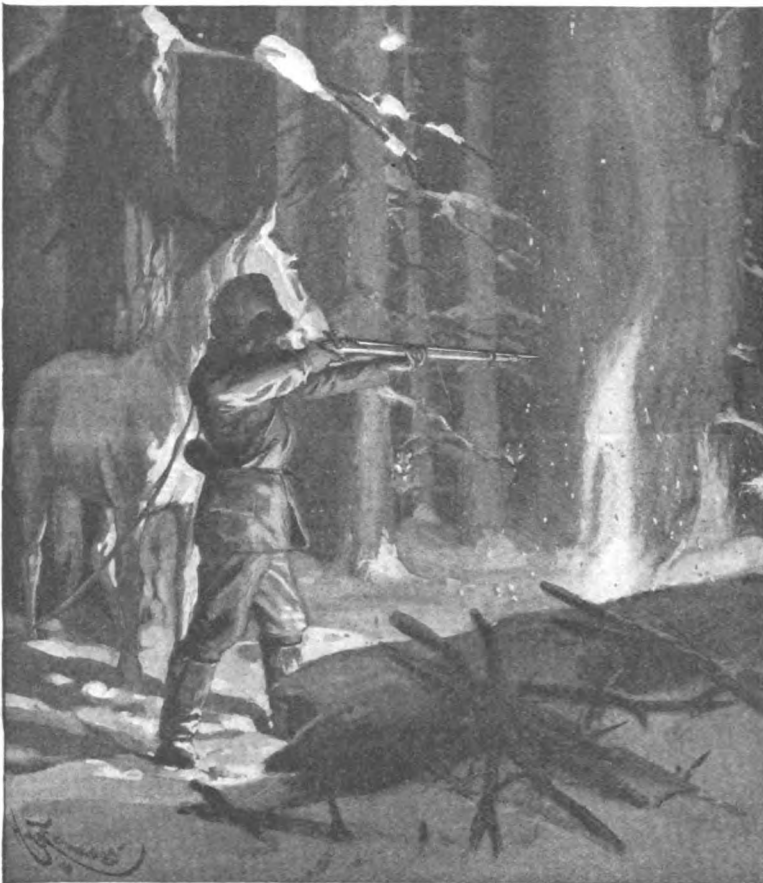
It was an anxious night in the settlement, for a crisis had come in the fever of the child. Enoch left the bedside only for a few minutes at daybreak to give a final word of advice to the departing messenger.

Zach had prepared to take an old and almost useless gun that his father had given him.

"Leave that old musket at home," said Enoch. "It means ten pounds extra weight on your horse, and scaling the mountain will call for the best that's in him. You'll have to make a forced ride to reach the camp before night. All you need to take along is a little food."

"At our night camp this spring, coming out, we heard wolves howling below the timber line," protested the boy. "They came up within a few hundred yards of our

DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS



HE FIRED THE MUSKET AT THEM, THEN RELOADED AND FIRED IT AGAIN AND AGAIN

The members of the party were greatly attracted by the peaceful spot and decided to settle there.

Even to the fourth year after their arrival the men of Reed's settlement relied largely on their rifles for clothing and food. They soon discovered that in the parks just over the front range of mountains there ranged mountain bison—excellent in flesh and vastly superior for robes to the buffalo of the plains.

The settlers hailed the discovery with delight. A good horse could cross the mountain and arrive at the parks in a day, and a pack train could easily make the trip in two days. The mountain bison could only be hunted on foot, by stealth, as they came in the winter to the shelter of the parks. In the late fall and early winter, therefore, the men established a camp in the mountains, where they could cure the meat and dress the robes. When the hunting season was at its height, all of the men left the valley and joined in the work.

During the second fall Enoch Temple, one of the hunters, unexpectedly returned to the settlement. While crossing a mountain stream near the parks one of the pack horses had slipped on a mossy rock and fallen, and before it could scramble to its feet half of its load of salt had been washed away. As salt was necessary in curing the meat, Temple had returned to the settlement to get a new supply. The men at the camp expected him back on the evening of the third day.

Temple found his youngest daughter sick, and during the night the child grew worse. The next day brought no improvement, and her



camp, and our horses pulled their picket pins and rushed up to the fire. I want that gun."

"All right, then, take it; but get started inside of ten minutes. You've got a long ride."

"I've filled one of your pockets with chipped venison and the other with cold biscuit," said Mrs. Reed, as she handed Zach his coat when he was ready to mount, "and in the inside pocket you'll find the needle and thread that your father forgot. Mr. Temple, do you think that he'll be safe?"

"If he'll only use his wits. Here, take my flint and steel, and if anything happens you can build a fire."

"Oh, I won't need it. It's going to be a fine day, and I'll make the camp before sunset."

"Take it," Enoch insisted, and he handed Zach the flint and steel. "Keep your wits about you. Follow the trail like a hound; and if you lose it, any old game trail will lead you to the pass at the summit. Rest your horse an hour several miles this side of the pass, below timber line. And tell your father I'll return the moment I can."

Temple returned to the bedside of his daughter, and Zach Reed, with the unshaken confidence of a boy, rode away on his errand.

The trail led up Oak Creek, and he dismounted at several pools where the men had

caught trout when coming out with the pack train in the spring. He was sure that he had plenty of time, and he said to himself that going over the pass was an easy little trip, in spite of the fact that Enoch Temple had tried to make him think that it was hard. He wished that he had brought along his line and hooks, for he could see fish in the clear water. Once he dismounted at the edge of a thicket and succeeded in killing a pair of grouse, which he tied to his saddle strings. He watched the squirrels cutting down pine cones for their winter stores. Every voice of the mountain called him, and he loitered on the way more than he realized.

Suddenly he saw a snowflake drifting by and, looking up, noticed for the first time that there were clouds overhead. Speaking to the horse, he hurried on. Storms on the mountain were to be expected at this time of year, he said to himself, but probably it was merely a flurry.

It was only when the trail began to fill with soft snow while every step of his horse was carrying him higher into the mountains that he took alarm. Then the very air filled with swirling snow, and almost in an instant, it seemed, the trail completely vanished. He turned back and searched for it, but the snowflakes blinded him and he only became more confused.

He fortunately blundered into a small park, and his horse instinctively turned to the sheltered side of the opening, which was surrounded by a heavy growth of pine. With the flint and steel and a bit of punk Zach kindled a fire in the hollow of a fallen tree. He was lost, and he knew that it would be useless to try to find his way in the swirling storm. He unsaddled his horse, gathered a good supply of wood and found a dry place for his saddle and gun under the boughs of a pine.

The snow fell unrelentingly. For supper the boy spitted a grouse over live coals, and made a good meal. The food cheered him, but when darkness set in loneliness gripped his heart. And then, without warning, wolves began to howl on the farther side of the park, and his horse snorted with fear. Zach immediately threw more wood on the fire and loaded the old musket.

A night of vigil began. Toward midnight the wolves became very bold; Zach saw their eyes in the shadows of the timber. He fired the musket at them, then reloaded and fired it again and again. At each shot the horse bolted, but instantly returned to the protection of the fire. Long before dawn the boy had exhausted his ammunition and had to rely on his bottle of resinous pine to keep the wolves at bay.

But his supply of wood was diminishing, and as the fire burned lower the wolves came nearer. They moved back and forth, snarling in the darkness within a stone's throw of the light. They seemed to be drawing in for an attack. In the dark hour before dawn Zach was on the point of saddling his horse and taking to the open park; but the fire had proved such a refuge that he was reluctant to leave it. Fearing to go for more wood, he used his remaining fuel sparingly. He determined to sell his life dearly.

While he was still expecting an assault the morning light began to come. Presently the horse wandered into the park and, pawing away the snow, began to feed. It took the boy some time to realize that the wolves had gone.

Daybreak showed a whitened mountain side. Snow lay a foot deep in the park, and the branches of the pines were drooping under their load. Zach broiled his remaining grouse and ate his last biscuit. Which way the trail lay was a mystery. While the horse foraged for his breakfast, his rider hovered over the fire and tried to think what to do.

As Zach meditated on his plight, a flood of thoughts swept through his mind. Why was he more helpless than his horse? The animal, timid as a lamb, feared the wolves, but was the first to know when they had gone. He noticed that the animal kept lifting his head, scanning the horizon and scenting the air. Once the horse turned, stared for a moment as if attracted by some object, and then quietly fell to feeding again. The boy felt certain that the animal had noticed some unusual object, and, peering through the branches of a pine, he saw a doe and two fawns enter the park and come almost directly toward him.

The doe passed within thirty steps of the fire, where Zach stood silently watching her. It was no use to pick up the old musket, for the last charge had gone to frighten the wolves. One of the fawns scented the smoke and turned off his course to investigate. He came up within twenty steps of the fire, then, catching a scent that was new to him, dashed off to join his mother and his mate. Holding her course unalarmed, the doe passed out of sight with her fawns.

"If I had only saved a single charge of powder," Zach said to himself bitterly, "I should have had venison enough to last me a whole week. Now I must go hungry."

He put wood on the fire and then stood gazing up and down the mountain side in the hope of seeing a landmark. He decided at last to trail the old doe a short distance. Where the trail left the park he noticed the tracks of other does and fawns that had evidently passed about daybreak, after the wolves had left. At

that, he remembered the saying of Enoch Temple: in case he lost his way, any old game trail would lead him to the pass at the summit. If old game trails, why not fresh ones?

Running back to the fire, Zach saddled his horse and took up the trail of the doe and the fawns. He felt sure that he had spent the night somewhere near the point where Enoch Temple had cautioned him to rest his horse before attempting the last stage to the summit.

A day and a night had taught Zach Reed a severe lesson. Now he was alert and, while he followed the trail of the doe, nothing escaped his notice. The course led constantly higher, and the laboring of his horse became severe. He dismounted and for more than an hour floundered up the forest slope. He noticed that the pines were becoming more and more stunted, and he at last sighted sentinel peaks ahead. Soon afterwards he reached the timber line.

The sun shone forth, and all was clear. As he neared the pass the snow deepened, and the

fresh trails of many animals converged into one. Hundreds of deer and at least several bands of elk had crossed the saddle to the sunny mountain slopes beyond. The doe had led the bewildered boy to the coveted pass.

Looking southwest from the saddle between the sentinel mountains that hedged in the pass, he saw the parks beyond, where the hunting camp was. Evidently the storm had been light on the western slope, for the parks were bare of snow. As the trail was blazed on bordering trees, young Zach had little trouble in following it down the mountain. In fact, the boy soon noticed that his horse could follow the trail under the snow, and so gave the animal free rein. Since a doe had shown Zach the way, he trusted his horse with increasing confidence.

Halfway down the mountain he met two men. They had started out from the hunting camp to look for Enoch Temple, whose failure to appear had alarmed the hunters. At a word

of explanation from Zach they turned back. On the way the boy explained his delay and told his experiences of the night.

"You ought to feel friendly to that old doe," said one of the men as they rode along.

"I do," said Zach. "And I'm glad, now, that I wasted my powder on the wolves."

"All you needed to keep off the wolves was a firebrand," said the other hunter; "better off without a gun."

"That's what Mr. Temple said. If I had taken his advice, I'd have been over the pass before the storm struck yesterday. This trip has taught me a few things."

The next day Enoch Temple forged his way up to the pass. In the settlement they had seen the storm come up and had feared for the safety of the boy. Enoch read in the snow the story of Zach's night on the mountain and how he found the trail in the morning. Then he returned to the settlement. His child was better, but he did not yet wish to leave her.

OBLIGATIONS OF CITIZENSHIP



By William E. Borah



NOT the least among the evils of the great war, so far as our own country is concerned, is the fact that it has diverted attention from our domestic affairs. It has virtually excluded from the press and from the public mind the consideration of all questions other than those that concern the gigantic conflict. We can hope, however, that, after this world crisis is ended and after we have made a start in bringing order out of chaos, we shall turn our attention to our vital and imminent home questions.

We cannot begin too soon to consider them, and we shall have to deal with them in thorough fashion. We must examine original principles and give some attention to the things that we have too long taken for granted. While striving after new things we need to turn back and consider some of the old and simple principles of good government.

One thing that is entitled to our consideration is the indifference in these days of so large a part of our well-to-do and responsible people to the primary duties and obligations of citizenship. Men who are among the best qualified by training and experience and who have the most time to give to public questions and to selecting fit candidates for public office have got into the habit of passing over such matters with perfunctory attention. Some even entirely disregard their duty in that respect.

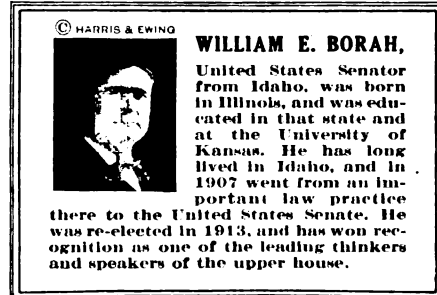
THE GREAT STAY-AT-HOME VOTE

MANY of us seem no longer to appreciate the right of a citizen to assist in selecting those agents upon whose conduct depends the welfare of the state and of the nation. The power to spend the public funds, to regulate the amount of taxes, to form our national policies, is in the hands of those to the selection of whom thousands—and the number increases each year—give no thought whatever.

In one state alone, in a recent presidential election, after a most thorough and somewhat exciting canvass, more than a hundred thousand voters remained away from the polls. So utterly lacking were they in a sense of duty, and in the inspiration that should come to all who witness the choosing of a chief magistrate for a hundred millions of people, that they failed to record their views or preferences as to who he should be. If they were unable to make a choice, it was a sad comment on their intellect; and if, having a choice, they were too much engrossed with purely personal affairs to record it, it was a conclusive verdict on the quality of their citizenship.

In fact our most important elections are often decided by the stay-at-home vote. The course of the government, its policies, our entire administration of public affairs, turn in effect upon the indifference of the citizen. The evils that flow from his neglect of those primary duties may be said to be the beginning of all those evils that seem ever to accompany free government. If the people were as vigilant about choosing their public servants as they are about choosing their corporate officers or their trusted employees, it would be virtually impossible for extravagance or "graft" or the many evils of "bossism" to exist under our form of government.

We have given much attention of late to what is called a movement for popular government. We have considered the advisability of incorporating into our system of government the initiative, the referendum and the recall. We have at times become violent in expressing a desire for what we choose to call more effective instrumentalities of government; apparently we have coveted greater obligations and more manifold and complex duties. Putting aside for a time the question of the benefits to be derived from adopting and using such instrumentalities of government,



the question remains, Would we use them if we had them? Would they not lie like tools by our side, rusting and cumbersome?

It would seem that if the people were greatly concerned over any one thing above all others, it would be in framing the constitution of their commonwealth—their charter of government, with which all laws and institutions are to conform and the spirit and wisdom of which enter into the moral fibre of the community. The constitution fixes the rights of the whole people, defines and circumscribes them, supposedly for many years ahead. No provision should ever be written into a state or national constitution that is not of sufficient worth and of such general application as to make it in a large measure a fundamental and permanent principle of human conduct.

But an examination of the votes on the adoption of state constitutions, and especially on the adoption of important amendments to state constitutions, discloses the fact that less than one third of the qualified voters of most states signified their preferences in the matter. The figures reveal a shameless and indefensible betrayal by the citizen of his first duty to society, to his neighbor, to the state and to the general government.

We cannot study the statistics of those votes without concluding that what we need in this country above all other things is an old-fashioned revival of civic righteousness—the thorough preaching of the gospel of civic responsibility. The power and the influence of a state depend, not on the manifold laws on its statute books, or on the number of complex and experimental theories that it tries, or yet on the omnipotent care of an expensive bureaucracy, but rather on the earnest, sustained, vigilant use of the instrumentalities at hand and on the faithful observance of every obligation that binds the citizen to the community, to the state and to the country.

A long and arduous struggle has been going on to establish permanently the direct primary system, the object of which is to place in the hands of the people the privilege of selecting those who are later to stand for election. That there was a great agitation for it on behalf of the people is well known, yet the indifference to its privileges and its use has been conspicuous. Before a true test could demonstrate its wisdom or unwisdom it was utterly disregarded. With a few exceptions the vote at the primary has been shamefully small. The fight for the repeal of the primary law has already begun, and the strongest argument, or at least the argument most effectually advanced, is that it is not being used.

A STORY OF SAMUEL ADAMS

THE demand for the primary system and the failure to use it when once it had been obtained are another illustration of the common belief that the mere enacting of a law will of itself bring the desired relief. It is a weakness in the people to covet more power than they have the energy or public spirit to use. A great and growing people are entitled to every advance in government that foresight and wisdom can devise, but it is indispensable that they keep pace with all those things and meet in full measure the responsibility that their advance in government imposes.

Unfortunately, as communities grow, governments become, not simpler, but more complex, and moreover the interest of the citizen in public affairs too often diminishes. There can be no such thing as efficiency and permanence in free institutions except through the continuous and unbroken interest of the people at large in all matters of public concern.

The story is told that at the time Massachusetts was considering the ratification of the Federal Constitution, Samuel Adams, the noble pioneer of American independence, was wavering in his support. The mechanics and workingmen of Boston called a meeting at the old Green Dragon Tavern and passed resolutions earnestly urging that the Constitution be ratified and adopted. Those resolutions they put into the hands of a brass founder to be delivered to Mr. Adams.

"How many were present when these resolutions were adopted?" asked Adams.

"More, sir, than the Green Dragon would hold," said the sturdy mechanic.

"And where were the rest?"

"In the street," replied the brass founder.

That casts a significant side light on that crucial period when we were engaged in the task of bringing strength out of feebleness and order out of chaos by establishing a national government. What could be more interesting than to see the mechanics of Boston solemnly considering and discussing the most remarkable document, as it has been called, that any body of men ever put forth? The same serious and constant consideration of matters of public concern by the same class of people is essential to every hour of the existence of the government.

If the better class of citizens or a large part of them remain away from the primary or the election booth, and if at the same time those who profit by dishonest politics attend, as they surely will, the short ballot will be wholly ineffective to accomplish what its supporters hope it may accomplish.

VANITY OF UNUSED REFORMS

IT is time that the responsibility for bad men in office, for "invisible government," for venal and corrupt practices in public servants, be put upon those whose neglect of duty enables evil influences to control the election. The better element is always in the majority in every community and can always control the situation if it desires to do so. When things get insupportably bad and the people are thoroughly aroused, how quickly are desirable changes brought about! But when the people seem to have disposed of the particular condition that thus arouses them, they fall back into a state of indifference and let the sinister influences have the field again.

Truly, eternal vigilance is the price of good government. We cannot find or enjoy it through any other means. Our blessed old republic was not framed for laggards or cowards, but for brave men and women ever and always alive to the duties and obligations that rest upon them as citizens.

We seem sometimes to labor under the strange belief that legislation can take the place of that individual exertion required of a citizen. We discover some new evil and immediately become excited over the passage of a new statute, and then we leave the statute to execute itself. We see the workings of the "invisible government," realize the demoralizing tendencies, and urge ballot reform. But a short ballot is no better than a long ballot if we leave both to the use of those whose interests are sustained by the emoluments and favors of "invisible government."

Of course wise legislation is indispensable in the growth and advancement of a people. Adapting laws and constitutions to the civic and economic changes of an energetic people

is one of the most important as well as one of the hardest tasks that the statesman has to perform; but no code of laws can be wise enough to bring good government unless the citizen gives his constant attention and interest. The lesson that we must learn again in this country is that, although we can have some kind of government without individual sacrifice of time and effort, we cannot have a republic. A republic presupposes an activity and interest commensurate with the power and opportunity of the individual citizen.

A short time ago I read a book designed to disclose the distrust that our fathers had in the people at the time our government was formed. The book leaves the impression on the reader that the makers of the Constitution conspired against popular interest and popular rights. I venture to say, however, that no men ever trusted the people more profoundly than the men who framed the Federal Constitution.

At the time our government was framed and submitted to the people for approval free government was looked upon as the dream of enthusiasts. To transfer sovereignty from the rulers to the people was in itself regarded as the theory of madmen. To build and put into operation against the world's prejudices and beliefs, and in the face of countless centuries of disaster and ruin, a strong and stable government, the sole sovereignty of which was to be in the people, was the gigantic task of those men.

What they did was so far in advance of anything that had gone before that it met

on every hand with doubt and discredit, if not with mockery and derision. And never until our institutions were tested in the crucible of civil conflict did the world at large believe that the work of the fathers could endure.

To my way of thinking, no body of men ever showed higher faith in the patriotism and self-governing capacity of the people than they who finally said, "This is the wisest and best we can do, and it is submitted to the people for approval." Time has demonstrated that some changes in that form of government were essential to meet the changing conditions of social and economic life. But in its fundamental conception and in its fundamental principle it was a manifestation of the most profound confidence in the people.

But the whole vast structure depends for its efficiency on the constant attention and unwearied fidelity of the individual citizen. The question in these days is not whether the work of the fathers was efficient and wise, but rather whether we are prepared to live up to the responsibilities and the ideals required for successfully carrying on the government that they framed.

If we are prepared to do our duty, we shall be the happiest, most prosperous and best-governed people on the face of the earth. But unless each citizen is interested enough to perform his duties to the state and to the nation, we may pass laws and continue to pass laws, we may make our government more popular and more responsive, and still suffer the ten thousand evils that flow from the maladministration of government.

violence that made Nathan hesitate; it was the dominating power of the soul that looked out from Ralph's eyes.

The engine bell rang. The slow puffing of the locomotive began. The train moved out, increasing in speed as it went, until the last car swept by. Still Nathan stood motionless and silent. At last he wavered, and Ralph, who thought he was going to fall, slipped his arm under that of his friend and turned his face toward the hill.

"We'll go back home," he said.

They went by unfrequented streets, where they would meet few people. Some workmen going early to work turned and looked back at them and laughed. Nathan winced but said nothing. At University Place the two young men turned and went in toward the campus. When they reached Dean Robinson's house they stopped. The shades were still drawn, but smoke was rising from a chimney.

With his arm still locked in that of his companion, Ralph started to mount the steps.

"Where are you going?" Nathan asked.

"We're going to have it out with the dean."

Disreputable in face and clothing as he was, Nathan did not demur. His power to protest was gone. Ralph rang the bell, and the dean himself came to the door, fully dressed. He motioned them to enter. They followed him down the hall and into his study, where a wood fire was burning on the hearth. Nathan instinctively took a chair where he could crouch over the warm blaze.

"I've been expecting you," the dean said to Ralph. "I heard that you were out looking for him, and I knew you would find him and bring him here."

"Yes, I found him at the Union Station. He was about to take a train out of the city. He himself did not know where he was going. I induced him to change his mind. I have not asked him a question. I do not know where he has been or what he has done. You gave me three days to bring him back. This is the morning of the second day."

The dean looked at the speaker inquiringly. "Was not that before this final break?"

"Yes, but it was this final break that brought him to the end of the road. He has turned back. He needs help now as he never needed it before, as he never will need it again. Dean Robinson, you can save him."

The dean sat and gazed long and thoughtfully into the fire. The sense of college discipline, which he must maintain, and his own human sympathy and love, which he could not keep back, were warring against each other.

and now stood erect; the light of devotion and determination was in his eyes.

The dean turned again to Ralph.

"Will you vouch for him?" he asked.

"With all my heart."

"That's all this morning," the dean said, rising. "I promise you nothing, Orchard. The matter may be taken entirely out of my hands. Take Brill to his room. Keep him there for at least two days. As soon as he is able set him to work. After that, if you hear nothing from me send him to his classes."

"Dean —"

"Not a word. Take him away."

But he shook hands with both young men, and led the way to the street door.

The college walks were still deserted. The fog was scattering, and the April sun was flooding the campus with the yellow glow of morning. Birds were chirping in the trees, which were just coming into bud. On the broad sweep of lawn a thousand gems of dew were glistening. On all things lay the touch of glorious spring.

From a window the dean watched the two young men until they entered Allingham Hall; then he went back to his study, sat down at his table and wrote a telegram to Nathan's father.

Adam Brill had already received the letter that the dean had written to him. It reached him on the evening after Nathan's disappearance. The letter was brief and to the point. It read:

Your son has reached a point where dismissal is only a matter of days. I think it extremely advisable that you should come on here at once. When you reach the city, call on me.

Arlington E. Robinson, Dean.

The letter was not wholly unexpected. There had been previous warnings. Within two weeks Brill had written to his son a peremptory demand that he should mend his ways. Since then he had had no word from him. Whether the silence boded good or ill he did not know; but as the days went by his fear had grown and robbed him of all comfort and rest. When the dean's letter came, Adam Brill knew that he must face the inevitable. His boy's college career had doubtless come to an inglorious end. Bitterly and cruelly disappointed, he had only to gaze on the wreck of his hopes. It would be a sorry journey for him to the university town.

He went to bed, but not to sleep. Unhappy thoughts and miserable forebodings drove all sleep from him the whole night long. At eight o'clock the next morning his horse was harnessed and at the door. Bag in hand he went down the walk to the gate. The lawn on either side of him was fresh with the tender green of spring. Lilac buds were purpling at the fence. From beyond the meadows came the rippling noise of running water. Over all the sun shone. But Brill saw nothing of the splendor of the April morning.

Then flying down the road from Little Bethel came a boy on horseback with a telegram for Brill. As Adam started to open it his face turned a shade more gray, for he knew that it was from Dean Robinson. It read:

Son in good hands. Hopeful outlook. Do not come unless I advise you later.

He drew a long breath, replaced the telegram in its envelope and thrust it into his pocket.

"Put the horse up, Jim," he said to the man who stood waiting. "I won't go to-day."

Jim stepped into the wagon and drove the horse back up the lane toward the barn. The messenger from Little Bethel swung round and went lazily up the road.

But Brill did not reënter his house. He stood there by the stepping-stone on which his bag rested and looked off across the fields toward the river. Then he took the telegram from his pocket and read it again.

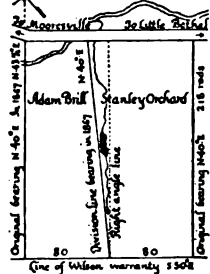
As he was folding it for the second time Stanley Orchard came sauntering up the road. Brill did not see him at first. It was only when he heard footsteps on the hard side path that he looked round. There was a smile on Orchard's face as he approached, and the thought flashed through Brill's mind that Orchard knew of the sad crisis in Nathan's college career, and was gloating over his knowledge.

"Good morning, Adam! It's a fine day." Through all their twenty years of differences and antagonisms Orchard had never failed to greet his rich neighbor on meeting him, except on that one morning at the station when Ralph had started for college. Brill gave a nod of recognition and Orchard passed on. It was strange, Adam thought, that his neighbor should be careless and light-hearted when disaster was looming ahead of him; for it was now a foregone conclusion that the ejectment suit would be decided at the coming June term of the county court in favor of Brill, and that Stanley Orchard would be dispossessed of the home in which he had lived for almost twenty years.

As Brill gazed after the retreating figure the question that Nathan had propounded to him on Christmas night came again into his mind,

NORTH FORTY EAST

By Homer Greene
In Ten Chapters Chapter Eight



IT was not at first apparent to Ralph whether Nathan realized who it was that had stopped to speak to him, or whether he had assumed his gruff

train of coaches behind it slowed down and stopped. People crowded about the steps of the cars. In the confusion no one noticed the two young men moving down the platform and stopping at the entrance to the first coach.

To Ralph the moment was appalling. What should he do? Restrain him by force? Call an officer? It was a matter of life or death for a soul. It was time to act. He gave a sudden

manner to discourage advances, even from a friend. Yet he did not try to shake off the firm hand that had been laid on his shoulder.

"I want you," Ralph repeated. "Come along with me."

"No," replied Nathan, "I can't. I'm waiting for a train."

He had lost his overcoat, and the penetrating April morning air had chilled him through.

"You're not going away?"

"I am going away."

"Where?"

"I don't know. Anywhere. The farther the better."

"You have no money."

"I'll beat my way."

"Oh, no! You're coming back up on the hill with me, to get warm and to sleep. And when you're rested we'll talk it over."

"There's nothing to talk over. Oh, I know. It's all up with me. I stretched the thing to the limit and it broke; that's all."

"It's not all up with you, Nate. There's a way out. There's always a way out. Come with me and I'll prove it to you."

"You're kind," Nathan's voice took on its old, affectionate tone. "You're kind, but it's useless. I know. The hill is gossiping. The dean is scandalized. He has written to my father. I'm going. The sooner I'm gone the sooner the whole thing will be forgotten. I've disgraced everyone who ever cared for me."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Ralph. "The dean told me he would do anything on earth to save you."

"The dean is the best-hearted man in the world; but it's too late. I've got beyond it."

It seemed useless to try to reason with him, so complete was his despair; but Ralph had not yet exhausted his methods of appeal.

"You'll break your father's heart," he said. Nathan stood for a moment in silence.

"My father will come here," he said slowly; "that's one reason why I'm going. I can't face him."

"Nor can I face my mother and tell her that I stood here with you like this and let you go."

"Your mother, yes; there's the rub. It'll hurt her, I know. But when she learns what I've done already, she'll never want to see me again anyway. It's no use, Ralph, I'm going. The train's coming now. Good-by, old man!"

He held out his hand to Ralph, and started down the platform, limping a little as he walked. Ralph took the outstretched hand in one of his, but still retained his grip on Nathan's shoulder. With rumble and roar the engine went sliding by them, and the long

DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER



IN A FLASH BRILL REALIZED THAT HE HELD IN HIS HANDS A FIELD BOOK THAT HAD ONCE BELONGED TO CLEM OWENS

wrench to his companion's shoulder and swung him round so that they stood face to face.

"Nate," he cried, "I won't have it! I don't deserve it. You're treating me worse than you would treat a dog. This is the one big thing I've ever asked of you, and I tell you you've got to give it to me. Do you hear? You've got to give it to me."

Nathan looked at him wonderingly. He had never before seen his friend in such an outburst, except possibly on that day on the hill when Ralph had told him to go. The memory of that incident flashed now across his mind.

"I know, Ralph; you've been a thousand brothers to me, but —"

"And I'll be a thousand brothers to you yet, if you'll only be fair and decent with me. You can't go on that train. I'll knock you down first. I'm in dead earnest, I tell you."

He had taken his hand from his companion's shoulder, and his fists were clenched at his sides. But it was not the fear of physical

"I don't know," he said at last. "There will be a faculty meeting this morning. If there were any excuse, any defense, any explanation — Brill, what have you to say?"

The young man roused himself.

"I've no defense. I've earned my punishment, and I'll take it without a word."

But Ralph interrupted. "He's had his punishment. He'll feel the pain of it for years. He's in my hands now. I've brought him back this far; I want to take him the rest of the way."

"What have you to say, Brill?"

"Nothing—except that it's true as he says," answered Nathan humbly. "I'm in his hands. I'm asking nothing for myself. I deserve nothing—except punishment. But whatever he wants me to do, here or elsewhere, I'm going to do it. That I promise. He's done a thing for me that no one else on earth would have done, or could have done. He can ask anything he wants of me and he shall have it."

He had risen from his chair as he spoke

as it had come many times since the boy had asked it: "Is it worth while?" Was it indeed worth while to pursue relentlessly as he had done, as he intended to do, this simple-minded neighbor whose only fault was his reckless indifference to the serious business of life and whose only vice was the wagging of his boastful and irritating tongue?

Since that winter night, the memory of which clung to him with a strange persistence, Brill had gradually been losing his zest in the pursuit of his adversary. The contemplated pleasure in his coming victory was growing ever and ever less keen in his mind. The grim joy of the hunt was palling on his taste. But at this stage of the pursuit he could not afford to give up and stand beaten and humiliated in the eyes of all his neighbors. If wrath and resentment were disappearing, pride remained and forced him on.

Orchard was indeed light-hearted as he passed on leisurely up the road toward his home. The beauty of the spring morning appealed to him. As he walked, he whistled a response to the happy birds that seemed to be calling to him from the trees. In this glorious April sunlight impending disaster seemed to him far away. He knew what his fate was to be as well as his rich adversary did, but he thought of it to-day as only one of the many misfortunes that had followed him all his life, from which there was no way of escape. In his own words, he was "ready to grin and bear it."

The important thing was that, no matter what disaster might fall upon him, the royal road to learning along which his son was making such splendid progress could not now be successfully blocked.

At a turn in the road Orchard, looking ahead, saw Old Tompkins hobbling toward him. When they came abreast of each other the old man stopped, leaned with both hands on his cane and looked up without speaking.

"Well, Tompkins," said Orchard, "how's the walking this morning?"

"Jest as good fer me as 'tis fer you."

Orchard laughed.

"And better for Clem Owens," continued the old man, "than 'tis fer either of us. He's dead."

"What? Clem Owens dead?"

"Yep; died twenty minutes pas' five this mornin'. Bfuk the compac'."

"The what?"

"The confidential compac' 'twix' him and me which was to las' till death do us part."

"You don't say so?"

"Essackly. Ain't nothin' hid now that shall not be made known."

"Guess that old survey book of his is hid good and safe, all right."

Old Tompkins gave a cackling laugh.

"Stanley, you 'member how I done chores fer ye when ye was sick las' spring?"

"Sure I remember it. Gave you twenty-five cents a day."

"That's right. And when it come to where ye could use a man fer a full day's work ye jumped over me and hired Abe Groner fer a dollar forty. 'Member it?"

"Why, Tompkins, you couldn't do a full day's work to save your soul!"

"Mebbe I could and mebbe I couldn't. Didn't git no chance to try. It's a long lane 't has no turn, eh, Stanley?"

"That's foolish, Tompkins. I had to hire some one that would give me my money's worth."

"Jes' so! When ye want some val'able information, Stanley, jes' you go to Abe Groner and git your money's worth."

The old man shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed down the road so intently that Orchard, too, turned to look in the same direction; but nothing unusual was to be seen.

"What are you driving at this morning, anyway, Tompkins?" asked Orchard.

Old Tompkins put his curved hand to his mouth and whispered shrilly, "Nawth fawty east, eh, Stanley? Nawth fawty east."

He looked quizzically at Orchard, laughed a little, and then turned his face down the road and hobbled on. Orchard stood for a moment gazing after him and wondering at his foolish resentment; and then he, too, laughed a little and turned and went his way.

When Old Tompkins reached Adam Brill's place, he opened the gate and went up the path to the house, with his cane clattering noisily on the flagged walk. Brill was seated on his side veranda still considering his controversy with Stanley Orchard. He had determined to carry his case at law to its inevitable conclusion; his self-respect demanded it. His lawyer had told him that his case was perfect—if Clem Owens' old notes of survey did not turn up in the hands of his adversary. The possibility that such an unfortunate thing might happen had of late given him some uneasiness. Suppose at the trial of the case Orchard's lawyer should suddenly produce the notebook, prove it and put it in evidence? There would be a quick and disastrous ending of his suit. He would have to meet the gibes of Stanley Orchard and the ridicule of the whole community.

That the book should turn up was of course a remote possibility, for he had searched the township over for it without finding any clue;

but suppose it should appear? Those thoughts were passing through his mind when he saw Old Tompkins come clattering up the walk. Without any invitation from Brill the old man climbed to the veranda and seated himself in a chair.

"Goin' to be a right fine day," he said, when he had recovered his breath.

"Looks like it," replied Brill shortly, for he was not greatly pleased at the intrusion.

"Hear about Clem Owens dyin'?"

Brill faced the old man with awakening interest.

"No. Is Clem dead?"

"Yep. Died this mornin' at twenty minutes pas' five. Bfuk the compac'."

"So Owens was dead. Might not his death in some unexpected way reveal the whereabouts of the old notebook? The thought disturbed him so much that for the moment he did not realize the oddity of Old Tompkins' remark

about the compac. When his mind did recur to it, he asked, "What was it you said about a compac?"

"I said that the secret compac' betwix' me and Clem is bruk by death and I ain't under no more obligations. On things that was hid the light of day shall now fall."

As he spoke he took a small parcel from the inside pocket of his coat with trembling fingers, untied the twine that bound it, removed the many folds of brown paper that covered it, and handed it to his host. In a flash Brill realized that he held in his hands a field book that had once belonged to Clem Owens. His heart beat fast as he turned the leaves, and his fingers trembled. On a certain page he found the heading "Oct. 26th, 1867," and under it were the notes of the survey made by Owens on the day he ran the division line for Adam Brill and Stanley Orchard!

TO BE CONTINUED.

THROUGH A FOREST FIRE

By Grayman Andrews

POKING a potato from the live ashes of the camp fire, Ned Darrow jabbed it with a pointed stick.

"Huh! Hard as a bone. Well, back you go!" he exclaimed, and rolling the potato into the fire again covered it with ashes.

He went and squatted on a log where he could not catch the tantalizing odor of the half a dozen brook trout that were toasting on a slab before the fire, and gazed round him. Behind him lay the tumbling heights of Eagle Crag, from which two mountain chains branch out to form a giant V—Indian Range to the east and the Bitter Berries to the west. In front of him lay the inclosed valley known as The Valley of the Lost Shepherd. Far to the south, where the mountains lie farthest apart, there is a gently undulating patchwork of apple orchards, but at the point of the V the valley becomes a rugged cañon that ends far up the slope of Eagle Crag.

Ned's tent was pitched near the mouth of that cañon beside Bitter Creek, which races tempestuously out of the deep gully and winds down the valley.

John Larkin, a traveling salesman, had employed Ned as guide for his annual hunting trip; and he had not made a mistake in his choice. Darrow was a boy of the outdoors. For eighteen years he had lived in that part of western Washington, and he knew the mountains thoroughly.

As the sun rose over Indian Range, Ned started from his reverie.

"Time to get up!" he cried, throwing a stick at the tent. "What do you think this is, a rest sanatorium for invalids?"

A sleepy yawn answered him; then a voice more sleepy than the yawn. "Ned, you're a hard master [yawn]. Do you always [another yawn] get a fellow out this early?"

"Early!" Darrow scoffed. "I've caught and toasted a mess of trout since early morning. Shake round in there. How can you expect me to show you a bear if you sleep until noon?"

John Larkin, a clean-cut, energetic, businesslike man, thrust his tousled head out of the tent.

"What a morning!" he cried enthusiastically. "We'll get a bear to-day, Ned."

Their expedition took them far back into the cañon that morning—so far that there was nothing to remind them of civilization except a plank-ribbed board tube, about four feet square, that was strung along the side of the gulch two hundred feet above the creek. The tube was an irrigating flume that carried a stream of water from the source of Bitter Creek down to the apple orchards miles away; it ran down the cañon with just enough fall to make a steady current, while Bitter Creek foamed and raced and fell over the cataracts and falls, farther and farther below the man-made waterway. Occasionally, as the hunters crossed a small clearing, a flock of grouse whirled into the air; once a coyote loped over a ridge and met a bullet from Larkin's 30-30; but they could find no trace of a bear.

As they were resting at noon, Darrow looked up with a puzzled expression on his face. "Do you smell anything, Mr. Larkin?"

The older man sniffed in all directions.

"No, I don't—well, yes, now I do. What—"

"It's smoke." The boy jumped up and pulled Larkin to his feet. "There's a fire somewhere. Come on."

Ned had turned pale. Racing at top speed to a little ridge from which he could survey the cañon, he jumped upon the highest point and fixed his gaze toward their camp, which now lay far below them.

"There—there it is—a forest fire!" he cried, pointing.

A column of smoke rose from the heavy pine woods between them and the camp. As they watched, too much dumfounded to move, a tongue of fire licked up the sides of the cañon, like two long arms spreading out to make sure that the trap was closed. The column of smoke changed into a long, unbroken, devastating

blanket that swept up the gulch toward them. They were caught like sheep in a runaway—Eagle Crag was at their backs, Indian Range and the Bitter Berries shut off their escape to left and right, and fire was in the cañon below them!

Larkin stared in alarm, first at the advancing line of fire and then at the mountains.



NED TUGGED AT LARKIN'S SLEEVE AND PLUNGED INTO THE TUBE

"We're trapped, Ned!" he cried huskily, as he realized their position. "What can we do?"

Darrow was searching his mind for a plan of escape. Stories of forest fires and plans for fighting them flashed through his mind. He tried to remember some accessible clearing big enough to shelter him and his companion; but there was no large open space that they could possibly reach.

"There must be something that we can do," Larkin said, seeing the hopeless look on his guide's face.

"We'll back-fire, but I'm afraid it's too late."

They worked like mad gathering brush, chopping wood and piling it under one of the smaller trees. Then they touched fire to it and began to spread the blazing branches.

The long line of licking flames and belching smoke below them had swung its ends round in a semicircle, and was racing up the gulch not a mile away. Huge blankets of ash rose and whirled like storm clouds; a murky pall of smoke hung over the entire sky. As it grew darker, larger flames spit their tongues high above the trees, and the crash of falling pines became a continuous roar.

Pausing breathlessly in their work, the two men looked from the advancing fire to their small, retreating back fire.

"It's no use," said Larkin. "Can't we climb over the mountain to a clearing?"

"It's more than six miles. The fire will be here in fifteen or twenty minutes—" He stopped short and looked toward the flume.

"Come on—run!" he shouted. Throwing aside their rifles, they clambered

up the steep slope. They cut their hands on the rocks and tore their clothes on the brush, but they never paused. As they reached the flume and jumped upon its board covering, a large black bear met them, but only growled menacingly and passed on. With Larkin close behind, Ned ran down the flume to a place where the roof boards had been removed.

"As soon as the—the fire—gets too hot for us," he said, panting, "we'll crawl into this flume—and float down—through the blaze. The boards and water will protect us enough if—if it doesn't burn through and let the water out before—the fire passes."

Larkin looked at the wooden flume doubtfully; but when he glanced down into the fiery mouth of the cañon, his hesitation vanished.

"Good!" he shouted. "But how shall we get out?"

Ned put his hand on the axe. "Chop."

The fire was scarcely a quarter of a mile away. Its hot breath was on their faces. Mid-day had been changed into midnight—a night hideous with the roar of fire and the screams of wild animals.

Ned tugged at Larkin's sleeve and, shouting something that was drowned in the terrible

din, plunged into the tube. Larkin followed him. Although the icy water made them gasp, it was a welcome change from the hot air outside. The flume carried a stream two and a half feet deep; they could wade and float down the current.

As they went on—seemingly for miles into the inky blackness—the rumbling of the fire increased. The water grew tepid and the air became stiflingly hot. Ned knew that if they could stand it only a few minutes longer they would be safe beyond the line of fire.

After minutes so long that they seemed like hours, the roar began to diminish and the air partly cleared itself of the intolerable smoke. Ned grasped Larkin's arm and they tried to stand against the current while he chopped at the boards. To their horror the water so hindered his strokes that he could hardly make an impression with his axe. They could not keep a foothold against the current for more than a few seconds. They were trapped in the flume!

Neither spoke a word as, hacking, pounding, slipping, struggling, they were driven slowly down the flume. Each realized his fate. Farther down, a small valley cuts the side of the cañon and intercepts the course of the flume. At that point there is a long sag, and the water fills the entire tube. There they would be drowned like rats in a cage.

As the current bore them slowly downward, they chopped and tore at the planks like madmen. In two or three places the walls were beginning to burn through, and tiny streams of water were trickling out.

Perhaps there was still hope, for Ned remembered that just above the sag there was a gate in the side of the flume, which was occasionally opened to empty it. If they could open that gate from the inside, they could crawl out. The water, gurgling as it poured down into the depression, roused him to action.

"Larkin, Larkin," he shouted, "over to this side! Quick!" A gleam of light was shining through a slit above the gate. "Get your fingers in there and hang on!"

Ned suited the action to the word, and his companion obeyed mechanically. They stood thus, panting and spent, with their hands clutching in the crack and their bodies braced against the gliding, tugging current. Larkin was the first to speak.

"But how—how do we get out?"

For answer Darrow raised the camp axe with one hand and began to strike at the gate. "If we can cut a hole here at the side, we can reach through and slip the bolt that holds it!"

For what seemed an interminable time they clung to the gate and took turns with the axe. Chopping was next to impossible; but finally they hacked a narrow opening and Ned, thrusting his hand through, pushed back the bolt. The gate gave way with a rush, and the prisoners tumbled out after it and rolled over and over down the sloping side of the cañon.

Ned lost consciousness. When he woke, Larkin was chafing his hands and talking incoherently. The boy rolled over wearily and closed his eyes; and if he did not say anything, it was because he was too happy.



*With flocking snowbirds,
up the gleaming straits
Of frozen rivers edged
with silent pines,
Glad February speeds
on flashing skates,
His wallet stored with
merry Valentines.*

FACT AND COMMENT

REPUTATION is precious, but character is priceless.

Your Written Letter speaks for You to Me;
Then have it Clean and Bright as you would be.

PERSEVERANCE always wins in the long run—usually in a walk.

AMONG the Canadian war exports are fifteen hundred miles of rails that various Dominion railway companies have stripped from their roadbeds and shipped to France for use in the spring military campaign.

THE indomitable spirit of France seems embodied in Gen. Amanrich. Having been retired as a general, at the age of sixty-five, with the decoration of the Legion of Honor, he immediately reenlisted as a private soldier.

THOSE Americans who have bought the birthplace of Lafayette and announced their plan to make it a home for disabled French soldiers have added another link to the chain of friendship that binds the United States and France together. The *château*, which stands in southern France and which is old and picturesque, was purchased of Gen. Lafayette's great-grandson, the grandson of his only son, George Washington Lafayette.

TO say that an army is decimated means, strictly speaking, that it loses a tenth of its men. If, then, an army is decimated ten times, what is left of it? An English publication that raised the question, because the war correspondents so frequently misuse the word "decimate," was astonished to find that many of its readers think there would be nothing left of it. In point of fact, an army of 100,000, decimated ten times, would still number 34,870 men. Figure it out for yourself.

THE Lutheran churches, which have a membership of about four million in this country and of seventy-six million in the world at large, have already begun to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the Reformation. October 31, 1517, was the day when Martin Luther nailed his theses to the door of Wittenberg church. Through the coming year there will be many pilgrims to Trappe, Pennsylvania, where the oldest Lutheran church in America stands. The building was erected in 1743.

BIRDS that remained in the North this winter and bird visitors to the North have found their lot pleasanter than usual, because many park officers are following the good example that private persons have set them in scattering food where the birds will find it. The Biological Survey recently sent out a bulletin that commends the practice and that offers many practical suggestions. Park feeding stations not only save the lives of many birds but also offer city dwellers an excellent opportunity to study bird life.

THE year 1916 made the heaviest drain on the mineral resources of the United States that they have ever known. The output of our mines was worth at least three billion dollars, and our minerals were never extracted with less waste or used to better advantage. Copper stood first, with an output of more than two billion pounds and a value of \$520,000,000—a value more than twice as great as that of the copper mined in 1915. We produced 75,000,000 tons of iron, 597,500,000 tons of coal—in both cases more than we ever produced before in a single year—and 292,300,000 barrels of petroleum.

HOW few of us realize that the simplest courtesy on our part may give a stranger in the community an impression of it that he will always cherish! Not long before Christmas a woman from the Far West who was

visiting in New York City lost a small parcel in the crowded subway. She had addressed it for mailing, but had not yet put on the necessary stamps. Nevertheless it reached the person for whom it was intended. Some one had picked it up, put on the stamps and mailed it. When that woman goes home and hears some one say that New Yorkers are selfish, she will tell the story of that parcel, and those to whom she tells it will repeat it to others, and they in turn to others still; and so the little wave will go in an ever-widening circle. Many a city has spent thousands of dollars for advertising that was less effective.

ONE-MAN POWER

AN interesting discussion, which unfortunately took a semi-political turn, occurred in the United States Senate on the resolution proposing that the Senate approve the President's note to the European belligerents. The resolution was opposed on the ground that the conduct of foreign relations belongs exclusively to the Executive, and that any interference by either House of Congress, even a mere vote of approval, would be contrary to our traditional policy and likely to establish a troublesome precedent.

How mischievous such interference might be is easily seen if we imagine the case reversed. Suppose that, instead of being asked to approve an act of the President in relation to foreign affairs, the Senate had been asked to condemn it, and had done so. The action would have completely nullified the influence of the government and subjected it to the deserved ridicule of the world. In the matter of the President's note the advocates of the resolution, although they denied that it violated the unwritten law of custom, nevertheless accepted a skillfully drawn amendment that rendered the resolution harmless, and so it passed with little opposition.

No doubt serious danger may arise from trusting the foreign relations of a country to the discretion of one man, however able he may be; but there is no other way. To allow them to be conducted by a numerous body is to practice "diplomacy by town meeting." No government in the world ventures to do it. All the correspondence and the suggestions of negotiation and arbitration before the outbreak of the present war were carried on without consultation with any legislative body or advice from it; and in each country the declaration of war was made by the executive power. That final act of declaring war our Constitution reserves to Congress; but experience shows that the preliminary diplomatic correspondence may sometimes force the President into such a position that Congress can do nothing else than to declare war.

But although it is obvious that the foreign relations should be in the hands of the President, as they always have been, the power that he thus holds is, after all, merely a derived power. The Constitution does not confer it, or even mention it; but it does intrust the President with the duty of "receiving ambassadors," and that duty has always been held to carry with it the power to decide between a revolutionary government and that which it replaced, and to negotiate treaties. All the rest is inferred, and has been inferred from the first. In 1788 Alexander Hamilton, arguing in the *Federalist* that the President should have the power to appoint the foreign secretary,—that is, the Secretary of State,—casually assumes as a part of his argument that "the actual conduct of foreign negotiations" is a function of the President's. Washington exercised the power from the beginning, and, like all his successors, had a free hand.

It is an admirable rule for every country and for all time that partisan politics cease at the frontier. It will be an evil day for the United States when either party tries to make the acts of the President in conducting our foreign relations a party issue in Congress in order to put the other party "in a hole."

CHARM

WHAT man or woman would not like to be charming? Who would not like to feel that he has a quality certain to win him at once the liking and the interest of those whom he meets? And how many men and women make a conscious and determined effort to acquire that quality, and not only fail but lose character in the attempt!

Charm is not like the moral qualities, which a man may exercise and strengthen. For example, you may enlarge your capacity for prompt and vigorous action, you may increase your power of industry, you may rear qualities of endurance and unselfishness on an unpromising foundation. But if you deliberately try

to acquire a trait that is one not of character but of personality, you do worse than waste your time; you compromise your integrity. Becoming self-conscious in the pursuit of an end that is not to be attained through self-consciousness, you are constantly suppressing your best self. Instead of being a natural person, you become one who is calculating effects. It is, of course, not always reprehensible or demoralizing to assume a spontaneity of manner or a responsiveness that you do not feel; sometimes the exigencies of a situation require a person to make that effort. But there are people who practice the art of being charming,—quite as if it were an art,—who simulate enthusiasm, animation and responsiveness as a means of making themselves always agreeable. They may make a good first impression, but they do not wear well; they soon become tagged as insincere.

CONJUGAL COMPLIMENT

AGIRL gets accustomed to having pleasant things said to her and grows to like it. To be sure, fathers and brothers are occasionally disagreeable, but they are in an altogether different class from other men. In society, at balls and parties, friends and partners say kindly words, pay graceful compliments, and generally appear to regard her as company worth having.

Then the very special young man comes along, and all his speech is compliment, more than compliment, gentle and wooing and tender, until she grows to feel herself of vast importance, at any rate to him. Above all, it is evident that he cannot exist without the constant companionship of his beloved, and rather than imperil his future happiness she consents to make the companionship permanent.

Marriage is a thing of sufficient consequence to a man; but few men can imagine its enormous consequence to a woman. It means the upheaval of her life from its foundations, in every possible way. Among the changes, not the least is the altered attitude of him whose unfailing felicity she hoped to assure by going to live with him. No doubt she has assured it; no doubt she has brought him what in his heart he prizes and appreciates and is grateful for; but his manifestations of that state of mind are disconcertingly different from what they were. The graceful compliments are not forthcoming, and, above all, she discovers that he can live very well away from her and that he does not disguise the fact.

The first tendency is to ascribe the change to the natural brutality of man; but perhaps there are other causes. Laziness has something to do with it. The ingenuity of compliment cannot always be kept up to fever heat. And there is an element of sincerity. When courtship is over, and the struggle of life has begun, and there are rubs and disagreements and frictions, it seems more honest to admit it, and not to salve over frayed nerves with fine speeches. There is a certain justice here, and sincerity is not to be despised; but it should be remembered that sincerity does not, at any rate, require the uttering of disagreeable things. On the other hand, there are always pleasant things that can be said, and they should be said.

What makes happy marriages is not great gifts or great sacrifices. It is not even necessarily great love; for great love is often exacting and harsh. It is just the habit of saying tender and kindly words, of giving at the right moment and in the right way the praise and the affection that make difficulties disappear and that turn rough and barren places into smooth and smiling ones.

GREGORY RASPUTIN

FOR the third or fourth time the newspapers have reported the assassination of Gregory Rasputin, the mysterious zealot who has long maintained a strange ascendancy over the imperial family of Russia. This time the report is more circumstantial than ever, and bears the signs of truth.

Rasputin was a figure that could rise only in semi-Oriental, semi-medieval Russia. The son of a Siberian peasant, without any education to help him forward, he has used his vivid, hypnotic personality to push his way to the most influential position in the empire. He is often called a monk, but that does not mean that he was ever an ordained priest. He was an itinerant preacher, whose voice was lifted up all over Russia against the formalism and corruption of the Orthodox church and in behalf of a primitive, mystic and, as we of the West would say, superstitious Christianity. His influence over the Czarina began when he foretold the birth of her only son. She

brought him to court, and he soon became powerful there. When, after the physicians had given up all hope of the little Czarevitch's recovery from a serious illness, Rasputin declared that the child should live, and wrestled in prayer by his bedside for three days and three nights, the Czar also submitted to the singular spell of the man.

For several years before the war broke out this dark, eager, ambitious priest was the real ruler of Russia. As you read of him you are reminded of Father Joseph, the gray Capuchin who exerted so potent and occult an influence over the France of Richelieu; but Joseph was a silent, impassive aristocrat; Rasputin was a virile, passionate plebeian, whose power was psychic rather than intellectual.

His life was often in danger from conspirators, for he had many enemies, both among the bureaucrats, whose master he had made himself, and among the liberals, whose hopes for Russia he had more than once defeated; for he was a reactionary—a believer, not in a reborn and advancing Russia, but in the Russia of the past. When the liberal members of the Duma spoke of the "dark forces" that retarded the social and political reforms that they urged, they had Rasputin in mind as perhaps the most potent of them all. He had become, we are told, friendly to Germany and suspicious of the alliance of Russia with the democratic nations of Western Europe. His influence with the Czar, it is reported, led to the fall of Sazonoff and the appointment of Stürmer, a pro-German, as premier. Apparently the opposite forces became too strong for him before his death,—if that has really occurred,—for Stürmer in turn gave way to Trepoff. But the assassination of Rasputin was followed by the return of the reactionaries to power, since it aroused the anger of the Czar against the liberals, who if they did not commit the deed approved of it. The death of Rasputin is likely to be a significant event in the dramatic struggle between autocracy and democracy that agitates Russia quite as much as the war it is waging against its external enemies.

IN TIME OF WAR PREPARE FOR PEACE

PEOPLE who criticize the peace societies for being inactive during the greatest war of history evidently do not know that, little as the societies can accomplish in Europe, they are profitably busy elsewhere. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, to cite one instance, is doing educational and constructive work of greater scope than ever before.

The most important field in which the Endowment has been laboring is South America. Now that financial and commercial needs have brought the two continents face to face, the Endowment is using every means to get the peoples of both to understand each other and to work together for peaceful international relations.

One of the measures taken to that end was the visit of former Senator Theodore E. Burton to the principal South American republics. Following close upon the tour of Mr. Robert Bacon, it kept alive interest in the practical question of ways and means. The reports of the two trips, printed in Spanish, Portuguese and English, have been in great demand.

Especially important is it that mutual understanding and coöperation between the countries of North and South America should be shared and formulated by their scholars, economists and publicists. With that end in view, the Endowment very much increased the size and effectiveness of the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress, held last winter in Washington for ten days during December and January, by inviting guests from all the South American republics in addition to the delegates appointed by the several governments. After the adjournment of the congress, many of the guests visited the educational centres of the East. The hospitality they received and the things they saw will help to give them a friendly understanding of our people.

Even more useful as a means of bringing together the thinkers of North and South America for mutual public benefit was the founding of the American Institute of International Law, which was formally inaugurated in connection with the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress. Its objects are to formulate the principles that should govern the relations of the American peoples with one another and to disseminate those principles in each of the twenty-one republics so as to create a Pan-American public opinion favorable to them.

There is a chance, while in Europe the old

rules are proving inadequate, to harmonize international law with the ideas of justice that are held in the Western Hemisphere. Whatever a peace endowment can do toward that end is worth doing.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The House voted 193 to 153 against the proposal to abandon pneumatic mail delivery in Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia and Boston, and to cut in two the tube service in New York.—Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, went before the House naval committee and testified that he had broken off negotiations with private ship-building companies, particularly the Fore River Company, because they asked what he believed was an exorbitant margin for "profit and overhead charges."

VIOLATION OF NEUTRALITY.—A jury has convicted Franz Bopp, German consul at San Francisco, of violating the neutrality of the United States by plotting the destruction of ships sailing from Canadian ports. Four members of his office staff were convicted at the same time.

MUNITIONS EXPLOSIONS.—On January 11 the works of the Canadian Car & Foundry Company at Kingsland, New Jersey, caught fire, and thousands of shells, which were being made for the Russian government, were exploded. No one was killed, but the loss was put at nearly or quite \$17,000,000.—The next day the Du Pont



A MUNITIONS FACTORY IN NEW JERSEY WRECKED BY AN EXPLOSION

powder works at Haskell, New Jersey, blew up. Two persons were killed and several injured; the loss was \$1,500,000.—There were of course rumors that both disasters were incendiary in origin, but when this record closed there was no proof that such was the case.

THE "LEAK" INVESTIGATION.—The Committee on Rules, having received broader powers of inquiry, with the authority to engage counsel, from the House of Representatives, resumed the investigation of the rumors that connected government officials with the stock-market flurry that followed the President's peace note. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson was the chief witness. His evidence was wholly hearsay, but in the course of his testimony he mentioned the names of Secretary McAdoo and Mr. Warburg of the Federal Reserve Board as having and perhaps using advance knowledge of the President's note, and repeated the charge that the news had come through Mr. Tumulty, the President's secretary. He named Harvey Fisk & Sons, Bernard Baruch and C. D. Barney & Company, New York stock-broking firms, as having knowledge of the "leak," and repeated the report that Count Bernstorff had profited by it in the stock market. Many of the persons named were subpoenaed, and under oath denied the allegations concerning them.



ADM. GEORGE DEWEY

RECENT DEATH.—On January 16, Adm. George Dewey, aged 79.

PEACE NOTES.—On January 11 the reply of the Entente governments to President Wilson's peace note was made public at Washington. It declared that the aims of the ten allies, which they must insist on if peace were to be discussed, included: Full restoration of Belgian, Serbian and Montenegrin territory with a payment of indemnity to each nation; the evacuation of occupied territory in France, Russian Poland and Roumania, together with reparation to each country; the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France; the expulsion of Turkey from Europe; the liberation of Italians, Poles, Bohemians, Serbians and Roumanians now governed by Austria-Hungary, and satisfactory guarantees, through a reorganization of the European nations, against another such war as the present one. The reply was felt to make further discussion of peace unlikely, for German public opinion was quick to declare that the Central Powers could discuss such terms only in case of their complete defeat. Herr Zimmermann, the German foreign minister, said that his government could not with dignity make public

the terms it had been ready to discuss, since they were so moderate that the world, in view of the Entente reply, would take them to be equivalent to a German surrender.—On January 17 another note, explaining more in detail the aims of the Entente, was handed to our government by the British ambassador.

MEXICO.—On January 15 the American-Mexican joint commission dissolved; its sittings were without definite result, since Gen. Carranza has declined to agree to the protocol it drew up. The American commissioners recommended to President Wilson that he send an ambassador to Mexico and try by diplomatic negotiations to arrive at an agreement concerning the protection of American life and property in Mexico and the policing of the border between the two countries.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From January 11 to January 17)

The armies of Mackensen and Falkenhayn pushed slowly forward to the river Sereth, and on January 15 Berlin declared that the last position held by the Russians on the west bank of the lower river had fallen into German hands. The passage of the Sereth has not yet been attempted. On the eastern flank, the city of Galatz, the last important place on the Danube still in the possession of the Russians, was under bombardment.

On the other flank, among the foothills of the Carpathians and along the upper Sereth, the German advance was less marked; indeed the reports from Petrograd declared that the Russians were on the offensive there and that they had checked the enemy north of Peshani and in the valley of the Kasino, which is a tributary of the Sereth.

In spite of the severe winter weather the Siberian troops on the Dvina front near the city of Riga continued their attacks and gained several villages from the Germans along the river Aa. It was not clear how serious an affair the Russian drive was intended to be. Berlin declared that it could not in any event divert any troops from the Roumanian front.

On the French front the artillery was chiefly busy, although the British made successful trench raids near Beaumont-Hamel.

In Egypt and Mesopotamia there was more activity. The British expedition that took El Arish on the peninsula of Sinai moved north-east, drove the Turks out of their positions at Rafa, and took about sixteen hundred prisoners. Rafa is only about sixty-five miles southwest of Jerusalem. Conflicting reports came from Kut el Amara. The Turks declared that all assaults had been repulsed; London gave out word that the British had cleared the right bank of the Tigris and were making steady advances toward Kut.

The Entente Powers notified the Greek government that its reply to their ultimatum was not wholly satisfactory, and that the blockade would be lifted only when the Venizelist prisoners were set at liberty and the disarmament carried out. It was rumored at Rome that the Entente Powers were considering deposing King Constantine and making the Duke of Aosta, cousin of the King of Italy, king in his stead. The action of the Italian government in calling out fresh classes of troops was interpreted as bearing out that rumor.

The British battleship Cornwallis was sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean; thirteen of the crew were lost. The Japanese cruiser Tsukuba blew up in Yokosuka harbor; one hundred men were drowned. The central committee of French shipowners called the government's attention to the danger that the French merchant marine would disappear if the submarine activities of the Germans were not checked.

The German government made public the statement of a survivor of the U-41, which was sunk by a British patrol ship flying the American flag. The statement throws additional light on the bitterness of feeling between the submarine crews and their enemies.

The rumors that a German commerce raider had got clear of the British blockade and was at work in the South Atlantic were substantiated when dispatches from Pernambuco announced the landing there of two hundred and thirty-seven men from vessels sunk by the raider. On January 17 the British Admiralty admitted that a dozen or more British and French vessels had been sunk within five or six weeks, most of them loaded with horses and ammunition. The name of the German vessel was unknown when this record closed.

Great Britain has been deeply stirred by the report of the committee appointed to investigate the reports of improper influence exerted on army officers by persons high in social life. The committee found that Mrs. Cornwallis-West, a leader in London society, and the mother of the Duchess of Westminster and the Princess of Pless, had used her influence first to advance and then to break a young officer, and severely censured the lady herself and the officers who had yielded to her influence. The report even mentioned Viscount French as having been unduly complaisant to highly placed ladies during his command at the front.

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of the handsomest cars in the world. And savings made in our new body plant pay for all this added beauty.

And the Mitchell now has 100 per cent over-strength in every vital part. That is, each part is twice as strong as need be.

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All these extras are paid for by factory savings. They are due to John W. Bate, the great efficiency expert, who built and equipped this plant.

Under his methods our factory costs have been cut in two. Nowhere else could a car like the Mitchell be built at anywhere near our cost.

The result shows in these extras. Over 440 parts in the Mitchell are built of toughened steel. The most important parts are built of Chrome-Vanadium steel. Steering parts and axles

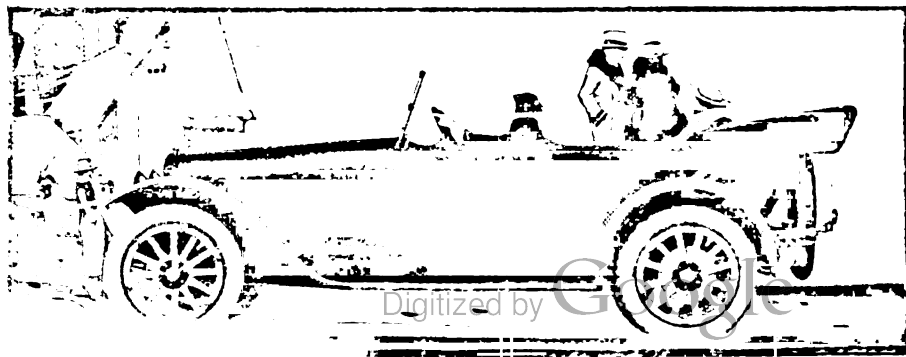
are all oversize. Then the extra features and extra luxury are found in no other car at this price.

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O LITTLE BIRD, TEACH ME TO SING

By Maud Morrison Huey

OH, why do you sing, sweetheart, sweetheart?

O little bird, why do you sing?
The skies are gray and the cold winds blow,
And the earth is wrapped in a sheet of snow.
The nest you made in the sweet, young spring
Is empty, oh, long ago,
And still you sit in the tree and sing.

And the song is the same, sweetheart, sweetheart;

O little bird, why is it so?
Why do you sing as you sang in May,
When all that you loved has been taken away?
I know you are hungry and cold, although
You sing in the same old way.
There's not a seed showing above the snow.

My life is empty, sweetheart, sweetheart;
O little bird, teach me to sing!
The dreams that I made in early May,
The years have taken them all away.
My hopes lie buried beneath the snow.
O little bird, what do you say?
That the world would be brighter if I should sing?

GOD AND HIS WORLD

HOW can there be a God of goodness and mercy and love when the world is full of agony? If He is all-powerful and all-loving, how can He let such things be? It is the question of tortured souls of every generation—never, perhaps, asked by so many aching hearts as during the past two years. Is there an answer? Does He prove Himself to men, or is He only a dream of the weak and the credulous? Science cannot answer the question, for God is not measurable by mechanical devices but by human experience. At one of the Northfield conferences a speaker described such an experience.

A certain man had become totally deaf and, in rebellion at his misfortune, had lost his faith. Looking at the world through the lens of his own bitterness, he saw only cruelty and injustice. After a while he learned lip reading. It gave him back much of what he had lost, but did not soften his bitterness. He was still angry with the God in whom he did not believe.

One evening, sitting at his window, he saw a man and a woman in the little park in front of his house. Something in their attitude betrayed their misery. He got his glass and "listened"; he could read their words clearly. They had come to the end of their resources, and were saying that the only thing that seemed to be left was to end it all. A fierce anger swept the watching man.

"That," he cried, "is a specimen of God's administration! I can do better than that, at least. I'll take care of those poor wretches myself."

He sent for them and had a long talk with them. As a result of the talk he put the young woman into a school where she could learn to earn her own living and he found a position for the man. The experiment turned out so well that he began to search for other people to help, and still others. His life became very rich and full.

One day he began to think back. The trail led to his own deafness, which had been the direct means of his discovering the first two whom he had helped. Every step of the way was clear; the God he had denied had led him all the way. When he began to do God's work he knew that God was!

It is the proof that never fails. No man or woman can honestly try to live the life of love and service that Jesus Christ asks of his followers and not know that God is—that He is caring for his world to-day exactly as much as He did two thousand years ago, and that the reason there is still such endless pain and sorrow in his world is because there are still so few among the millions of earth who yield themselves to work with Him.

MARIE RIBOT

THE handkerchiefs that Mrs. Lindsay had ordered monogrammed were so exquisitely embroidered that she gave an exclamation of delight when Madame Alphonsine showed them to her.

"Why, madame, they look as if fairies had done them!" she declared, as she bent over the dainty things.

"I am pleased that madame is pleased," Madame Alphonsine replied. "We do our best; it is our reward to be appreciated."

Mrs. Lindsay examined still more closely the exquisite work. "I should so like to meet the woman who did this," she said. "I should like to thank her myself. Would you allow it?"

"But yes," madame replied quickly; "of a certainty. It would be an honor. It was Marie Ribot. She shall come."

That was the beginning. It was many months before Marie Ribot would permit even the beginnings of friendship; months more before Mrs. Lindsay felt herself really given the freedom of the tiny, spotless, two-room home where Marie Ribot lived with her little adopted daughter. Marie was forty-four. Her thin face showed the marks of privation, yet she carried an atmosphere of joy that baffled her friend. What in the hard days of work, the meagre pay, the endless contrivances necessitated by the "small, heart-breaking arithmetic" could bestow such radiance? It was Mrs. Lindsay's problem for months, and at last one day she learned the secret.

Marie, apologizing for keeping at work while she talked, was doing up a tiny jar of jam for a sick friend. From a store of wrapping papers she selected a white piece and cut it thriftily; from a box of string she chose a piece of green, tying it in a tiny rosette; last of all, she picked a leaf of sweet geranium from a plant in the window and slipped it through the bow.

"What an artist you are, Marie!" Mrs. Lindsay exclaimed. "How did you learn it?"

Marie was silent a moment before she answered. Then, "From my grandmother. She—*grandmère*—talked always of the gifts of the good God—always giving, giving to his children. So those who had his love in their hearts must give, too. I was young then, and impatient; and we were very poor. I cried, 'How, *grandmère*, how can we give?' And she said, 'The heart that loves never lacks a gift. Look about you and listen, Marie.' So I looked and listened, especially to her. And I saw how people came to her, and always she gave and gave;

and I saw that often what she had to give was courage, or faith, or kind words about another; and after the blindness dropped from my eyes, I saw that that was what people wanted most. Madame's kind words about my work—what was that but a gift? And then there are so many other things: bits of tin foil, ribbon, bright papers for the children—it is wonderful how they come—a leaf, a blossom. So the good God gives his children the joy of giving."

WRESTLING WITH A GRIZZLY

A FEW years ago Mr. Howard Morgan, a contributor to Forest and Stream, went with a friend named Keppler on a hunting trip into the Semenow Hills. There, on the evening of the first day of their trip, they had one of the most remarkable adventures that have been chronicled in a long time.

We had finished supper, says Mr. Morgan, and were comfortably stretched before the fire. Suddenly we were startled by a most prodigious snorting and grunting, and out of the darkness, accompanied by an avalanche of sand and gravel, slid a big grizzly bear.

With a shout of warning, Keppler sprang backward, tripped and fell directly into the path of the bear. The grizzly, probably more frightened than we were, and grasping at anything that offered to stop his mad flight, caught Keppler round the body, rolled over a couple of times, and brought up with a crash against a big ash tree at the foot of the hill.

Fearing for Keppler's life, I reached for my rifle, but a swirling aftermath of the slide swept me off my feet and part way down the embankment. As I crawled to my knees, I made out by the flickering light of the fire Keppler locked in the deadly embrace of the bear. Backward and forward they slid in the shifting sand; Keppler's long arms were wrapped about the bear's middle, and his face was buried in the brute's hairy breast. As I watched, afraid to move, the hunter slipped, and both fell, with the bear on top. Over and over they rolled, with the man clinging close to the great body, and the beast clawing the air and snapping his jaws viciously.

Keppler, powerful as he was, could not stand the strain for long. His legs, which he could not protect, were torn and bleeding.

I began to realize that I must do something, and that quickly. I scrambled up the bank and dug frantically in the sand for the rifles. At last I grasped one, shook the sand from it and, steadying myself against the great boulder, waited my chance to put an end to the struggle. Suddenly Keppler let go, sprang backward and ducked like a flash, not a second too soon to avoid a vicious blow of those great open claws. I raised the rifle.

"No, no! Don't shoot," Mr. Morgan! I've got him!" called Keppler breathlessly, as he dodged quickly behind the boulder.

The bear rushed headlong toward us, stumbled and brought up against the rock with a thud. His great body crumpled up on the sand, heaved spasmodically, then lay still.

I turned to Keppler; the man was drenched with blood. With a cry of horror I ran to him; but he motioned me aside and, dragging the huge bulk of the bear over on its side, pulled out his eight-inch hunting knife, which, during the battle, he had managed to draw and to thrust up to the hilt into the grizzly's heart.

Except for a violent shaking up and some badly lacerated shins, Keppler was none the worse for his experience.

MAN'S WORK

IN the hills of northern Georgia the Berry School for Boys believes in doing whatever needs to be done. Its motto is, "Be a lifter, not a leaver." But the position that it holds and the ideals that it maintains were not attained without a struggle. In The Men of the Mountains, Mr. Arthur W. Spaulding tells the story of one of the first crises in the history of the school.

The mountain boy was ready to plough in the fields, chop in the woods, hammer on the house; he was not wholly off his ground in milking the cows, cooking his food and making his bed; but there were some things required of him that were too obviously woman's work. The first Monday, Miss Berry summoned her young guard of mountaineers for their first lesson in laundering. The laundry was a wash-tub out under a tree.

"Now, boys," said Miss Berry, "we are going to wash clothes. I will show you how. Then each boy is to wash his own garments."

There was silence, an electric silence, while the mountaineers considered. Then their spokesman, a tall, strapping young fellow, said, "No, ma'am! I ain't never seen no man do no washin', and what's more, I ain't goin' to do it."

Calmly Miss Berry played her last card. "If you will not do the washing," she said, "you may watch me while I do it for you."

Into the tub went her round, white arms. It was her first washing, likewise. Up and down "sloshed" the clothes over the washboard; up and down bent the back of the gentle washerwoman. The boys stood sheepishly regarding her. Exhausted, she finally straightened her aching back and leaned in weariness against the tub. The chivalry of the mountaineer asserted itself at last.

"I ain't never seen it done," declared the boy who had spoken before, "but I'm a-goin' to wash them clothes."

And dashing in, he led his companions in a charge to victory.

A PERILOUS NIGHTMARE

NOT every nightmare is so dangerous as that which the Venerable W. H. Collison describes in his book, *In the Wake of the War Canoe*, which describes his travels and adventures among the Haida Indians in the Queen Charlotte Islands and along the coast of British Columbia.

After our evening meal and prayer we cut away the undergrowth and spread out our mats and blankets. While we were thus engaged our old friend the trader, who was looking on, anxiously inquired, "Must we lie down there?"

"Yes," I replied; "It will be all right when we have spread our mats and blankets."

"I'm afraid to lie down where there are so many reptiles," he replied.

"Oh," I assured him, "there are only harmless field mice and frogs; you need not be afraid."

We assigned our friend a place to sleep in the centre, with Chief Cowhoo on one side, while I lay on the other. In the middle of the night I was roused by a loud whoop, and at the same moment I received a violent blow in the face. I sprang to my feet, believing that we were attacked. Chief

Cowhoo and the other Haidas had seized their guns and stood at bay, peering round for the enemy. The camp fire had gone out and it was dark. "Who struck me?" inquired Chief Cowhoo indignantly. Before I could reply there was another yell, and instantly our friend began to rain blows round him right and left, while he continued to cry out in rage and terror. He was in a nightmare, from which I roused him with difficulty. I told the trader that the Indians who had been hit thought he had gone mad.

"Oh," he replied, "I could not sleep for some hours because of my uneasiness, and when at length I slept I dreamed that a large snake was crawling toward me and trying to crawl into my mouth. It must have been in my efforts to prevent it that I struck out."

I explained this to the Indians, and they burst into roars of laughter at our friend's expense. We all settled down to rest again, thankful it was no worse.

NO SUBJECT FOR MIRTH



Friend (examining photograph)—Ay, it's no so bad, Donald, but you're looking so dour, mon. Why didn't ye smile a wee bit?
Donald—Smile! D'y'e ken I had to pay twa shillings for 'em?
—George Belcher in the Tatler.

MR. TINKER'S STORY

"NOW, tell me all about what you have been doing since I saw you last," said Mr. Buell, the wool buyer who visited the neighborhood once a year, and who always stayed a night at Josiah Tinker's.

"Well," replied his host, "the only thing out of the common was a vacation trip that wife and I took. But I guess she can tell you about that better than I can."

"No, Josiah," said Mrs. Tinker; "it was all your doing, and it's your place to tell the story."

"Well, then, I shall have to go back to a little accident that I met with that wouldn't be worth mentioning."

"My land!" interposed Mrs. Tinker. "I guess you'd have thought it was if you had seen that young man's face when he drove his machine up to the house with Josiah in it. Of course he was some to blame. He was driving faster than the law allows when his machine sited against the cart; and if there hadn't been a cock of hay for Josiah to land on when he was thrown over the fence, I guess some bones would have been broken, to say the least. Josiah made light of it, and wasn't going to take any pay. But the young man seemed to have means, and he was only too delighted to have Josiah sign off for five hundred dollars."

"Well," Mr. Tinker resumed, "having such a sum thrust on me unexpectedly—"

"Josiah allowed it was just like finding it in the road," said Mrs. Tinker; "and he declared from the start that he was going to make it a case of easy come, easy go. I fell right in with that. I thought I should like to see how it would seem to spend money right and left, instead of doling it out. So we agreed to break loose for once, and not get back into the traces till we'd seen the last of that five hundred. Go on, Josiah."

"Well, we started off one day, early in September—"

"It was the middle of September," Mrs. Tinker corrected. "And even then we didn't really know where we should bring up. Josiah was just wild for a sea voyage, but couldn't decide where to. Finally we concluded to go to Boston first and make some inquiries."

"Well," Mr. Tinker went on, "we got there after an all day's ride—"

"I was tired enough to drop," said Mrs. Tinker, "and glad to stay in the hotel. But Josiah was bound to go out that very night, although I was afraid he would get into trouble. Tell him about that automobile accident, Josiah."

"Why, was there another one?" asked Mr. Buell.

"Oh, Josiah wasn't really in this one," explained Mrs. Tinker; "but he got along in time to see them taking the poor man to the hospital. He found out the man's name, and where he lived, and that he was a workman. You were all stirred up about it, weren't you, Josiah? So nothing would do but we must start out the next day to hunt the family up. We found the place in East Boston, and the name was Gilman. She was just back from the hospital, and said her husband wasn't dangerous, but would be laid up for a while. Come to find out, they were Vermont people themselves; and more than that, her uncle married a Tinker. They had two children, and had had a couple of boarders; though they had just left."

"When Josiah heard that, he asked her if she wouldn't like to take us for a while; and she brightened right up and said she would. So we went and got our things; and there we stayed until Mr. Gilman was able to be out."

"And gave up your sea trip?" asked Mr. Buell.

"Well, not altogether," began Mr. Tinker.

"You know there is a ferry plying between East Boston and the city," said Mrs. Tinker, "and Josiah got his sea trip riding back and forth all day on that. It was what he had been hankering for for years; and it did him a world of good. I didn't go quite so much, for I didn't feel just easy on the water. I enjoyed myself just boarding with Mrs. Gilman. It was a change from getting three

meals a day myself; and although her cooking wasn't anything great, I relished it better than I did the hotel fare."

"Somewhat less expensive?" suggested Mr. Buell.

"No, Josiah paid just the same as they charged at the hotel, and I guess it tided them over a hard place. They got nothing from the man who knocked him down with his machine; didn't even find out who it was. They hated to take so much, but Josiah would have it so. What was it you said, Josiah?"

"Well, I said—"

"Oh, yes; you said Mr. Gilman had been injured without getting damages, and you had got damages without being injured; and you wanted to even it up a little. Go on, Josiah."

"Well, by that time our money was about used up—"

"And I suppose some would say that we hadn't got much out of it," said Mrs. Tinker. "But we came home rested, with something pleasant to remember and nothing to regret. What more could you expect from a vacation, anyway? I didn't mean to interrupt you, Josiah."

"Well, I guess that's about all of it," said Mr. Tinker.

ALASKAN DOGS IN ALSACE

WHEN the transportation of supplies through the snow in the Vosges last winter was of urgent importance, the French army authorities conceived the idea of using dog-drawn sleighs, and several hundred trained animals from Alaska, northwestern Canada and Labrador were obtained. With the ending of winter, the dogs continue to be useful in another way. In the London Chronicle, Mr. H. Warner Allen, representative of the British press with the French army, tells how:

They are now being harnessed to two-foot-gauge light railways, which run everywhere behind the front, and they are capable of drawing the heaviest load up the steepest gradient. Eleven dogs, with a couple of men, can haul a load that weighs a ton up the most precipitous slopes of the mountains, and I am told that two teams of seven dogs each could do the work of five horses in this difficult country, with a very great economy of men.

Of the three breeds in service, the best is the Alaskan, although he is perhaps the weakest of them all. His courage never fails, and he will work until he drops.

FOOLING "SUNNY"

HUMAN traits are constantly appearing in our domestic pets, much to our own amusement. If we would only profit by them as we observe them! A real, full-blooded English bulldog has been in our family for seven years, writes a Companion contributor, and as time goes on we find him more and more human.

One of his traits has amused us for years. Sunny, as the dog has been appropriately named, is very particular about his food. Real, old-fashioned dog biscuit is beneath his dignity. When a bowl of biscuit is put down for his supper, he sniffs with disgust and turns away. But resting conveniently close at hand is a little papier-mâché model of a bulldog that rejoices in the name of Fido. All that we have to do in order to bring Sunny back to his bowl is to call "Here, Fido, Fido!" and to put Fido in front of the dinner. So long as he feels that some other dog may possibly get the food, Sunny will eat every crumb, and with a grunt of satisfaction nose Fido out of the way. Is not that precisely the nature of some humans?

THE STARVATION POINT

TO the question, "If there were a siege, how long do you think the soldiers and civilians could live after the food supplies gave out?" an English paper answers: Science tells us that, if he can get drinking water, an ordinary man can exist for thirty days without food. At the end of that time, the machinery of the body will not be spoiled, and can be brought back to its former strength by careful feeding.

About a quarter of our body weight is fat, and it is mostly this fat that is absorbed as food during the period of starvation. We can absorb and burn up our muscles until sixty per cent of their weight is gone. We can do the same with from thirty to forty per cent of our livers and digestive organs, and twenty per cent of our lungs. Our hearts can lose ten per cent, and our brains and nervous systems can lose five per cent.

It will be seen that the more vital organs—brain and heart—yield least of their valuable substance for the life of the body, while the less essential substances—fat, muscle fibre and so forth—are consumed first.

"THIS SEAT IS ENGAGED"

IN the train, says the Manchester Guardian, they were telling stories to illustrate "the impudence of some people." One passenger said that on getting into the train at Manchester he made for a vacant corner seat and was warned off by the man opposite, who said that the seat belonged to a friend of his. After having stood in the corridor for twenty minutes, the late comer put his head into the compartment and inquired:

"Where is that friend of yours?"

"Oh, he's getting on at Crewe," was the reply.

The distance from Manchester to Crewe is more than twenty-five miles.

THE NEED OF HASTE

The Doctor—Mrs. Brown has sent for me to go and see her boy, and I must go at once.

His Wife—What's the matter with the boy?

The Doctor—I do not know; but Mrs. Brown has a book on What to Do Before the Doctor Comes, and I must hurry there before she does it!

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number

The Animals of Puzzle-Land: 1, Porcupine; 2, Antelope; 3, Mink; 4, Chimpanzee; 5, Marmot; 6, Deer; 7, Llama; 8, Boar; 9, Tapir; 10, Moose; 11, Weasel; 12, Rat.

1. Treason, reason, son, on. II. Price, rice, ice.

2. A circle.

3. Oceana, recoup, Oscoda, zodiac, zenith, escape, Apache.

4. Five, fie, file, fle, hoe, hole, pole, Poe, we, well; ax, a; ass, lass; class, lass; cream, ream; ill, mill; pay, play; I.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

KNITTING FOR NATHAN

By Irving Palfrey

It comes about in a curious way that three little girls who live in Chicago have just been knitting three pairs of stockings for a Boston boy. The girls are two sisters, Alice and Mary, and a friend of theirs named Elizabeth, who lives on the same street. The boy is Nathan Strusky, who lives in a crowded tenement of the North End of Boston, not far from the Old North Church, where the signal lanterns hung on the night of Paul Revere's famous ride.

Last summer Alice and Mary made a journey to Boston with their mother. What a wonderful trip it was for all of them! It was mother's first trip to the East, and so everything in the historic old city where her ancestors had lived was as new and interesting to her as to Alice and Mary. They went to the parks and the beaches, to Lexington and Concord and Plymouth, and to the many historic shrines that all visitors seek out in the city itself. And of course they visited the new home of The Companion, where they saw hundreds of men and women busy with the work of preparing and printing and mailing the paper that the mail man has brought to their door every week since they can remember.

Then came the day when they had the adventure on the Common—and here is where Nathan Strusky comes into the story. They had visited the State House on Beacon Hill, and were resting a while on a bench under the great elms of the Common. It was very cool and quiet there. The only person near them was a barefooted boy who was feeding two squirrels. As the girls watched him they were sorry that they had no nuts to offer the friendly little creatures.

After a few moments Alice left the bench and ran to the shore of the Frog Pond, a few rods away. Several children were sailing little boats there, and one of the boats had tipped over and was floating on its side near the shore. The little fellow who owned the boat could not reach it and was beginning to cry.

"That's all right!" called Alice cheerily. "I'll get the boat for you."

But when she knelt down and reached out her hand for the boat, she found the distance greater than she had thought. She stretched a little farther, and then a little farther—and then there was a sudden splash and a scream that brought persons running to the spot from all directions.

Mother and Mary, still sitting on the shaded bench, saw what had happened, and were at the shore of the Frog Pond in an instant; but quick as they were, the barefooted boy who had been feeding the squirrels was quicker. There was a second splash, and the boy was in the pond beside Alice. The water was not deep, and the boy pushed and pulled Alice to the safety of the shore almost before she knew what had happened—except that she was well aware that she was drenched from head to foot and that many persons were gathering excitedly round.

Then mother, and Alice too, tried to thank the boy who had acted so promptly.

"It is nothing, ma'am," said the boy, with his dark eyes shining and his breath coming quickly from his efforts. "Of course any boy would do as much."

"But you are hurt," said mother, and she pointed to one of his bare feet that was red with blood.

"Oh, that's nothing, either!" insisted the boy. "I guess I cut my foot on something when I jumped into the water."

Mother was anxious to get Alice where she could have dry clothing, but before they hurried away she found out that the boy's name was Nathan Strusky, and she carefully wrote down the address that he gave her.

All that was last summer. When Alice and Mary were back in their Chicago home and in school again there was much to take up their time and occupy their minds. But when the



SO IT CAME ABOUT THAT THEY SPENT A BUSY VACATION

holiday vacation came there were stormy days, one after the other, that kept them in the house; and when it was not stormy it was so cold and windy that they were glad to stay in—they and their neighbor, Elizabeth. Then it was that mother suggested that they might learn to knit.

"In the old times every girl used to knit," said mother, "and it is worth while knowing how. Besides, it will make a cold, stormy day seem much shorter."

The girls were eager enough to learn, but quickly the question arose, "What shall we knit?" There was much discussion, but at last Alice solved the problem by exclaiming:

"Oh, I know! I should like to knit something to send to Nathan Strusky in Boston."

"That is a good idea," agreed mother at once.

"It should be a pair of stockings, then," said Mary. "He was barefooted, you know, and perhaps he needs them this winter."

"And just remember how he cut his bare foot when he pulled me out of the Frog Pond!" said Alice.

So it came about that three Chicago girls—for Elizabeth was eager to have a hand in it, too—spent a busy vacation in knitting stockings. At first there were many dropped stitches, and sometimes a whole row had to be unraveled; but they kept at their task, and the results were such that mother had a new reason to be proud of the girls.

And probably there was no more surprised or pleased boy in Boston than Nathan Strusky was when he opened a little parcel that the mail man brought him a few weeks ago and found in it three pairs of stockings, and three cards that said, "From the girl you pulled out of the Frog Pond" and "From the sister of the girl you pulled out of the Frog Pond" and "From the friend of the girl you pulled out of the Frog Pond."

"How good of them to remember!" said Nathan's mother. "And the knitting is well done, too. Certainly they are smart girls! Now you must send them a fine note of thanks."

It took Nathan a long time to write the note, and at last he had to get his teacher to help him with the task before he was satisfied.

THE FROG THAT WOULDN'T HOP

By Abigail Burton

ONE fine morning old Mrs. Frog hopped out of bed and put the kettle on the kitchen stove.

"Come, children!" she called. "We're going on a picnic to the Big Pool."

"What fun!" cried Reddy and her brothers Eddy and Neddy and Steddy.

Then old Mrs. Frog tied on her bonnet and took the lunch basket on her arm. Reddy took her skipping rope and Eddy and Neddy and Steddy took their nets for catching flies. And nothing had been forgotten except—

"Why, Freddy Frog!" exclaimed his mother. "Aren't you coming?"

Freddy yawned and stretched.

"No," he answered. "It's too far."

Having a son like Freddy was enough to make any mother worry, for a lazier little frog never lived. And fat! Why, his inside grew so much faster than his skin side that really it was a terrible strain on his jacket!

So old Mrs. Frog and the other children went away, hippety hop and hoppety hip, to their picnic at the Big Pool. And the other frog families went hunting, or swimming, or took their croaking exercises. But Freddy Frog still slept on his lily-pad bed.

By and by up came the big, hot sun. He squinted his hottest at Freddy Frog, until at last Freddy Frog sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"I hope mother left some breakfast for me," said Freddy Frog.

But the fire was out and the kettle put away. As for the cupboard, there were no sandwiches and no pickles and no cake in it.

"I'll catch some flies," said Freddy Frog.

So he sat and waited. But a frog that could not jump has not much chance to catch flies. It made him dreadfully hungry to watch them alighting just out of reach, and hungrier yet to hear them buzz. For the first time in his life Freddy Frog wished that he could jump like his brothers.

MY SNOWDROP

By Elizabeth Carrington Young

I have a little snowdrop
That minds not winter weather:
It blooms and blows
In cold and snows.
Now, will you tell me, whether
This blossom white
That doth delight
Our hearts, and cheers us ever,
Is flower rare,
Or baby fair,
Or both of them together?

By and by up came a big breeze.

"Oho!" said the breeze.

He blew his hardest at Freddy Frog, until Freddy Frog had to hold tight to his lily pad for fear of blowing away.

My, but he was out of breath! And my, but he was frightened!

"I wish it weren't so far to the shore," said Freddy Frog.

But it was far, frightfully far for a frog that could not jump. And he would not think of swimming. Such a lazy little frog! And he did not care to be blown into the water. For the second time in his life Freddy Frog wished that he could jump.

By and by up came a big wave.

"Oho!" said the wave.

He dashed his wettest at Freddy Frog, until Freddy Frog was drenched almost through his skin side to his inside!

My, but he was soaked! And my, but he was sulky!

"I hope that wave gets drowned," said Freddy Frog.

It did not, of course. But Freddy Frog did—nearly, for all the big friends of the big wave came hurrying up. They were no friends for a frog that could not jump. And they were all so wet! For the third time in his life Freddy Frog wished that he could jump.

By and by up came a big—something much worse than a sun or a wind or a wave. Up came a big pelican!

"Oho!" said the pelican.

He gobbled his hungriest at Freddy Frog, until Freddy Frog was not perfectly sure that he had not been eaten up already!

My, but he was unhappy! And my, but he was shocked!

"Aha!" said the pelican.

He opened his bill, with its pouch,—it was a shockingly big one!—and he was just bending over to snip up

Freddy Frog and stow him away for supper, when—Freddy Frog jumped! He did not wait to remember that he did not know how to hop. Right over the pelican's head he plopped, and went plump right into the water!—with the big wave and all the big friends of the big wave, too!

But Freddy Frog did not mind them! He dived and swam under the lily pads, and stayed very still, and hoped that he did not show!

"Soup and supper!" cried the pelican. "What became of it?"

He meant Freddy! And he began to poke his bill, with its shockingly big pouch, in and out among the lily pads. And Freddy Frog shivered—although he tried to stay still.

"Frog and icedress!" said the pelican crossly. "I'm hungry. I've had nothing to eat all day!"

It is amazing how anxious that pelican was to find Freddy Frog. But Freddy Frog was more anxious not to be found, and that is not amazing at all when you think that he was to be the supper.

"Will that pelican never get tired of poking his big bill about?"

Freddy Frog got so tired that he could not keep still any longer. And then—he showed! And the pelican was just bending over to snip up Freddy Frog, when—

The pelican stepped on a crab!

She was the school-teacher crab who had taught Freddy Frog his letters. She could not bear to see him eaten, she was so tender-hearted!

"Claws and nutcrackers!" screeched the pelican. "Let go!"

The pelican forgot Freddy Frog. He forgot everything but his foot! The school-teacher crab gave him a final nip, and away that pelican went, flying!

Freddy Frog jumped about, making the fire and putting on the kettle for tea. My, but he was a happy frog! And when old Mrs. Frog and Reddy and Eddy and Neddy and Steddy came hippety hop, hoppety hip home, with a basketful of fresh sandwiches for supper, there was the table spread and the dishes waiting.

"I've learned to jump, mother," said Freddy Frog. "I've learned to jump."

A WINTER BLANKET

By Anna M. Pratt

A million little snowflakes
Came softly down last night,
And wove a pretty blanket
All soft and warm and white.
And now the plants are safe in bed,
And their toes are tucked in tight.

Before starting the youngsters to school give them a piping hot cup of

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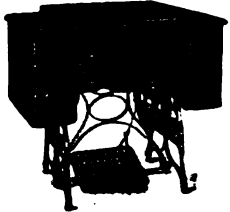
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NATURE & SCIENCE



WHY WE ARE TICKLISH.—In his recent book, *Man an Adaptive Mechanism*, Dr. George W. Crile gives an interesting explanation of the reason for ticklishness. He considers the sensation to be a prehistoric relic of reaction against peril. It is more strange than appears at first glance that the tickle reflex can be excited only in certain parts of the body, by but two types of tactile impression, and that it is invariably accompanied by a self-protective reaction. One type is elicited by a light, running movement on the surface of the skin, which produces a sensation like that produced by a crawling insect. The reflex is an irresistible desire to scratch or rub the affected part. It undoubtedly came into being at a time when insects were a great menace to life, and when only those individuals who evolved an effective defense were able to survive. It may even supply an explanation of man's gradual loss of hair from the body in his long, slow, upward march, since the presence of hair would provide ambush for the insect enemy, whereas the loss of it, together with the evolution of the tickle sensation, would greatly facilitate defense. A second type of tickle reflex is elicited by heavy penetrating pressure in the region of the ribs, the loins, the base of the neck and the soles of the feet—pressure like the penetrating contact of a tooth-shaped body. The reaction in this case is a violent discharge of energy in the form of laughter with cries for mercy, and frantic muscular efforts to be free if the stimulus be continued. If one were tied hand and foot and vigorously tickled for an hour, he would probably be as much exhausted as if he had run a Marathon race or sustained a crushing injury; indeed, persons sentenced to death by torture in the Middle Ages were often killed by prolonged tickling. The fact that the ticklish areas are found in those parts of the body that still are, and always must have been, the points most frequently attacked by savage beasts leaves little doubt that the reaction developed at a time when man's progenitors, like the carnivora of to-day, fought their enemies face to face with tooth and claw; and that the mechanism came into existence as a means of protection against foes.

THE FIELDS OF VERDUN.—After one of the battles of the Crimean War round shot lay so thick upon the ground that it was possible to step from one cannon ball to another all over the field. On the western front in Europe the shells do not lie like stepping-stones, for most of them burst into a thousand fragments, but the quantity of iron that now cumber the earth round Verdun or in parts of Picardy must be thousands of times greater than all that was used in the whole Crimean campaign. It is said that as many as a million shells a day have been fired for days at a time by the Allies in France alone. That figure is, of course, far above the average, but even if only a million shells a week have been fired by both the French and the Germans on the contested ground in front of Verdun the result is a most astonishing quantity of metal. Reckoning the average weight of a shell at 100 pounds, and the duration of the battle of Verdun at 30 weeks, the weight of metal discharged would be 1,500,000 tons, or more than 20 tons to the acre. That makes no account of the miles and miles of barbed wire and constructional steel used on the same ground. Who will collect that immense quantity of scrap when peace is restored? It will be a dangerous business, for the ground contains thousands of unexploded shells and hand grenades. Those who have visited the battlefield doubt if the fields about Verdun will ever again be cultivated. They believe that France will make a park of the region as a memorial to the heroism of her sons who died in defending it.

DO INSECTS MIGRATE?—One of the unexplained phenomena of animal life is the annual migration of birds, though the lines of their great flights have now been accurately mapped in both hemispheres. Mr. Howard J. Shannon, in an article in the Scientific Monthly, entitled Insect Migrations as Related to Those of Birds, maintains that many insects as well as birds make annual migrations southward in the autumn, following well-defined routes that correspond to those taken by the birds of the same regions. The insects include certain North American species of Diptera, butterflies and dragon flies. Mr. Shannon believes that there may be a return migration in the spring, but he is not sure whether such migrants are the same individuals that flew south in the fall or a new generation, bred in the southern winter quarters. Some idea of the magnitude of the migrations may be gathered from the statements of the author in regard to the monarch butterflies (*Danaus archippus*), which "in mingled myriads move forward in swarms, forming a veritable crimson cloud miles in width, and streaming backward for equal distances, casting below them as they go perceptible shadows."

FRESH-WATER MANATEE.—The New York Zoological Society now has on exhibition at the Aquarium in New York City the first fresh-water manatee of the upper Amazon that has ever been shown in this country. The specimen is only five feet long, and therefore is considerably smaller than the thousand-pound brackish-water manatees from Florida that were brought to the Aquarium several years ago. Two other characteristics that distinguish it from other species are the nailless flippers and the white breast. Like other manatees it turns on its back when the pool is drawn off for cleaning, and remains in the position shown in the



MANATEE OR SEA COW FROM THE AMAZON

illustration until the water again becomes deep enough to float it. The manatee is often called the sea cow, because of its fondness for grass, at any rate the sort of grass that grows in the water. Its principal diet at the Aquarium is eelgrass and a loaf of bread a day. The Amazon manatee is much more active than its Florida cousins, and often swims rapidly round its pool. It is also very sociable and will come to the edge of the 'pool' any time to have its back rubbed.

This Boy of Twelve Earned \$84.99

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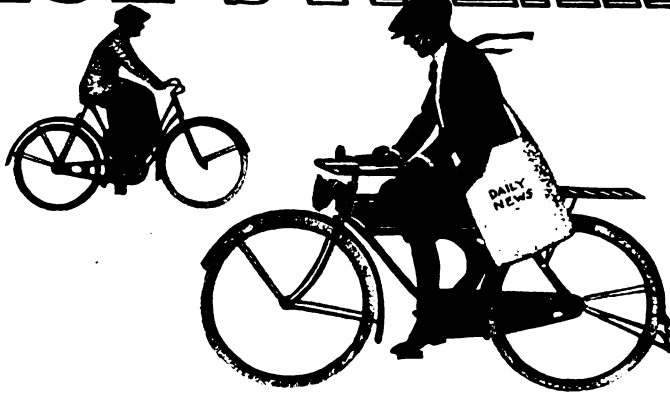
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Detroit, Mich.


(and Windsor, Ontario)

A detailed black and white illustration. In the background, a boy and a girl are working in a garden. The boy is standing and holding a basket, while the girl is kneeling and tending to plants. In the foreground, there are three large vegetables: a round, bumpy melon and two long, ribbed cucumbers. The scene is set in a garden with trees and a house visible in the distance.

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EACH



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GOODYEAR

A CHINESE SOLOMON

THE men who really govern China and who make life happy or miserable for the people are the district magistrates. There are about fifteen hundred of them in all. These men unite in themselves many various offices. They are coroners, sheriffs, tax collectors, road surveyors and forest commissioners. They are superintendents of schools and overseers of the poor, and they are at the head of the state religion, and worship at the temples on specified days. There is scarcely any matter into which they may not pry and for which they are not held responsible.

The administration of justice is in their hands. In the court of justice there are no juries, lawyers or men who are entitled to speak for the culprit. The parties to the suit, whether civil or criminal, kneel before the magistrate, who, sitting in his official chair, asks such questions as he sees fit, and as soon as he thinks he has discovered the truth, brings in his verdict. Either party may appeal from his decision to a higher court; still, as the expense of a lawsuit is higher proportionally than in America, that is not often done.

It will at once be apparent that such a man must possess a keen mind, a good knowledge of human nature, and be fertile in expedients. Above all, he must be a man of decision; not because immediate action is required, but in order to sustain his own dignity and command the respect of the people. The magistrate who hesitates is despised.

Some years ago a Chinaman who owned a mill where he pressed oil from beans was visited by a neighbor who came to borrow an immense basket used by the oil man to receive the bean refuse after the oil had been extracted. The Chinese are quite neighborly, so the request was granted, and the neighbor, who was a miller, carried the basket home to use for holding bran.

Time went on, and the following fall the oil man asked for the return of the basket. To his surprise, the miller claimed the basket as his own. In spite of the fact that there were no witnesses, the oil man went to law, and the case came before the district magistrate.

The magistrate asked each man to tell his story, which he did. Each man also acknowledged that he could not produce witnesses. The magistrate recognized that his own reputation was at stake, and also that it was a case where a righteous decision would greatly enhance his own reputation. He did not hesitate.

"Bring in the basket," he said. He had already determined in his own mind that in all probability the oil man was in the right, for he felt that no man in his senses would be likely to go to law about so cheap an article unless it were really his.

As soon as the basket was brought in, the magistrate, with a severe frown, addressed it in these words: "Mr. Basket, each of these two men here in court claims you as his own property. There are no witnesses as to which is telling the truth. Now I order you to tell us to which of them you belong. What, you remain silent! Are you not aware that I am the magistrate of this county? If you do not reply at once I shall order you to be severely punished! Still silent! Here, sergeant, get your paddle, turn over this basket and give him a hundred blows!"

The underlings who were present had great difficulty in keeping their faces straight, but they had to obey, and accordingly the man who was wont to use the stick for beating unwilling witnesses proceeded to beat the basket. He had not delivered many blows before the oil, which had been concealed by the bran, began to ooze forth.

"Hold on," said the magistrate; "that is enough! I thought I should make this basket speak. It is evident that he belongs to the oil man. Take out the miller and give him five hundred blows, and you, Mr. Oil Man, carry home your basket."

LINCOLN AND TOM HOOD

THE late Richard Watson Gilder once said that amid all his trials Lincoln had one compensation in the White House—John Hay. Mr. Thayer, in his *Life of John Hay*, cites these extracts from the Secretary's papers to confirm Mr. Gilder's statement.

"The President came in last night in his shirt, and told me of the retirement of the enemy from his works at Spottsylvania and our pursuit. I complimented him on the amount of underpinning he still has left, and he said he weighed 180 pounds. Important if true." (May 14, 1864.)

"A little after midnight, as I was writing those last lines, the President came into the office laughing, with a volume of Hood's Works in his hand, to show Nicolay and me the little caricature, 'An Unfortunate Bee-ing'; seemingly utterly unconscious that he, with his short shirt hanging about his long legs and setting out behind like the tail feathers of an enormous ostrich, was infinitely funnier than anything in the book he was laughing at. What a man it is! Occupied all day with matters of vast moment, deeply anxious about the fate of the greatest army of the world, with his own plans and future hanging on the events of the passing hour, he yet has such a wealth of simple bonhomie and good-fellowship that he gets out of bed and perambulates the house in his shirt to find us, that we may share with him the fun of poor Hood's queer little conceits."

ROSTAND'S REST CURE

THE French poet, Rostand, according to a recent dispatch from Paris, has his own peculiar method of rehabilitating his mental and physical powers: he goes to bed and stays there. A friend of the poet says that he is taking an isolation cure of three months, which he is passing in bed in his house at Cambo. He sees no one except one servant, everyone takes care to make no noise in the house, and the poet receives no letters or communications from the outside world except through newspapers—the war accounting for this compromise of what would otherwise be perfect isolation.

He has taken one or two of these solitude cures before—once when he was working on *Cyrano*, and once when he was slightly ill. He is not working particularly during this cure, except for some reading. He was feeling out of sorts for some weeks before he took it, which accounts for his decision.

His friends say that these cures have a remarkable effect on his health. He gains a great deal in weight, loses his habitual nervousness, recovers his powers of working hard, and generally becomes his old genial self again.



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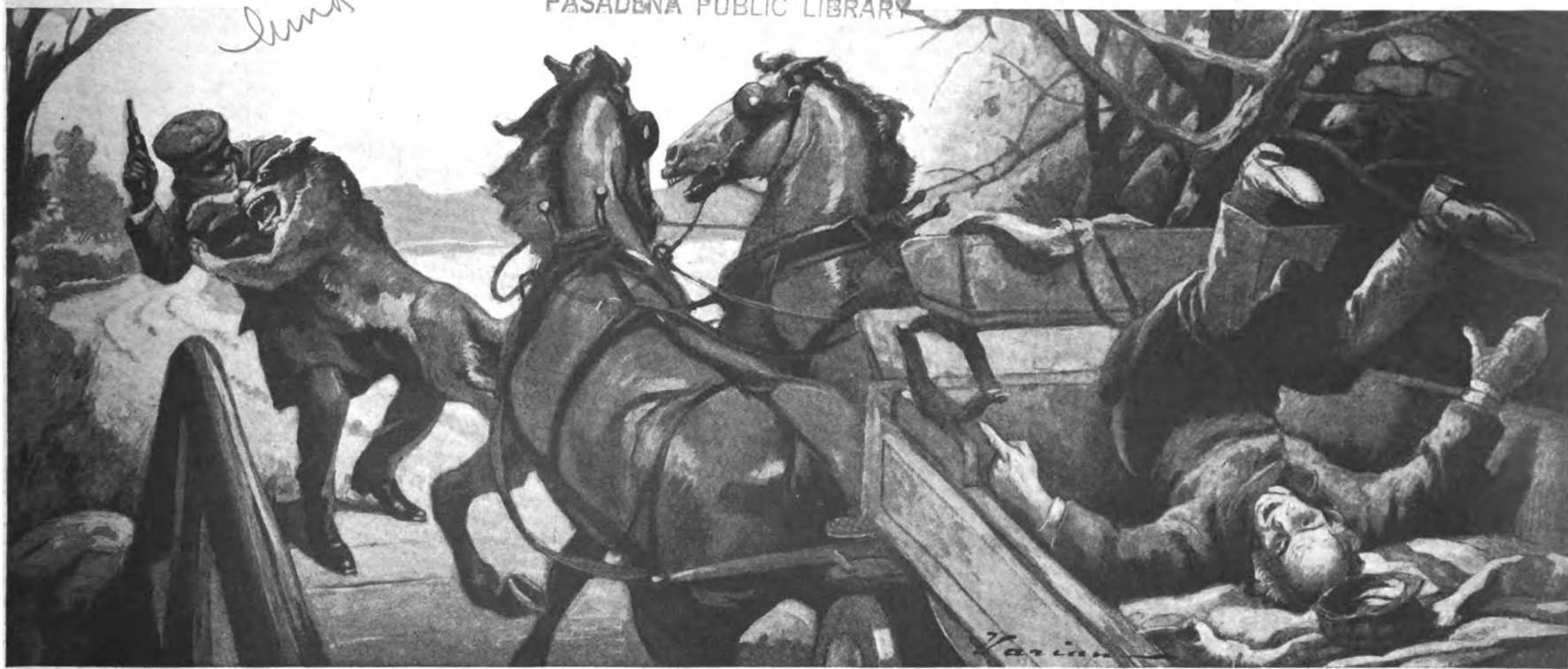
IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN

WITH A JOYOUS WHOOP OF "TAKE HIM, TIGE!" HE THREW HIS LEGS INTO THE AIR AND WENT OVER BACKWARD ON THE BLANKETS

UNCLE Tim Lannigan lived on an eighty-acre farm a quarter of a mile north of the main road. To reach it he had to use a private road. Old Mike Cahill, from whom he had bought the land, had flatly refused to sell him a frontage on the highway.

"Bedad," Mike had said, "it's plenty good fer a County Mayo man anny day in the week. Ye've nivir lived anny place but in beyant somewheres, and ye would not be knowin' how to behave if ye lived on the main ro'd."

"Ye blitherin' omadhaun, ye've been gittin' that biggoty 'tis a wondher ye're not callin' yerself the mayor of the crossroads. 'Tis a fine opinion ye have of yersel, Mike Cahill, and me knowin' ivery mumber of yer family fer three ginerations, and not a wan of thim with the price of a co't or a pair of shoes till ye saw this counthry. And a sorra day fer Ameriky it was."

"Sure and Oi care not a bit fer the talk of ye; 'tis the coin Oi want and down on the nail, or there be no papers drawn. Ye can have a roight of way be the line fence, the wide of two hayracks and four feet over, and it's foolish Oi am to be givin' ye that much."

"Ye'll give me that or there'll be no sale. And the matther of the fence fer the roight of way will be on the pockets of ye and the Doochman next door, fer Oi'm not buyin' the roight to pay for a quarter of a mile of fence fer ye. Oi'm buyin' land."

At last the papers had been drawn and the coin paid; then old Mike had grinned at old Tim and Tim had grinned back.

"'Tis a hard man ye are, Mike Cahill," said he, "and I give warnin' to ye roight now that the cattle ye kape must be on yer own soide of the fence. Oi'll have no rampagin' steers roarin' through me wheat and cornfields. Oi'll kape a big dog will give thim the fole of a foine set of tathe."

So with many a gibe the two old men had parted at the squire's office, where the papers had been signed, and had gone their ways—smiling. For Tim Lannigan and Mike Cahill were really the best of friends, although they had great sport in abusing each other when anyone was by to listen. If they had the side of the road to themselves they joked together and indulged themselves in all sorts of reminiscences, but as soon as some one joined in the talk they began to abuse each other violently.

Within a week Tim had men working on his new house and other men breaking up the prairie sod for spring wheat sowing. He meant to make that back eighty produce to the limit, and look well, too. He had money, and he knew as much about farming as any one in Minnesota; and he had what many

others did not have—a love of order and of neatness. His old farm, which he had lately sold for a good price, had been the best-kept place for miles round.

By hiring many teams and working his own two spans, he planted the whole eighty acres that first spring. In July his grain and cornfields were a beautiful sight. His wife and his daughter, Kathleen, had made flower beds with what help they could get from Tim and the men who worked for him. Labor from daylight to sunset in the fields left the men rather averse to gardening, but Kathleen's smile brought several hours of help from the younger members of the crew.

The crop of wheat was excellent; Tim figured that he should have about sixteen hundred bushels of "number one" to sell at the elevator. He intended to store the wheat and to take tickets for it; then when the price was where he wanted it he would sell, present his tickets and get his money.

As soon as the roads were frozen and worn down a little, Tim set his two teams to hauling wheat; after the snow came the horses drew larger loads on runners. When Tim had delivered the last load he had the agent number his tickets and make his record complete, for he intended to take the checks to the bank for safe-keeping.

But the bank and the elevator were in different places. The elevator stood beside the railway track eight miles west of Tim's place, and the bank was at a village six miles east. The agent offered Tim a lock box in the big safe at the elevator to keep his tickets in, but the old man only grinned and winked at him. The agent flushed hotly, until Tim patted him on the shoulder and told him that he had only been joking.

"Bedad, Tim," said Mike, when his friend told him that he had stored his wheat, "there's wan thing ye should be mindin', and that is the holdup men that work the ro'd ivry year whin the storage men air cashin' in their tickits. Whin ye go to cash in, take wan of the men with ye and pack a gun."

"Oi'll be afther takin' some one better than anny man in town. D'ye moind ould Tige?"

"And whin they have the guns on ye what good will Tige do? Ye'll do better if ye heed what Oi'm tellin' ye. Git ye a gun and kape a bodyguard for the wan day."

"Ye're askin' what Oi'll do and what Tige

will do? Begorra, Oi'll use strategy, and Tige will do the foightin'."

There seemed to be some ground for Mike Cahill's warning, for shortly after the price of wheat began to climb in January and farmers were selling their crops several holdups were reported. In each case the men had been robbed when they had the proceeds of their sales with them;

the robbers seemed to know just when a farmer sold his crop.

The price of wheat went from seventy cents to seventy-five, then to seventy-eight, and at last to eighty. That was a good price in those days, and Mike urged Tim to sell. The old man was obstinate, however; he had set his mind on getting eighty-five cents a bushel for his wheat. The agent said he would not get it and he said he would; so he still held on after all his neighbors had sold.

Two weeks went by, and the price crawled up a cent, then dropped two cents, and then, mustering strength, crept up to eighty-two. There it clung for another two days, and then by quarter- and half-cent jumps worked up to eighty-four. Mike pleaded with Tim to sell, but the old man shook his head.

"Oi'll hold it till spring before Oi'll sell a cint below eighty-foive. That thievin' agent is houldin' on and misprisintin' the prices in hopes he can git me wheat a cint below price."

At last one Saturday morning a neighbor rode past on his way from town and told Mike Cahill that wheat was eighty-five cents for that day only. Mike hurried over to see Tim at once. The old man heard the news with a grin of satisfaction; hitching up his gray mares to the big wagon, he climbed on the high spring seat. As he started out of the yard he whistled for Tige.

Tige was a huge mongrel with enough bulldog blood in him to give him an ardent love of fighting. He always trotted between the horses under the wagon pole and from that vantage point shot forth to meet his enemies. His fights had become so numerous that for some time Tim had kept him at home. Tige was overjoyed at the chance to run with the team again and took his station at once.

At the elevator Tim presented his tickets, which he had brought from the bank.

"Yes, Mr. Lannigan," said the agent, running rapidly through them, "just sixteen hundred bushels. That is thirteen hundred

and sixty dollars. Give it to you right away."

"Wait a bit, me b'y, wait a bit. Thim tickits added up sixteen hundred twelve bushels,

eighteen pounds at the bank this mornin', and Oi see no rason fer shrinkage. Ye don't think, do ye, that twelve bushels, eighteen pounds would leak out of me pocket durin' the ride from the bank?"

The agent went through the tickets once more and apologized. The odd bushels and pounds were there. His nerves seemed to be upset a little by the old man's catching him in a mistake, and he had to count the money three times before he could get it right. At last Tim rolled up his cash and, bidding the agent good-by, strode out to the wagon.

A thaw had set in the week before, and for several days the snow had been gone. The wagon rattled along the frozen road for two miles, and then approached a bridge that spanned a small stream. Because of a curve in the road a man could not see the bridge until he was within fifty yards of it.

Tim was cold and he sat hunched up on the high spring seat. To keep his hands warm he had put them under his legs; he held the reins between his knees. As the wagon rounded the curve, he saw a man standing on the bridge with his back toward him. Tim noticed that the stranger did not turn at the sound of the wagon, as any country fellow would have done.

When the horses' heads were not more than fifteen feet from him the man whirled and with a curt "Hands up!" pointed a revolver at Tim.

In the back of the wagon, just behind the seat, lay two horse blankets. Tim had no sooner seen the man's mask and the pistol than with a joyous whoop of "Take him, Tige!" he threw his legs into the air and went over backward on the blankets; only his feet showed above the seat. Backing into the breeching, the team strove to stop the wagon.

As Tim yelled to Tige the big mongrel came out from under the wagon pole like a cannon ball. His full weight struck the thief in the breast and the man fell. As he struck the ground his revolver dropped from his hand and exploded harmlessly. The landit lay on his back with Tige on top; the dog's jaws were within an inch of the man's face.

Tim climbed down from the wagon, shouting all the time to Tige, "Hould him! Watch him, b'y; that's the stuff! 'Tis a foine pup ye air, Tige! Hould him, b'y!"

Going to the horses' heads and taking a hitch strap off the nigh mare, Tim proceeded to strap the man's arms tight at the elbows. As he rolled the fellow over, Tige hopped back out of the way, but the dog never ceased to growl and to show his terrible teeth. When

Tim had secured the man's arms he picked up the revolver, pulled his prisoner to his feet and "boosted" him into the wagon.

There he made the fellow lie down, and, winding a blanket round him, fastened it with the other hitch strap and a short rope from a halter. That done, he raised the mask that covered the bandit's features. "Let's have a luk at ye," he said.

As he looked, Tim nodded his head several times. "Oi do be undherstandin' somethin' now. 'Twas a foine game before it hit the Oirish. Wid their usual likin' fer mixin' things the Oirish have fixed yer little game."

When Tim drove into his yard he called to his daughter to come out to help him. Kathleen ran out, expecting to find something that he had bought in the village. When she saw a masked man, tied up like a mummy, she turned a wondering look on her father.

Tim, who was enjoying the situation immensely, gave no heed to her. He took the end gate out of the box and, reaching in, grasped one of the man's feet. With a hard pull he slid the bandit half out of the wagon.

Tim and his daughter then carried the trussed man to the door, where Mrs. Lannigan stood with her hands upraised and her mouth agape. When Tim had got the prisoner inside, he assumed the airs of a showman, and with a deal of nonsense seated the figure in a chair.

"Take a sate, Molly, and you, Kathleen, may shtand in front and git the first view of the great and only holdup man in captivity in the Shtate of Minnesota. Air ye ready?"

With a flourish Tim raised the mask.

"O dad, it can't be!" Kathleen cried.

"Why, he—dad, I can't believe it!"

"'Tis true, Kathy, more's the pity. The

very felly that wanted ye to marry him but six weeks before threshin' toime. Now he can sing to a different tune. Can ye run to Moike's house and tell him to come a-runnin'?"

"Yes, father, but what are you going to do with him?"

"That, me dear Kathy, is to be decided later. Go ye now and quickly."

Mike lost no time in coming, and he and Tim held a consultation over the bandit, who had said no word since he had been in the house. Mike was in favor of taking the prisoner at once to the county jail, but Tim counseled otherwise.

"Would that pay back the Gould the b'ys have lost? Would sindin' this foine gintlemin to the pinitinshtery git back a dollar of the hard cash the farmers have been robbed of? 'Dade, and it wouldn't. Now, ye moind who he is, the brother of the agent at the elevator, and with the knowledgement of the toime of payment whin anny man goes out wid his hands full of yeller-backed bills. How does he git the news? From the brother av him, and the wan is as guilty as the other. 'Tis the rayturn of iviry cint or the jail. 'Tis a ch'ice they do be havin' and only wan ch'ice."

It took the agent just half a minute to make up his mind, when Tim and Mike called on him with the prisoner, and not much longer to hand over the stolen money. And it took the two brothers only from one o'clock till the two-fifteen train to get ready to depart from the neighborhood.

Later, whenever Tim boasted publicly of his "strathey," Mike would shout: "Oi'd rather ha' been hild up and losht me cash than have to listen to ye, ye ould blowhard!"

time with an upward sweep of the palm, to call her daughter's attention to the blue sky.

"Yes, it is a nice day," Sara agreed. "But I'd rather go out on a stormy one, when I shouldn't run any risk of meeting people."

"Oh, don't, Sara!" Mrs. Warren begged; but the girl did not hear her.

"I don't want to get like Miss Jane Chapman, boring everyone to death. And I'd be worse than Miss Jane. At least she could hear you if you told her to go home."

"O Sara, please!"

"It's the worst thing that could happen, mother, the very worst. I used to think it would be terrible to be blind, but that's nothing to this. It's like being dead and watching the living, without being able to join them."

"You mustn't be—morbid!" Mrs. Warren cried.

Sara understood the spirit of her protest rather than the words.

"If there were any hope, mother, it would be different. If it weren't the kind there's no help for, I could be as brave as anyone; but to know that I'm going to grow deafer and deafer till I can't hear a sound, that everything's over and done with for me, as much now as if I were eighty, that's more than any girl could endure."

She could not hear her mother's reply, but the pain that quivered across the tired face checked her outburst. Remorsefully Sara stooped to kiss her mother's cheek.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself. I'll go out for a little walk if it'll make you feel better, and I'll walk so fast that no one will dare to stop me to ask a question."

Ever since Sara's trouble had come on a year or so before, Mrs. Warren had not been able to coax her daughter to take a walk of more than fifteen or twenty minutes at the most. To-day an hour and a half passed without her return, and Mrs. Warren became anxious. She was on the point of telephoning to her husband to ask what she ought to do, when the door opened and Sara entered. With an unreasoning terror her mother saw that she was laughing.

manner did not once suggest it. I've invited her to come to see me soon."

"I'm afraid you'll regret it, dear," Mrs. Warren was beginning reprovingly, but she paused as Sara's face suddenly darkened.

"O mother, don't you see? It sounds ridiculous after the big things I've planned and hoped for, but I really got a little satisfaction out of knowing that I'd helped to make a bright spot in Miss Jane's day."

The queer intimacy between Sara and Miss Jane grew rapidly. Miss Jane returned the call promptly—within forty-eight hours, to be exact. She rang the bell with her usual air of expecting a rebuff and asked timidly, "Is Sara in?" So far the programme was familiar enough, but from that point Miss Jane was treated to new and startling variations. She was asked in and invited to take a comfortable chair. Then Sara, carrying a workbasket, appeared, shook hands and seated herself. With a little uncertainty, as if she had expected to wake at any minute, Miss Jane began her customary meaningless prattle. As she talked, her confidence grew. She babbled happily on, and Sara encouraged her by an occasional remark and a smile.

Week after week Miss Jane's calls continued. Mrs. Warren watched, not quite approving; but her dissatisfaction with the new friendship diminished as she saw that for the unhappy, sensitive girl there was balm in realizing that her companionship was the chief joy in Miss Jane's life.

It is doubtful whether Miss Jane ever discovered the extent of Sara's affliction. It did not disconcert the little old lady at all if her questions remained unanswered. Her mind was so inconsequent that it did not astonish her when Sara's occasional remarks introduced topics altogether remote from those she herself was discussing. She told Mrs. Warren that Sara was not at all like a modern girl; that was the highest compliment, Miss Jane felt, that she could pay her.

Miss Jane had babbled on for an hour one afternoon. Sara sat knitting in the chair opposite, now lifting her eyes from her work to Miss Jane's amiable face, now venturing a remark on any subject that chanced to cross her mind. The girl suddenly started so violently that the ball of worsted dropped from her lap and rolled under the sofa.

"I wonder why they always do that?" said Miss Jane. "Balls of yarn and kittens are so much alike, so full of mischief! Of course the yarn isn't really, but the way it runs off under things seems almost playful. Now, what was I saying? Oh, yes! My bonnet was really very pretty, with velvet strings that tied close under the chin, and my mitts —"

Sara's heart was pounding. "She's telling me about when she was a girl," her excited thoughts ran. "She said 'When I was a girl.' Now, how did I know? I couldn't have heard her. How did I know? How do I know? I must—have seen it."

She sank back in the chair, faint and dizzy. Miss Jane purred on contentedly. She was describing a costume that she had worn when she was eighteen years old, and she had every detail at her tongue's end. She was far too happy in having a listener for those fascinating recollections to notice the colorless face of her hostess.

Months before, when Sara had been visiting specialist after specialist, only to hear from each one the same hopeless verdict, Mrs. Warren had tried to lighten her daughter's suffering by suggesting that she learn lip reading. Sara, who had always clung doggedly to the hope of being cured, was in a desperate mood when her mother made the suggestion, and so she took it as an insult to her intelligence. They were trying to quiet her, she thought, by telling her something pleasant, as people sometimes soothed fractious children. She had turned upon her quiet little mother with a look in her eyes that silenced Mrs. Warren in the middle of a sentence.

"If you love me, mother," Sara had said, "never speak of that again. Never!" And until the present time Mrs. Warren had complied with the foolish request.

How foolish the request was, Sara was beginning to understand. "When I was a girl," Miss Jane had said. Without hearing the words Sara had known that they were spoken. Lip reading was not a fantastic fancy devised to soothe the unfortunates like herself. She had done it without trying.

Miss Jane was telling of a compliment once paid her by a young poet. She stopped in the midst of her narrative, confused by an unexpected, indeed unprecedented, occurrence. Sara was giving her words a close, almost terrifyingly close, attention. She had moved her chair a little and her staring eyes were glued on Miss Jane's face. It was no wonder that the poor lady forgot the point of the compliment that she had treasured for forty-two years and that she spoiled the story in the telling.

It was several months afterwards that Mr. Warren, although not an observant man ordinarily, said to his wife, "Seems to me the girl's a little brighter than she was."

"Yes," Mrs. Warren replied, a little doubtfully. "But I'm worried about her."

"Well," returned her husband with some

AN OUTLET FOR MISS JANE

By Harriet Lummis Smith

"ARE any of the ladies in this afternoon?" Miss Jane Chapman stood at the door of Judge Wickham's handsome house. She was a pathetic figure in her shabby finery. Miss Jane loved silks and big feathers and veils and long sashes. In the merciless light of the afternoon sunshine her efforts to present, as she herself would have said, "a genteel appearance," were exposed in all their pitiful futility.

"The ladies are not at home," said Mrs. Wickham's well-trained maid imperturbably, as she took up the card receiver.

Miss Jane blushed and drew back. "I didn't bring a card. I only planned to drop in—informally."

She turned and went down the steps a little tremulously. The maid paused a moment to watch the disappointed lady, and her face wore an expression of contemptuous pity.

Miss Jane Chapman was a bore. Everyone in the little town of Washington Heights was perfectly aware of the fact. Some people hinted that she was not quite sane, but that was nonsense. At sixty years of age Miss Jane was very much what she had been at sixteen—a gushing, unintelligent person of sentimental tendencies. But when Miss Jane's cheeks had been pink and her eyes a lustrous blue, no one had minded her vacuity. Now that her once fair skin was wrinkled and her golden hair a muddy white, her silly little speeches fretted people.

Ah might have been well, however, had Miss Jane had any resources in herself; but her one diversion was society. Miss Jane had never learned to enjoy reading, and her eyes did not allow her to spend much time at sewing. If she had some one to talk to, Miss Jane was perfectly happy. She had nothing particular to say, to be sure, and yet she craved a chance to say it. For years she had been calling at every house that she had any possible excuse for entering. She was as likely to make her appearance at one time of day as another, and when once she had crossed the threshold she found the chance to talk so enticing that it was next to impossible for her to tear herself away.

"I wouldn't mind letting her in occasionally," said the doctor's wife, "if she'd stay a reasonable time, like other people; but the last time she was here she came at nine in the morning, and she was still here when the clock struck three. I had almost to drive her out of the house. Since then Martha has had orders never to let her in."

Miss Jane moved slowly away from Judge Wickham's door that bright afternoon. It was the fourth "perfectly informal" call that she had tried to pay that afternoon. No one had been at home except Mrs. Price, a strictly conscientious lady, who sent down word that she was busy and would Miss Jane please excuse her.

"People nowadays are so restless," said Miss Jane, with a sigh. "When I was a girl, ladies as a rule expected to be home to receive guests. Those days were so much more social! Dear me!"

She shook her head over the many changes that had come about since she was sixteen;



SHE HAD MOVED HER CHAIR A LITTLE AND HER STARING EYES WERE GLUED ON MISS JANE'S FACE

virtually all of them, Miss Jane was sure, were changes for the worse.

From the window of the house across the way a pair of gray eyes watched Miss Jane's discomfiture. A cynical smile curved a pair of lips that were too youthful to smile in cynicism.

"Why doesn't she go home and stay home?" Sara Warren asked herself. "Why does she make herself ridiculous going where she isn't wanted? Oh!"

The exclamation came as Sara felt a hand laid on her arm. She turned and looked down at her mother. Sara was a tall girl, and Mrs. Warren a little woman.

"Have you been screaming yourself hoarse, trying to attract my attention, mother?" asked Sara. "I'm sorry."

"Oh, no, dear!" said Mrs. Warren, raising her voice. "I just wanted to ask you why you didn't take a walk this lovely day."

Sara's face was blank. "Did you ask me a question, mother?" she said quietly after a moment.

Mrs. Warren raised her voice still more loudly.

"Why don't you—take a little—walk?" She gestured toward the window, to make her meaning clear, and Sara partly understood.

"You want me to go out?"

"Such a lovely day!" shouted the mother, separating the words. She gestured again, this

Sara threw herself into an armchair. "Well, mother, I've a surprise for you. I've been making a call."

Mrs. Warren stared at her without speaking. Pulling off her gloves in leisurely fashion, Sara looked up to see the effect of her announcement.

"I'm not taking leave of my senses, mother dear," she went on, with a smile, "though I'm not surprised you think so. I've made a call on Miss Jane Chapman."

"Miss Jane Chapman!"

"Exactly! It seemed to me that two such forlorn specimens should stand by each other. Of course she's a dreadful bore, but I'm proof against boredom. I couldn't hear a word she said."

"But how—I don't see—" Mrs. Warren paused hopelessly.

But Sara guessed her meaning from her expression and her little perplexed gesture.

"We got on beautifully. Miss Jane doesn't care very much about conversational reciprocity, you know. All she wants is to have a sort of human cream jug into which she can pour her confidences. You see, no one in town knows how very deaf I am, and of course Miss Jane doesn't. I sat and thought about things and let her talk. Occasionally I'd rouse up and nod and smile. Apparently luck was with me, for, if I nodded and smiled when I ought to have shaken my head and sighed, Miss Jane's

surprise, "I can't see that it's anything to worry about to have her cheering up."

"But she spends so much time with Jane Chapman."

"I guess Jane Chapman won't hurt her. She's a little queer, but as good as gold."

"It's not natural," Mrs. Warren said with decision. "A young girl's spending hours every day with a flighty old woman, and not seeing anyone else. I can't make it out."

A few days later her husband accused his wife of inconsistency.

"First you worry because she won't see anyone except Miss Jane. And now you worry because she's accepted an invitation to dinner."

"It's the first time she's gone out in company since her trouble came."

"Shows she's getting her balance again," the father said optimistically.

His wife made a little impatient gesture. "How's she going to get along when people talk to her? Here at home we make her understand by pointing to things. I'm afraid it's going to be very embarrassing to her out in company."

"She's got to come to it," said Sara's father, "unless you're going to keep her shut up the rest of her life."

But in spite of his sensible words his face, too, was shadowed.

When Sara took her seat at the table of the hospitable Thrustons the next Friday evening, Mrs. Warren, seated opposite, noticed the girl's air of suppressed excitement. Her eyes were very bright and a spot of scarlet showed on either cheek.

"She's so nervous that she hardly knows what she's doing," the mother said to herself.

Then Mrs. Warren's heart came into her mouth, for young Robert Thruston, home from college for a few days, turned and addressed Sara. The girl looked up as she felt his movement, fixed her eyes on his face and waited until he had finished. Then her mother saw that she was replying.

Mrs. Warren did not faint, although for a few moments she fully expected to do so. She rallied and even made a pretense of eating her dinner; but she could hardly be called good company. Her eyes scarcely left the girl opposite, the girl who had sat morosely silent so many hours out of the past year, and who now was conversing like any other of the guests.

Bedtime came late that night, for after reaching home Sara had to explain the miracle. Seated on a hassock at her mother's feet, with her watchful eyes uplifted, she told her story.

"You know you spoke of lip reading back at the very first and I wouldn't listen. I thought you were just saying it to let me down easy. And then one day I understood something Miss Jane said, understood it without hearing her. Until then I'd never paid any attention to what she was saying, you know. I just let her talk, so as to give her an outlet."

"You dear, unselfish child." The tears started to Mrs. Warren's eyes, but Sara laughed.

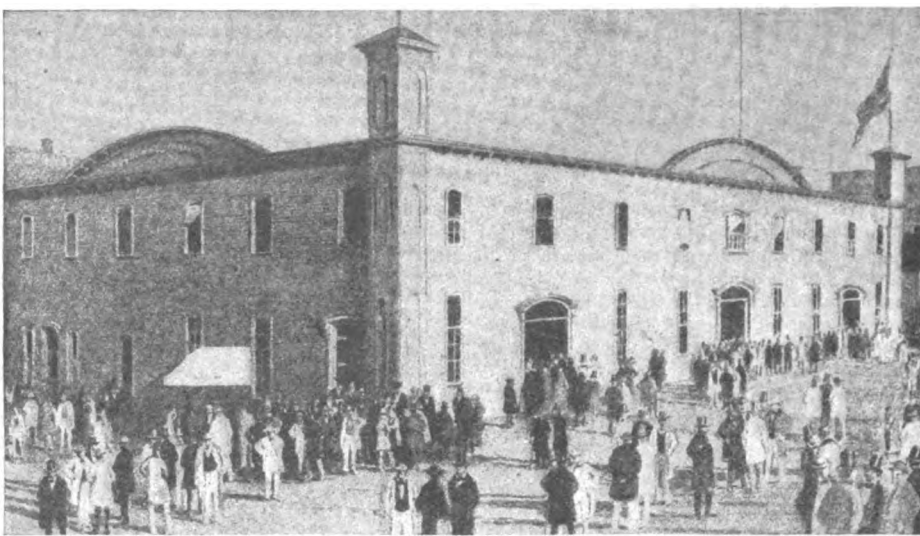
"That's a mother's partiality. You said I was unselfish, didn't you? Well, to go back to Miss Jane, when I found that I had read her lips without trying to, I just settled down to business. Poor, dear old soul! How she has talked these last six months, and how I have watched! And when I began to understand, mother, and to get the hang of a story, it was like heaven."

Again Mrs. Warren's eyes swam with tears. "You might have let me help you instead of Miss Jane."

"At first I was afraid I'd make a failure and disappoint you so. And then I made up my mind to give you a surprise. But I've watched your lips and father's as well as Miss Jane's, though I was a little underhanded about it. And in the street cars I've watched people talking, and done considerable eavesdropping that way."

She stopped a moment to laugh. Mrs. Warren, entirely overcome, wiped her eyes.

"Of course it's no use, mother, pretending it's not a handicap; it is, and it's a big one. I can only talk to one person at a time, and sometimes, even then, I make mistakes. Once or twice this evening Bob Thruston looked a little puzzled, and I saw I'd made the wrong answer; but that seems such a little thing compared to being shut up in a glass prison where you can see people but never talk to them. It's just taught me that nothing happens to people that's hopeless. Mother, I believe I'm going to be happy and useful in spite of everything—thanks to Miss Jane."



THE WIGWAM IN CHICAGO, WHERE LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED FOR THE PRESIDENCY

NOMINATING LINCOLN

By the late Franklin Johnson, D.D.

FOR three days in 1860 I was a politician. I had never been one before; I have never been one since. I was at that time a member of the Republican convention that first nominated Lincoln for the presidency. In 1860, when I was a student in what is now Colgate University, I was astonished one day to receive a communication from Oregon saying that the State Executive Committee of the Republicans had appointed me a member of the national convention to be held at Chicago a month later. All the necessary credentials were inclosed.

I had not been chosen by the state convention; but several of those thus chosen were unable to attend the national convention, and the executive committee had been authorized to fill the vacancies. My older brother was a member of the executive committee, and I discovered later that he was responsible for my receiving a commission as delegate.

GREELEY AND THE BURLINGAMES

THE vacancy that I filled occurred because it was then hard to get from Oregon to Illinois; the best way was to go to New York by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and from there by rail to Chicago. Because of that tedious and expensive journey it was necessary to find several delegates who were already on the Atlantic side of the continent. Horace Greeley was one of them; for, although he was not an Oregonian, he was loved and revered in Oregon, as in all the other Northern States of the Union.

At noon of the 16th of May the delegates found themselves in what was called the Wigwam, a vast temporary structure of rough lumber that had been built expressly for the occasion. It was near the river and near the lake, on an angle of land now occupied by business buildings. I was seated on one side of Horace Greeley; on his other side sat Mr. Burlingame, an old man, the father of Anson Burlingame, then eminent, and afterwards to become famous as the confidential adviser of the Chinese emperor. Much of the time Anson Burlingame was in the company of his father, whom he had not seen for many years.

As soon as the convention was called to order and had begun business, it became evident that the acoustic qualities of the Wigwam were perfect, for every voice was clearly heard throughout the vast room. It was evident also that the managers of the convention were men of ability and experience who knew their work, for the business of the day was taken up at once and dispatched without confusion or hesitation, and yet without denying any delegate or group of delegates full freedom of speech and action. The hesitations, uncertainties and doubtful expedients

often observed in such assemblies were entirely absent.

The first day was devoted to verifying credentials, electing officers and appointing committees, the second to adopting rules of procedure and a platform, and the third to nominating candidates. The second day brought before the convention the chief subjects of debate.

It has been said that the convention was remarkable for the fact that each of the presidential aspirants was presented in a speech of two or three sentences, instead of in the long and wearisome eulogy that is now customary. That is true, but there was plenty of long

and wearisome oratory on other subjects. It seemed to me that many of the younger delegates, finding themselves for the first time in a national convention, seized the great occasion to make speeches

for their constituents at home, rather than for the purpose of influencing their fellow delegates.

I was interested to observe Greeley, who touched elbows with me. During the speeches he usually sat with his eyes closed. If the speaker said anything of importance, he opened them at once and paid serious attention. If the speaker merely uttered words without thought, Greeley, after listening for a while with closed eyes, would begin to mutter profane expletives.

Mr. Burlingame was a devout church man; after the convention had adjourned on the second day he met his son, Anson, and expressed to him the astonishment and pain with which he had heard those expressions from Mr. Greeley.

"He is not conscious of what he has said," Anson told him. "When he was young he fell into the habit of using bad language, but he uses it now only under strong provocation, and does not know that he uses it. Tell him how you feel about it, and you will find that what I say is true."

I was present when Mr. Burlingame acted on that advice. "Mr. Greeley," he said, "I have taken your paper for many years, and have learned to regard you as one of the wisest and best men who ever lived. I cannot tell you how I have been shocked to overhear some of your language this afternoon."

Greeley opened his great, innocent eyes. "Have I been swearing, Mr. Burlingame?" he answered. "I didn't know it. I will try not to do so any more. I thank you."

Greeley's knowledge of many of the obscure and ambitious speakers was extraordinary. Mr. Burlingame and I both had opportunity to test it frequently. We would ask him who a speaker was, and he would answer at once somewhat as follows: "He is a member of the Indiana Legislature from Harrison County." Then he would recite some of his votes on certain of the important issues in his state in recent years. How he acquired such knowledge of men is to me a puzzle to this day. I never found him at a loss for an immediate answer.

CARL SCHURZ

MY memory of Greeley is one of affectionate admiration. The great mistake of his life was his ambition to be President; for he was created for another position and another work. He was appointed by nature and training to be an editor and to lead the sober religious people of the Northern States in their thought concerning the great national issues of the period. They honored him as they honored almost no other living man. He was not by nature a statesman. In trying to grasp the presidency he lost his paper, his income, his health and his life. His end was a bitter tragedy, and the generation of young men who grew up under his influence can never think of him without reverence for his character and sorrow that his sun, after shining brightly all his life, went down in tempest.

Among the numerous speakers only one made an indelible impression on my memory. Carl Schurz said only a few words, but he fascinated me. He was a slim young man, who stood erect, with a military bearing. His pronunciation of English was almost perfect. He spoke simply and with no apparent desire to make any political capital for himself. I heard him

many years afterwards at Harvard University, when he was a member of the Hayes cabinet, and many years after that at the University of Chicago, when he was old and bent and much interested in having our government abandon the Philippine Islands. Although he was inclined to be visionary rather than practical, his life was busy and successful to the end, and always useful to his adopted country.

Before we adjourned on the second day it was announced that Col. Ellsworth and his company of Zouaves would give an exhibition of military drill in the Wigwam that evening. Every gentleman who brought a lady would be admitted; but a gentleman who came without a lady would be turned away—a lady was the only ticket required.

I did not know a woman in Chicago, but I went to the Wigwam, hoping to gain entrance without one. I found every opening guarded, and my effort appeared to be in vain. I was about to return home, when I saw three men without ladies walking toward the entrance; I recognized them as among the leaders of the convention, and I was confident that they would not be turned away. I joined them and thus went into the building without being challenged.

For more than an hour Ellsworth and his Zouaves entertained the vast crowd with what seemed to me a gymnastic, rather than a military, drill. The Zouaves, in their uniform of much red and gold, went through all imaginable evolutions and formations. But to what practical purpose? It did not seem to me that they would have any value in actual war.

RUSE AGAINST RUSE

THE same drill was given shortly afterwards in City Hall Park, New York City, before a throng of eight thousand spectators. All the papers of the country described those two exhibitions, and Ellsworth found himself famous at twenty-four years of age. No one could become a member of his company of Zouaves without taking an oath not to drink alcoholic liquors or to use profane language. So far as I know his drill was never tried in actual war. He was put at the head of a regiment in New York City composed of firemen, and called the Firemen's Brigade. I remember seeing them march down Broadway, where they made a fine show with their red trousers and glistening fire helmets. Ellsworth was killed soon afterwards; his early death made him a figure of pathetic tragedy.

The preliminaries of the convention had all been finished on the first and second days, and the third was set aside for making the nominations and completing the business. I was early at the Wigwam, but, early as I was, I found that all the galleries and the standing room on the floor were occupied by expectant crowds. On my way I had been told that the friends of Seward were marching through the streets in a great procession, and that they would appear at the Wigwam later. When I observed how closely the hall was packed, I doubted whether the men in the procession could find places inside; in fact, they did not find places. Something had happened to fill the room that they expected to occupy. What that something was, although long a mystery, has recently become known.

The most confidential friend of Lincoln was Leonard Swett, an able and astute lawyer, at an earlier time his companion of the circuit, and now foremost in advocating his nomination. His friends have told me that he had some trouble in persuading Lincoln to permit his name to go before the convention, for Lincoln was convinced that Seward would be nominated, and that he would be an admirable man for the position. It was only the strong protest of Mr. Swett that prevented him from withdrawing.

On the second day of the convention Mr. Swett learned that the managers for Seward were organizing a great procession of his friends to march early the next morning, gather an army of recruits by the way, get to the Wigwam before the others, occupy all the available space, crowd out the friends of Lincoln, and shout for Seward on every possible occasion.

Mr. Swett determined to meet this ruse with another. He got together the managers for Lincoln and arranged with them to have the friends of Lincoln take possession of the Wigwam while the Seward procession was winding through the streets. As the city was thronged with the friends of Lincoln, it was easy to pass the word round. Upon the success of Swett's plan many votes undoubtedly turned, for there were many delegates who were not strongly committed to any candidate, and who were ready to yield to what appeared to be the voice of the people when they found that the choice was narrowed down to two men.

Certainly the voice of the people in the



This photograph of Lincoln was taken on the day of his speech at Cooper Institute in New York. Lincoln is reported to have said that that speech and this photograph made him President.

Wigwam was heard that day for Lincoln. At every mention of his name the uproar in the galleries was deafening. At each roll call the number of votes for Lincoln showed a gain, until a tide of votes for him swept in and nominated him. The ruse of Mr. Swett was only a device to render another ruse ineffective.

The multitudes in the galleries made it difficult by their prolonged cheering to declare the nomination unanimous; but finally that formality was over, and then an immense charcoal portrait of Lincoln, which had been kept in waiting, was displayed in one of the galleries. Lincoln was not a handsome man, and such an enlargement of his face was an enlargement of ungainly features; but the uproar of joy that greeted the portrait was so great that we could hardly hear a cannon that was being fired on the roof. Out in the streets processions carrying rails were quickly formed; they marched everywhere as they celebrated the nomination of the great "rail-splitter." An uninformed observer might have thought this enthusiasm for homeliness and rail-splitting an undignified outburst of ignorance; but behind all the apparent crudity of it was a profound knowledge of the man and a profound conviction that he was fit for the office to which he had been nominated.

The managers for Seward went home bitterly disappointed; but we have learned, and I do not doubt that they learned, that the result was most fortunate. Seward was remarkable by nature, and he was cultivated by all the influences of the highest schools and the highest society. He was a shrewd diplomat, and knew the political currents and the personal interests that governed Europe as he knew those of his own country. The place that he took and that he filled for so many years was the one for which he was fitted by birth and by training.

If Seward reminds me of a Doric column, fluted and polished, yet not so ornate as to suggest weakness, Lincoln reminds me of a wild tree growing up in the depths of the forest, repressed by the lack of cultivation, knotty and gnarled, scarred in youth by the tread of passing feet, shaken by tempests, yet thrusting its way upward in spite of all, and filling its branches with flowers and fruit. Both were great, and each found the place in which he could serve his country best.

It is interesting to study the characters and follow the careers of some of the other candidates for the presidency whose names were presented to the convention.

One was Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania, who was Lincoln's first Secretary of War. He began as a poor boy and made himself rich by energy, sagacity and honesty in business. He began as an obscure politician, and made himself supreme in his state.

As Secretary of War, Cameron easily succeeded in discharging the complicated and difficult business duties that the place required of him, and the new army had little lack of food, of clothing, of tents, of arms; but he could never bring the army itself into shape. It was composed almost wholly of volunteers, with a few graduates of West Point and a few men who had seen some service in the Mexican War. As a rule, each regiment and company elected its own officers. They were nearly always able men, but utterly ignorant of military affairs.

The leadership of Cameron depended on his skill in placing men in responsible positions, but he could not place those men; they had become officers by election, and he did not even know them. Cameron found himself helpless before the vast collection of formless materials that the early part of the Civil War called together. He gave up his cabinet position, and recommended as his successor Stanton, who became one of the great war secretaries of the world's history.

Of the other men who had some votes in the convention one afterwards proved to have a calm and broad mind but to be somewhat slow and dull; another was a fiery extremist who would have destroyed the Union in his very first efforts to save it; another was an idealist who never, in the whole course of his distinguished life, proposed a practical measure; another was a chivalrous and brave and dashing spirit who would not have seen the difficulties before the ship of state, but who would have driven it against the cliffs, expecting them to give way at once. Some others are now so irrevocably lost in the mists of obscurity that no one knows how to characterize them.

NORTH FORTY EAST

By Homer Greene
In Ten Chapters Chapter Nine

BRILL looked with some uncertainty from the notebook in his hand to the face of Old Tompkins and then back again to the book. In his hands he held the only weapon that his adversary could have used to beat him. For the moment he could hardly realize the extent of the good fortune that had so suddenly befallen him.

"How did this book get into your hands?" he asked after a moment. "Where did it come from?"

Before replying, Old Tompkins looked cautiously from left to right to make sure that no one else was listening.

"From the secret chest," he whispered.

"And what's the secret chest?"

But the old man apparently did not choose to go into details.

"That," he replied, "is my business. It was Clem's and mine. Now he's dead and it's mine. And what's mine is my own. How much is that book worth to you, Adam?"

"That depends on where it has been and who else knows about it."

The old man rose to his feet and raised one hand impressively.

"Not a livin' soul, Adam Brill. Clem Owens and me was the only human bein's that knowed its secret abidin' place. Clem's dead.

beaten down, for he had dealt with Adam Brill before.

"It's yourn," he said promptly, "for half a dollar."

But Brill, stricken possibly with a sudden

sense of disproportion, possibly with a sudden spirit of liberality, rose to his feet, drew a silver dollar from his pocket and gave it to the old man.

"Here," he said, "is a dollar. I want to be perfectly fair with you. And I want you to promise me never to reveal to a single soul what has taken place between us to-day."

Old Tompkins rose in his turn, laid his cane in his chair, took the coin in one hand and gave Brill the other.

"It shall stand," he said solemnly, "as a secret compac' betwixt us. It shall be hid from the knowledge of man."

"Good. That's settled. Now I've got to change my clothes and go to the mill."

He started to enter the house, but Old Tompkins caught him by the lapel of his coat.

"Adam," he whispered hoarsely, his mouth close to Brill's ear, "in that book ye'll find the mystery and secret of nawth fawty east."

"Is that so?"

"Sure as fate."

"Then here's another dollar for you."

The old man released his hold and took the money, too much astonished to express his thanks; then, clattering down the walk, he hobbled vigorously up the road, wondering what had come over the spirit of Adam Brill.

How he had obtained the book and where he had kept it always remained a mystery. Doubtless for some temporary purpose Owens, while still in health, had intrusted it to his keeping. After the surveyor was stricken it was too late to recover it, and Old Tompkins, with his predilection for secrets, had hidden it away until the demand for it, long resisted, should result in making him the hero of a mystery. And now he was going home with more money in his pocket than he had ever earned by a whole day of labor.

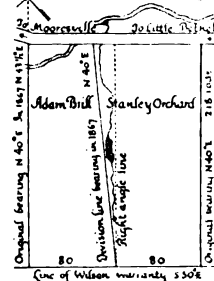
With the notebook in his hand Adam Brill entered his house and, passing through the sitting room into his own room, locked the door behind him. There he sat down and read over again Clem

Owens' description of the survey of October 26, 1867. It was a careful, complete and concise record of what had occurred on that day, as Brill remembered it. What a miracle of good fortune it was that had brought the book into his possession instead of placing it in the hands of his adversary! Now he had nothing to fear. He could dismiss every lingering doubt of his success.

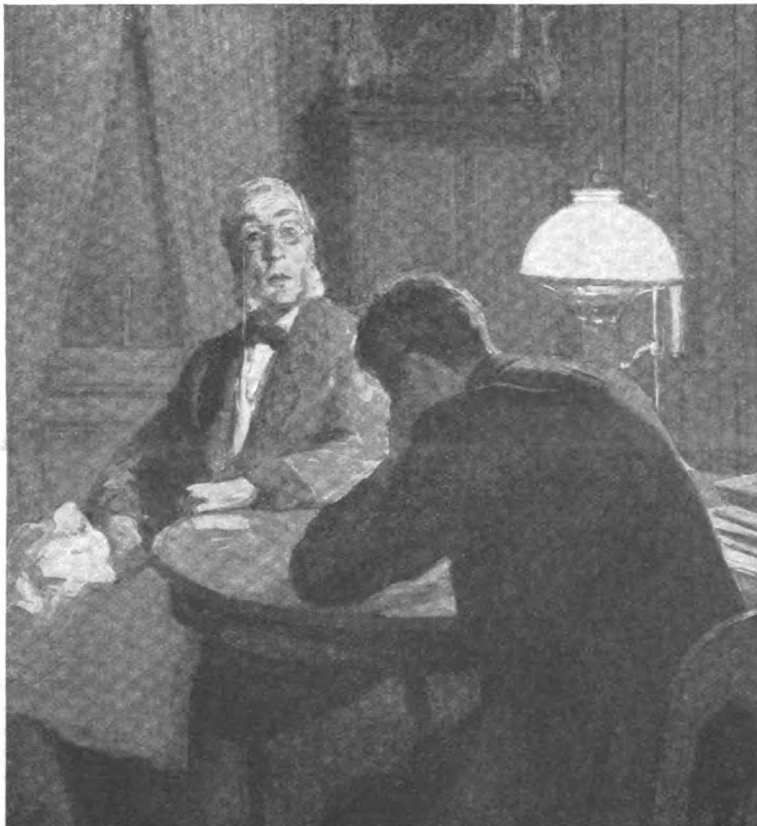
Yet, for some reason, unaccountable even to himself, his rejoicing was only half-hearted. He was ill at ease, constrained, unhappy. Of course he would secrete the book or destroy it; therein lay his only protection; but the thought of doing either of those things gave him no satisfaction.

He wondered why he did not feel greater exhilaration. He felt sure that it was not owing to any prickings of conscience. His conscience had never troubled him in any of his relations with Stanley Orchard; indeed, he had always felt that he was fully justified in depriving him of his home. But now that in order to accomplish his purpose it was necessary for him to destroy or to suppress legitimate and vital evidence—was it possible that his conscience was beginning to balk?

But Brill lost little time in considering the matter. Putting the notebook into a private drawer in his desk, he locked the drawer, changed his clothes and went down to the mill; but wherever he went that morning, whatever he did, a vision of the leather-bound notebook lying safely locked in his drawer remained insistently present in his mind. The vision was there while he ate his midday meal; it was there through the afternoon; it was with him still at supper time. He lost it as he slept, but when he rose the next morning it came back again. It was a vision



DRAWN BY B. J. ROSENMEYER



BRILL HAD NOT SPOKEN. HE HAD SAT THERE IN HIS CHAIR RIGID, SPELLBOUND, STARING

The compac's bruk; but the secret of it is locked in my breast. What's the book worth to you, Adam?"

He dropped back into his chair and waited for an answer. Brill slowly turned the leaves of the book. If what the old man said were true, the book was worth much to him. But the dickering spirit that had dominated his whole life rose up strong within him. He would have the book, but he would have it at a bargain. Doubtless the old man, with some dim idea of the importance of the book in the ejectment suit, would hold it at a high price—fifty dollars perhaps, or even more.

"How much do you want for it?" Brill asked finally.

"Well, I s'pose I could sell it to John Oakford; he's a surveyor, too. Or I could sell it to Stanley Orchard if I was a min' to, and he had money to pay for it. Or I could —"

"I asked you how much you wanted for it," interrupted Brill impatiently.

Old Tompkins did not at once reply. He, too, was considering the question of values. At last he said:

"Well, seein' it's you, Adam, s'posin' we say six shillin'?" It ought to be worth every penny of that."

Brill could hardly restrain his desire to laugh outright, but he kept a sober face and fingered the leaves of the book over again.

"I don't know, Tompkins," he said at last. "The book is old. It's pretty badly worn. The binding isn't in good shape. It might have been worth six shillings twenty years ago, but it seems to me that half a dollar would be a pretty good price to pay for it to-day."

The old man gave a grunt of satisfaction. He had put his figure high expecting to be

that logically should have given him much pleasure, but it did not; it annoyed him.

He thought he might get relief by putting the book somewhere else, and accordingly carried it to the factory and locked it in the big safe. But the change made little difference; instead of seeing the book in the drawer of his desk at home he saw it now in his private box in the office safe. The next day brought no relief, and neither did the next, nor any day that followed. He carried the book back to his house. Still he could not free his mind of it. He returned it to his office. The picture of it was still before him.

One day, in desperation, he took it with him up into the woods on the mountain side, and there he built a fire of withered leaves and dry twigs; but, just as he was about to throw the book into the flames and destroy it, he realized that such a course might possibly only add to his discomfiture. Instead of seeing the book reposing quietly in desk or drawer he might thereafter have a vision of the fire on the mountain side, of the crumbling pages in the curling flames; he might have in his nostrils day and night the pungent odor of burning forest leaves and twigs. It was a doubtful remedy, and he dared not try it. Putting the book into his pocket, he scattered the fire and stamped out the smoking cinders; then he turned his face toward the valley and went wearily home.

A few days later he decided to take the book to his lawyer at Mooresville. Mr. Brown had the reputation of being a lawyer who always looked at the business side of a case rather than at the ethical side. Perhaps, Brill thought, by putting the book into Brown's possession, he could shift to the lawyer the responsibility of keeping it, and so rid himself of the presence of that persistent spectre; but when he came into Brown's office he did not mention the real purpose of his visit.

"I suppose," he said, "that the case against Orchard will surely come to trial at the June term."

"Yes," replied Brown, "and we'll make short work of it. I shouldn't wonder if Jackson would let us take a verdict without offering any evidence. The only chance he has is in the possibility of that old notebook of Owens' turning up before the trial."

"And if it should turn up?"

"Then your goose is cooked."

"Suppose I should happen to get hold of it myself?"

"Then lock it up; burn it; sink it to the bottom of the sea."

"Wouldn't you keep it for me?"

Brown laughed a little mechanically. "That would hardly do," he said. "A lawyer must observe the ethics of his profession, superficially at least. At the same time he must keep the secrets of his clients locked safe in his breast."

Brown looked at his visitor inquiringly, but Brill's face revealed nothing.

So, with the book still in his pocket, the harassed man went home and locked it up, as before. But the haunting picture of it he could not lock up. Whether he was waking or sleeping, resting or working, indoors or out, the picture was always with him. Brill would not for one moment have admitted that he was conscience-stricken, but the thing puzzled and annoyed him and made his life wretched.

He had one consolation. The spring days were creeping by, and Nathan, his son, would soon be at home for the long summer vacation. There would be life and activity in the house—youth and laughter and good cheer. Brill looked forward indeed with joyous anticipation to the coming of his son, for he knew that by some means Nathan had pulled himself together, avoided the disgrace of dismissal, and taken up his college work anew and with success. That much he had gathered from his son's letters; there had been no further message from the dean. Brill had asked his son for no explanations and had received none. He knew as little about Nathan's delinquencies as he did about the cause of his reformation.

And one glorious day in June Nathan came home. He came sturdy and erect, with the glow of health in his face, with courage and confidence in his voice, with the spirit of strong endeavor shining in his clear, brown eyes. When Brill greeted his son, his heart was stirred with a greater pride in the boy and a deeper affection for him than he had ever felt before. For the time being at least the ghost of Clem Owens' notebook was laid. The house took on a different aspect. The master of it moved about with a lighter heart than he had known for months.

Nathan talked much of the college, of his work there, of Ralph Orchard's extraordinary success; but he had no word to say about his own fall and rise.

After supper, as they sat on the veranda, neighbors who went by came up to shake hands with Nathan, or else he went down to the gate to greet them; from childhood he had been a favorite in the community.

As the twilight deepened, he broke a moment of silence by starting to his feet and saying:

"I must run up for a few minutes to see Mrs. Orchard. There's something I want to say to her, and it won't keep overnight."

His father watched him as he strode away

under the deepening shadows, and a great sigh of contentment stirred his breast.

So Nathan went up to see Mrs. Orchard, and he said to her what he had it in his heart to say; and, big, strong, sturdy fellow that he was, she took him into her arms and kissed him as she had done when he was a little boy.

When he came home through the darkness a shadow of anxiety was on his face. He had learned some things at the Orchards' about the pending litigation that Ralph had not told him at college. Stanley Orchard, always voluble, had let them escape from his lips.

Nathan entered the house and went into the sitting room, where his father was reading. Brill, looking up to greet him, saw by the expression on his son's face that something had gone wrong. Drawing up a chair, Nathan seated himself at the table opposite his father. He had something that he wished to say, but he hardly knew how to say it. He had broached the subject once before, without success; how could he hope to do better now?

"Father," he said at last, "Stanley Orchard tells me that the ejectment suit that you brought against him last fall is coming to trial this week."

"Yes," Adam Brill answered quietly, "Mr. Brown hopes to get it on day after to-morrow."

"I suppose you expect to win it?"

"Yes; there's no doubt about it. Orchard is foolish to go on with it and have to pay the costs."

"Something might turn up at the last moment that would be to their advantage."

"Nothing can turn up that will help them. The sooner they realize that the better off they will be."

"I think they do realize it, in a way. They are planning to move into the cabin on the upper corner of the lot."

"That is commendable foresight on their part."

Nathan felt that he was making little progress. His father's heart was apparently as hard toward his adversary as it had ever been.

There was silence for a minute or two, and then the boy spoke again:

"You know, father, I can't feel right about it. It sort of goes against me. It doesn't seem to me to be quite fair to take this man's property on a mere technicality."

Brill's face was expressionless, as if it had been hardened in a mould.

"This isn't a question of morals," he said; "it's a question of law."

"I suppose it is; and I suppose the law is on your side. But wouldn't it bring better results if you were generous now to Mr. Orchard and didn't stand on your legal rights?"

"No; he'd only boast that he'd beaten me into submission, and keep on wagging his unruly tongue."

"Maybe that's true. I've no right to interfere. But it hurts me so to see people suffer who have been kind to me."

"What have they done for you?"

"Why, I don't know that Mr. Orchard has done very much, except that he's always been kind to me and patient with me."

"Well?"

"But Mrs. Orchard—why, she's been like a mother to me! Many's the time she's comforted me when things went wrong. She's sung me to sleep on her lap when I was a child. I can't help thinking that some of the few things that are good in me have struggled to the top because of her goodness to me when I was a little boy."

If any emotion stirred in Adam Brill's breast, he gave no sign of it.

"It is one of the penalties for a man's misdeeds," he said, "that his family must suffer with him."

Yet even as he spoke his hands, hidden by the table, were clenched tight to the arms of his chair.

"There's one thing more, father. I've got to tell it to you some time; I may as well do it now. That last time the dean wrote to you, and telegraphed to you, I—I was going to wreck. It wasn't merely neglect of studies; it was dissipation, too. The dean warned me; Ralph pleaded with me, but it was no use. I wouldn't listen, or I couldn't; I don't know which. One night I went down to the city and lost myself. Thrown out of one drinking place, I slunk into another. I slept in the gutter. I had human refuse for companions."

He paused and moistened his lips with his tongue. His face had grown white and his eyes were fixed. Brill did not speak. From under his bushy eyebrows he stared at his son in shocked amazement. Nathan choked a little and went on with his story:

"On the second morning I waited near the station for a train, to take me anywhere, away from everyone I had ever known. Ralph found me there—he had been searching for hours. He dragged me from the steps of the car. He made me go with him. He took me to the dean. He fought for me—he vouched for me. He put me to bed, and fed me, and took care of me. He pushed me back into my work. If it hadn't been—for him—I shouldn't be—here—to-night."

It was no wonder that his voice broke at the last, and that he put his elbows on the table in front of him and hid his face in his hands. Brill had not spoken. He had sat there in

his chair, rigid, spellbound, staring; but when the story was finished his body relaxed, his eyes fell, his chin dropped on his breast.

After many minutes he looked up.

"Nathan," he said softly, "it's time for both of us to go to bed."

The boy uncovered his face and rose and held out his hand with a tremulous smile.

RALPH'S BLIZZARD STORY

By Gorton Veeder Carruth

THE city of Kingston lay helpless beneath the first fierce blizzard of the winter. The storm had begun on Sunday afternoon about three o'clock, and now, at midnight, the streets were drifted deep or else swept bare by the howling northwest wind. The fine, sharp snow streamed over the tops of the buildings and swirled round the corners, cutting and stinging like sharp sand. Electric cars had stopped running and, except for an occasional muffled figure hurrying along with head bent to the storm, the streets were deserted.

Ralph Denton, reporter for the Chronicle, had finished his night's work and had just eaten his supper in an all-night lunch room in Waverly Square. Standing at the door, he was buttoning his ulster as tight as he could before plunging out for the half-mile walk to his room. The arc lamps in the square showed as dim blurs of light through the snow. Once or twice, when the air cleared for an instant, Ralph caught glimpses of the light on the tip of the three-hundred-foot tower of the new city hall that had been building on the opposite side of the square. As he stood looking up he conceived the idea that it would be a new and interesting experience to be up on the balcony of the tower in such a storm.

"It would give me material for a good blizzard story for the Chronicle," he said to himself.

After a moment's hesitation he struck out across the square and a few minutes later pounded at a side door of the huge building. It was some minutes before John Dougherty, night engineer and watchman, a good friend of Ralph's, admitted him.

"Well, what brings you here in a storm like this, young fellow?" John asked in astonishment.

Ralph brushed the snow from his ulster. He was a little doubtful what the watchman would think of his idea.

"Why, it struck me as a good night for a trip up in the tower, John. Don't you want to go up with me in the elevator?"

The man stared. "Up in the tower! Well, of all the fool notions! Why do you want to go up there in a howling blizzard?"

"I think I can get a story out of it for the paper. We don't go in for the descriptive stuff very much, but this would be a novelty."

"You newspaper chaps are always wantin' to stick your noses in queer places, aren't you?"

Ralph laughed. "We have to if we want to earn a living. Now be a good fellow, John."

"Well," said the watchman reluctantly, "I'll take you up, but you'll have to walk down. I haven't any time to fool round up there. I've got the fan engine all to pieces downstairs, and it's got to be in running order by morning."

"All right," agreed Ralph. "I'd a whole lot rather walk down than up."

The building was completed and in use, and the tower was finished except that the clock and the chimes had not yet been installed. The workmen had been trying to get them in before the snow came, but one thing and another had interrupted the work. As Ralph and the watchman went up in the elevator they passed, at a point about two hundred and forty feet high, the landing where the workmen were putting in the mechanism of the clock. There were to be four dials—one on each side of the tower. The hands had been put into place on three sides, but Ralph noticed that on the south side the hole in the centre of the dial was still open.

"I'll wager that you'll get enough of the scenery out there mighty quick," said the watchman as they came to the top landing.

Opening a door on a balcony that ran round the tower, Ralph and John stepped out.

The light on the top of the tower lighted up the whirling snow.

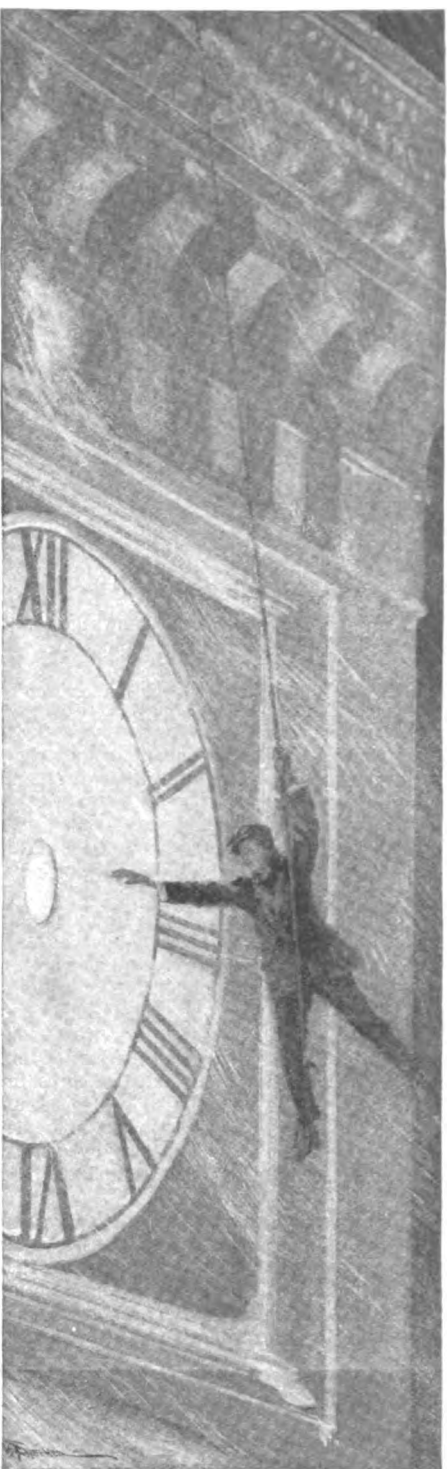
"Whew!" shouted the watchman. "I'll bet it's blowing sixty miles an hour. Look at that snow fly! You can stay here and freeze if you want to; I'm going down."

"I guess I won't stay

"Good night, father! Forgive me for whatever I've said that's hurt you. I had to say it."

For answer the man rose, put his arm round his son's shoulders and kissed him good night, as he used to do when Nathan was a little boy. Then they went upstairs.

TO BE CONTINUED.



THE LIGHT . . . INSIDE THE TOWER SHONE DIMLY THROUGH THE HOLE

through a succession of rapid exercises, jumping, stamping, and swinging his arms until his heart was pounding and he felt a warm glow throughout his body. Then he slipped out of his ulster, took a deep breath, climbed over the railing, gripped the rope and started down.

The wind tore at him, blinding him with the stinging snow. It struck through his clothes like the touch of ice; it caught the loose end of the rope and tossed it far from under him; but down he went knot by knot until he was able to thrust one foot into the loop in the end of the rope. So far, his plan had not miscarried; he hung with his head and shoulders opposite the hole in the centre of the south dial of the clock.

The light on the landing inside the tower shone dimly through the hole. Below him was a sheer drop of more than two hundred feet to the stone pavement. Ralph did not dare to look down. He had not an instant to lose, for already he was chilled through again; he must act quickly before the cold completely numbed him. Owing to the projection of the balcony above, the hole was some four feet away. As he swayed in the wind he reached out one foot and thrust it against the tower. That set him swinging harder, and at last the rope swung him against the tower so that he was able to thrust one arm through the hole and cling there.

Then, with a sudden mustering of his courage, Ralph let go the rope and thrust the other arm through the hole. Now began a struggle that took every ounce of his strength. The hole was not more than fifteen or sixteen inches wide, and Ralph had to lift and drag himself through. It was a tight squeeze; he lost some skin and some buttons, but it was go through or drop, for the rope had slipped from his foot and had swung beyond his reach. After a few minutes of desperate exertion he fell on the platform inside.

The next morning the city editor of the Chronicle stopped beside Ralph's typewriter with three or four sheets of paper in his hand. He was smiling, which was somewhat unusual, and—what was still more unusual—he had come to speak a few words of praise.

"This description of the storm, Denton, is an unusually vivid bit of writing," he said. "I don't usually put that kind of stuff on the first page, but I'm going to this time."

"That's good," said Ralph. "I certainly worked hard to get it."

WILLIAM H. RAU



"BUFFALO BILL"

FACT AND COMMENT

HE who does as well as he knows how to-day will know how better to-morrow.

The sweetest Rest rewards the Worker who Completes the Task he did not wish to do.

CHARITY consists in a man's so ordering his life that he gives the needs of others precedence over his own.

LAST year the products of cottonseed meal reached a value of \$180,250,000, yet only a few years ago the South burned or threw away its cottonseed as worthless. Another generation will doubtless make equally good use of other things that we now regard as waste.

GEN. Peter Osterhaus, who died at his boyhood home on the Rhine a few weeks ago at the age of ninety-four, was the last of the major generals that commanded a corps in the armies that saved the Union. He began his Civil War career as a major in a Missouri regiment, and won his promotions by distinguished service in many great campaigns.

"OF all the lands that I have visited," says Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the poet and philosopher of India, "the United States is the only one where a person eats the inside of a slice of bread and throws away the crust." It is a keen and penetrating remark, which calls attention to a habit that undoubtedly injures the health of the American people more than they know, and that is wasteful to the last degree.

FLY hunting may not be so exciting as some other kinds of sport; still it has certain possibilities. A New York organization offered a substantial prize for the first fly caught in that city in 1917. The only condition was that it be a "wild fly," and not one nurtured and "preserved" for the occasion. Many persons devoted January 1 to a fly hunt. Late in the afternoon a woman found a fly in her kitchen, and so won the prize.

THE twelve hundred reindeer that our government brought from Lapland nearly twenty-five years ago to supply the needs of the Eskimo tribes of Alaska have increased to about seventy thousand. They already furnish the natives with food, raiment and transportation, and Secretary Lane believes that their numbers will so increase in a few years that reindeer venison will relieve the shortage of meat in the United States proper.

THE latest gold dollar that the United States mint turned out has already a collector's value of two dollars and a half—perhaps more. The coin in question is the McKinley souvenir gold dollar that Congress authorized a year ago at the request of the trustees of the memorial to President McKinley. The trustees will sell at a premium the one hundred thousand coins to which the issue is limited, and use the money toward building the memorial at Niles, Ohio.

THE youngest member of the new British cabinet, Sir Albert Stanley, who at the age of forty-one has become president of the Board of Trade, got his training for public service in the United States. He came to this country with his parents when he was a small child, attended our schools and Cornell University, and then for twelve years was in the employ of electric railways in Michigan and New Jersey. Of late he has been at the head of the great underground transportation system of London.

IN the first nine months of last year 5082 young men tried to enlist at the New York City recruiting station of the United States Marine Corps. Of that number only 167, or one in 30, were accepted. The recruiting officer rejected 4272 as unfit, without reference to the medical officer, and of the 810 who reached the medical officer 556 failed to meet the tests. The figures, and others that every recruiting station offers, are used as arguments

for a system of universal military training that would build up a race of young men better fitted for the work of peace as well as for that of a possible war.

NO PEACE AT PRESENT

IT was well that Germany should propose a conference to discuss peace, and that the President should ask the belligerents to state the terms on which they would be willing to end the war. But the two steps have not visibly brought peace any nearer, and they have not disclosed that either party is ready to make the kind of peace that Mr. Wilson in his address to the Senate urged upon them—a peace without victory for either side.

Neither group of nations admits defeat; on the contrary, each of the groups professes its confidence in ultimate victory, and each is no doubt sincere. Neither is willing even to consider the terms that the other, declaring itself to be victorious, would propose, and neither group, after all the terrible sacrifices of life and treasure, would willingly consent to a mere return to the situation that existed at the beginning of the war.

The deadlock becomes more obvious when we examine the details of the recent statements. The Allies have made known their aims in concrete form. They demand the evacuation of Belgium and compensation for the ruin wrought there by the German armies. They insist that Serbia and Montenegro resume their national life and be indemnified for the havoc they have suffered during the past two years. They declare that Italy must have the territory from Austria for which it is fighting, that Germany must return Alsace and Lorraine to France, that Turkey must be driven out of Europe, and that Russia must have free access to the Mediterranean Sea.

The Allies have all agreed that they will make peace only by common consent. If Germany were to reject any one of their principal demands, some one of the Allies would spurn the offer of peace. They have pledged themselves to continue the war until they have gained the objects of every government, or until they are all ready to admit defeat.

We shall reach the same conclusion if we consider the terms that Germany has in mind. We do not need to have Berlin state the German terms in order to know that the Allies would reject them, for Germany would undoubtedly base its offer on the assumption that its arms had been victorious.

No parleying while conditions remain as they are will bring about peace. A decisive victory would hasten the end. The retirement of some power from one or the other alliance would have the same effect; but of that there seems little likelihood. The President has told us that he believes a permanent peace can be had only through a negotiation between unconquered equals. There are others who think that, if peace is made before one or the other party can dictate and enforce its terms, the bloody struggle will surely be renewed as soon as the nations can repair their losses of men and of treasure. But peace, whether permanent or temporary, must wait until events have tamed the spirit of one or both of the belligerents far below the present pitch.

"LEAKS"

THE supposed inability of a woman to keep a secret has been a stock joke for years; nevertheless, it is a notorious fact that there is no government secret so important, intrusted to so few persons,—mostly men!—or so hedged about with solemn oaths that it does not quickly become known to the very persons from whom it was intended most especially to withhold it.

The latest illustration is the "leak" by which advance information about the President's peace note escaped. To be sure, it has not yet been proved that there was a "leak," but no one who knows the circumstances feels any doubt that there was. The evidence that the President's intention to send a note to the belligerents became known to certain men is convincing. They foresaw the effect of the note on the price of stocks, and thereupon sold certain stocks "short." When the news became generally known and prices declined rapidly, they bought the same stocks back again at prices that left them great profits.

The only proof of the "leak" is that the stock-market raid came at precisely the time when a raid would have occurred had news of the President's intention got out, and that no other cause for it has been even suggested. Anyone who can put two and two together could not fail to draw the natural inference.

If there were no "leak," the coincidence is more than extraordinary; it is marvelous.

There have been many parallel cases. Not long ago the government began negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies. Since for one reason or another former plans for the sale had failed, the government of Denmark particularly requested that the matter should be kept entirely secret until a treaty should be made. Although few persons knew of the affair, it was almost immediately betrayed, to the great annoyance of our own government, and to the peril of the negotiations.

Senators of the United States are sworn to keep secret the proceedings that go on when the doors of the Senate are closed to the public; yet the newspapers report those proceedings quite as fully as they report the doings in open Senate.

These are merely specific illustrations of the fact that there are "leaks" wherever there are government secrets. If the whole truth could be known, what revelations there would be of the knowledge that each of the belligerents in Europe has of events and conditions in the capitals of other countries! Of course there are spies everywhere, but they would be helpless if there were no "leaky" government officers and employees. It has been so from the beginning; it will be so to the end. Men no more than women can keep a secret.

A QUESTION OF TASTE

IN the social world woman has long been the arbiter of manners. It is part of the deference shown her by civilized man that he is more polite in her presence than out of it. He stands, he takes off his hat, he forbears from sprawling over a chair or sofa, he eliminates profanity from his conversation, he shows in a hundred ways that he admits her to be a restraining force. In return he exacts from her a finer propriety, a more agreeable address and a higher standard of decorum than he exacts from men. Dr. Johnson was loutish in his own behavior, but he could not endure loutishness in a woman. He believed that a woman's manners, like her morals, were of supreme value to the world. Touchstone in *As You Like It* is but a jester—what men called a fool; yet his one behest to his rustic bride is that she should "bear her body more seeming." Mr. Edmund Gosse says prettily of the stepmother whom he loved that her demeanor was so persuasive, "it would have brought a tiger fawning to her crinoline."

Because women have for centuries dominated their households, and have had but little control or authority elsewhere, their private manners are more unembarrassed and more dignified than their public manners. Socially, they know what is due to themselves and to others. Domestically, they are in every class of life a refining and civilizing influence. But their standard of taste, so preëminent at home, is likely to be lowered abroad. Their understanding of mutual rights, which is the keynote of their personal prestige, becomes confused when they enter the commercial, the civic or the political world and encounter situations to which they are not yet wholly accustomed.

The women who unfurled their suffrage banner in the President's face when he opened Congress committed what was, after all, a trivial offense against taste. Mr. Wilson was busy with his speech, Congress was paying him its usual measure of attention, and a doorkeeper pulled the banner down. The only noticeable thing about the incident is the fact that men, who in private life may have been less well-mannered than those women, had a higher respect for the situation, because they understood it better. Men are also likely to be more polite to their opponents in a debate than women are. They listen with some show of interest, they behave with urbanity; and it is not because they are either interested or urbane, but because they have had long training in the give-and-take of platform civilities.

GAINS FOR PROHIBITION

ADVOCATES of prohibition have recently had occasion to rejoice over three important events favorable to their cause. To take the matters in the inverse order of their importance, the Senate has passed a bill that, if enacted, will close every saloon in the District of Columbia. It is not absolute prohibition, for Washington is the headquarters and the residence of the ambassadors, ministers and legations of other countries, who are accustomed to the use of wine and liquors, and who might be expected to resent the passage of a law that should restrict their privileges. But if the House concurs with the Senate,

there will be an end of much of the evil and scandal that results from the open barrooms in the national capital.

The other bill passed by the Senate forbids the circulation in states under a prohibition law of newspapers containing liquor advertisements. If it becomes a law, it will virtually compel every newspaper in the land to refuse such advertising, or else to decline to receive subscriptions from persons in prohibition states; and even were they to reject such subscriptions they might not be safe against a post-office order excluding them from the mails in those states. So it may be assumed that the proposed law will prevent the liquor interests from advertising in any public journal that has more than a local circulation.

Meanwhile the Supreme Court has rendered a decision of which it is hardly too much to say that it makes the United States government the most effective agent in enforcing the state prohibitory laws. The legislature of West Virginia passed a stringent law forbidding the shipment of intoxicating liquor into the state, even by private persons for their own use. A case was made up to test the constitutionality of the law. The highest court has now decided that it is valid. Heretofore the weak point of all prohibitory laws has lain in the difficulty of proving that liquor brought into a state was intended for sale. Now, when a state excludes it absolutely, and the national government upholds the state in doing so, even to the extent of using its own power to prevent shipments, there is at last a prospect that prohibition will prohibit.

"BUFFALO BILL"

WITH the death of Col. William F. Cody an era came to an end. He was the most picturesque, the best known and almost the last of the old-time scouts and Indian fighters whose services made possible the settlement of the West.

"Buffalo Bill" was no stage hero, no dime-novel scout, although for thirty years he was the manager and centre of interest in the remarkable "Wild West" show and an object of adulation to every live boy in America. He had behind him an admirable history of solid achievement. Living in a little town in Kansas at a time when the struggle between the pro-slavery and the free-soil men was raging, he was early forced by the death of his father to earn his living. He did it by acting as a sort of bill clerk for the freighters who were "toting" West from the Mississippi. Trailing along with the creaking ox wagons, the eleven-year-old boy learned to ride and to shoot, to read "sign" and to meet the craft of the red men with greater craft and courage. As dispatch rider for the pony express he added to his skill as a horseman, a trailer and a shot.

The Civil War broke out, and he enlisted. After honorable service in the war he became a professional buffalo hunter for the Kansas Pacific Railway, under contract to furnish so much meat a month for the section hands. But the army drew him back. He became a government scout, then chief of scouts, and in that capacity served under Gens. Sheridan, Sherman, Carr, Custer, Crook, Miles, Merritt and numerous others distinguished in the long campaign against the Indians. All of them have testified to the skill and fidelity with which he performed his duties.

It will be seen, then, that the boys have had good reason for their hero worship of "Buffalo Bill." He was a real man, and played a man's part in an epoch dotted thick with purple patches and picturesque adventure. And the great aggregation of rough riders that Col. Cody got together was not only incomparably the best exhibition of the kind in the world but also clean, wholesome and refreshing. In it the courts of Europe found something to stir their jaded senses, and America beheld her own vigorous youth. When the long lines of horsemen formed in squadron, and the colonel, white-haired and white-bearded, but straight as a rifle barrel to the last, rode forward on his splendid horse, Tucker, and swept his great gray sombrero from his head with a motion that was grace itself, you went away with the feeling that you had seen something worth while. The era is ended now. There will never be another "Buffalo Bill."



CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—On January 19 the House of Representatives passed the public buildings bill, appropriating \$33,000,000. The bill has been vigorously assailed as "pork-barrel" legislation. — The President urged on the

Congress the passage of the two bills, known as the Shields - Adamson and Meyers - Ferris bills, which provide for the development of water power in navigable streams or within the public domain.—The Ways and Means Committee has drafted a bill to meet the deficit in the government revenues by increased inheritance taxes and on excess profits of business. A bond issue of some \$300,000,000 is also to be proposed.

THE PRESIDENT ON PEACE.—On January 22 President Wilson read before the Senate a remarkable message, in which he set forth his views concerning the kind of peace that this country would be glad to help make permanent. He held that the peace should be not a "victory" peace, but one agreed to by equals; that it should recognize the fact that great nations have no right to dispose of or to coerce small nations; that Poland therefore be made united, free and independent; that all European nations be "accorded free access to the open sea"—meaning, apparently, the neutralization of the Dardanelles; that the peace should recognize the principle of absolute freedom of the seas; that it should limit military and naval armaments; and that it should recognize an international form of the Monroe Doctrine—that is, that no nation has the right to force its form of government on another. The message was eloquent and elevated in tone; it was received with varying sentiments at home and abroad, according as its readers were in sympathy with its pacific sentiments and ideals. Abroad, the chief criticism was directed against the proposition that the peace should not be a victor's peace; in England and France especially public sentiment believes an Allied victory essential to a peace that has the elements of permanence.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The legislature of North Dakota passed a bill giving women the right to vote for President, and another that submits a constitutional amendment, giving women the entire suffrage, to the vote of the people. Gov. Frazier has signed both bills.

REPUBLICAN POLITICS.—The action of the "regular" Republican majority of the executive committee of the Republican National Committee in electing a vice chairman to the National Committee against the protests of the Progressive members has precipitated another disagreement between the two wings of the reunited party. The men who follow Mr. George W. Perkins have threatened to withdraw from the National Committee and begin the reorganization of the Progressive party unless the act of the executive committee is rescinded and a meeting of the full committee called.

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.—On January 22 the Department of State instructed Ambassador Gerard to find out whether there were any Americans among the one hundred and three sailors of neutral nations brought into a German port by the steamer Yarrowdale, which was taken as a prize by the latest German commerce destroyer. If there are any such, our government, it was added, would demand their release. It is believed that Germany may take this opportunity to enter on negotiations intended to settle clearly what is to be the status of armed merchantmen on the high seas.

THE "LEAK" INVESTIGATION.—Mr. Sherman L. Whipple of Boston was appointed counsel to the House Committee on Rules, which is investigating the stock market transactions that preceded the publication of President Wilson's "peace note." The committee, in session in New York, ordered the Stock Exchange authorities to get from all the members of the exchange a full record of the dealings of their customers in the stock market between December 10 and December 23, and then suspended the hearings until the records were received.

MEXICO.—The regular troops under Gen. Pershing, who have been in Mexico since Villa's raid on Columbus, New Mexico, quietly began to withdraw toward the border. The War Department would not admit that final orders to withdraw from Mexico had been given, but that result was generally expected. As the regulars return to the border, most of the militia still in service there will be sent home.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.
(From January 18 to January 24)
Winter continued to lock the belligerent armies into their trenches except here and there along the extended fronts. In Roumania there was more fighting than there was anywhere else; most of it was without definite

result, but on January 20 Berlin announced that Mackensen had taken the important town of Nanesti on the south bank of the Sereth near the mouth of the Ramnicu. A Bulgarian force crossed the Danube near its mouth, but it was driven back again.

There were reports that Russian pressure on the eastern flank had obliged Mackensen to abandon Braila, but they were not officially substantiated. Among the Moldavian mountains and in the Trotus Valley the Russians held their own against continuous German assaults. If the Russian line is pierced here, all their positions along the Sereth will be outflanked.

The British gained some further ground toward Kut el Amara, particularly on the east bank of the Tigris, which they cleared of the enemy's troops.

Berlin reported that south of Riga the Germans in repeated attacks had pushed back the Russian line more than a mile.

Elsewhere only artillery fighting was reported.

It was given out that the King of Greece had yielded at last to the Entente pressure and that Greek troops and war material were being hurriedly moved into the Peloponnesus. It was rumored that considerable bodies of Allied troops were on their way to Saloniki, and that as soon as the Greek menace was removed from Gen. Sarrail's rear a lively offensive would be begun in that quarter. The Allied blockade is to be raised as soon as King Constantine has complied with the final demands of

the Allied ultimatum. Representatives of the four chief Entente Powers are to be stationed at Athens, and the King will not be permitted any longer to paralyze the military activities at Saloniki, according to the present plans of the Entente.

Additional classes of the Swiss army have been mobilized. Switzerland still fears that its territory may be violated—presumably by Germany, since the other nations would have no object in doing so. The new German law prohibiting all importations into Germany except by permission of the Chancellor has also caused considerable uneasiness and loss in Switzerland. The step was taken in order to restrict importation to indispensable commodities, to reduce the unfavorable trade balance, and prevent the further depreciation of German exchange.

On January 23 news came from London of two naval engagements in the North Sea; only the smaller craft were engaged on both sides. In one of the clashes a British destroyer was sunk, and in the other, one and perhaps more German vessels were destroyed. Unofficial reports from Holland were that no less than eight were sunk or crippled. It is believed that the German boats were trying to get away from the harbor at Zeebrugge, where they were in danger of being frozen in.

A great explosion destroyed one of the largest munitions plants in England on January 19. The plant was situated in East London,—more definite information has not passed the censor,—and the explosion caused the death of sixty-nine people and the destruction of an immense amount of property.

Germany has withdrawn the accusation of unneutral conduct it made against Mr. Vopicka, the United States minister to Roumania.

The German commerce raider, still at large in the Atlantic, is believed to be the Möwe, which once before got free on a career of destruction and safely returned to Germany. It is not certain how many ships she has sunk, but about twenty-one, according to the latest reports. It is believed that one or two of her prizes have been armed and supplied with a prize crew, in order to assist in the raid on British commerce; the steamer St. Theodore is named as one so equipped. On January 19 Berlin announced that the British steamer Yarrowdale, one of the Möwe's prizes, had come into a German port with 469 prisoners—the crews of captured merchant vessels.

Lloyds announces the sinking of six or seven merchant ships, presumably by submarines, almost every day. Most of them are British, but French, Norwegian, Danish, Japanese and Spanish ships were in the list this week. Details of the place and circumstances of the sinking are rarely given, and it is hard to tell whether the vessels are or are not warned.

The Czar addressed a rescript to the new premier, Prince Golitzin, calling on him to bend all his energies toward supplying the Russian armies more efficiently. The new ministry has not shown its hand yet. Liberal Russians and the allies of Russia in the field are uneasy at the increasing influence of Protopopoff, the Minister of the Interior, who has succeeded to the views of Rasputin and to some extent to his power at court.



INSIDE A BRITISH SUBMARINE THE OFFICER IS LOOKING THROUGH THE PERISCOPE

Boys: Plan NOW for Your Summer



ALREADY Fisk Bicycle Clubs in all parts of the country are clearing the decks for the summer's fun—electing officers, arranging for the "Big Doings" and planning for the most active club sport in years. This is by all means the best time for you to form your own Fisk Club, so you will be ready for the summer fun right from the start.

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THE CHILDREN OF THE CHILDLESS

By Dora Read Goodale

YE lonely, longing, desolate hearts,
By childish love unblest,
What little, lonely, anxious hearts
Starve for a mother's breast!

So many half-clothed bodies,
Hungry, and pinched with woe,
Ache for the gentle kisses
Your lips ache to bestow!

Somewhere the locks you dream of—
Tangled, matted, defied;
Somewhere the child you long for,
Wanting the look of a child.

Somewhere a rich endowment,
Ungauged, with none to care;
Somewhere a precious task laid down;
Somewhere? Nay, everywhere!

Bow to the pangs of the spirit!
Stretch your arms to embrace
The wastage of human progress—
The orphanhood of the race.

Own the debt of your being,
A rich birthright for these;
Pour forth service unstinted—
Balm and tendernesses:

And your dawns shall ripple with laughter,
And hope shall sing in your blood,
And a child shall thaw his unsmiling heart
At the flame of your motherhood.

☪ ☪

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE CROWDS

"N"O," said David Donaldson with decision, "I won't go into the church. You're all right yourself, Fred. If church members were all like you, it would be different. But I can't stand the hypocrites you've got in with you. Look across the street; there goes Dr. Jamison—a long-faced, praying scoundrel, and everyone knows it. I'd rather stay on the outside than associate with such men."

At the next corner his companion turned. "Let's go down Fort Street," he suggested.

David drew back. "What for?" he ejaculated. "That's not an agreeable walk, if you ask me."

"Oh, just a little way. We've plenty of time."

In silence they walked two or three blocks. Then they came to the worst place in all the hideous length of Fort Street. A drunken woman staggered from a crumbling shed marked "Saloon." Two men were bawling loudly on the corner. Little children playing at marbles were fighting and swearing as the game went on. A coarse-voiced man was beating a decrepit horse because it could not pull its heavy load.

The young men walked silently along, and their faces showed the disgust they felt. At last Fred waved his hand toward the street, abounding with its unclean life.

"Dave," he said, "I like you; you're a good fellow. If everyone outside the church were like you, I might stay out myself. Perhaps I could be as good a Christian out as in. But I can't stand the rest of your bunch. Look at those men and women, those children. Dave, I haven't much use for your outside set. They are low, they are indecent, they are—inhuman. You are all right, but I can't stand that part of your crowd."

David turned upon his friend in anger. Was he to be thrown in with that riffraff? Then he paused. After all, was his friend Fred, a genuine, sincere Christian, to be counted in with the hypocrites inside the church? He laid his hand on his friend's arm and smiled.

"Your point is well taken, old chap," he said. "If you put it that way, I admit that in spite of your hypocrites you people inside the church have got the best of us outside. I'll go with you next Sunday."

☪ ☪

THAT "FEELING" IN THE FAMILY

"Y"ES, there is some feeling between the Farrar sisters—

"And a very sweet, sisterly feeling I hope it is," said a gentle old lady who was passing through the room. The door closed; the two women in the window seat continued their discussion of the sisters whose feeling for each other was in nowise friendly.

Why is this "feeling" so often observed between members of the same family? A certain man who for three years has worked night and day inventing an electrical labor-saving machine meets a friend and pours forth, perhaps in more or less technical terms, his faith in the work to which he is devoting his life. He passes on, comparing his attentive, sympathetic friend with his brother, who sometimes leaves the room with a frown when he tries to talk about the subject nearest his heart. The politely attentive friend probably enough tells the first man he meets that he has wasted ten minutes that morning listening to Brown "rave over that crazy notion of his"; and that very day Brown's brother whirls round in his office chair and confides to his partner: "I don't know one thing about electricity,—the subject gets on my nerves,—but I have faith in John. When he needs more cash he can call on me. Some day there will be one member of our family to be proud of!"

Now, this brother does not weary John with a recital of the names and business reliability of all his customers; why should John be offended because the merchant cannot patiently listen to his "ravings"? Members of a family, as individuals, have rights that are too often overlooked.

A theological student produced several of his sermons one morning and began to read them to an admiring father and mother, and to a married brother who was supposed to be filled with admiration. As he turned page after page he noticed that his brother was nodding and grimacing to the infant that lay gurgling in his arms. At last he could stand it no longer.

"I care no more about your baby than you do about my sermons!" he cried hotly as he left the room.

That young man had never held a baby in his arms and did not know the overpowering sensation it gives—especially when the baby is your own. The young father, an accountant, had never risen to the heights to which a man ascends when he reads the words he has written for the help and betterment of mankind. It was easy enough for "feeling" to arise; until both learn tolerance, it will not subside.

An ideal situation exists in a family in which the

daughter is a writer of pleasant short stories. Her unimaginative father revels in facts but cares nothing for fiction. He considers it as his duty, however, to read his daughter's stories. One night his daughter found him in the library so engaged.

"O father, don't waste your time over that!" she cried. "You are too tired." But her dutiful father continued to read of poor Aunt Matilda's grief when she discovered the theft of her Christmas bank. A minute or two later he looked over his glasses at his daughter, who was intent upon her embroidery, closed the magazine quietly and picked up a paper at his elbow. Aunt Matilda was forgotten.

"Eleanor," he presently demanded, "did you know that it was estimated that about seven hundred million dollars' worth of material is wasted in this country in a single year?"

"No, father, I didn't," replied the young woman, about whose lips there lurked only the suspicion of a smile. She was not aware of this startling state of affairs and, after five minutes, could not have told whether the country wasted millions or billions of dollars. But she loved her father and admired him for his knowledge of many subjects that interested her not at all. She knew that her father loved her and that he was proud of her work, which others admired. There was not the slightest "feeling" between them.

A broad-minded person can live peacefully with anyone—even the members of his own family.

☪ ☪

THE SMOKE CURE

SOME seventy years ago there lived in the valley of the Genesee a man named Stoner, known far and near as "The Honest Old Dutchman." Like many another settler, Stoner added to his income by making shingles, for which the virgin forest offered ample material.

The great, straight-grained pines were felled and sawed into sections of shingle length. From these cylindrical sections the shingles were split, and skillfully shaved by hand and packed into bundles, to be drawn by ox team to the market fifty miles away.

To make sure that the shingles were of uniform quality, it was customary for the buyer to draw out one here and there from a few bundles; but those bought of "The Honest Old Dutchman" were no longer drawn, for they were made on honor.

On one of Stoner's trips to the city he received, among other things, a barrel of pork in exchange for his shingles. When good Dame Stoner came to cook the pork, she found it spoiled, "shprung," as the natives put it.

"Meester Turner," said Stoner, on his next visit to the trader, "dot pork you solt me shprung. Nein goot. Bah!"

"Oh, smoke it a little, Mr. Stoner, and it will be all right," Turner advised him airily.

"You dinks dat schmoge business make bad dings goot?" inquired Stoner.

"Yes, just remember that, Stoner. Smoke will fix it," assured Turner.

"All right," promised Stoner. "I 'member dat schmoge business."

Reaching home he set to work making a load of shingles of the poorest material available,—worm-eaten, brashy, worthless,—using his prime shingles only to face the bundles. Turner readily accepted the load without drawing, and paid for it, and the two men parted without reference to the "shprung" pork or "de schmoge business." But when next they met the buyer's complaisance had vanished.

"What do you mean, Stoner," stormed Turner, "by bringing me such rotten stuff as that last load of shingles? Worst I ever saw. Honest Old Dutchman, indeed!"

"Dose shingles pad?" inquired Stoner innocently. "Oh, shust schmoge 'em a leedle, Meester Turner, schmoge 'em a leedle dey pe all right."

☪ ☪

MRS. GUNNEY'S ULTIMATUM

"B"ASSETT," requested Mr. Gunney, leaning over the counter of the general store, "I wish you'd give me 'bout a pound of crackers and mebbe five cents' wnth of cheese. You needn't wrop it up," he went on as Mr. Bassett reached for the twine. "I expect to eat it right here, if you don't mind the crumbs."

Caleb Peaslee, watching placidly, turned to Mr. Gunney.

"Ain't that a kind of light diet for you, Obed?" he asked. "Wife ain't left ye, has she?"

Mr. Gunney shifted his feet and reddened perceptibly.

"Wal, yes," he admitted. "I d'know but ye could call it that. She's gone over to Dedham for the day."

Caleb grinned with neighborly malice.

"She didn't leave a great sight of grub cooked up," he said, "if you're down to crackers and cheese already. What you ben doin', Obed?"

Obed looked at Caleb with a whimsical smile.

"'Twas my fault, Caleb," he admitted sheepishly, "and now I'm gettin' paid out for it."

"Probably it was six months ago—my wife says 'twas, but it don't seem nothin' like that long ago to me—that she begun to pester me 'bout fixin' the kitchen chimley. She claimed it didn't draw as it ought to, and, to be honest, there were times when it smoked consid'able. But you know how 'tis. A man does the work that seems to be crowdin' him wust, and lets the rest go with a lick and a promise—and in this case 'bout all the chimley got was the promise."

"Course I was cal'latin' to fix it when I got round to it, but it was one of them jobs that seems 'sif they can be done 'bout as well one time as another, and fin'ly my wife quit talkin' 'bout it, and I let it go out of my mind complete."

"I noticed from time to time that when she'd be cookin' and I was round the kitchen she'd be kind of short and curt with me, and her mouth would be shut sort of tight; but that ain't uncommon with most women, and it's better to let 'em alone at such times, I've found."

"I s'pose what brought things to a head was my goin' off with Ben Somers yesterday. I suppose I might jest as well and better been at home fixin' that chimley; as I told you, since she quit talkin' 'bout it, I ain't thought of it scarcely. I told her them very words this mornin', and they only made her madder."

"Wal, s'she, 'you pay heed to what I say this time, for it's my last word."

"There was food 'nough cooked this mornin' for one person's breakfast," she says, bitin' the words off short, "and I et it myself. What you're goin' to do for breakfast I don't know, but I ain't goin' to get it for you—not on that stove, with the chimley in the shape it is now!"

"I'm goin' to get ready now," s'she, "and go over to Dedham for the day. I'll be back to-night,

and if by that time you've got that chimley fixed, well and good. But," she says, with her mouth shut tighter'n any bear trap you ever see, 'not one spoonful of victuals do I cook over that stove till it is fixed—and you can lay your mind to that!"

"And with that," continued Mr. Gunney gloomily, "off she went, and I make no doubt she was in the right on't."

He rose and brushed the cracker crumbs from his lap.

"I guess I'd better be gettin' back to work on that chimley," he remarked soberly; and Bassett and Mr. Peaslee grinned in sympathy.

☪ ☪

ENGLISHWOMEN ON THE FARM

WE have heard many stories in this country of the way in which the women of Germany, France and England have taken up the work that the men have had to lay down as they stepped into the trenches; work in many cases that women have rarely done before and for which they were supposed to have no qualifications. One of the most interesting things is the way in which women of society or of the stage—the types that are supposed to be least fitted for hard labor and least supposed to engage in it—have volunteered for the roughest sort of work in the factories or on the farm.

The picture shows three young women who have undertaken to carry on the work of King George's famous stock farm at Sandringham, in Norfolk. It was originally published in Country Life, which says:

The King has been very fortunate in obtaining the services of Miss Marjory Maxfield, Miss Hilda



Hobson and Miss Phyllis Hobson. They took up farm work about eight months ago as the form of patriotism they preferred, and certainly at Sandringham their powers of endurance and hard work are thoroughly tested. Live stock make both early and late demands on attention. It is necessary to be up betimes to feed and milk them, and until darkness comes the work continues. But the three ladies are keeping up the establishment to the very high standard with which it is associated.

Women are at work on farms in every part of England, and in many cases their work is prized not as a last resort in an emergency but because it is faithful and intelligent and competent. A certain farmer went to the labor exchange seeking for hands to help him with his beets. There were only six young women available, and they had previously been singers in an opera troupe. He laughed at the idea of engaging them, but finally consented to give them a trial. They cultivated the beets so well that they carried off a prize that had been offered for the best crop in the neighborhood. At the end of the harvest they were as much pleased as the farmer, and agreed to come back the next year.

It need not be supposed that they lived in any rough fashion. On the contrary, a neat cottage was provided where all the six lodged together. They brought a piano with them and made themselves quite comfortable. We may well believe that they went back to their professional work full of health and vigor.

☪ ☪

A COMMERCE RAIDER OF OTHER DAYS

SINCE the European war began, the interest of the world has more than once been engaged by the romantic exploits of some roving German cruiser—the Emden, the Prinz Eitel Friedrich or the Möwe. The adventures of those daring rovers when the history of the great war is finally written will make one of the most interesting chapters.

The feats of the German sailors recall the deeds of a very brave and clever officer who acted as a commerce destroyer in the service of the Confederacy during the Civil War. Lieut. Charles W. Read, a Mississippian in his early twenties, who had been in the United States Navy, joined the Confederate cruiser Florida on November 4, 1862, while she lay at Mobile undergoing repairs. Read had already seen gunboat service in the fighting at New Orleans.

On May 6, 1863, off the coast of Brazil, the Florida captured the brig Clarence, bound from Rio de Janeiro to Baltimore with a cargo of coffee. Lieut. Read suggested that he be permitted to take the captive, with her cargo and papers intact, and, proceeding to Hampton Roads, gain entrance there, and either cut out a gunboat or burn the shipping gathered in the Roads. Capt. Maffit gave him a howitzer, and detailed an assistant engineer and twenty men for the enterprise.

A month later, off the South Carolina coast, the Clarence captured and burned the bark Whistling Wind, from Philadelphia to New Orleans with coal. The next day it picked up the schooner Alfred H. Partridge, and Read put her captain under a five-thousand-dollar bond to deliver the cargo of arms and clothing to the Confederates. On June 9 he took the brig Mary Alvina, Boston to New Orleans with commissary stores. From his prisoners, Read came to the conclusion that an attempt to enter Hampton Roads would meet with certain failure, and he turned his attention entirely to destroying Federal commerce. On June 12, within eight miles of Cape Henry, he made four captures: the bark Tacony, the schooner M. A. Shindler, the schooner Kate Stewart and the brig Arabella. Since the Clarence was a poor sailer, the young commander transferred his crew and howitzer to the Tacony. The Clarence and the M. A. Shindler he burned. The Arabella he bonded for thirty thousand dollars and the Kate Stewart for seven thousand dollars, and he used the latter to take ashore some fifty prisoners.

Those captures stirred the shipowners, and the

shipowners promptly stirred up the Secretary of the Navy. The naval commanders at Newport News, Philadelphia and New York were ordered to send out vessels to chase the raider, which they did. Meanwhile the Tacony, under her new colors, captured the brig Umpire, which, with her cargo of sugar and molasses, was burned on June 15. Five days later the Tacony seized the packet ship Isaac Webb, Liverpool to New York with 750 passengers on board, and Read bonded her for forty thousand dollars. The same day he destroyed the fishing schooner Micawber. The clipper ship Byzantium and the bark Goodspeed, both bound for New York, were sunk on the next day, which was June 21.

By that time there were more than twenty Federal vessels pursuing the Tacony, and the shipping interests of New York were almost in a state of panic.

Read now sailed northward, and off the coast of Massachusetts captured four fishing schooners on June 22. The following day he took two more. On June 24 he held up the ship Shatemuc, from Liverpool to Boston, carrying a large number of immigrants, and bonded her for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That night he captured the fishing schooner Archer.

As the ammunition for the howitzer had become exhausted, Read transferred his crew to the Archer and burned the Tacony. On the morning of June 26 he picked up Portland Light. Two fishermen, who mistook the schooner for a pleasure party, piloted her into Portland Harbor. The following morning at half past one o'clock Read and his men boarded the revenue cutter Caleb Cushing. She was captured without an alarm's being given, but the tide was running in before her new masters could get her under way, and the wind had dropped. They did escape from the harbor, but about twenty miles outside two large steamers, bearing soldiers and armed civilians, overhauled the cutter. Read had not been able to find the vessel's stock of ammunition, and after firing a few rounds at the pursuing steamers he put off his prisoners, set the cutter on fire and, with his crew, took to the boats. He surrendered to the commander of the steamer Forest City.

Lieut. Read made a brief report of his cruise on July 30, from Fort Warren, and a more detailed one the following year under a Richmond date. So far as the records show, no lives were taken in the course of the raid.

☪ ☪

MEETING A SHELL FACE TO FACE

A BRITISH aviator who has been flying in France since the beginning of the war told Popular Mechanics the story of meeting a shell from a German seventeen-inch gun while he was in the air:

I was at an altitude of about six thousand feet one day, and climbing higher at an easy angle, when one of those big fellows, almost at the end of its long flight, came ploughing along in the opposite direction. First, a dark little blur appeared ahead at an angle of about thirty-five degrees above me. At first it seemed to be coming right at me, and I swerved to the left in an instinctive effort to dodge the threatened blow. Then a sort of droning hum became audible, and that sound increased during the two or three seconds that elapsed before the big missile came up to me and swept past. It was probably several hundred yards away at its nearest, but the distance seemed less.

A few faint stirrings of air began to rock my machine even before the shell went by, but the full force of the "air wash" came a fraction of a second later. Then an almost solid wall of air nearly threw me on my beam ends, and I was really hard put to it to get the reeling machine back on an even keel. For the next mile or two the air was like water in the wake of a big side-wheeler,—all chopped to pieces,—and the machine rocked like a springless motor lorry going over cobbles. The air was disturbed for some seconds after a loud roar astern had told me that the shell had come to earth.

☪ ☪

TWO HONEST MEN

THERE are at least two thoroughly honest people in Sacramento, says the Union of that city, and that is why Miss Maud Williamson got back a five-dollar gold piece that was in other hands for more than a week. The money was returned to her by a blind peanut vender who has a stand at Twenty-eighth and M streets.

Miss Williamson bought a bag of peanuts from the man and accidentally gave him a five-dollar gold piece instead of a nickel. She missed the coin not long afterwards, but it did not occur to her that she had paid it out accidentally until some one suggested that possibility to her several days later.

She went back to the vender's stand and asked him if he had accidentally taken in a five-dollar gold piece instead of a nickel. He put his hand into his coat pocket and took out a scrap of paper in which the missing gold coin was wrapped. He explained to Miss Williamson that one of his customers had been honest enough to return it to him when he gave it out as five cents in change. He had put it away safely, for he expected that sooner or later it would be called for.

☪ ☪

GENUINE

THE hard-working shopkeeper, according to London Opinion, had vainly ransacked his stock in his efforts to please an old lady who wanted to purchase a present for her granddaughter. For the fifteenth time she picked up and critically examined a neat little purse.

"Are you quite sure that this is a genuine alligator skin?" she inquired.

"Positive, madam," quoth the dealer. "I shot the alligator myself."

"It looks rather soiled," said the lady.

"That, madam, is where it struck the ground when it fell off the tree."

☪ ☪

VIA SWITZERLAND

A FRIEND of The Companion who read its account of the genesis of Lincoln's phrase, "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people," calls our attention to a letter in the New York Nation that discloses an anticipatory parallel in a speech by Dr. Schinz, a member of the Superior Court of the canton of Zurich, at a meeting of the Helvetic Society in 1830.

"All Swiss governments," he said, "must recognize that they are merely governments of the people, by the people, and for the people (*aus dem Volke, durch das Volk, und für das Volk*)."



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



DRAWN BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE "ZOO"

By B. S. WYCKOFF

WHAT a flutter and what a flurry there was when the mail man reached the "Zoo" on the morning of St. Valentine's Day! The mail man was a little late, for he had more mail than usual to deliver along the way. When he finally opened the door and stepped into the main room, with his hands full of letters and his bag bulging with them, there was such a chattering and roaring and grunting and trumpeting as the "Zoo" had not known in many a day.

"Well, well, friends," cried the mail man, "here's mail for all of you to-day—lots of it! And such big letters, too!"

Right and left he handed out the letters—first to Major, the elephant; old Rhino, the rhinoceros; Jocko, Pansy and Fritz, the monkeys; and Polly, the parrot, and then to the bears, the lion, the tiger, the giraffe, the turtle, and to all the other birds and beasts that crowded round him, each one eager to see what St. Valentine had sent.

"Just look at mine!" trumpeted old Major, the elephant. "What a beautiful picture! And these lines, too!"

In Jungle-land, in Jungle-land,
Our hearts are beating true;
We wish that you were back with us,
And not in that old Zoo.

When he read the lines old Major sighed so loud that he shook the building. He was just

beginning to tell the others about his childhood home in Jungle-land, when Rhino, holding his valentine on the end of his horn, began to grunt.

"Here is what I got," said Rhino. "I don't quite understand what it means."

Dainty creature that you are,
Take this message from afar;
Borrow wings of a humbebee,
And fly across the world to me.

All the animals chuckled, for they knew that some one was having sport with old Rhino; but before anyone got the courage to tell him so in plain words, Jocko began to chatter wildly.

"My valentine is the biggest and best!" he cried. "See that beautiful picture, and just listen to this."

Oh, fairest being of the Zoo,
Take the heart I dare to send;
At the slightest frown from you
It would break and never mend.

Pansy and Fritz were trying to read aloud their valentines, too, but they had to give up doing so because Polly Parrot was chattering away so noisily over hers. This is the way her verse ran:

Handsome bird of the curving beak,
Day and night I hear you speak;
Every single word you utter
Sets my foolish heart aflutter.

Then Mr. Brown Bear proudly read his

valentine, which came in an envelope that bore the postmark of a town in the far-off mountains:

They think that I am sleeping
In my den beneath the pine,
But all the time I'm dreaming
Of my beary valentine.

Mr. Polar Bear growled a little when he opened his letter, but soon he smiled and read the message to the others:

O bear so big and white and growly,
In regions near the Pole,
Where winds are always keen and howly,
There lives a kindred soul
Who sends across the land and sea
A loving greeting down to thee.

"Just listen to my valentine!" cried the tiger. "I don't think much of it!"

Tiger, tiger, purr away
Lazily throughout the day.
All the children fear you well;
Why they do I cannot tell,
For I'm very certain that
You are nothing but a cat.

Prince, the lion, had the longest valentine of all:

Held by cruel bars
All thy lonely days,
Longing for the stars
And the jungle ways,
Do not fret and rage
That unhappy fate
Keeps you in a cage
From your loving mate.
Know how proud is she
That you play your part
Ever royally,
With a lion's heart.

Then the other animals in turn read the valentines that the mail man had brought them, and all the morning the "Zoo" was in such an uproar that the visitors—whose eyes could not see the valentines—did not know what to make of it. And the birds and animals were so busy reading and re-reading valentines, and talking them over with one another, that they could hardly stop to eat dinner.

father about her valentine he said, "No, little daughter, and I am afraid you will not have any for several days. The floods down in the valley have washed away the tracks, and the trains cannot come up the mountain. I am afraid you will have to be patient a little longer."

She was a disappointed little girl; but she tried hard not to think about it, and went to bed and was soon fast asleep. In the morning, bright and early, she woke up, and the very first thing she thought was, "Now it really is St. Valentine's Day!" and then, "But the floods are keeping back all my valentines, and I won't have a single one. O dear!"

Just then she heard a little noise—tap! tap!—on her window, and there on the window sill was a white pigeon! She opened the window and he spread his wings and tried to fly in, but he was so tired he just dropped to the floor. Then Edna picked him up to warm and stroke him and saw something on his leg. When she looked to see what it was, she found a tiny letter tied by a little band to one of his legs. Downstairs she ran, calling, "Father! Mother! Look! look! See what I have! A valentine has come, in spite of the floods. Snowflake has brought it. Please take it, and I will carry him out to the pigeon house to rest and have some breakfast. When I come back you may read my valentine."

Away she went, and was back in a moment to hear what the valentine said. Here it is:

TO EDNA

Over mountain, plains and valley
I've flown for many a day,
And now that I have reached here,
I hope you'll let me stay.
I was lonely and unhappy
Far from you and all the rest,
For it's hard to be away from home
And those you love the best.
So the little girl who took me
Sends me flying back to you,
To bear a loving greeting
From a heart both kind and true.

DREAMS FOR THREE

By MIRIAM CLARK POTTER

Three little dreams flew in from the south,
And they flew in a swift, straight line.
One was a dream of peaches and cream,
And that little dream was mine:
I dreamed that a pretty white cloth was spread

With the round moon set for a dish,
And I ate in state of peaches and cream
As much as my heart could wish.

The next little dream was a funny one!
It came to Molly O'Leary;
She thought that she rode on a great green goose

That bucked like a Texas steer;
It flopped about till it knocked her off,
And it cackled, "Gingerbread joke!"
And Molly wondered what that could be,
And while she was wondering woke.

The last little dream was best of all.
It flew to Elizabeth Lee.
She swung in a hammock, embroidered
with snails,
Way up to the top of a tree;
And there she found all cuddled away,
In a sort of cottony nest,
The Little Lost Princess of Shut-Eye town!
No wonder her dream was the best.

✿ ✿

MY VALENTINE

By MARY CATHERINE PARSONS

I have a little valentine
That some one sent to me.
It's pink and white and red and blue,
And pretty as can be.

Forget-me-nots are round the edge,
And tiny roses, too;
And such a lovely piece of lace—
The very palest blue.

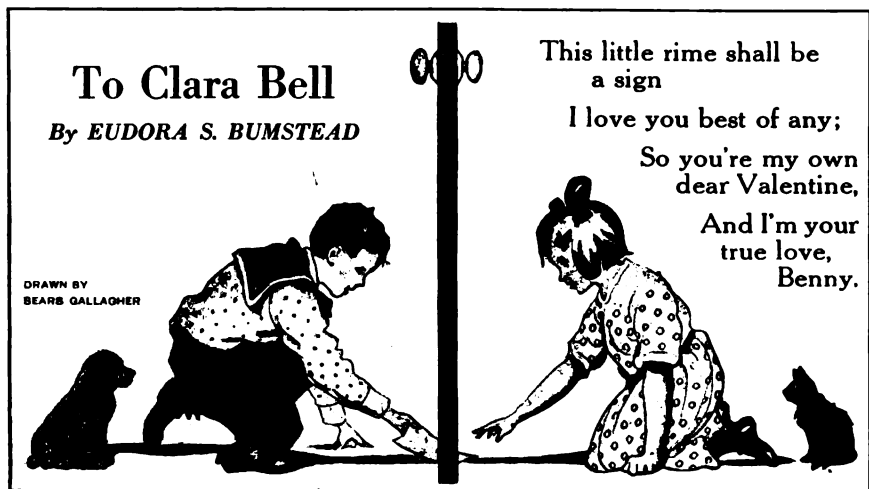
And in the centre there's a heart,
As red as red can be!
And on it's written, all in gold,
"To YOU, with Love from ME."



WHY NOT?

By L. J. BRIDGMAN

IF ONE MOUSE AND ONE MOUSE
TOGETHER ARE CALLED "MICE,"
THEN ONE SPOUSE AND ONE SPOUSE
TOGETHER SHOULD BE "SPICE"!



EDNA'S VALENTINE

By SUSANNA C. MABEE

IN a little house far up on the side of a high, high mountain, there lived a little girl named Edna. There were a few other houses near, where the men lived who brought the gold up from the mines deep down in the mountain, but there were no little girls or boys for Edna to play with.

Often she would have been lonely had it not been for the pigeons that lived in a little house all their own in the yard. Such pretty pigeons they were! Some were white, some were gray, and some were both gray and white with shining purple feathers on their necks. They were so tame that they would alight on Edna's shoulders or her head, or perch on her knee to eat from her hand.

One Christmas time, when Edna was nearly six years old, Grandmother came for a visit, and brought with her a little cousin whose name was Alice. They stayed for ever and ever so many days, and Edna, at last, had a little girl to play with. What fun they had with the toys that Santa Claus had brought them and what fun they had out of doors with the pigeons! Alice was so kind and gentle that in a little while the pigeons were no more afraid of her than they were of Edna.

By and by the time came for grandmother and Alice to go home, and then Edna gave Alice one of the pigeons, a white one named Snowflake, to take home with her. Alice carried it in a covered basket, and she was so happy to think that she could have pretty Snowflake for her very own.

Edna missed Alice very much when she had gone; but she was a happy-hearted little girl, and so did not fret about it but made the most of playing alone again.

One morning mother said to her, "Valentine's Day is coming soon. Don't you think we should be making some valentines?"

"Oh, yes, mother!" she cried; "and I must go right to work, for I love so many people I shall have to make a great many."

So they went to work and made a lot of pretty valentines, and father carried them to the post office and started them on their way to all the people that Edna loved. Then Edna began to wonder whether anyone would send her a valentine. Every day when her father came home she asked if he had brought her one. He always said, "Oh, it's not St. Valentine's Day yet." At last the evening before Valentine's Day came, and when Edna asked her

This little rime shall be
a sign
I love you best of any;
So you're my own
dear Valentine,
And I'm your
true love,
Benny.

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

BOYS' PAGE for FEBRUARY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

THE CARE OF A BICYCLE

MANY boys seem to believe that bicycling and dirt necessarily go together; consequently they neglect to give their wheels the attention that they need. Thus they violate the first principle in the care of machinery of every kind, which is to keep it free from all sorts of dirt that cause undue wear.

The first essential in keeping your wheel in the best condition is to see that dirt does not remain on it. Clean hubs and spokes, a clean chain and clean sprockets do much to lengthen the life of a bicycle, and also add materially to the pleasure of riding it.

Ten minutes with a soft cloth once a week is usually time enough to spend on the frame and handlebars. A long-handled brush, with bristles on the side as well as on the end, is a very handy tool with which to clean round the hubs and the crank hanger.

The chain requires a little more effort. You should give it a bath in kerosene three or four times a year, and oftener if necessary. A good way to grease the chain after you have cleaned it is to boil it in mutton tallow to which you have added a little powdered graphite. That will penetrate to every working surface, insure nearly perfect lubrication, and make the chain very quiet and easy running. Between cleanings, lubricate the chain weekly with stick graphite. A very good substitute in an emergency is a piece of white soap, but the use of it is not to be recommended as a regular practice.

LUBRICATION

Lubricating the rest of the mechanism is much simpler and is less often needed. Once a year you should pack the headpost and the crank hanger with a light cup grease or with vaseline. Treat the hub bearings and the coaster brake in the same way, but look at them more frequently. Twice during the riding season is often enough for the average rider.

Once a year take the bicycle all apart and thoroughly clean and lubricate it. While it is apart examine all of the balls, and if any are chipped or worn replace them with new ones. After you have reassembled the machine, carefully adjust the bearings. To adjust the front hub, tighten the cones on the axle until there is no lost motion or play, but do not get them so tight that the weight of the tire valve will not move the wheel freely. Make the test with the wheel in the forks and with the nuts tightened. If you make the test with the nuts loose, you run the risk of squeezing the cones in a little and making the wheel fit too closely when you tighten the nuts. Adjust the coaster-brake bearings in the same way, by the cone on the sprocket end of the hub.

Give particular care to the adjustment of the chain, the most important part of the driving mechanism. If you turn the chain round by the pedals, you will usually find that it is a little tighter in some places than in others. After you have discovered the tightest point, loosen the nuts on the rear axle and move the wheel backward or forward by the adjusting screws until there is only



Long-Handled Brush

about one inch of vertical play in the chain half-way between the sprockets. Then tighten the nuts on the axle, taking care to see that the tire has equal clearances on the two sides between the rear forks. If the chain is too tight it will crackle and run hard, and if too loose it may jump off the sprocket or catch on the crank.

Adjust the crank hanger by the method that you used with the wheel hubs. On most wheels there is a lock nut on the left side of the crank that can be loosened with a spanner wrench. Next under that is a washer, and under that is the cone. Make the adjustment with the cone, so that the crank will turn freely but with only the slightest evidence of play. As with the wheels, test the adjustment after you have tightened the lock nut and thereby prevented the cone from moving. At the top of the steering head you will find a cone and a lock nut that need the same kind of attention.

THE WHEELS

At least twice a year you should true the wheels; if you allow them to run in a warped condition for any length of time, they are harder to bring back to their correct shape. By resting the hand on the forks and holding a piece of chalk close to the rim while you rotate the wheel you can mark the extent to which the wheel is out of true. Then it is an easy matter to bring the rim back into line by loosening the spokes at one point and tightening them at another.



Repair Link

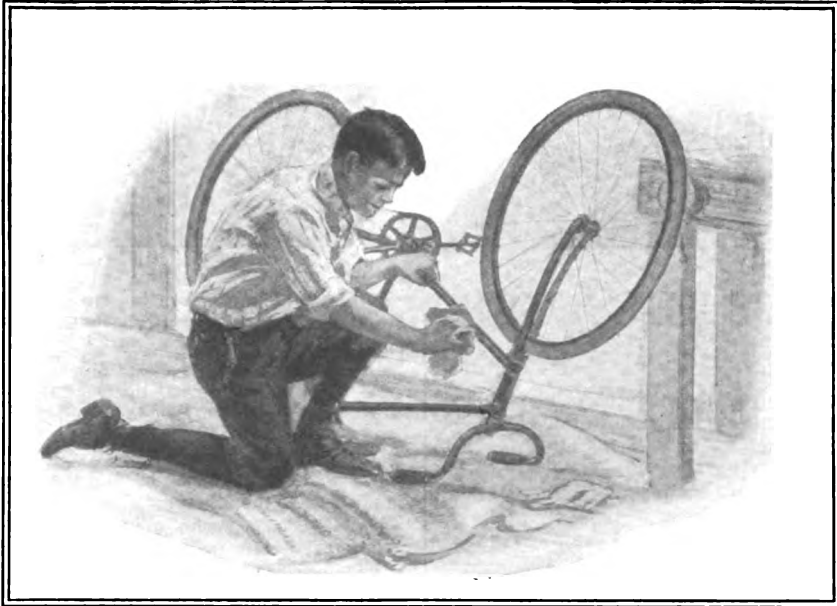
If you have no spoke wrench, you can do the work with a pair of pliers or a hand vise. Always keep the spokes tight; remember that one neglected, loose or broken spoke soon causes another. Try to keep all the spokes at an even tension, and you will have your reward in freedom from broken spokes and wobbly wheels.

The saddle of your bicycle should be at such a height that you can reach the pedals comfortably with the ball of the foot. To raise or lower the saddle, loosen the bolt at the top of the seat-mast tube. When the saddle is at the right position, tighten the bolt firmly so that the saddle will not turn when you are riding.

The handlebars are usually loosened by unscrewing the bolt at the top of the stem and then rapping the bolt down. That loosens a cone in the bottom of the stem, and allows you to raise or lower the bars. By removing one grip, you can take the bars from the stem and put them in the other side up—an adjustment that reverses the curve and raises the level of the grips considerably. When you have set them at the right height, tighten the bolt firmly so that the bars will not move when you ride.

When anything breaks, it is usually desirable to have the repair work done at a well-equipped shop. But if you are planning a long tour you should have the necessary tools to make chain and tire repairs on the road. For the chain you will need a ten-cent chain-repair link, and a sharp file with which to remove the heads of rivets. Better still is a chain tool, which punches out the rivets and saves you the necessity of filing off the heads.

If your bicycle has clincher tires, you will find it a very simple matter to repair punctures. Repairing single-tube tires is neither so simple nor so satisfactory. If you puncture a clincher tire, first remove one side from the rim and take out the tube. Then blow up the tube and run it through a pan of water until you find the leak by the bubbles. Then wipe the tube dry and roughen the part round the puncture with a piece of coarse sandpaper. Put on a thin even coat of cement over an area slightly larger than the patch. Roughen the patch, and coat one side of it with cement. Let that coat dry for a few minutes, then apply a



second coat to both tube and patch. Let the second coat dry at least five minutes, and longer if you are not in a hurry. Neither tube nor patch will feel sticky to the fingers, but when you put them together they will adhere very tenaciously. In fact, they will stick so readily that you must be sure to apply the patch evenly and smoothly, for you will have great difficulty in smoothing it out if it is wrinkled. To prevent the patch from adhering to the casing always rub a little tire chalk or talcum powder over the patch before you replace the tube. If there is a large cut in the casing, cement a piece of canvas on the inside to prevent the tube from blowing out.

MENDING TIRES

With a single-tube tire small punctures can be repaired with the fluid or with rubber bands. Tools for such repairs can be bought at any repair shop. There is one tool that resembles a small hypodermic needle or squirt gun by which a thick cement can be squirted through the hole into the inside of the tire. The cement sets and covers the hole on the inside. When you have charged the tool with cement and inserted the point in the hole, turn the wheel so that the hole is at the bottom with the tool pointing upward before you discharge the cement into the tire. That causes the cement to remain at the hole and harden over it instead of running away from it. For small pinholes that method will suffice, but for larger holes you will have to use rubber bands with a special inserting tool. The bands should be well coated with cement to insure their staying in place and to seal the spaces between them. That method of repairing is suitable for tack holes or small nail holes.

For larger nail holes you will need repair plugs. They look like rivets with large flat heads. The head goes on the inside of the tire and forms an inside patch over the hole; the shank fills the hole. First coat the plug with cement, then shove it through the hole headfirst. A pair of special plug pliers is very convenient for this work. Draw the stem of the plug back through the hole until the head is tight against the inside of the tire. The cement and the pressure of the air on the head will effectually seal the puncture and prevent the plug from blowing out. Trim off the outer end of the plug flush with the surface of the tire.

Before starting on a trip always examine your tool kit to see that everything is there and in condition to be used. Every tool bag should contain a small monkey wrench, a screw driver, pliers, a chain-repair link, a file or a chain tool, a pump and a tire-repair kit. The rest of the equipment needed will depend on the length of the trip. It is a very good plan to travel light and not be burdened with unnecessary weight. Besides examining the

tool kit, it is well to spend a few minutes in looking over the wheel and tires and in tightening any loose parts. A few minutes of careful inspection and preparation may save a delay of several hours on the road.

TO TEST YOUR SUPPLENESS

STRENGTH and endurance are not the only athletic qualities. Suppleness is quite as desirable. Supple joints move more easily than stiff ones, and so allow you, with a given amount of strength, to flex a limb against a greater resistance or to repeat a certain movement a greater number of times. The following tests are not very difficult, although they may seem so at first. If they do, that only shows that you need the work. So pull off your coat and set to.

Fold your arms loosely across your chest. Now lower yourself by bending your knees, and at the same time separate your legs so that your arms may pass between your knees. The object is to touch the floor with both elbows at once without losing your balance. This test calls the whole body into play. If you take off your shoes, you will find the stunt easier, especially if you have long legs.

Another exercise will test the pliability of your arms. Curl your left arm round behind you and push your hand up as far on your back as possible. As you do that, reach over your right shoulder with

your right hand and try to lock the long fingers of your hands. Some boys do this easily at the first trial, others find it a real task.

BELGIAN STAMPS IN AFRICA

BELGIUM has retaliated against Germany by certain postal measures that stamp collectors have long expected. Just as Germany overprinted German stamps for use in Belgium, as related on the Boys' Page many months ago, so

now Belgium has overprinted the stamps of a Belgian colony for use in captured German territory.

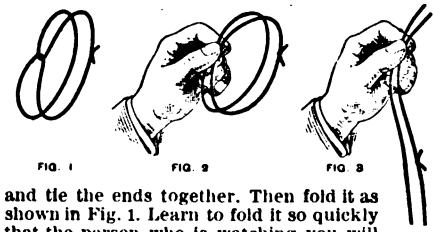
The beautiful current pictorial series of Congo Belge, or Belgian Congo, was chosen for surcharging by the Belgian military forces that operated successfully in conjunction with British and Portuguese troops in German East Africa, the last remaining Teutonic colony. Upon six denominations—five centimes green and black, ten centimes carmine and black, twenty-five centimes blue and black, forty centimes dark red and black, fifty centimes brown lake and black, and one franc olive bistre and black—the following was overprinted, in black letters, horizontally in four lines:

EST AFRICAINE ALLEMAND
OCCUPATION BELGE
DUITSCH OOST AFRIKA
BELGISCH DEZETTING

This same surcharge, which, it will be seen, is in both French and Flemish, appears vertically, reading upward, upon the two upright oblong stamps of the series—fifteen centimes blue, green and black, and five francs ochre and black. Another Belgian force operating in German East Africa also issued stamps for its own use. Those troops likewise used Belgian Congo pictorials, the five and ten centimes values of which they surcharged in violet letters, with the word RUANDA, which is the name of a district that borders on German East Africa.

"CHEWING A STRING"

"CHEWING a string together," unless the trick is known, is an extremely puzzling and mysterious thing, but once revealed is simple. Take a piece of string two or three feet long that is clean enough to be put into the mouth



and tie the ends together. Then fold it as shown in Fig. 1. Learn to fold it so quickly that the person who is watching you will not notice that the two loops are interlocked. Hold the string between the thumb and forefinger in such a way that you conceal the interlocking loops. (Fig. 2.) Cut the two strands a very short distance from the thumb; you will then hold between the thumb and forefinger what appears to be two pieces of string of equal length (Fig. 3), but what really is one long piece and one very short piece. Put the part that you hold into your mouth; remove the short piece with the tongue, and slip it under the tongue. On removing the longer string it will appear that you have mysteriously joined the two pieces in one.

KEEPING YOUR DOG WELL

A GOOD dog is worthy of the best of care even if he is not a pedigreed animal. But that does not mean coddling; a dog is naturally a hardy outdoor animal, and you should not weaken his constitution by confinement and overcare. Never keep him in all day; even "toy" dogs should spend a part of every day in vigorous outdoor exercise. If your pet has been allowed to become fat and lazy, you may have to use a little force to change his habits, but do not be too abrupt, and never be unkind.

Next to daily exercise, probably the most important thing is feeding. Although some of the prepared foods are good, many are so rich that they cause eczema. A miscellaneous diet from your own table, if you are careful in selecting it, will keep your dog in good health. A dog, like his master, needs a variety of food to rebuild tissues and furnish heat and energy. He should have meat, but most of it should be cooked; a vegetable stew,

with an extra amount of meat, plenty of rice and only a little potato, is excellent. Occasionally let him have a big raw bone with only a little meat on it. The gnawing is good for his teeth and the bone particles that he scrapes off supply a need of his body. Besides, wrestling with a big bone gratifies the primitive dog instinct. Do not give him white-flour bread or pastry, and use sweets very sparingly, if at all. Those articles bring on constipation—a condition that must be avoided.

Puppies need to be fed three or four times a day, but after they are a year old twice a day is enough. Ordinarily, a dog's evening meal should be the heavy one, but if you are training him as a watchdog, reverse that plan. Heavy meals make him sleepy, just as they do his master.

Your dog's kennel should be on a dry, sunny spot high enough from the ground to avoid even occasional dampness. As for bedding, either straw or sawdust is satisfactory. Do not use old bed-clothes; they are ideal quarters for parasites of all kinds. The kennel should be so constructed that you can clean it frequently—a detail that is as important as freedom from dampness.

The dog's susceptibility to skin-diseases makes it necessary to use mild soaps in bathing him. Carbol soap is a good flea destroyer, but dogs are too susceptible to carbolic poisoning for you to take the risk of using it. Besides, the acid makes the skin too dry. Use a mild toilet soap and wash the dog often. It is important to dry him thoroughly, and then to give him sufficient exercise to restore his normal temperature.

A RAIN GAUGE

TO make this simple apparatus, which serves the interesting purpose of measuring rainfall, you will need the following materials: a tin can; three or four strips of shingle about an inch wide; an aluminum or tin funnel with a top of the same diameter as the can; a glass test tube or a glass gauge tube with a tight cork for the bottom (it should hold about as much water as will make one inch in a pound can); a mustard or jam bottle or a jelly glass with a tin cover; a triangular wooden block about one inch thick and six inches on each side; a piece of oiled or paraffined paper or pasteboard, to fold and place in the bottom of the bottle for the glass tube to rest on; and some string to tie round the strips and the can.

The figure shows the rain gauge assembled. The reason for using the graduated tube rather than merely setting up a can and measuring the rain that it catches is, of course, that the smallness of the tube allows greater accuracy—especially when the rainfall is very slight.

In making the gauge, first fill the tube with water and empty it into the can; then measure with a ruler the height of the water in the can. That will give you the relation of tube to can, and will be the basis for graduating or measuring the tube. If the tube when full holds enough to make one inch in the can, it will mean an inch of rain when it is filled, half an inch when it is half full, and so on down to any fractional part of an inch.

Make the graduations on the tube by placing thin strips of gummed labels at the proper places, and by coating the paper with melted paraffin or varnish to prevent it from washing off. After you have marked the tube, cut out the bottom of the can and hammer down the rough edges. The can will then be open at both ends like a cylinder.

The bottle is to catch the overflow when there is a heavy rain, amounting to more than a tubeful. You can measure the overflow by pouring it into the tube and adding it to the original tubeful. In the tin cover of the bottle you must cut a hole a little larger than the tube. The funnel should not fit tight in the tube, or an error will result.

Tack the strips of shingle to the block with one tack each, so that you can easily move them aside to disconnect the apparatus and empty it after each rain. When connected as shown in the figure, the strips are tied tight to the can, and the whole apparatus is firm. To prevent rust, coat the can, funnel and cover with paint or paraffin. The block and the strips should also receive a coat of paint. The can and the funnel may be connected if desired, to prevent error from leakage due to jars.

Accuracy in results will depend upon the care with which the whole apparatus is made. There is, of course, a chance for originality in devising simpler and more accurate apparatus. When you have completed the rain gauge, fasten it to the top of a post, or on a roof in a place where there is nothing to protect it from winds. If possible, check your gauge on a standard official rain gauge, and correct any errors that you discover.

HOW TO USE THE MICROSCOPE

USING a microscope properly does not injure the eyes, as is proved by the fact that men who have spent years at microscopic work usually have better vision than other men. One of the most harmful things that the microscopist can do is to close or squint one eye while he uses the other. Not only does it hurt the eye that is closed, but it prevents good vision in the eye that is used. With a little persistent practice most persons can acquire the ability to keep both eyes open, and at the same time to let the mind's eye see only what is in the field of the microscope. At the start it will be found easier if a piece of black cloth is laid beside the instrument where the unused eye is directed; the field will then stand out clearly, unconfused by bright objects that the other eye sees. If with that aid the habit cannot be attained, there is no way but to wear a black patch over the unused eye.

Another strain, which even some advanced students unnecessarily impose upon their eyes, is that which comes from trying hard to see while they are focusing the instrument. When adjusting the focus so as to get the sharpest view of the object, the eye



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CONTINUING THE BOYS' PAGE FOR FEBRUARY

should be relaxed and waiting for the movement of the sliding tube that is to bring the object into view and make it as clear as possible. The microscope should be made to do the work; that is what it is for. The time to begin using the focusing power of the eye is the moment when things become as clear as the instrument can make them.

Much—probably most—microscopic work is done on objects that have to be lighted from underneath, since for proper study they have to be made very thin and flat. The proper use of the mirror in reflecting light up through the object into the objective is important. In the daytime good results can be attained by utilizing the light from a bright white cloud. As such clouds are not always where they are wanted, and as blue sky gives a poor light, it is a good plan to make an artificial cloud by whitewashing boards made into a two- or three-foot square and placing them outside the window, rather near, and where the sun will strike them. They can be tilted until they catch the best light. Even without sunlight a reflector of that kind is better than blue sky. Except when using an expensive instrument with a substage condenser, a concave mirror is best for that sort of light; but it is necessary only for powers of more than one hundred diameters. Only a plane mirror usually comes with even the best of small compound microscopes, and for most objects it does very well for twenty to eighty diameters.

For artificial light an oil lamp, a flat gas flame or an Argand burner can be used. For powers under a hundred diameters and a plane mirror the light should be as close as possible—that is, within a few inches of the mirror. That is also the case when a substage condenser is used with a concave mirror. With a concave mirror used without a condenser, or a condenser used with a plane mirror, the light should be at some distance—from two to several feet; the larger the light the farther away. The very best light, especially for low-power work, is an inverted Welsbach burner with a frosted globe, or, better, one of opal glass. It is used as the lights mentioned above are used, only a little farther off in each case; but it cannot be used with the concave mirror and the substage condenser. That combination requires a small light.

Although it is of no use with the small two-dollar microscope, which has the eyepiece screwed in, a very quick and accurate method of centring the light and getting the right size stop or hole for the light to come through, in the larger instruments, is to lift out the eyepiece, and, while looking down the tube, to shift the mirror and regulate the opening until the central part of the back of the objective lens is evenly illuminated in a bright circle that takes up from one half to two thirds of the whole lens. At least the outer third of the lens should be dark.

When daylight, strong gaslight or close lamp-light is insufficient to illuminate properly opaque objects from above, recourse must be had to a magnifying glass, the larger the better, in case there is no direct sunlight. The light should be fairly close, small but bright, and by means of the magnifier should be focused from above to a bright spot on the object.

Very thin, colorless objects, such as many Protozoa, are often hard to see by light transmitted from the mirror; but they show up clearly when oblique light is used—light so oblique that it passes through the object from below, but does not enter the objective. The large microscopes permit the mirror to be swung out for that purpose. With one of the smaller French microscopes good results can be attained by removing the mirror from its position or by turning it so as to reflect no light to the object, and then, shading the object from the general light from above, by reflecting a very bright beam slantingly through it from below by means of the displaced mirror or another small piece. The object should appear bright against a black background. A concave mirror is best. A piece of broken automobile headlight reflector is excellent for that purpose, and also to glue to the back of the plane mirror.

Most transparent objects, especially thin ones, can be made more distinct by keeping undesirable rays of light from reaching them from the mirror. Large instruments have a regular series of different-sized holes for the light to go through, but a small hole or stop will serve the purpose. The image in a small microscope can be cleared wonderfully by gluing halfway between the mirror and the object a piece of cardboard with a large hole in it. Over it can be slipped other pieces, each blackened, and each having in it a hole of suitable size. It is well worth the trouble.

Another Test for the Supple Boy.—Hold a slender stick or broom handle horizontally in front of your thighs. The distance between your hands will depend on the movement of your legs in jumping. A few experiments will determine it. Hold the stick between your thumbs and finger tips; you will need all the room you can get, for the "stunt" is to jump the stick without losing either end. The best way to learn this trick is to practice with a rope. From day to day take up the slack in the rope. When you can jump it straight you will find the stick just as easy.

NYASALAND STAMPS

THE stamps that the Portuguese and Belgian forces surcharged for use in German East Africa have already been mentioned on the Boys' Page. The third of those invading armies, the British, has also issued occupation stamps for that region. The commanding officer of those troops from England asked the governor of Nyasaland Protectorate, which is a part of British Central Africa, for quantities of the halfpenny green and one-penny scarlet stamps bearing the portrait of King George. The government printers were directed to surcharge upon them the letters N. F. F., meaning Nyasaland Field Forces. But through an error one of the F's was omitted, and the stamps as issued bear only two letters. It is understood that the commanding officer later applied for higher denominations of this series for surcharging purposes. Of the halfpenny, ninety-six hundred were issued; and of the one-penny, twelve thousand. The appearance of the stamps was accompanied by a report that another British force operating in German East Africa had surcharged German fiscal stamps with "I. E. F.—East Africa," which, if it is true, indicates that troops from India have been engaged in expeditionary operations in Africa, as they were earlier in France.

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Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

GIRLS' PAGE for FEBRUARY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

MAKING AND APPLYING DESIGN

WHEN you paint a picture or model a statue, you are producing a form of art the only purpose of which is to give pleasure to others—the pleasure of contemplating the beautiful. There are other purposes of art that are fully worthy—to make things that are not only beautiful but useful. The objects of everyday life may well be attractive as ugly. If you are interested in any of the handicrafts,—such as embroidery, wood carving and metal work,—if you know how to create design, and if you bring to your work good taste and good judgment, you can make pretty and useful things for your home or for your friends.

In this article The Companion will set forth principles of design that will help you to create and apply your own decorations. The twelve articles to follow will describe and discuss the decoration of various objects that you can make. The purpose is not so much that you shall copy those objects as that they shall help you to produce others of your own creation. Each article will have a timely appropriateness to the season in which it appears.

To many girls design is a closed book only because they do not know how to begin. They feel that if they have not a rich imagination they cannot invent a design. But a fertile imagination is not at all necessary, for nature supplies all the elements of a design that you need. All you have to do is to arrange those elements; the taste and judgment with which you arrange them will determine whether your design is good or bad.

CONVENTIONALIZING THE UNIT

Some designs, it is true, are based on geometric forms; but you will probably prefer to take the elements of your design entirely from nature—from the flowers of the field with which you are familiar, the wayside berries, the leaves and fruits of the trees in your garden, and the birds and butterflies that haunt them. To use those objects to the best advantage you must learn how to analyze them. As an example to study for a design in the early spring months, let us take the daffodil. It lends itself particularly well to study because it is so simple in structure.

Now, however faithfully you try to represent a natural thing, you fall far short of literal imitation because the means you have—lines, spaces, light, shade and color—are very limited when contrasted with the means that nature has at her command. Compare the most careful rendering of a flower or landscape with the real blossom or scene, and you will see that the imitation is so far below what nature has done that it becomes what we call a "convention"—that is, a symbolic or "decorative" presentation of the idea.

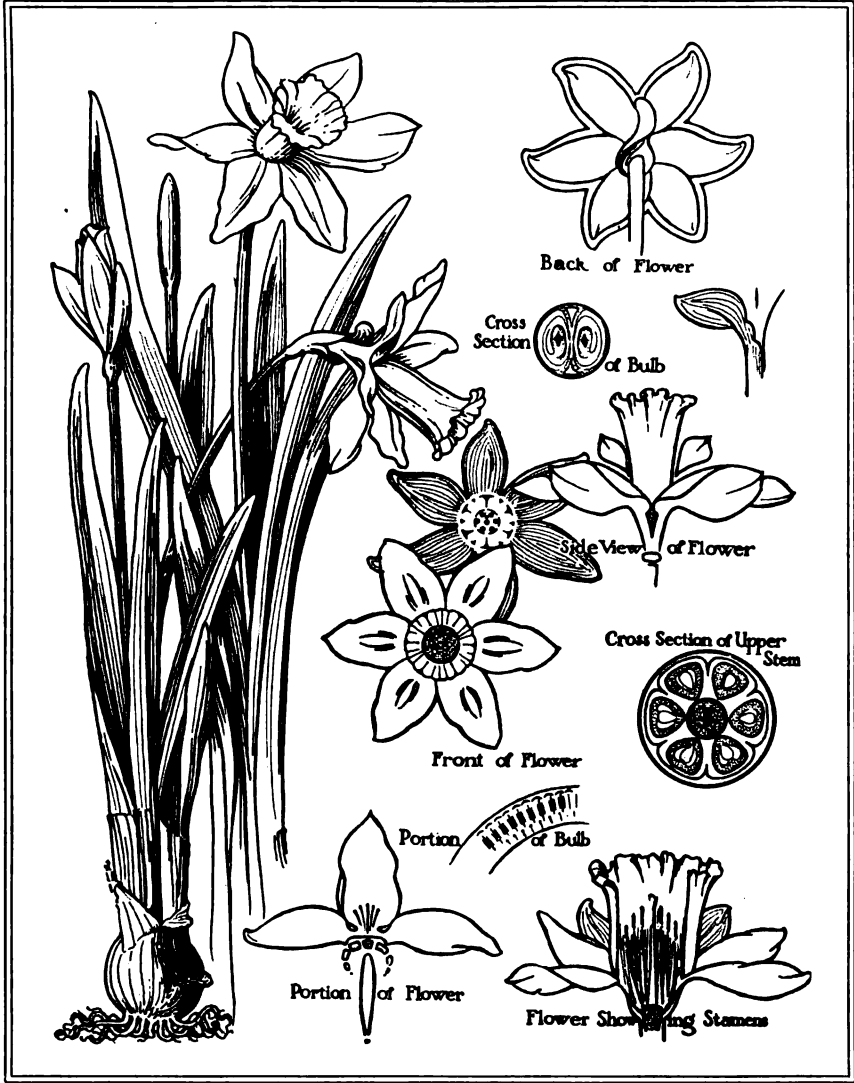
The early Egyptians took certain parts or characteristics of a flower, such as the lotus, and made them represent the subject—made them a type by which the plant would always be known. That their representations were so strongly suggestive of the real things is because they chose as the most important feature the plan upon which the flower was constructed, rather than the accidental development of peculiarities. In other words, what they symbolized by the conventions chosen was the structure. If we go beyond that, we become imitative or "naturalistic." To conventionalize a natural object, then, means to render it in such a way that we shall recognize the subject, but only as a type, not as a particular specimen.

In conventionalizing the daffodil, therefore, you must seek to give as far as possible the spirit or character of the flower. To learn what that character is you must analyze the plant. The accompanying illustration shows the process. First make a careful drawing of the form of the plant as naturalistic and imitative as possible. As you make that exact copy, various characteristics will draw themselves upon your attention—the willow leaves and the long, slender stems, the graceful curving character of the growth, and the fragile, delicate texture of the flower. When you have made that imitative likeness, you are ready to look for the suggestive elements from which to derive your conventional types.

When you look at the flower full view you find that it has almost a star form. The side view presents an attractive trumpet-like shape. Thus you study all the parts of the plant with the sole and distinct purpose of obtaining pleasing shapes that will adapt themselves to design. You examine, too, the organs of the plant,—the stamens, the pistil, the bulbs, the fibrous roots, and, if you have a magnifying glass, even the minute inner parts. You may get suggestions of beautiful shapes from any of them. Though, of course, you must not take such liberties with the botanical facts of nature as, for example, performing the miracle of making a drooping, heavy-headed flower stand erect, yet you may build on the basis of the real whatever your fancy can create, so long as you do not violate the fundamental structure of the plant. Thus it is hardly likely that you will find in any way of either the flower or a part of the flower perfect likeness between two sides or any literal repetition of forms. But in the mechanical methods by which designs are transferred—by stencil or etching or printing block or chisel—it is necessary to repeat the precise pattern. For that reason the liberty you take in rendering the form of the flower or leaf as absolutely symmetrical is liberty within the law, and not license.

ARRANGING THE DESIGN

When you have obtained as many attractive elements as you need you are ready to arrange them in a design. To do that intelligently and attractively you must, however, consider carefully the appropriateness of your design to its purpose, to



ANALYSIS OF THE DAFFODIL

the material in which or on which it is to be worked, and to the tools you will use in executing it. It is assumed, of course, that before selecting your plant at all you have considered the nature of the object that you wish to decorate. For example, you would hardly wish to use a pattern derived from the daffodil to decorate an apple bowl or a pillow that is to contain fir balsam.

You must consider appropriateness further, however. If your design is a "constructive" design, that is, something to be built or put together, it is to hold a lamp, or if it is a frame to inclose something, you should make sure that your arrangement will first of all give sufficient support, and, secondly, look well in its place. The truer a thing is made to the law of necessity the better it is. Everything that is a pretense is artistic. In considering the appropriateness of your design to the use that you intend to put it, you may find help in the following rules.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSISTENCY

Anything that interferes with the intended use of the object is wrong. Anything that interferes with your pleasure in it is wrong. For example, an object that is designed to be lifted must not be of such weight as to prevent you from easily lifting it. Again, a curtain that is intended to admit the light should not be covered with a design that shuts out light. Anything that is intended to lie horizontally, as a table cover or a rug, should not carry a design that would make it appear as if it had elevations. Anything that is intended to be vertical, like curtains, screens, and so forth, must by the lines and suggestions in the design indicate that that is its position. So, too, in wall paper we should not want diagonal stripes, for they would lessen our sense of security in the wall. On a ceiling we want nothing that threatens to drop on us. A chair, a couch, a pillow,—objects that we rest upon,—must be free from all protuberances, knots or anything that would appear to interfere with our comfort.

You must also consider the material that you are to use in the object that you are making, or on which you are to place your design, for you should never violate the rights of a substance to preserve its own character. If the design is to be carved in wood, or worked in metal, or stenciled or embroidered,—that is, a "surface" design, to

You would hardly expect to use the same design for a picture frame that you carve with a chisel, for a table cover that you embroider with a needle, and for a window curtain that you decorate with paint and brush. Every process of executing a design has its limitations; a design, therefore, should be appropriate to the process.

APPLYING THE DESIGN

When you have determined all those points to your satisfaction, you are ready actually to make your design. To a large extent, design is merely the orderly repetition of a unit. One of the simplest designs would be to repeat your element or unit at fixed intervals over the space that you wish to cover. That is an allover pattern. When you repeat the units at regular intervals in a line, it is a border pattern. If you decide that the element or unit that you have chosen is too simple as it stands, you can elaborate it before you proceed with your design. For example, if you have chosen the bud as your element, you may add one or two leaves; that combination of elements then becomes your unit. Or you may take two or three buds and combine them to form the unit. There are countless ways of repeating the unit. The essential is to repeat it in a regular and orderly manner. You may mark the space to be covered into squares or rectangular shapes, each of which shall contain the unit. You may divide your surface into diamond shapes, or again you may repeat the squares at alternate levels. You can get pleasant variation by reversing your unit in every other row of squares.

When you choose the elements that are to form your unit, you must think beyond that separate unit; you must think of all the units as they will ultimately appear in your design. A spot may seem properly placed in your single unit, but when your design is completed you may find that the spot comes so near the spots in the other units as entirely to destroy the effect of the pattern. Perhaps the best plan when you think you have an attractive unit is to sketch roughly several units as they will appear. Then if nothing objectionable obtrudes itself, you are ready to go ahead.

Sometimes what is called "stripping" appears without warning in an allover pattern, and the design that was intended to run vertically or to have no distinct tendency in line suddenly displays a vicious angular direction, and instead of leading the eye upward, forces it to follow a stronger call at forty-five degrees. That happens because some spot out of the vertical in each unit is more prominent than the spot that was intended to be the "guiding star," so to speak. The remedy is to reduce the force of the intruding member, and so allow the other to have its way. Even a simple pattern of dots will sometimes manifest the irritating disposition to "stripe."

The unit may of course be as elaborate as you wish; in fact, you may evolve it by combining several small units. If your unit is not complete in itself but contains elements that lap over into the adjoining units, you must be careful that all the parts that join match properly. In an allover pattern, too, you must plan your units in such a way that they come evenly to the edges and do not break in the middle of a figure. Practice is perhaps the best teacher. Study the wall papers in your house, or printed or woven stuffs, and learn how the design was built up. You will find that

even the most intricate patterns can be resolved to a more or less simple unit.

It is very important to study carefully the spacing of your design, for the attractiveness of the most beautiful shapes may be lost by either crowding them or scattering them too much. A too-full design upon a vase or a screen may have the same unpleasant effect that a room overloaded with furniture produces. On the other hand, if the decorations are meagre and scattered an impression of "skimpiness" is conveyed, and the result is even more unfortunate.

In the proper division of ornament and space the Japanese are our masters; it is rare that you find excess in their "filling" of a design. There is no better rule either in furnishing a room or in filling a design than that which defines it as complete when "nothing can be added without a sense of crowding, and nothing can be taken away without a sense of loss."

The consideration of spacing holds not alone within the confines of the actual surface occupied by the pattern but also in the intervals between any two separate parts of the design. If the length between the top border and the lower border of a design for a curtain is too great, it will swallow the effect of the decoration and the borders will count for little or nothing. If too strong a pattern be introduced into that space, the border is overpowered and again counts for nothing. Good judgment as to correct spacing will come with practice and experience.

HOW DOES THE PLANT GROW?

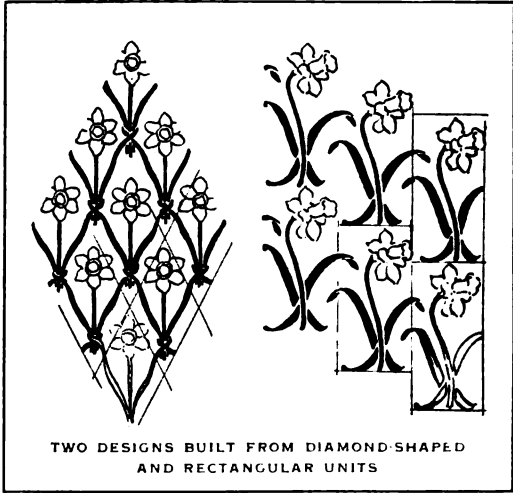
The manner in which the plant from which you got your elements grows will determine somewhat the selection of your unit and the manner of its repetition. A low-growing plant must not be extended to fill a high space; a tall plant, such as the bamboo, must not be dwarfed into a contracted space. A running or climbing vine, such as the morning-glory, can only be used properly as a border or on suggested supports.

It is of course perfectly proper to detach a single element of a plant, such as the blossom, and to strew it at regular intervals over a surface to produce an allover pattern. But if you do that, you must so highly conventionalize the blossom that it does not convey the idea of a flower separated, but merely a beautiful form distributed to enrich the material. In other words, the more your design departs from the manner of natural growth, the more highly conventionalized your elements must be.

You may sometimes wish to have recourse to design that is based on geometry. That formed the foundation of the type of ornament created by the Mohammedan peoples, whose religion forbids them to make anything in the likeness of life. One advantage of that style of design is that it can rarely be wrongly placed, for, as it bears no resemblance to real things, it can never offend by inappropriateness.

The only transgressions possible are in relation to scale; for example, ornamental forms may be made too large or too small for the object on which they are placed. It is always safe to use geometric forms—without the effect of perspective—for any design intended for a flat surface, such as the floor, a wall or the ceiling, or for anything that is broken up into folds.

A keen eye for detail and careful attention to the question of proportion are the chief requisites for success. A little practice in plant analysis will reveal to you the wonderful store of pleasing shapes that nature offers. A few experiments in arranging those shapes will show you that the task of creating a design is not such a difficult undertaking as you have supposed. The matter of



TWO DESIGNS BUILT FROM DIAMOND-SHAPED AND RECTANGULAR UNITS

adapting your design to the purposes for which you intend it is merely a matter of using common sense.

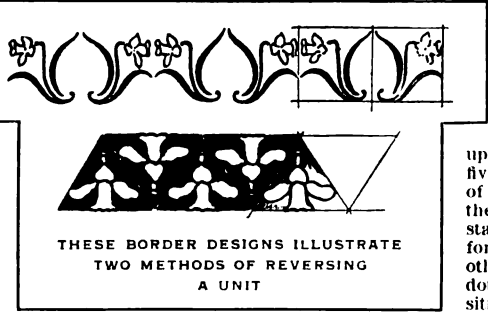
Stencil Designs for Curtains

(Number two in the series Making and Applying Design)

It is in the Girls' Page for March

A FRIVOLOUS PICTURE PARTY

IF in doubt how to entertain a few friends informally, try a frivolous picture party. It tests the memory in an interesting way and demands no drawing on the part of the guests. At a frivolous party no one must be expected to know by sight even such popular paintings as Baby Stuart or The Angelus. Use advertisements. To all frivolous persons—as well as to others—the advertisements in magazines are known to be alluring. Use the pictures from large advertising matter. Cut off all printing and the principal article pictured and then mount the remainder of the advertisements on sheets of pad paper and number them consecutively. It remains for the guests to prod their memories of fleeting advertising matter and tell what is missing from each picture. There must, of course, be a booby prize.



distinguish it from a "constructive" design,—you should first consider the material in which it is to be reproduced.

On a fine fabric you must put a design that is of a delicacy in keeping with its fibre; on a thick stuff, one of correspondingly heavier character; on a loosely-woven cloth, a pattern not destroyed by the openness of the meshes. And so on through all the varying combinations.

The tools with which the design is to be executed also influence the arrangements of your elements.

A Pleasant Healthful Habit

A daily ration of Grape-Nuts and cream is a splendid food for those who want vigor and energy.

Grape-Nuts

is a concentrated health-food made from choice whole wheat and malted barley. It retains the vital mineral elements of the grain so essential to thorough nourishment of body and brain, but lacking in many other cereal foods.

Every table should have its daily ration of Grape-Nuts.

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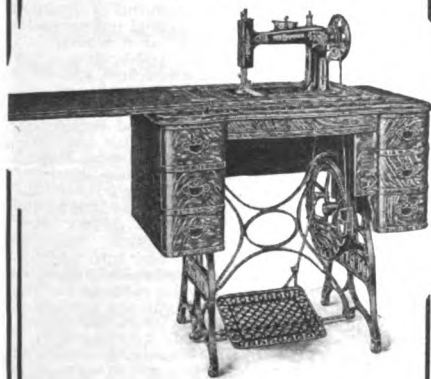
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PERRY MASON COMPANY
Commonwealth Ave. and St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

CONTINUING THE GIRLS' PAGE FOR FEBRUARY

Almost anything will do for that. As for the first prize, nothing is more appropriate than a box of candy.

A GIRL WHO STARTED A "NOTION" SHOP

[The first of The Companion articles on Earning Money at Home]

THE girl lived with her mother and her brother in a thickly settled suburban district. The brother, who was the family wage earner, supplied her with the absolute necessities, but his salary was small, and she had no way whatever of providing anything for herself. If she needed a few stamps or wanted a new collar, she was obliged to ask for the money. There came a time, at length, when she decided that something must be done to relieve the situation. But the problem was a hard one. It was impossible, since her mother needed her, to go away from home, and she had no special talent or training to turn to account.

One day she overheard two of her neighbors discussing the inconvenience of having to go all the way into the city to buy trifling household articles as they happened to be needed.

"Last week," one speaker said, "I had to put down my important sewing and travel into town for a spool of silk." The other said that she had often taken the trip for so small a purchase as a bottle of ink. It used up time and car fare, they complained, yet there seemed no way to avoid the nuisance when the need was urgent.

The talk gave the girl an idea. Why not open a little home "notion" shop for the benefit of the neighborhood? She considered the plan carefully. In her own home there was a room, seldom used, that would serve admirably for the purpose.

After an interview with her brother she set out for town, with five dollars, to lay in her stock. She



bought needles, thread and other sewing materials, pins, talcum powder, elastic—in short, a complete assortment of the little articles that mothers and housewives are continually "running out" of and needing on the instant. The room on the ground floor was cleared and fitted up; a little plain furnishing and simple decorating turned it into an attractive shop. A long table with a drop leaf served as counter, and a chest of drawers held that part of the stock not on display. Two or three interested children were pressed into service as heralds, and they spread the news so rapidly that before long numerous customers were finding their way to the "notion" shop.

The goods were priced, of course, above the original cost, but the difference fell far less heavily on the purchasers than the price of car fare and luncheon in town had formerly fallen. Before the end of the first week three dollars had been realized on the five-dollar investment and the whole eight dollars invested in new stock.

The young merchant kept the shop up to its possibilities by observing carefully what demand there might be for articles other than "notions." The stock came gradually to include small dress accessories, ready-made aprons, washable gloves, embroidery materials and household linen, and even infants' wearing apparel. A few arts-and-crafts articles also found their way into the shop.

By the end of six months the sales were clearing thirty-five dollars a month, and at the end of a year the business was fixed and flourishing. The girl herself felt independent, and consequently freer and happier. Although it has been several years now since she "started in trade," she is still running her little shop and finding the work both profitable and pleasant.

PREPAREDNESS

"WHAT kind of man are you going to marry?" asked earnest, dark-haired Margaret Ellis.

Her friend, Vivian, raised her golden head. "I want the man I marry to be entertaining, to be high in his profession, to have money, or the hope of getting it—the kind of man that everyone is anxious to know. That kind could make me happy. Just any man wouldn't do. I couldn't marry just any man."

Grandmother Ellis looked up from her crochet. A quizzical look crept into her gray eyes as they rested on Vivian's attractive face. Then she folded her capable hands in her lap and said:

"Can you cook, Vivian?"

"Why, yes, a little. I can make mayonnaise, cake, and—and fudge," she answered, looking puzzled over the seeming irrelevancy of the question.

"Can you sew?"

"No; but I can embroider."

"I see. Of course you can keep house?"

"No, Mrs. Ellis, I cannot. The maid does that at our house."

"I see, I see," mused grandmother. She gazed out of the window for a minute, and when she looked back her eyes were very kind.

"Yet, my dear, you expect to marry some one who has used his time well in making a successful man of himself. He must be so well-trained that he will make no mistakes that might cause you discomfort or unhappiness. He must stand the strain of the long days, and the responsibility, not only of his work, but of his own family—and then be entertaining. I wonder often whether women realize just what that means. You, on the contrary, know nothing of your business of being a wife. You enter on the biggest job in life without training. You will learn in time, perhaps; but at the expense of his comfort and of your own. The petted-doll way of home-making is marked with tears and regret. Do you think it is quite fair to ask so much and give so little?"

As Grandmother Ellis talked, a flush had risen to Vivian's face; but plenty of sense lay behind her beauty. She drew a long breath.

"Thank you, Mrs. Ellis," she said sincerely. "I have never thought the thing out before. You have given me something that I shall profit by."



Hudson Super-Six is Not a Brother of the Six

The Feature Which Won Its Supremacy Is Controlled By Hudson Patents

A Six now rules in Motordom—where the trend, not long ago, was toward added cylinders. A Six holds all the worth-while records. A Six outsells any other front-rank car. But it is the Super-Six, remember—with the Hudson invention which added 80 per cent to six-cylinder efficiency.

The Light-Six type, some years ago, attained the heights of popularity. It so excelled the previous types that it was, for some years, the reigning type.

But engineers knew that in the Six at its best fully half of the power was being lost in vibration. They knew that friction and wear, within the motor, limited its endurance.

Leading engineers, including the Hudson, started out to end these faults. For a time the best way apparent seemed the V-type motor. So in 1915—before the Super-Six was presented—the trend was to Eights and Twelves.

There can be no doubt that those types soon would have superseded Sixes. Maker after maker adopted them. The Super-Six is the only invention which turned the tide back to the Six.

An Almost Twice-Better Six

What changed the condition was the Super-Six invention, made by Hudson engineers.

They discovered the fault in the Six. Then they worked out the remedy. The result was to add 80 per cent to efficiency, with no added size or cylinders.

That vast step forward made the Super-Six supreme. Never had a motor shown such power for its size, never such flexibility, never such endurance. That fact is still true. And the evidence is, it is bound to long remain true.

But that is the Super-Six motor, invented and patented by Hudson.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, \$1650
Roadster, 2-passenger, 1650
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950
Touring Sedan . . . 2175

(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

It Won All the Laurels

All the worth-while records have been won by the Super-Six. That is, speed records for stock cars. Records for quick acceleration. The hill-climbing records, including Pike's Peak.

Endurance records—most important of all—have been broken by enormous margins. The 24-hour record was broken by 52 per cent. The transcontinental record was twice broken in one continuous 7,000-mile round trip.

So the Super-Six excels, beyond possible question, in every quality you prize.

For men who want a great car, no car in the field today approaches the Hudson Super-Six.

Now 25,000 Owners

Now 25,000 fine-car owners are driving the Super-Six. Could we have supplied them, there would have been thousands more.

The Super-Six, in one year, has come to outsell every rival. That is, every car above \$1,200.

In that year, too, we have made Hudson bodies studies in beauty, luxury and comfort. So the Super-Six looks its supremacy.

The car is now equipped with a gasoline saver, also a development of Hudson.

If you want these advantages, and a type which can't be supplanted, your choice must be the Hudson Super-Six.

Let the Hudson dealer show you Super-Six performance.

Limousine \$2925
Town Car 2925
Town Car Landaulet 3025
Limousine Landaulet 3025

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

FAMILY PAGE for FEBRUARY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

THE SELECTION AND CARE OF HARNESS

QUALITY of material and workmanship chiefly determines the value of a harness. The best harness leather is made from smooth-grained steer and heifer hides that are free from cuts and scars. After the hair has been removed, the hides are carefully tanned by subjecting them to a series of oak-bark baths of increasing strength. High-grade leather requires about a year for tanning; cheap leather is "chemically" tanned in a few weeks. It is easier to judge the quality of leather when it is in the "side" than after it has been made up into harness. The strength of a strap depends to a considerable degree upon the part of the hide from which it is taken and upon the way in which it is cut. Neck and belly pieces do not have the strength of pieces cut from the back and the side; and straps cut across the grain are weak. Because those things are hard to determine after leather is made into harness, the honesty of the manufacturer counts for much.

Skilled hand labor is an essential in the manufacture of the best-appearing and the highest-priced harness, but from the point of view of utility the harness sewed on the improved lock-stitch machines is satisfactory. At any rate, choose the plain stitching—the sort that is free from scrolls or other fancy designs. In making heavy work-horse harness a combination of hand and machine work is highly satisfactory. Handwork is used except for the traces, which are sewed with a machine that pulls all the stitches uniformly tight.

The style of harness that you choose will depend of course upon the use to which you intend to put it. All harness should be neat and appropriate in design. On the farm, most men prefer harness that is free or almost free from fancy brass mountings and gay-colored celluloid rings. During the busy season there is little time to spend in polishing brass, and it does not look well unless you keep it clean. Furthermore, the time that would have to be spent in cleaning brass can usually be better spent in grooming. In general, the same considerations hold true for buggy harness; rubber mountings of the best quality are preferable to the more gaudy metal mountings.

Be sure that your harness is heavy enough for the use to which you intend to put it; but if you would avoid needless expense and weight, do not have it too heavy in the bridle, bit and backband, which do not bear the heavy strain of the load.

FITTING THE HARNESS

Ill-fitting harness lessens both the quantity and the quality of the work that a horse can do. It may even be the means of converting an honest



free worker into an untrustworthy one or even into a balker. Proper attention to fitting harness is particularly important in the case of farm horses; the working season in the spring is so short that it is imperative to prevent all losses of time due to harness that does not fit. Even a novice can make his horse comfortable in harness if he will give careful attention to details.

A horse's disposition and the shape of his head are the two things that should govern the fitting of the bridle. Adjust the cheek pieces so that the bit will not be so low in the horse's mouth that it will bother him or permit him to get his tongue over it easily. On the other hand, it should not be so high as to raise the corners of his mouth and pinch his cheeks. The brow band must not pinch the thin skin at the base of the ears. Keep the blinkers in place and see that they do not fit too close in front.

The possibility of training and working some horses without blinds is not questioned, but many experienced farmers believe that the majority of horses work more comfortably and are less likely to "loaf on the job" when the harness includes blinds. The moderate use of side checkreins or plain bearing reins has in its favor the fact that it prevents the horse from getting his head down to eat grass and the bridle from being caught on the ends of the pole.

For heavy work, well-made leather collars give the longest service. No part of the harness deserves more careful fitting. A collar should so fit that when the horse holds his head in the position in which he keeps it when at work the collar, when pressed firmly back with the hands, will have an even contact against all parts of the shoulders and leave space enough at the windpipe for the flat of your hand. By carefully selecting one of the many different styles of collars, it is possible to fit almost any horse.

A short trial will show what adjustment of the hame tugs is necessary to bring the pressure at the proper points. A common mistake is to let them remain too low. In adjusting the hame straps, buckle them as tight as possible at the bottom. Failure to do that has spoiled many new collars. If you wrap a new collar overnight with wet gunny sacks before you use it, you will find that it will shape to the horse's neck very quickly. A considerable saving in collars will result from putting them on and taking them off over the head rather than by unbuckling them at the top, as many farmers do. Sweat pads are a necessary evil in



some seasons of the year when horses suffer a considerable loss of weight.

Breastplates are useful for light work. Adjust the shoulder strap so that the breastplate is low enough not to interfere with the windpipe, and high enough not to hinder movement. An extra heavy breastplate lined with sheepskin is useful as a substitute for the regular work collar when the neck or shoulders of the horse become galled.

The right adjustment of the other parts of the harness is simple enough: the saddle should fit the back and the backstrap should not be too short; the crupper should be of good size, smooth and well stuffed; and the breeching should be neither too low nor too tight.

In putting a horse to a vehicle, remember to adjust the lines before you fasten the traces. Observing the right order in "hitching up" has prevented many accidents.

CARE OF THE HARNESS

No one can expect to take care of harness properly without a suitable place in which to hang it. In damp stables leather moulds quickly. The presence of mould indicates that moisture is taking the place of the oil upon which depends the life of the harness. Ammonia from manure also causes leather to deteriorate; but in regularly cleaned, airy stables it is safe enough to hang the harness on a hook behind each horse, or by means of a rope and pulley to haul it up and out of the way on the post at the rear of the stall partition. If there are several horses in your stable, you should, of course, have a central room in which to store supplies and extra sets of harness, with a bench and materials for minor repairs in it. Valuable harness should be kept in tight cases in a room where there is some artificial heat.

At least twice during the year you should entirely take apart, clean and oil all work harness. The less water you use the better, but of course some harness is so dirty that mere sponging alone will not remove the dirt; you will have to soak it for fifteen minutes, then scrub it with soap and brush. Use warm, soft water; if the water is hard, add a handful or two of sal soda to the tubful.

After you have rinsed the harness, wipe it with a rag or chamols and hang it on a wooden horse to dry. Keep it in a warm place, and as soon as it is dry apply neat's-foot oil with a rag or a sponge. Several applications are desirable, and it will pay to rub the oil well into the leather with the hands. Neat's-foot oil is the best for the purpose; you can make it black by adding one tablespoonful of lampblack to a pint of oil. Under no circumstances is it advisable to use a drying oil, such as linseed oil. Low-grade vaseline is useful for smearing over harness that is to be stored for a considerable length of time. Harness that you are constantly using needs frequent sponging and treatment with some good dressing.

When you desire a brilliant black finish to the harness, use one of the standard harness compositions. They are similar to the best shoe pastes, and there is in fact no objection to using shoe polish except the extra expense. Apply the paste evenly with a dauber, then polish the harness with an ordinary blacking brush, and finally with a flannel rag.

For cleaning the metal mountings, the paste and the liquid metal polishes on the market are equally effective, but the paste is usually the more economical because it does not evaporate so quickly as the liquid. Clean the steel bits by washing them in soapy water, then smearing them over with a cake of soap and polishing them with silver sand. The soap helps to make the sand stick. The fingers are of most service in rubbing the sand on the bits; a pine stick can be used in parts too small for the fingers. When you have finished the sanding rinse the bit, dry it with a cloth, and burnish it with a small steel burnisher. Forged-steel bits are the strongest, and also the best looking if they are kept clean. Careful drying and wiping with an oily rag after they have been used will prevent them from rusting.

There is a satisfaction in using harness that you have kept in first-class condition, and there is also the knowledge that in caring for it properly you save both time and money.

A Heat Retainer.—The basis of it is a tin box. In the centre of it is placed a stout cup, for a mould, and then the rest of the box, except a space three quarters of an inch deep, at the top, is packed as tight as possible with hay. When the cup is removed the hollow that it filled is left. Newspapers are then folded to make a pad the size of the box, and the pad is stuffed with hay, pressed tight, until it is three quarters of an inch thick.

If an invalid needs a warm drink in the night, place the liquid, boiling hot, in a cup. When the cup has been covered with a metal top it can be set in

the hollow in the hay, the pad placed over it and the cover of the box shut down. Liquids so packed will keep hot for several hours.

THE PINK-PAPER NURSE

THE first paper nurse, who was pink, traveled three hundred miles in a letter to comfort a little girl who was ill in a big city hospital. The nurse was cut from a piece of heavy pink paper folded once—just as any paper doll is cut, except that the material below her feet was not cut off close, but was left in the shape of a wide strip for a pedestal. When an oblong piece was cut from the centre of this foundation, and when the two tags thus left were folded back, the nurse was able to stand up straight and firm.

A white paper cap and an apron gave the nurse a professional appearance, to which her turned-up mouth added a pleasing cheerfulness. Sometimes the two horizontal bits of the foundation paper were pinned to the bed, and sometimes the pink nurse stood on them on the table where the little patient could see her smile.

The first pink-paper nurse had these lines written on the pieces that were pinned to the bed:

If you will pin this to your spread,
I will stand beside your bed
And make you smile
A little while.

Or, stand me on your table,
I'll do the best I'm able
Your heart to cheer,
You child so dear!

Of course there is not much poetry in the little rime, but the paper nurse does the best she can to make up for any deficiency in that respect. Whenever little children are sick in bed, she will help to give them a cheerful hour.

Making Pillows.—When you are making pillows inclose the feathers in a sack of the required size made of mosquito netting. That makes it an easy matter to cleanse both feathers and outer tick. If the pillows are made in the old way, with the feathers loose in the tick, cleansing is a dreaded task and therefore too often postponed, whereas if the feathers are first inclosed in the net it takes but a moment to remove the feathers, and a few minutes to wash both contents and covering, after which the feathers, still in the net, can be dried quickly and thoroughly.

PROJECTING A STRAIGHT LINE AGAIN

IN the Family Page for May, 1915, The Companion described a method of producing a straight line through an obstacle that prevents sighting, such as is often encountered in running surveyors' lines through a region where outcropping rocks are numerous. A contributor who has overcome similar difficulties sends in a description of a method that is even simpler than the one there described.

Let A B indicate the fence already set. At exactly right angles to it measure off the lines A C and B D, and continue them until they extend beyond the rock or other obstacle, and are of exactly equal length; then sight along C D to E, any distance that may be convenient. With a steel square measure at exact right angles the lines E F and G H, equal in length to B D and A C. By connecting the points H and F, you will then have a line that is a projection of the line A B.

UNFAMILIAR ANNUALS WORTH KNOWING

TO sow seeds of half a dozen plants, none of which is familiar, is like exploring a new country. You may have read the descriptions in the catalogues, but they give you little real information. It is only as the stalks begin to lengthen and the leaves unfold that you begin to know the plants as they really are; and when the buds appear, sometimes in the most unexpected places, you are filled with curiosity to see what

kind of flowers will follow, just as in a foreign land you wonder what is round the next corner.

Perhaps you have never realized that among the easily grown annuals there are many charming flowers with which comparatively few amateurs are acquainted. There is clarkia, for example, which is sold on the street corners in Europe, but which is only occasionally seen in American gardens. Anyone can grow it almost anywhere. The flowers are double, large and showy, and very useful for cutting. If you sow the seeds out of doors in May the plants will be in full bloom by the middle of July.

Then there is the African daisy, rejoicing in the mouth-filling botanical name of *Dimorphotheca aurantiaca*, to which you may have to refer in the catalogues. It is a wonderfully fine, free-blooming flower, daisy-like in form and golden orange in color. Although introduced from South Africa only a few years ago, it has proved to be one of the best of annuals for American gardens. It likes a sunny situation, and starts easily from seed sown in the open ground in May. The flowers last a long time in water, but close at night.

No annuals are easier to grow than the annual mallows, listed as *lavatera*, but they are not at all well known. The pink flowers, which are like miniature hollyhocks, are dainty and pretty anywhere in the garden, and even the lustrous green foliage is ornamental. It is an excellent plant to grow in the bulb beds, for the blossoms come quickly and last until the end of the season. There is a white variety, *Lavatera alba*, but it is less pleasing than the pink kind.

Garden makers are beginning to get better acquainted with salpiglossis, although there are many to whom it has not yet been introduced. Once grown, however, it becomes a garden favorite, and growing it the first time is always a delightful experience, for neither the plant itself nor the bud gives any hint of the strange, gorgeous, funnel-shaped blossom that suddenly appears. There are different colors, but all are marked with

curious long veins of another color or shade. The salpiglossis is such an excellent cut flower that the florists are beginning to sell it. It is easy to grow, although if you wish to have early blooms you must start the seeds in boxes.

Several flowers have been called the poor man's orchid, among them the butterfly flower, catalogued as *schizanthus*. It is a fine garden annual, easy to grow from seed sown in the open ground when warm weather is established. The single flowers look like small orchids.

It is safe to say that not one in a hundred among American amateur gardeners is acquainted with the gay, golden-yellow flower known as *leptosyne*, but English gardeners know the plant and love it. The variety called *stillmani* has a special merit: it will bloom abundantly within five or six weeks after the seed is planted. For that reason it is excellent to use in filling spots left vacant by some gardening mischance. The plants grow a foot and a half tall, and the showy blossoms keep well when cut for the house. They somewhat resemble coreopsis.

Here, then, are half a dozen hardy annuals that will add to the charm of any garden, and yet are known to but few amateur gardeners. Growing them the first time is a delightful adventure.



SAVORY PUDDINGS

WHEN vegetables are scarce, especially when there is a dearth of potatoes, rice is often served with meat, but a savory pudding is so much more appetizing that the easily made kinds are winning their way to the table.

Savory Rice Pudding.—Cook one half pound of rice until it is tender, turn it into a bowl, and when it is cool stir in one dessert-spoonful of chopped parsley, two moderate-sized cooked onions and a piece of fresh butter the size of a filbert. Mix everything thoroughly with two beaten eggs. Turn the mixture into a buttered dish and bake it half an hour in a hot oven.

Onion Savory Pudding.—Steam good, sound onions, then chop them slightly and remove all hard pieces. Mix a few leaves of sage and some small pieces of butter with bread crumbs. Make a paste crust, as for apple dumplings, line the basin with the crust, fill it with the savory mixture and boil it for two hours. This is excellent when served with roast goose, rabbit or hare. Apple sauce should be the other accompaniment.

Cabbage and Rice.—In the water into which a small cabbage has been shredded cook two ounces of rice until it is tender. Let the cabbage and the rice boil gently together until both are done, then stir in a tablespoonful of butter and a tablespoonful of chopped fried onion. Add a teaspoonful of curry powder. Press the pudding into a mould and keep it in a hot oven until it is ready to serve. It is delicious with roast poultry, especially roast duck.

Oatmeal Savory Pudding.—Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in one quarter pint of milk, add to it one pint of boiling milk, and stir the whole over the fire for ten minutes, then put in two ounces of sifted bread crumbs. Take the mixture from the fire and add one ounce of butter, an onion minced fine, two eggs and one teaspoonful of mixed powdered marjoram and sage. Butter a pudding pan, put the pudding into it and bake it for an hour in a moderate oven. Turn it out on a hot dish and serve it with any white meat.

Macaroni Savory Pudding.—Take one ounce of boiled macaroni, four ounces of bread crumbs, three eggs, one ounce of butter, one quarter pint of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one teaspoonful of minced leeks, a teaspoonful of lemon thyme, marjoram, winter savory and sweet basil mixed. Boil the milk, pour it over the bread crumbs, and cover the whole with a plate. When it is cold add the herbs, the butter melted, the eggs well beaten, and the macaroni cut into small pieces. Mix everything well together, season with mace and spice powder. Pour the pudding into a buttered mould and steam it with a piece of paper over the top for about three quarters of an hour. Serve it with any white meat.

Neolin

Better than Leather



Neolin Soles Cut Colds and Shoe Bills Down

Over slush, over snow go hundreds of little footsteps. Into slush, into snow, patter hundreds of little feet—soaked little feet that stay at school all day in soggy shoes and carry sick little owners home when the night-time comes.

Is it any wonder that coughs and colds and croup come to little bodies through the doorway of leather soles?

Or that mothers are buying Neolin shoe-soles today—Neolin which is impervious to water as a leaf—Neolin which is called "A cold insurance without a premium"?

Neolin which wears better than good leather and often saves a shoe bill every time you buy it!

Neolin—which saves dollars in the floors it won't scratch, and the furniture it won't bruise!

Neolin whose flexibility is so foot-strengthening and whose looks are their own recommendation.

Dealers or shoe repairers have Neolin or can get it. Neolin comes for grown-ups and children—on new shoes or as soles for old shoes—and in one unmatched quality on any grade of shoe.

Beware the imitations. Mark that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neolin. Ask for Neolin, with the accent on the "O"—Neolin—

—the trade symbol for a changeless quality product of
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio



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Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY,
The Youth's Companion,
Commonwealth Ave. and St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

THE SPLEEN

THE spleen is a large gland that rests in the upper left-hand side of the abdominal cavity, between the stomach and the diaphragm. It is an organ of which we take no account unless it becomes diseased. Its functions are not clearly understood and, like the appendix, its removal does not necessarily disturb the health.

Sometimes the spleen, through accident or because other organs press upon it, drops from its proper place. Then it usually gives rise to feelings of weight and pressure, especially in nervous people. But sometimes the symptoms in this condition are so slight that it is discovered only by accident. In many of these cases a properly adjusted belt or bandage gives relief.

Most of the disorders of the spleen are caused by its enlargement, and it is the uncomfortable symptoms that the increase in size causes which drive people to seek relief. During the progress of any acute infectious disease, such as typhoid fever, pneumonia, scarlet fever or malaria, the spleen is often enlarged.

In splenic anemia a great enlargement of the spleen is accompanied by a condition of anemia and sometimes by hemorrhages from the stomach. It is a troublesome disease for physicians to cope with, because they can find no trouble in the body to account for the great enlargement of the spleen. It may go on for years, without giving much pain, but it causes an uncomfortable sense of dragging weight. Drugs do little good; the treatment consists in supporting the weight of the spleen by a belt and in keeping up the general health by means of fresh air, generous feeding and rest.

Splenectomy—or removal of the spleen—is sometimes performed. In old cases of enlarged spleen where adhesions have formed, the operation is often both difficult and dangerous, but in individuals of fair general health it is undoubtedly the best way to treat a seriously diseased spleen. It is the only thing to do in cases of abscess, rupture, or primary tuberculosis of the spleen, or when there is a movable spleen that gives constant discomfort to its owner.

POLLY'S GUEST

PUSHING the damp hair from her forehead, Mrs. Hosmer stared in astonishment at her caller.

"You look as if you were just starting for a garden party," she cried, "and it's only eleven o'clock in the morning!"

"Don't blame me—it's Polly," her caller returned gayly. "But if you'll lend me an apron, I'll help you pick over those currants."

Mrs. Hosmer went into the house, promptly re-appearing with the apron. "You needn't expect me to refuse an offer like that, with preserving to do and the thermometer at ninety," she declared. "Are your currants all done?"

"I suspect they're overdone, but I haven't investigated," Mrs. Stanford returned.

Mrs. Hosmer looked at her helplessly.

"I wish you'd explain!" she cried.

"I gave you the key. It's Polly. The child overheard the doctor say something foolish about my needing a vacation, and got worried. I explained that I couldn't possibly afford to go anywhere, and besides, I'd be so homesick that it would do me more harm than good."

"I wish I could take a vacation at home!" I said.

"I didn't half mean it, but Polly jumped at it, and the end of it all was that I'm doing it—for two weeks. I am sleeping in the guest room and wearing fresh dresses and having little spreads brought out to me on the piazza and reading books I haven't had time to read for years and doing fancy-work and calling on my friends at eleven in the morning. And I've no idea what I'm going to have for dinner. Polly is nothing if not adventurous. Anything's likely to happen."

"But the work! And seeing Polly do it! And your preserving!" Mrs. Hosmer gasped.

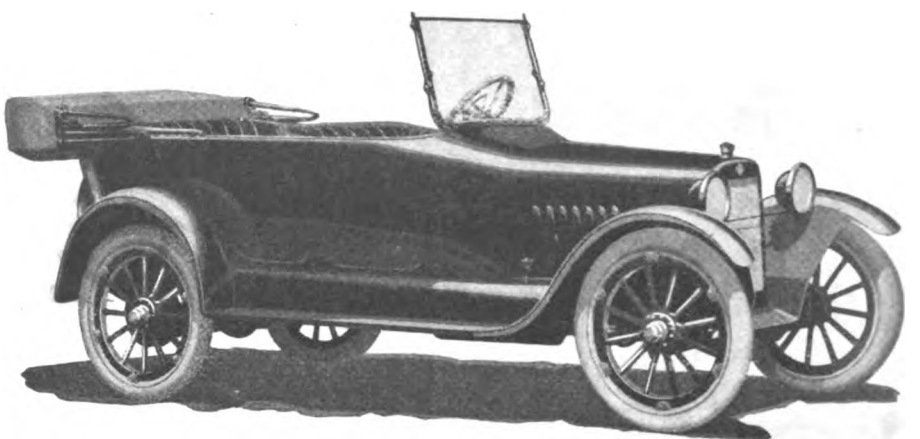
A shadow crossed Mrs. Stanford's face, followed by laughter.

"For three days I was nearly wild, especially when Polly and Maggie did the currants. Maggie is a good maid, but she cannot make jelly. And Polly boiled them too long; I had the clock before me. I nearly spoiled things that morning. I actually started for the kitchen; then something held me back, and I went to my room and had it out with myself. As if ten quarts of jelly compared for one moment with my little daughter's joy! If the currants worried me, what was that in comparison with her worry if I got overtired and spoiled all her dear plans? I put it down in dollars and cents—doctors' bills versus currant jelly; then I put down all the Polly of it that couldn't be reckoned in money terms."

"Well, I kept my hands off, and I've been paid a thousand times over by my little daughter's joy. Polly is working terribly hard over all sorts of things—some because she hasn't learned how to do them, and some sheer, frivolous, 'company' extras. But she is learning a lot, and so am I."

Mrs. Hosmer drew a long breath. "It's very nice that you can take it so," she said.

SAXON "SIX"



People Generally are Convinced of Saxon "Six" Superiority

Nor is this belief in Saxon "Six" superiority confined to one part of the country. You'll find it equally as strong in the West as in the East, in the city as in the country.

But what are the specific reasons that have led motor car buyers the country over to this same clear-cut conclusion?

Perhaps the biggest single factor in Saxon "Six" success is the Saxon "Six" motor.

It is understood, of course, that uniform torque—smooth power-flow—is the standard sought by all motor car makers.

With a "less-than-six-cylinder" motor there are naturally intervals between impulses or explosions. These spell

vibration and consequent wear on the motor and parts.

With a six-cylinder motor, however, one explosion merges smoothly into the next. And this vibrationless power-flow gives rise to several important advantages.

It practically eliminates wear on the motor and parts, gives longer life to the motor, enables higher maximum speed and lower minimum speed, and produces nearly absolute operative quietness.

And best of all it adds perceptibly to the performance of the car—in pick-up—in high-gear work and in pulling power.

Saxon "Six" is \$865; "Six" Sedan, \$1250; "Four" Roadster, \$495; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring Car, \$1175; "Six" Sedan, \$1675; "Four" Roadster, \$665. Price of special export models, "Six," \$915; "Four," \$495; f. o. b. Detroit.

(858)

SAXON MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, DETROIT



Did You Ever Notice the Little "Heart" in a Peanut ?

The little bud which lies between the two halves of the peanut? Of course you've noticed it. But have you ever noticed that this little heart does not taste like the rest of the peanut? It is bitter. Taste three or four of them at one time and you'll see how bitter they are.

In making Beech-Nut Peanut Butter these little hearts are all carefully removed. We have a very wonderful way of doing this, which we will be glad to tell you all about if you will write us.

And the removal of these hearts is one reason why Beech-Nut Peanut Butter has such a delicious flavor.

HOW MANY WAYS DO YOU EAT PEANUT BUTTER?

Most boys and girls love Beech-Nut Peanut Butter spread on bread, crackers or toast. Maybe you have found some other new way to eat it. If so, write us a letter about it. We would like to hear from you.

If you have never tasted Beech-Nut Brand, ask your mother to get you a jar today.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

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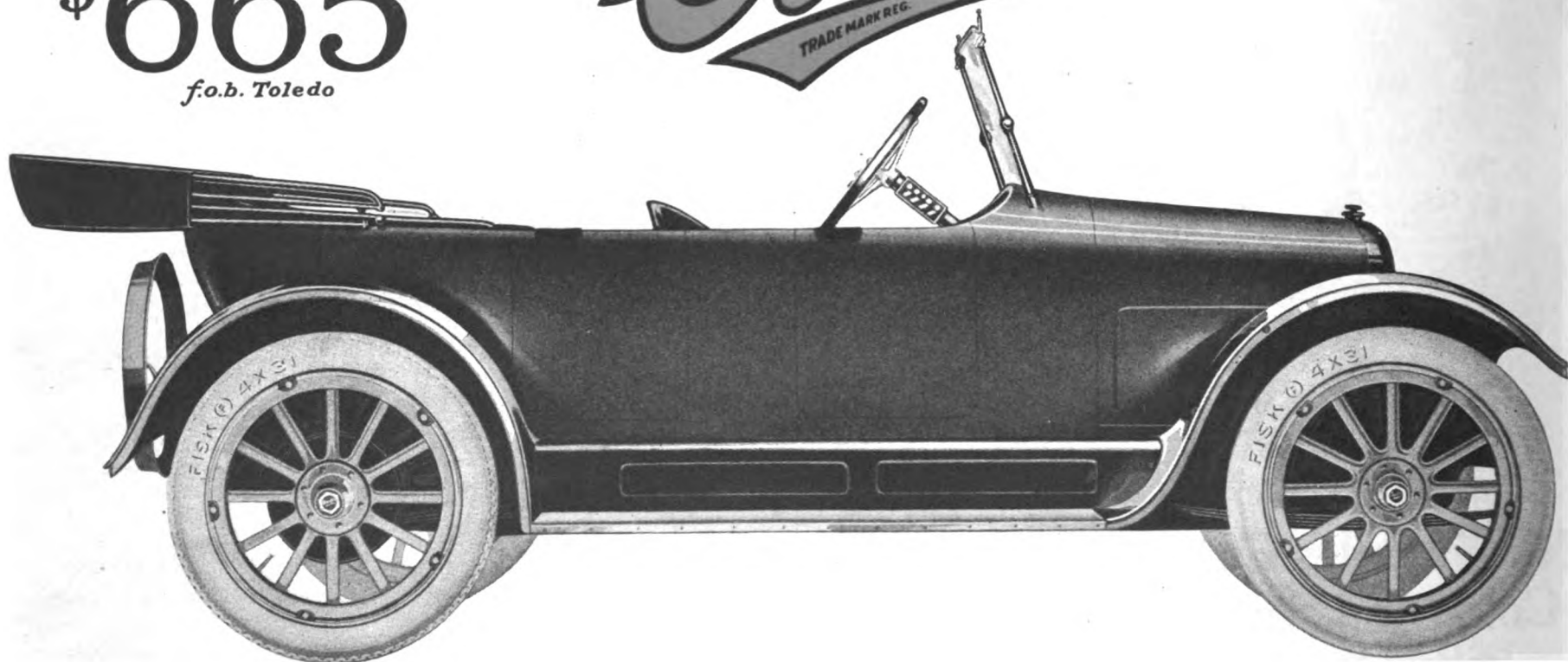
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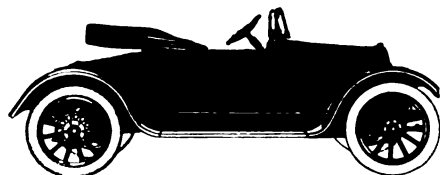
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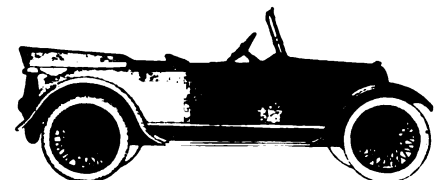
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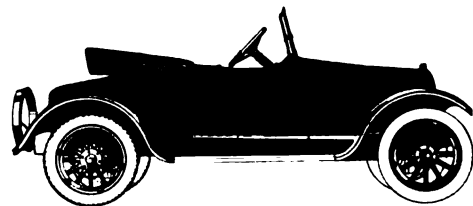
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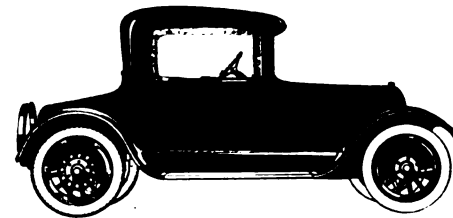


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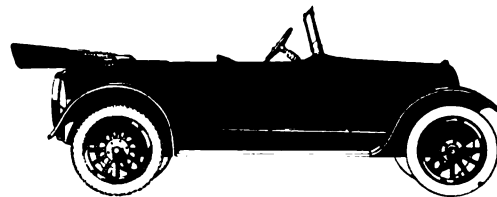
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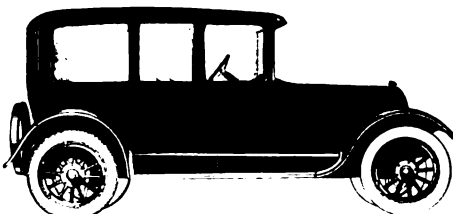
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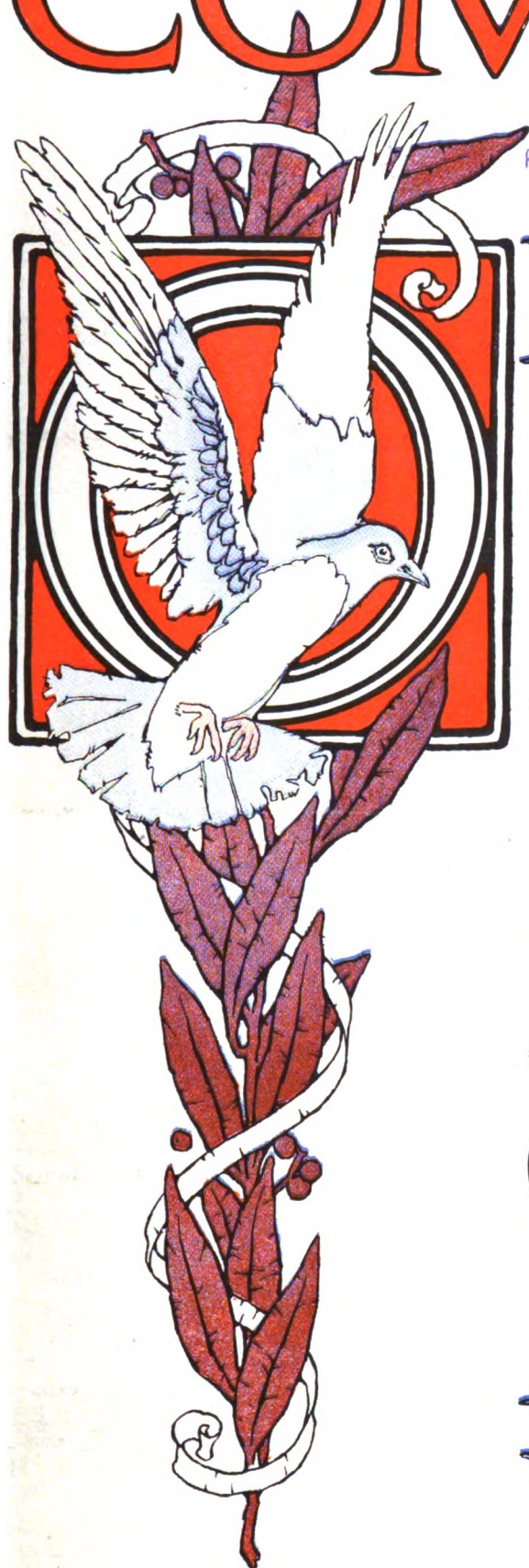
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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"If our little Ella May had lived, Miss Penny, —"

Mr. Langley checked himself. After all, Ella May could hardly have done anything in the case he was talking about. The clergyman frequently spoke of little Ella May in that manner, and his friends always agreed loyally that this or that would have been otherwise had she lived to grow up. At this time, when she had been dead for more than twenty years, nearly everyone in the two villages thought of her as a fair, blue-eyed child with long yellow curls and a sweet face. As a matter of fact, Ella May had died on the evening of her third day.

When strangers wondered that such a brilliant man as Russell Langley should have remained in this sleepy country village for twenty-five years, using up the principal of life, as it were, when at worst he should only have touched the income, his parishioners said that it was partly because of the loss of that only child, and partly because his wife was an invalid. Mr. Langley himself, however, would have demurred. He knew that he had been wanting in even a reasonable and proper ambition, and that he had wasted his talents. He considered himself as the laziest man in the county—and of late years he scarcely knew anyone outside its limits; but he loved his people and was humbly proud of their dependence upon him. And he sometimes said that he had one claim to grace: he had been privileged to serve Miss Penny for nearly a quarter of a century.

Miss Penny lived in the South Hollow district not far from the academy. She had driven over the two miles between her home and the parsonage, which, with the church and the post office, was in Farleigh proper, at least once a week for more than twoscore years; and neither she nor her pastor realized that she was to-day making virtually her last visit of appeal to him. It was only because she had come on a Saturday that her call seemed at all out of the ordinary. Her errand was obviously important.

Not that Miss Penny herself ever thought an errand to the parsonage unimportant. Excitable, enthusiastic, tender-hearted, she was always discovering crying wrongs and tragedies. It is true that in all the years she had been bringing them hither to be made right none had proved really a tragedy, and not half a dozen instances of real need, but her zeal had never waned. She went on discovering and reporting, recovering from one excitement to plunge into another; for she believed always that Mr. Langley made the crooked straight, and she never doubted that it had been quite as crooked as she had thought.

Miss Penny was now seventy years old, a little, thin, erect lady, with a large nose, and round, shortsighted eyes that peered out at you from behind large spectacles with thick, powerful lenses. She reminded the minister and the master of the academy of the birds that she fed at her window throughout the year. Her motions were quick and rather jerky; she had a way of turning her head quickly from side to side, and she walked with a spring that brought to mind the hopping of a robin. Her hair was gray, but her cheeks were rosy and showed scarcely a wrinkle. She dressed in rich black satin, with muslin collar and cuffs for mornings and real lace for afternoons.

When she entered the parsonage on that morning, she spent several moments in apologizing for coming on Saturday, and several more in trying to recall to Mr. Langley's memory a certain pine tree that stood on the highest point of the little common at the South Hollow. He seemed to recollect it dimly.

"But, Mr. Langley, you know it's the only pine on the common, and some people say it's primeval. Why, you must remember—the soldiers' monument! Oh, no, that was before your day, of course, for I was a girl—at least I was young! Well, for some reason—perhaps because it was the highest point, for it isn't in the middle of the common—the soldiers gathered round it just before they went off to the war; and so it seemed the place for the monument afterwards. But they didn't want to cut down the tree, because it had stood there since the time of Christopher Columbus—my father was one of those who protested."

"Ah! And so Farleigh got the monument and South Hollow kept the tree? Well, it was a fine thing to spare an old landmark like that. In itself it's a monument, and a link with the far-away past."

And Mr. Langley gazed dreamily out of the window. Then suddenly recollecting his visitor

REUBEN'S PORTION

In Ten Chapters By Joslyn Gray Chapter One



DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON

HE MADE HIS WAY FROM BRANCH TO BRANCH UNTIL HE WAS WITHIN REACH OF THE CAT

wood box in the study to overflowing; for as the minister almost lived in his study it was hard for Reuben to fill the wood box—which was almost the only chore he could find to do—without disturbing him.

Reuben was an orphan and homeless. His father, who had been the organist at the village church, had taken to drink after the death of his wife, and a few months later had lost his position. He had gone from bad to worse. For three years his little boy had cared for him as best he could, keeping house in a crude, faithful fashion, brushing his father's clothes, cleaning his shoes, trying to entice him to the organ in his sober moments, and searching for him and bringing him home at all hours of the night. But some six weeks before the present September morning his father had disappeared finally; all Reuben's searching had been unavailing. When news of the elder Cartwright's death was brought to Farleigh, Mr. Langley, in spite of the remonstrances of his wife, had taken the boy in temporarily.

Reuben had been thinking of his father this morning. The boy's experience had matured, not to say aged, him; and as he stood by the study desk after filling the wood box, he was wondering with troubled brow whether it was really his father that he missed, or some one to "do for." It almost seemed that he could forget and be happy here, if only he could be busy and useful. If only Mr. Langley kept a horse that he could take care of, or a cow that he could milk, or two or three cows; or if Mrs. Langley could only have been a cripple instead of an invalid! Then he could have taken her out in a wheel chair every day. He would have been only too glad to wheel her down to the South Hollow every night after school, and all the way to Wenham on Saturdays.

As he mused, Reuben's eyes rested unawares on the open Bible on the desk. There is something about your own name that draws your most absent gaze, and suddenly Reuben was roused from his reverie almost as if by a voice. His name stood out from the page as if written in huge capitals. He forgot everything else as he read the phrase that embodied it: "a portion for Reuben."

A portion for Reuben! It was in the Bible; so it must be true. He was still thinking of it a few minutes later when the minister's voice summoned him from the apple tree.

As Reuben sat in the phaëton beside Miss Penny, getting the fat pony over the ground much more quickly than she could have done, the words still ran through his head. As he listened to Miss Penny's conversation, which was a long monologue with many repetitions, he was also speculating on the probable nature of the "portion" that had been so mysteriously foretold. Before they reached the South Hollow the thought came to him that this chance to rescue the cat had something to do with it. Perhaps he would thereby get a reputation, so that whenever any other animal should be in trouble people would come straight to him. And then later he might help even men. If robbers should lock some good man like the President or the Governor into a tall tower, Reuben might somehow scale it, carrying with him a rope or a key. It was as it is in school when you have learned to do hard examples: your reward is that you can go on to those that are still harder.

They reached the common just before noon. Reuben removed his jacket, shoes and stockings and hastened with Miss Penny to the scene of action. Even in his blouse and overalls he was a handsome little fellow. He was tall for his thirteen years, and thin; his thick hair was of a very dark red; his very serious eyes were deep brown with long lashes and straight brows. His mouth was so firmly set, his gaze so direct and his expression so grave, that Miss Penny gave him her full confidence.

The tree was straight and very tall, but the diameter of its smooth shaft seemed small for its reputed age. The branches began indeed only at a considerable height, almost on a level with the tops of the deciduous trees about it. A handsome crown it had, however, although at the moment Miss Penny and Reuben had eyes only for the piteous white cat crouched in a cleft just below the tip. As they looked up she gave a faint little cry.

"O Reuben, what if she dies before you get there?" cried Miss Penny; and unconsciously her assurance that he would get there strengthened Reuben's self-confidence.

He wasted no time. With Miss Penny looking on, admiring, marveling—and fearing, he

and her errand, he turned to her and said, "Nothing has happened to it, Miss Penny?"

"Oh, no, not to the tree!" she replied with evident surprise; her words came so fast that they nearly tripped one another. "A cat couldn't hurt a tree, you know, and a poor, scrawny thing it is, too."

"A cat, Miss Penny?"

"The most harrowing thing I ever heard of! Who it belongs to I don't know. This is the third day, and I don't know what's to be done unless we cut down the tree. That seems a pity, but, Mr. Langley, we can't let the poor creature die before our very eyes."

Mr. Langley began to understand. "No, indeed, Miss Penny," he responded warmly. "Poor puss! In the topmost branches, I suppose?"

"The very tip!" she cried.

"Probably a dog chased her, and she went too far. Then she starts to come down the smooth trunk headfirst—is afraid and turns back. She's been there three days?"

"Yes, oh, yes, and—oh, she's white! That seems to make it worse—like a white horse!" He understood.

"And the tree, I suppose, only begins to

branch thirty or forty feet from the ground?" he asked, and her eyes grew rounder than ever.

"Why, Mr. Langley, how did you guess that?"

"Well, if it is primeval, it must be the single survivor of a grove of white pines, and, growing near together, they wouldn't branch out until they reached a height where they would get the sun."

Again his fine gray eyes grew dreamy. That seemed a good figure for a sermon—he wrote few new ones, but a fresh figure fitted well into an old one. Then his kind heart remembered the helpless animal, and for an instant the fire of youth glowed in his eyes. In its turn it died out. No, he was not sure that he could get even to the top of his own gatepost.

Then, after he had thought of Ella May, he remembered Reuben. Of course! He went to the door and called—softly because of his wife. A voice answered from the apple tree outside the window.

Reuben Cartwright had just settled himself in the tree with a view to pondering something that had just come to him. He had been secretly glad of Miss Penny's otherwise inopportune visit, for it had given him a chance to fill the

retreated a little to get a start, ran almost to the tree, and then, leaping up, caught the trunk seven or eight feet from the ground. From there he climbed—or "shinned"—steadily until he was halfway to the lowest branches. Pausing there, apparently of necessity, he clung with knees, feet and one hand. The other hand he stretched toward the cat above, while he called gently and persuasively.

The cat responded with a faint cry and made a movement toward him, head down. Then, in a very panic of fear, she shrank back.

Again Reuben climbed. But from that point the trunk was smoother; his progress became slow, and he slipped back continually. Miss Penny watched in terrified suspense. Presently, by a great effort, he gained half the remaining distance to the top—only to slip back until he was just below the place where he had first stopped.

Two small boys now appeared on the scene, and the janitor of the South Hollow school buildings lumbered heavily over to see what was going on. Reuben made a fresh start, managed to climb to a higher point than he had yet reached, but again slipped back. When he started upward again he went more deliberately. He slipped several times, but caught himself; at last he came to a stop just out of reach of the lowest branches. He grasped the trunk so tight with his knees, feet and arms that Miss Penny almost expected to hear it crack.

"Go it, Rube!" called the little boys. They did not know his name; the "Rube" referred merely to his overalls, his bare feet and his mop of red hair. The janitor remarked that if that young imp ever got to the academy there would be "more trouble along of putting things atop the flagpole than ever."

Three times Reuben tried to get beyond that highest point; he could not gain one inch. Clinging yet tighter with his feet, he prepared for what seemed a hazardous move—although he denied afterwards that there had been any danger in it. Letting go of the tree with his arms, he gave a sort of spring, and just caught the lowest branch.

The cat started violently. For a moment Reuben, hanging almost helplessly by his arms, struggled to pull himself up. Then by a quick move he somehow flung his feet over the limb, turned over easily, stood almost upright, and made his way from branch to branch until he was within reach of the cat. The animal backed away, struggled a moment and then dropped contentedly into his arms.

A curious sound went up from below; it was composed of the reluctant, gruff applause of the stout janitor, Miss Penny's high-pitched cry of relief and the enthusiastic cheers of the little boys.

Then the question arose among them how the boy was ever to get down with the cat in his arms? Miss Penny decided that they must get a sheet or tablecloth and that each must hold a corner so that Reuben could drop the cat into it. The little boys promptly refused to get the sheet lest they miss something meanwhile; so at last the janitor reluctantly offered to go.

"Tell him not to move till I get back," he begged Miss Penny.

But even as he spoke they saw that Reuben had his own plan for getting down. He had removed his cotton blouse and was making a bag of it by tying the sleeves together. Putting the cat into it, he drew the elastic tight and started down. Almost before they had time to draw breath his feet struck the ground and he was handing the imprisoned cat to Miss Penny with a flourish that won fresh admiration from the little boys and that was perhaps pardonable in the circumstances.

He was an odd-looking figure, certainly, as he stood there in his undershirt and overalls, shaking the mop of hair out of his shining brown eyes. Miss Penny hugged him to her heart, and then hurried him away amid the cheers and the jeers—the latter because of the embrace—of the little boys.

Late in the afternoon Miss Penny and Reuben sat by the kitchen fire, with the old white cat alternately lapping milk from a saucer and rubbing herself against their legs. Reuben had decreed that she be fed sparingly at first. He had sat opposite Miss Penny at dinner and had served her as if he had always been there; afterwards he had dried the dishes, fed the pony and cut and brought in the wood. And now he proceeded to decide upon the next move. Miss Penny, who feared that her Tiger when he returned to the house would be jealous of a newcomer, had asked Reuben whether he thought they could find another home for the stray cat.

"She's rather fierce-looking," he declared gravely. "I'm afraid no one would want her. Besides, I don't believe she'd stay anywhere else; she seems to have adopted you."

"O dear me!" cried Miss Penny. "I do love a cat that's affectionate like her. Tiger's so indifferent. Come, pussy, come up here."

The cat rubbed and purred at her feet without heeding the invitation. Reuben snapped his fingers close to her eyes and motioned to Miss Penny's lap, whereupon she jumped up and settled herself comfortably. Her fur showed dingy gray against the shining white apron. Miss Penny stroked her in apparent delight.

Then suddenly she clasped her hands. "What if Tiger should come in?" she exclaimed.

"You'll just have to learn him fair play," said Reuben calmly.

"Teach, Reuben," she corrected. "But I never could."

"I will if he comes before I go."

"O Reuben, I can't bear to have you go! Would Mr. Langley care if you stayed overnight?"

"He wouldn't care if I never went back. His wife doesn't like a boy round."

"Then you might stay a week if it weren't for the long walk to school?"

"I don't mind that—not if 'twas way over to Wenham. And I could take care of the pony and fetch your wood and drinking water, besides teaching Tiger to agree with Mrs. Tramp."

Miss Penny smiled, half reluctant already to consider letting him go at the end of the week. But again she clasped her hands suddenly.

"Oh, the birds, the birds!" she cried, and added, in answer to his look of amazement, "She—Mrs. Tramp—will catch the birds! They come every day to be fed. Tiger never touches them."

Then Reuben revealed something that he feared might damage the prospects of the tramp cat. "She won't," he cried, "because she's deaf! Feed her up well, and, not hearing 'em, there won't be a mite of danger."

"But, Reuben, what makes you say that?" she protested. "You didn't know this cat before, and I never heard of one's being deaf."

"White ones are likely to be," he said. "And didn't you notice how wide she opens her mouth and hardly makes any noise at all? And she didn't pay any attention when you called, but when I pointed out that you wanted her she jumped right up into your lap."

Somehow that remarkable penetration on Reuben's part seemed to settle the question in regard to both waifs. And when, nearly a year afterwards, Mr. Langley turned the tables and came to Miss Penny for help, Reuben was not only still there, but was the head of the household.

Of course the pastor had seen Miss Penny constantly in the meantime, but she had not needed him. He had really missed her demands upon his time and sympathy. Sometimes he declared that he begrudged Reuben that one office; for Reuben did not want it, as he himself did, to piece out. That boy was the sort to run round with his arms spread out, just gathering in opportunities to help others. That red-haired, solemn-eyed urchin, deserted by his father, alone in the world,

you say? I don't know any Bakers about here except Sam, and he never married."

"No, Miller—Rusty, they call her, on account of her red hair. The family, who have known better days, came here some four years ago. They live in a forlorn little house, and the father, who is well-meaning but shiftless, works irregularly at the straw shop at Wenham. The mother is a faded, lackadaisical woman who must have been pretty once, but the three children at home are as bright as any in the two villages. The older girl ran away three years or more ago. If this other one can get her education, she will, I feel sure, redeem the family."

Miss Penny drew a deep breath. She wished that the child wasn't a girl; she was rather afraid of girls.

"Let me tell you of my first introduction to Rusty," he said, smiling, with a far-away look in his eyes. "It must have been directly after they came here, for she was a tiny thing—I thought of her as a baby. As I was driving back from Wenham, I saw two girls running a race. A third child, left far behind, was making after them as fast as her short legs would carry her, waving her hands wildly and shouting at the top of her voice."

"I thought the little thing was crying because the big sister was running away from her; but when I drew nearer I saw that her little face was wreathed in smiles. She had

shouted herself hoarse cheering the race she had no part in, which left her alone on a lonely road."

"Bless her heart!" cried Miss Penny. "She must have a lovely disposition."

Mr. Langley smiled rather ruefully. "I'm afraid she hasn't. Poor child, it isn't her fault. Her surroundings have spoiled her—to a certain degree. She has a hot temper,—what the children call a red-haired temper,—but she's warm-hearted and generous and full of fun. She might be something of a trial to you just at first, Miss Penny, but if you'd take her in it would be the making of the girl."

Miss Penny stroked the cat in her lap. "If it weren't for Reuben, I'd do it," she said doubtfully, "but I don't know how he'd feel."

"Wasn't there some such difficulty at the time you took in puss, here, with respect to your other cat?" he inquired.

Miss Penny laughed, but regarded that case as rather different. However, she would consult Reuben and let Mr. Langley know.

To her surprise, Reuben agreed at once. And she never knew that his heart sank as he did so. It was not in the least that he disliked to welcome another into what had become his home. It was not that he knew by hearsay of Rusty Miller's temper. It was because of her red hair. Red-haired boys were bad enough, he said to himself, but he believed that he almost hated red-haired girls.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"PALS" OF THE SQUAD

By Walter A. Dyer

THERE is not a man on the dog squad of the New York police department who questions the extraordinary friendship of Pete and Vos.

The origin of their friendship is a matter of conjecture; but former Patrolman Dan Flynn, who was Tom Grant's predecessor in charge of the kennels, has an interesting theory.

He has reason to remember the arrival of Pete, for the dog, much irritated by recent experiences and objecting to being thrust into a wire-fronted pigeonhole in the Parkville stables, nipped Dan sharply on the left hand. Thereafter Dan observed his new charge with increased respect and absorbing interest.

a policeman, to lie still and watch when so commanded, to pursue and throw a fleeing criminal, to search round buildings at night, and to give notice by barking of the presence of persons lurking in the shadows.

Pete showed not the slightest inclination to do any of those things. He was distinctly an individualist, and his chief aim in life seemed to be to get out and start trouble on his own account. It was weeks before he could be allowed off a leash, and months before he seemed to master the fundamental idea of obedience. But Dan Flynn was patient beyond belief, and in the face of opposition, both personal and official, he became a stubborn maintainer of Pete's intrinsic value. And in the end his patience conquered the dog; when Pete at last began to learn he seemed to grasp the meaning of the whole system at once.

But to return to his friendship with Vos. Vos was the only long-haired dog on the squad and was among the second lot imported by Inspector Wakefield from Belgium. All the others were of the short-haired type of Belgian sheep dog, although they showed considerable variation, from little Marianne,—called Mary Ann by the squad,—with her wolf-like head and beady eyes, to big, faun-colored, bull-headed Togo, with his fifty-six pounds of solid bone and muscle.

Vos was a beautiful, glossy black creature, with a thick coat that gave him a deceptive appearance of soft gentleness. He was, to be sure, manageable and affectionate in disposition, but beneath the soft fur there was a dog militant, as Patrolman John Leahy can testify. One night, when in accordance with Sergt. Dorman's regular system for keeping the dogs in training it was John's turn to impersonate a burglar, Vos caught him skulking behind a house on Tug Bohlman's beat, and hurled himself at the suspect's chest to such good purpose that he knocked him sprawling into a cold frame. Leahy got a week's sick leave.

Dan Flynn will tell you that the dogs appeared to resent the advent of the quarrelsome Airedale, and with some reason, for the unregenerate Pete wanted to pick a fight with each one of the males, and was not overcautious toward those of the opposite sex. When Dan let the dogs out into the street for their brief exercise before dinner, he had to keep Pete constantly on his leash at a safe distance from the other dogs. Whereupon the men dubbed Pete the "teacher's pet."

"He was like a new bully come into the school," said Dan. "The only way he knew to pick an acquaintance was to pick a row, and the other scholars would have nothing to do with him. Inside him he was lonesome. I believe that. But he didn't know how to get on with the Belgians. And I believe, too, Vos understood that Pete was lonesome."

"Anyway, one afternoon when I took them out, Pete caught me nappin' and jerked the leash out of my hand. In a second he was mixin' it with Togo. I suppose he thought he might as well tackle the biggest first. In a couple of jumps I got my foot on his leash and hauled him off. It was all I could do to hold him. He had tasted dog and he wanted more. Togo didn't want to quit, either; but he knew me too well to come on, and after showing his teeth at Pete he went growlin' back into the stable.

"I never used a whip on any dog, but I



"VOS JUST WALKED UP AND TOUCHED NOSES WITH HIM AND THEN TROTTED OFF AGAIN"

without a penny or a prospect, forgot himself royally in looking out for his fellows.

Mr. Langley had not meant to appeal to Miss Penny. He had come to the South Hollow on this particular afternoon to call on Mrs. Mudge. He came reluctantly, for, although the family were in comfortable circumstances and Mrs. Mudge's brother, Watson Graham, was the wealthiest man in Wenham, he did not feel sure about the size of her heart or whether he ought to ask this particular service of her. He knew that he never could have sent little Ella May to her, and yet—the girl must go to school.

Just before he would have turned into the road leading out past the Mudge place, he saw Reuben entering a side street opposite, half supporting a disreputable and obviously intoxicated old man. The boy went unshrinkingly, piloting the man gently and steadily toward his home. Reuben was doing it for his father's sake, of course.

Perhaps it occurred to Mr. Langley that it was better for Reuben that his father had died. Perhaps he was reflecting how well the boy looked and what a good home he had found. In any event, he turned and made for Miss Penny's.

He smiled as he announced his errand.

"Miss Penny, it's I that have a cat up a tree now, and I'm asking you to rescue her. Only my cat is a little girl of thirteen, and her name is Rusty Miller."

All excitement, Miss Penny conducted him into the parlor.

"You see, Miss Penny," he explained, "I've got a little girl who lives way down at the end of the Farleigh line on the Wenham road that I want to get into the academy this year. I'm looking for some one who will give her a home in return for such help about the house as she can give outside school hours."

Miss Penny looked startled. "Baker, did

Pete, the experts declared, was a full-blooded Airedale terrier of the "outside" type. He bore only slight resemblance to the small, nervous, inbred Airedales that appear at the dog show at Madison Square Garden in February. He would not have stood the slightest chance with the judges, for he was too heavy, his coat was too long and too light-colored, his head was too broad and his muzzle not square enough, and his ears were not mates. But in a fight he could have beaten any two bench champions that were ever awarded the blue ribbon. He was rather the type that the English poachers and ratters developed to serve their needs and that may be found to-day in Australia or in British Columbia, herding sheep, hunting bears, and doing almost everything that a dog may be expected to do.

Still, Pete's ancestry was unknown. Sergt. Dorman found him one day in a motley group of mongrels gathered in a round-up of stray dogs in Manhattan.

"There's the makin' of a police dog," asserted Dorman, and by his eloquence he persuaded the inspector that it was so.

Subsequent events have proved the excellence of the sergeant's judgment, but at first Pete acted less like a police dog than like a caged hyena. He was the most completely untrained specimen of dogflesh ever seen in Flatbush, and if Dan Flynn had not naturally loved anything that could run on four legs and bark, there might have been mutiny at the Parkville station.

The New York police dogs are not so finely trained as those of Ghent and other European cities. Not so much is asked of them; but they are expected to stick to their official masters, to regard men in uniforms as friends, and all others as possible enemies, to answer at once to the police whistle or the rap of the night stick, to hurl themselves upon a man attacking

thought Pete had something comin' to him. I gave him a couple of swipes with the end of the leash, and he crouched down and cried. It wasn't so much that I hurt him, but he felt it wasn't fair to be dragged away from an honest scrap and then licked for it. I guess he felt like the whole world was against him.

"Then Vos come up, slow and quiet, without any of the fightin' look in his eye, and I watched to see what he would do. Pete jumped to his feet, ready for another round if he got the chance. But Vos didn't growl or circle round as if he wanted to start anything. He just came walkin' straight up to Pete. He took a big chance, too, but Vos was equal to that. Pete didn't do anything, either. I guess he was some surprised. Vos just walked up and touched noses with him and then trotted off again.

"I don't know what he



HE CAUGHT FORTY-TWO POUNDS OF FLYING DOG ON HIS LEFT SHOULDER

said to Pete, but it was something, and Pete understood it. He sort of strained after Vos, whistlin' in his throat."

According to Dan Flynn, that was the beginning of it. Six months later Pete had been pretty well broken in and Tom Grant was in charge of the kennels. By that time the hostility of the dogs toward Pete had mostly worn itself out, although Tom says that they never quite forgave him for his early lack of manners. Vos was the exception—he and Pete were unmistakably "pals," and Grant could give you any number of small instances to prove it.

But the real proof came on September 24, 1914, the night of the big adventure that will always have a chapter to itself in the annals of the dog squad.

Every one of the patrolmen on the squad boasts of the prowess of his particular dog, and, although most of the work is the quiet nightly scouting that has frightened most of the burglars and "holdup" men out of the 172d Precinct, each has a few treasured tales to relate that illustrate the courage and intelligence of his four-footed comrade. But they all give the laurel to Vos and Pete when it comes to upholding the honor of the squad.

When Pete was at last judged fit for duty he was turned over to Patrolman John Leahy. John did not mind. He was, in fact, rather proud of the distinction of being intrusted with the black sheep of the flock. But he certainly had his hands full.

Pete's besetting fault was not a lack of interest in his work but a tendency to forget his regular duty and to wander far afield in search of adventure. It was fortunate for John's dignity that those aberrations of Pete's occurred in the dead of night, when there was no one to see him scrambling over back fences on the trail of an exasperating Airedale so engrossed in his own personal scouting that he did not heed the recalling whistle.

Nevertheless, John stoutly maintained—and Tom Grant staunchly supported him in maintaining—that Pete was a first-rate police dog, and that he only needed a chance to prove it. Unfortunately, no such opportunity presented itself on John's beat; Pete's only exploit worthy of narration was treeing the terrified beau of a housemaid on Fourteenth Avenue.

When Pete's big chance came, he had been an

industrious and fairly well-disciplined guardian of the peace for several months. On the night of September 24 John Leahy saw him appear suddenly beneath a street light fifty yards ahead, shoot like a rocket across the road and disappear utterly in the shadows.

The dog responded neither to whistle nor to call, and there was no sight or sound of him to be discovered in the back yards that John investigated. In fact Pete never did return to post that night. The patrolman had not the slightest inkling of what had happened until he sheepishly returned to the station house in the morning without his dog. But there his humility changed promptly into boastful pride, and he proceeded to take to himself an amount of credit that was quite unwarranted in the circumstances.

The adventure took place on a thinly populated street in the southern part of the precinct on the post that adjoined John's. It was a lonely, extensive and altogether undesirable beat, and Tug Bohlman had grumbled when he had been assigned to it.

Tug Bohlman and Vos had been pounding along for half the night, doing their duty and wishing for daylight. As they passed through a cross street and neared the corner of the avenue, Tug heard a door open at some distance behind him; the sound of voices and of feet on the wooden steps came to his ears. Turning, he saw the figures of a man and a woman

pass through the gateway to the sidewalk and then suddenly disappear in the darkness, as the closing door shut off the stream of yellow light. He waited a moment until the couple appeared again beneath a street light, and then, satisfied that everything was all right, spoke to Vos and turned the corner into the avenue.

Tug had gone perhaps two blocks when Vos began to show excitement; he whined a little, and then ran to the rear, and returned only when Tug insisted. The policeman stopped and faced round. He had too much confidence in the intelligence of his comrade not to know that something was wrong.

"What's the trouble, Vos?" he asked.

Vos replied by dashing back toward the corner that they had turned and then running up to Bohlman again, with the evident purpose of urging him to follow. Tug shaded his eyes and peered down the avenue. The couple he had seen had not yet appeared at the corner.

The patrolman started back. As soon as the dog was sure that his master was following, he dashed out of sight round the corner, and almost immediately his barking unmistakably announced an important discovery. Bohlman quickened his pace, and as he reached the corner he heard the barking change to the snarl of attack, broken by one sharp yelp of pain.

There was evidently some quick action taking place in the darkest spot between the two street lights. At first the policeman could make out nothing except the swift movement of shadowy forms. He broke into a run, and was soon aware of five figures—two men on the ground, a man and a woman by the fence, and the darting, menacing form of Vos.

What happened just before Bohlman and Vos reached the place was never exactly learned. On the station blotter the names of the couple whom Tug had seen leaving the house are set down as Merton Hawkes and Dorothy Whipple. They had left a friend's house at a late hour and had started for Miss Whipple's home, when they had been suddenly attacked from behind.

The "holdup" men who had done the job were the first to be reported in the dog-patrolled precinct for over four months, and they

Tug and Vos, well knowing that the safest ground for them would be that which had just been examined by the patrol. That they had come on victims so soon was doubtless a matter of pure luck.

Hawkes was a small chap, and, although he had fought well, was soon overpowered, and one of the men had quickly put him out of action with a piece of lead pipe wrapped in burlap. The other man had anticipated the danger of feminine screams by gagging Miss Whipple. She gave rather more trouble than her escort, but the man had succeeded in keeping her hands from her hatpins and at last effectively bound her. The two foot-pads were just starting to go through the pockets of their respective victims when Vos had suddenly appeared like a black ball of fury.

The man who was at work on Hawkes had started up just in time to catch forty-two pounds of flying dog on his left shoulder. He went down in a swearing heap, and Vos turned his attention to the other man. The fellow had had a chance to prepare for the attack, and he received Vos with a well-placed kick that temporarily repulsed him and that caused the yelp of pain and surprise that Tug had heard. The man had his back against the fence, and Vos, finding it impossible to dislodge him by frontal attack, had settled down to a kind of active and vociferous investment.

Bohlman ran across the lawn on the opposite side of the street as quietly as possible and then bore down on the group. As he closed in he took a quick survey of the situation in the half light. He caught a fleeting glimpse of the white face and prostrate form of Hawkes. The man at the fence was a tall, wiry, villainous-looking fellow with a derby hat jammed over his eyes. The other, as he rose quickly to meet the new attack, appeared short, stocky and powerful.

The first man was apparently having his hands full with Vos, and so Bohlman turned his attention to the second. The policeman had no

HIS HARD LEATHER MUZZLE STRUCK THE FELLOW SQUARE IN THE FACE



time to rap or to whistle for help, for as he closed in he caught the gleam of a swiftly drawn revolver. Bohlman's night stick swished through the air and caught the man on the wrist of his gun hand, and the revolver clattered to the sidewalk.

But the ruffian was as quick as he was muscular. In his left hand he still held his bludgeon, and he swung it so swiftly that it caught Bohlman on the side of his head before he could parry the blow. The big policeman saw stars, but he gritted his teeth, received the second blow on his night stick, and countered with a sharp rap on his assailant's hard skull. Undaunted, the thug swung his bludgeon again, numbed Bohlman's forearm, and then dived and clinched him.

Tripping over the feet of the prostrate Hawkes, the two combatants fell struggling to the sidewalk. Both were a bit weak from the head blows they had received, but each was fighting desperately. The policeman had an

WRENCHING A PICKET FROM THE FENCE, HE BEGAN TO BEAT VOS OFF



there was a new note of desperation in his voice. He continued his threatening dashes, but the man dealt him blow after blow, and the force of his attacks appreciably diminished.

Out of the tail of his eye Bohlman, busily engaged in holding his man down and vainly seeking a throttle hold, saw the tall fellow working nearer. With two against him he knew that he was done for, and he thought bitterly of the regulation that provided for muzzling all police dogs on duty. If Vos had had his strong jaws free, there would have been a sure and speedy end to the fight.

Miss Whipple, with a courage born of fear, took a tentative step forward, as if to take part in the mêlée; but the tall man gave her a brutal shove and sent her crashing back against the fence. Then, with a quick rush, he planted a heavy foot under Vos's jaw and sent the dog sprawling into the gutter. With an oath he fell on Bohlman, who could only hunch up his shoulders and brace himself to meet the unfair assault.

But Vos was not done for yet. He gathered himself together, shot across his master, and threw his antagonist backward by the sheer force of his impetus. The thug threw out his arm in an effort to retain his balance, and caught Vos by the long hair of his neck. Cursing vehemently, he got a strangling hold on the dog's collar and groped for his weapon.

At the first foul blow Vos gave voice to such a despairing, almost human cry of anguish that unwonted tears started to the eyes of big Tug Bohlman, and he renewed his efforts with an energy that boded ill for his victim if only a few minutes more were granted him. Vos struggled heroically, but he was caught at a disadvantage, and murder was in the hand at his throat.

At that moment, from somewhere out of the shadows, there suddenly appeared, as if shot from a catapult, the bristling form of Pete the Airedale—a bolt of solid muscle and menace, with a snarl of rage in its throat that would have terrified a tiger. There was not an instant of hesitation or indecision in his action. Straight he plunged at the man bending over Vos. His hard leather muzzle

struck the fellow square in the face with a resounding thud; he was knocked sprawling, and lost his grip both on Vos's collar and on his own club.

Again and again as the man tried to rise the Airedale launched his forty-five pounds at his head. Then he attacked him with his forefeet, as if to tear out his eyes, until the man lay stunned and bleeding, no longer able to struggle or even to beg for mercy.

"Watch him, Vos!" cried Bohlman, panting hard and nearly exhausted. "Come here, Pete!"

The promptness with which Pete abandoned his joyous fighting and stepped to Bohlman's side would have amazed his detractors. The stocky man, feeling the policeman's power diminishing, had begun to struggle more violently; but Bohlman succeeded in getting his

Bohlman, confident of the genuineness of the fellow's surrender, rose to his knees and snapped handcuffs on his wrists. Then he leaned weakly against a tree and blew two long blasts on his whistle.

When at last Mayhew and his dog Scratch appeared on the run, the tall man had recovered his senses but was entirely subdued. Miss Whipple had fainted, Vos lay crying a little and trembling with pain and exhaustion, while Pete stood nuzzling him with every evidence of profound concern.

In view of the fact that both Mayhew and Bohlman had been eyewitnesses of that

exhibition of personal attachment, and in view of the interest that Pete unquestionably displayed in Vos's recovery from his injuries, it is not strange that the squad should not doubt the reality of the dogs' friendship. The theory has been advanced that Pete's sharp ears had caught the sound of conflict blocks away, and that his innate love of a fight had brought him to the scene; but you cannot tell that to Dan Flynn or to Tom Grant or to John Leahy or to Tug Bohlman or to Larry Mayhew. They are firm in their belief that Pete's senses had told him somehow that his friend was in trouble and had sent him speeding to his aid.

hill and be present at a survey of the division line, his message was coldly received. The young man knew nothing about the purpose of the survey, and could give little information. At last Orchard turned to his wife.

"I won't go," he said. "It's another one of Adam Brill's tricks. I won't go."

"But Mr. Oakford also wishes you to come," said Nathan, ignoring the remark about his father.

"Did John Oakford send that word to me?"

"Yes; he specially wishes you to come." "That puts a different light on it. Whatever John Oakford asks of me he can have and have it cheerfully. I'll go."

"I don't know what it means," Nathan said to Ralph, who walked down the path with him, "but you're to go along; and I'm to be there, too. Those are the orders. I don't know what it means," he said again as he mounted his horse, "but something tells me that there's going to be a happy ending of the day for all of us."

When Ralph went back to the house, his mother said to him:

"You'll go with father, won't you? I can't see the purpose of all this, but I'd like to have you with him. Somehow I feel that the end is coming to-day instead of to-morrow, and that it's going to be a happy one."

She stood on the porch steps and watched her husband and son as they crossed the flat, entered the lane and climbed the steep path up the hill. When she entered the house there were tears in her eyes; but her heart was light.

When Orchard and his son reached the stake-and-stones corner on the warranty line, they found Brill and Oakford already there; Nathan came soon. And then, up the path, picking his way among the stones, Old Tompkins hobbled

mark on the rock and held the signal pole on it as he had been directed; Oakford caught the red-and-white standard through the slits in his sight bars.

"Hits it exactly!" exclaimed the surveyor. "The bearing of this line on that day was north forty east. The case is proved."

Old Tompkins, hearing the familiar words, opened his toothless mouth and laughed immoderately.

"What'd I tell ye!" he cried. "Me and Clem knowed it all the time. The secret of the hull thing's in that there book that lay in the secret chist, and the magic words is what I told ye they was, Stanley: nawth fawty east."

He gave another convulsive chuckle, but no one paid much attention to him; the occasion was too momentous.

Brill pointed to the flag on the rock. "Is that where Owens ran the division line between us in '67, Stanley?" he inquired.

"That's where he ran it, sure," replied Orchard. "But what I want to know, Adam Brill, is what you're getting at?"

"Justice," replied Brill shortly. "Mr. Oakford, shall we go down the hill?"

Oakford pulled up his instrument and they all started down toward the rock ledge. Still Orchard was puzzled to guess what Brill had in mind. He seemed to be dominating the survey, but whether for good or ill he could not tell. Surely if anything sinister were planned John Oakford knew it, and if he knew it no such happiness would mark his countenance as marked it to-day.

From the ledge on, along the edge of the pond and down the hill below the dam, the young men, at Oakford's direction, set stout stakes at intervals to mark the line, already partly defined. But from the base of the hill across the flat a stone fence that Orchard had put up at odd times coincided so exactly with the line of survey that other markings were not necessary.

When they had all reached the corner at the public road, and were gathered there together, Brill turned and faced toward the hill down which they had come.

"Stanley," he said, "everything to the left of this line, pond, spring, brook, house, garden and flat, is yours; and everything to the right of the line is mine. I make this statement unconditionally, in the presence of these witnesses. To-morrow I shall give you a deed for any right, title or interest that I ever claimed or ever could claim, or my successors after me, in this nine acres. I have requested my lawyer to have judgment entered in your

favor to-morrow in the pending suit. Mr. Oakford, I believe the survey is completed; shall we go to my house?"

But Oakford did not reply. He was too busily occupied in gazing on the face of Stanley Orchard, who did not seem to comprehend at once the full meaning of his neighbor's declaration. Orchard turned his eyes from Brill's face and looked in succession on the faces of those round him.

"Adam," he said at last, "Adam, do you mean it?"

"I never in my life before meant anything so fully and completely," replied Brill earnestly.

The two boys were shaking hands vigorously, and as Oakford looked at them and realized what the occasion meant to them his eyes grew moist.

Then Brill gave his hand to Orchard, and Orchard grasped it warmly. Old Tompkins watched the scene with fascinated gaze. He leaned with both hands on his cane and stared. Once or twice he opened his mouth wide as if to speak, and then closed it again without uttering a word. At the end of three minutes Brill turned to him and handed him a piece of paper money with a yellow back.

"There is a renewal to-day," he said, "of a secret and sacred compact between me and Stanley Orchard, and this is for the part you played in it."

Old Tompkins took the money, astounded beyond the power of speech. He could do no more than mumble unintelligible thanks as he began to hobble away; but so completely upset was he that he started in the wrong direction, and had to turn round after he had gone a few steps and hobble back.

"Your proper direction," called Oakford after him, "is north forty east! That way lies the 'secret chist'!"

The old man looked back and put his hand

NORTH FORTY EAST

By Homer Greene
In Ten Chapters Chapter Ten

WHEN Nathan came downstairs the next morning, he learned that his father had already breakfasted and had started for Mooresville. The boy thought it strange that his father had said nothing to him about the contemplated journey. He did not dare to hope that his appeal for Orchard had in any respect changed the determination of a man like his father, and it was therefore with no light heart that he set out to visit familiar places and to renew old friendships. And yet again and again there came into his mind the memory of his father's affectionate good night.

The master of the house had indeed gone to Mooresville. He had taken the double survey and the strong, swift team of blacks. At nine o'clock he entered the office of his attorney. Mr. Brown was already at his desk.

"You're in town early to-day," said the lawyer.

"Yes. There's something I wanted to say to you about the Orchard case."

Brown pushed his papers away from him and leaned back in an attitude of expectancy.

"You remember," continued Brill, "that you said to me if I ran across Owens' old notebook I had better look it up or burn it up."

"Yes. Pretty good advice, too."

"Well, I ran across it. I have it here."

He took the book from his pocket as he spoke, opened it at the page on which the notes of survey were recorded and handed it to Brown. The lawyer took the book and read the page over carefully. When he had finished, he looked up at his visitor.

"You're lucky," he said, "to have this thing in your possession. I suppose you'll do what I told you to with it?"

"Well," replied Brill, "I've tried locking it up, and it won't stay locked."

"No?"

"And I've tried to burn it; it won't burn."

Brown looked blank. "I don't quite understand you," he said.

Brill laughed a little. "I don't blame you. But, with this book in my possession, do you think we'd better go on with the case?"

"Certainly! It's the possession of that book that makes your case absolutely sure. You're bound to win it."

"But I don't want to win it."

"What?"

"I want Orchard to win this suit."

Brown laid the book on the table.

"I don't see," he began as if puzzled, and then corrected himself. "Yes, I think I do see. A case of troubled conscience, eh? Well, we can discontinue the suit."

"I'd rather have Orchard win it in court."

"Very well; we can let judgment be entered for the defendant."

"That suits me. And, Mr. Brown, will you kindly make up your bill for services and send it to me with a statement of the costs?"

"Certainly."

"Then I guess that's all to-day. Good morning!"

Brill put the notebook back into his pocket, left the lawyer's office and strode down the street until he came to the room occupied by John Oakford. He had never before, even in the heyday of his youth, walked with a firmer or more elastic step.

Oakford greeted Brill with cool surprise.

"Mr. Oakford," said the visitor, "I want you to go out to my place to-day and do a little surveying for me."

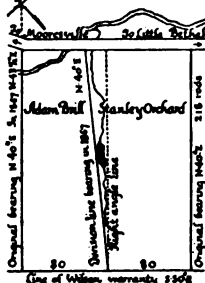
"I can't. That suit of yours against Stanley Orchard may be called on at any time, and I'm subpoenaed on both sides."

"I've stopped that suit."

Oakford dropped his pen and stared at the man in astonishment.

"How have you stopped it?" he asked.

"I told Brown to let judgment be entered for the defendant when the case comes up, and to send the bill of costs to me."



thing that he had fought for and that he had so firmly in his grasp.

"Why did you do that?" he asked.

"I think Orchard is entitled to the property."

"You've always known that."

"I have Clem Owens' notes of survey in my possession."

"I'm not surprised. But they're not in Orchard's possession. That simply assures your case. Why this sudden change of purpose?"

Oakford scented danger, pitfalls, ambushes. He was not satisfied. Brill's face flushed, but he showed no other sign of anger, and when he spoke there was no resentment in his voice.

"Mr. Oakford, I do not blame you for questioning my motives; I deserve your incredulity. But I'm stopping this suit because something has occurred to change my whole attitude toward Stanley Orchard and his family."

Oakford saw now that the man was in earnest, and that he need have no further doubt of his good faith.

"I believe you," he said; "and I thank you. Have you told Orchard about this?"

"Not a word. I wanted you first to see the record and to make the survey."

He took the notebook from his pocket, opened it at the proper page and handed it to the surveyor.

"I want you to go up there," he added, when Oakford had read the memorandum, "and run the line down the hill just as Clem Owens ran it in 1867. I want you to mark the line in Stanley Orchard's presence and mine. Then I want a deed drawn releasing to him any and every right, title, claim or demand that I ever had or ever could have in that nine acres."

Oakford rose from his chair, reached across the table and seized the other man's hand. "That's a fine thing to do, Mr. Brill," he said. "This new survey isn't necessary, with the notebook in Orchard's possession, and with the deed you propose to give him; but if you want it made I'll make it. Make it! I'd go a thousand miles to make it! Come, let's see Jackson and get the deed started."

Oakford was radiant. "Where did you find the book?" he asked, as they swung along toward Jackson's office in courthouse square.

"Old Tompkins brought it to me."

"And where did Old Tompkins find it?"

"That's what I asked him, and he whispered to me confidentially that he had found it in the 'secret chist.'"

"The what?"

"The 'secret chist.'"

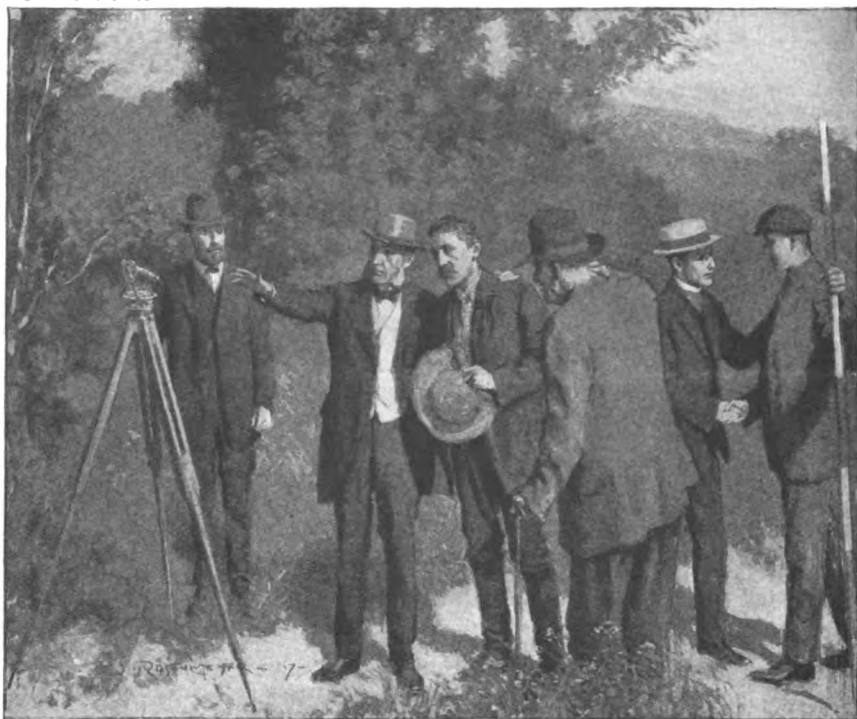
Oakford stopped, with a puzzled look on his face, and then began to laugh. He knew Old Tompkins. It was not much to laugh about; but he felt like laughing. Leaning against a tree he laughed until the tears rolled down his face.

Jackson was just starting for court when they reached his office. They stopped him long enough to tell him about the Orchard case, and about the deed that was to be drawn, and he, too, shook hands warmly with Brill.

"Such an outcome of the suit," he said, "does me a thousand times more good than if I had won it after a contest in the courts."

When Nathan Brill went over to Orchard's at one o'clock that afternoon to say that his father wished Stanley Orchard to go up on the

DRAWN BY S. J. ROSENMEYER



"STANLEY," HE SAID, "EVERYTHING TO THE LEFT OF THIS LINE... IS YOURS"

toward them. How he had learned that a survey was going on no one was able to explain. He seemed to have miraculous foresight in such things.

Oakford grasped Ralph's hand with a mighty grip, and between the two neighbors a formal greeting passed. Then the surveyor, standing by his set compass, addressed Orchard.

"Mr. Brill," he said, "has requested me to come to-day, and run out this division line just as Clem Owens ran it in October, 1867."

"I've no objection to that," replied Orchard, "provided you run it just as he did."

"We shall follow Mr. Owens' survey exactly."

"How are you going to do it? The deed ain't right."

"I have his old notebook."

Orchard stared at him incredulously.

"Where'd you get it?" he asked.

"Tompkins has kindly placed it in Mr. Brill's possession."

"Where'd Tompkins get it?"

"He found it," replied Oakford, restraining with tremendous effort a desire to laugh, "in the 'secret chist.'"

Old Tompkins bobbed his head smilingly in assent.

"This book," continued Oakford, glancing at the page, "says that the bearing of the line at the time of the survey was 'North 40 East, being 3 1/2 degrees from a right angle, exactly the amount of the present variation of the magnetic needle.' It was this coincidence, and Owens' failure to note it in the deed, that has led to all this misunderstanding and trouble. The sight bars of my compass are pointing now in exactly the same direction in which the sight bars of Owens' compass pointed on the day he started the permanent division line. Ralph, will you go ahead and find a cross cut in a rock on the ledge, and hold the flag on it?"

Ralph hurried down the hill, found the

to his mouth in the form of a trumpet, but what he said was lost in the noisy merriment of the joyous party.

While they were still standing there together, Brill said:

"I'm going to have a dinner party at my house at five o'clock. I left word with Martha before I came away. My guests are to be John Oakford, Mr. and Mrs. Orchard, Ralph and Ada Stanley, carry my compliments to your wife and daughter and ask them to come."

"That's good of you, Adam," Orchard replied hesitatingly, "and I appreciate it, but mother—well, you know she ain't been to a party in fifteen years."

"Nor have I given a party in fifteen years," was the quick retort; "so honors are even."

But Orchard still hesitated. He was thinking of his wife's scanty wardrobe.

"I don't believe," he faltered. "You know she ain't got —"

"Tell her to come just as she is," interrupted Brill, "without any flounces or furbelows. This is to be a family party, and no formality will be permitted. Nate," turning to his son, "you can do more with Mrs. Orchard in five minutes than any of the rest of us can in a year. You go tell her she's got to come. The double survey will call for her at half past four."

So Jane Orchard went to the dinner party. She had the seat of honor at one end of the big table. And she never looked more calm and sweet and womanly; she never appeared more gracious and tender-hearted than she did that night.

When the dessert was brought in, Brill rose slowly in his place.

"I think probably some explanation is due from me," he began, "because this, as you all know, is rather an unusual performance on my part."

He spoke with much hesitancy and seemed to find it difficult to choose his words; but the hard lines in his face had softened wonderfully, and the eyes that looked out from under his bushy brows were kind and earnest in their expression.

"I have come to the conclusion," he said, "that it is very foolish for neighbors to be at odds as Stanley Orchard and I have been for many years. To be fair with myself, I do not hold him altogether blameless, yet the fault has been chiefly mine. I do not care to speak to you of myself so severely as I have spoken to myself. It isn't worth while, because my whole attitude has been changed overnight. Nor is it worth while for me to tell you in detail what has changed that attitude. I will only say that I had some things put to me last evening by one who is dear to me, in a way that led me to regard my neighbors in a wholly new light. I learned some things last evening that I had not dreamed of before; but the knowledge of them places me under an obligation to Ralph Orchard, to Jane Orchard, and even to my old-time comrade and one-time enemy, Stanley, that a thousand dinner parties cannot repay."

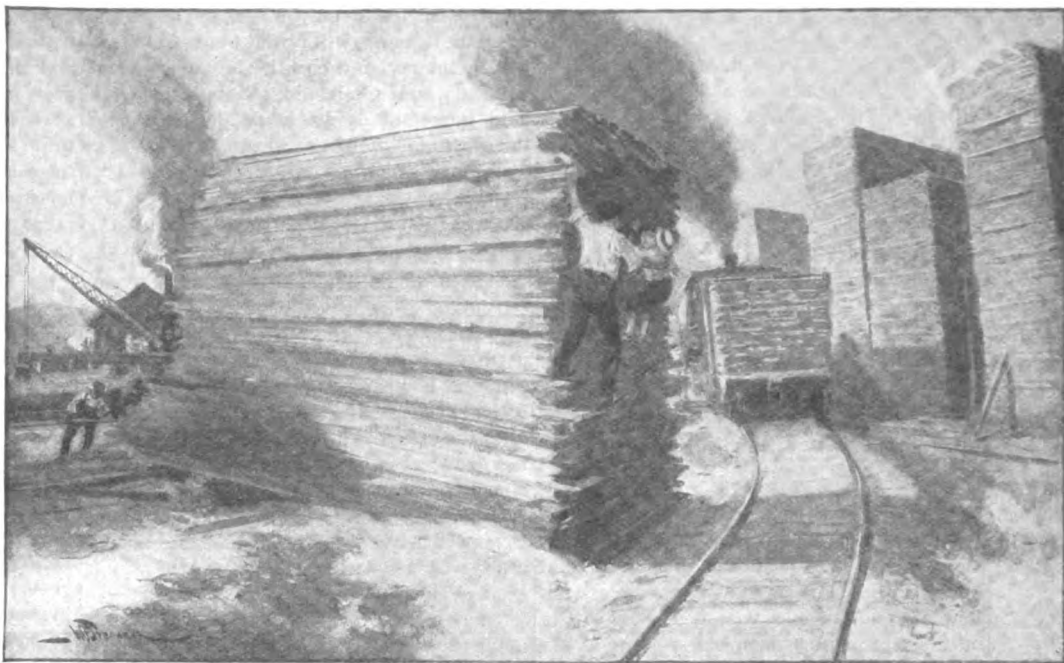
He gathered courage, and his voice grew stronger as he went on:

"Last night, after that interview of which I have spoken, I remembered many things. I remembered that Stanley and I, in the old Civil-War days, tented together, and marched together, and fought together at Cold Harbor and Petersburg and Five Forks. It was at Five Forks that Stanley saved my life. I wonder, as I stand here, how it was ever possible for me to have hard feeling toward him. And as for his wife, I don't know that I ever before fully realized how much of a mother she has been to my motherless boy; but I realize it to-night, Mrs. Orchard, and I am not likely ever again to forget it. I can't speak of what Ralph has done for me. In the first place I have no right to, and in the second place my heart is too full to talk about it anyway. I simply want to add that I've begun a new life to-day, and it's been the happiest day, barring none, that I ever knew. I want many more of them; God knows I need them. And I can only have them by the help and friendship of every one of you."

His voice broke a little at the close, and when he sat down there were tears in his eyes and on his cheeks; but he was very happy. And from that night on he lived a changed life, a life that brought him not only the esteem and good will of all his friends and neighbors but the warm affection of many who had feared and hated him in the days gone by.

The time came when Stanley Orchard raised his dam and built his mill in accordance with his lifelong dream; and he lived in happy comfort and died in his white old age in the new-old house on the nine-acre plot that he had bought from Adam Brill in 1867.

THE END.



HE WENT UP THE "STEPS" OF THE STACK LIKE A CAT, AND REACHED THE CAPTIVE BOY

A QUESTION OF SPEED

By James William Jackson

"PILE this lot of planks fast, Tom! Mr. Gardham will be round pretty quick; and I'm afraid he has the idea that you're slow."

Tom Harcourt, who was rolling up his sleeves, flushed at the yardmaster's remark. A questioning look on his face led the yardmaster to tell him a little more. Mr. Gardham, the owner of the lumberyard where Tom worked, had asked why he was half an hour late the day before in delivering a load of lumber at Thompson's new house.

"I was blocked by a long freight at the crossing," Tom explained. "The locomotive stalled for fifteen minutes and —"

"The gates were up and the way clear when Mr. Gardham drove by," the yardmaster interrupted a little sharply. "Why did you go off and leave your team standing idle in the street instead of moving along? You knew it was a hurry order."

The busy yardmaster moved off without waiting for an answer. Tom drew a deep breath. It was discouraging to have the head of the firm question his efficiency, especially at that moment, for a well-built young teamster with first-class qualifications had only yesterday applied for a wagon. Tom feared that he was to be pushed down another peg in the industrial scale. He had been a clerk with good prospects in the office of the Valley Foundry Company until the company had gone out of business. Work had been scarce then and he had been glad to get a job driving a wagon.

Positions were still scarcer now; and with a thought of the people at home who were dependent upon him the young fellow worried over the apparent disfavor into which he had fallen. With all his heart he wished that circumstances had not played him such a trick the day before.

He had left the yard with a full half hour's time in which to make only a twenty-minute trip. Outside the gates he had turned up the grade that led round a street corner and thence to the railway crossing. He had had Bess, the most valuable horse in the yard, on the off side; and she had just recovered from a leg sprain. With all the solicitude of a fond master, Tom had taken special care of her and had watched for any signs of a relapse.

Near the corner he had suddenly spied in the roadway a heap of wood, evidently dropped from a house-wrecker's wagon. There was one piece from which big nails protruded, and a jagged piece of tin on a fragment of roofing timber made it even more dangerous. A carelessly driven horse or an automobile would have been sure to come to grief on that piece of wood unless some one had removed the obstruction.

Tom had driven to the top of the grade and, rounding the corner, had stopped his horses on level ground. There he had left his team, and running back had picked up the debris and dumped it into a convenient open lot.

When he had reached the railway track a few minutes later the gates were just going down. Then the passing freight locomotive had stalled and Tom had decided that luck was against him; but he had not known until now that the senior member of the firm had passed in his carriage and had seen the abandoned team standing idle.

"And excuses, I suppose, will sound weak!" Tom muttered to himself now, as he hurriedly piled the lumber. "I'll just have to sail in and make a new reputation for fast work."

There was much activity in the busy lumberyard. Wagoners threaded the stacks of

timber making up loads, a shifting engine was taking out and putting in cars on the sidings, a big creaking crane was unloading coal from a canal boat and sending it rattling down the chutes.

Caston, a yard worker, joined Tom on the pile. A few minutes later Mr. Gardham came down the yard with the superintendent. The senior member was accompanied by his small son, Benny.

While Mr. Gardham and the superintendent went some distance along the siding, the youngster stopped to watch Tom and his mate pile the planks. Later the boy walked over to the sand pit next to the lumber pile, and started to play in it.

The conference of Mr. Gardham and the superintendent beside the tracks led to some decision that made them need a messenger. Tom, trying to hurry his work along, happened to look that way, and saw the superintendent beckoning to him.

As Tom approached, the superintendent and the senior member were discussing the lumber piles. One pile in particular had met with Mr. Gardham's disapproval. It stood on the farther side of the sand pit and was made up of especially long planks. Only because the yard was so badly congested had lumber been piled there at all; for the driveway swept inward at that point, and so the stack had crowded perilously close to the railway siding.

"See that!" Mr. Gardham cried, with a frown.

The yard engine at the moment passed out along the siding, and the car that it was hauling was almost scratched by the projecting timbers.

However, it was not a high pile, and a large part of it was to go out of the yard immediately. The superintendent promised to give the matter his attention; then the two proceeded to discuss the general lack of room in the yard. Tom stood respectfully by until they should be ready to use him. Meanwhile he watched the engine. It disposed of the car it had taken out; then it backed up to a loaded car and, with loudly screeching wheels, began to push it to the switch.

Mr. Gardham remarked that it was time for him to take his son downtown to meet Mrs. Gardham. At the mention of Benny, Tom glanced toward the sand pit and discovered that the boy had left the fort he had been building in the sand and was gingerly climbing up the face of the lumber pile that his father and the superintendent had been discussing a moment before.

The incoming car of timber had by that time cleared the switch and was already heading down the side track toward the group. Tom caught his breath sharply.

"Look!" he cried, as he suddenly leaped away in the direction of young Benny.

The car was stacked high with new lumber, and its heavy cargo had made the retaining posts bulge out. Tom had seen at a glance that Benny Gardham would be crushed against the lumber pile.

Oblivious of the fact that the car was bearing swiftly down on him, the boy continued his interesting climb. The shrieking of wheels as they crunched over the switch points drowned Tom's warning shout. And there was no one near to pull him down. The engine men were not aware of the situation; and Caston, the yard worker, had gone into the driveway to help chain a big girder on one of the wagons.

Tom was nearer than anyone else to the child, but even he was two hundred yards away. He bounded along the track toward the lumber pile, and Mr. Gardham, calling in terror to his son, hurried after him as fast as he could.

"Come down, Benny, quick!" Tom shouted as he drew near the pile. "Come!"

The boy turned a questioning face toward Tom and then started to obey. But to Tom's dismay, he saw that the youngster's foot had wedged tightly between two planks!

Setting his teeth and clenching his fists, Tom increased his speed. He had left Benny's father and the superintendent far in the rear. The loaded car was shooting down the track now only a hundred feet away. Tom could see that its load would barely scrape by the lumber pile. Meanwhile Benny, with his fat little body humped out from the stack, was trying valiantly to free his foot.

The engineer of the locomotive was on the wrong side of the cab to see the boy's predicament.

Tom realized that everything depended upon himself.

When he reached the pile, the loaded car had cut the hundred feet of distance in two. Breathless, but with undiminished speed, he went up the "steps" of the stack like a cat, and reached the captive boy.

Holding on to the stack with one hand, Tom worked fast with the other. The planks seemed to grip the little foot like a vise. Beads of perspiration came out on Tom's face as the shadow of the oncoming, screeching timber car seemed about to fall upon him.

Once, twice, three times he tugged at the boy's shoe, although he was in momentary terror lest he pull the child down on the track in front of the train. The car was within twenty feet of them now; the engineer had at last seen the danger, but Tom knew that the train could not stop in time.

The bulking load seemed fairly to rush at the lumber pile; but at last Tom freed Benny's foot. "Climb!" he shouted; and he himself leaped a step higher. There was not time to go down, and the top of the pile was only a yard or so farther up. With a lightning snatch Tom grasped the back of the child's blouse and lifted the little fellow. For an instant the child's feet trod on empty space.

The car had already reached the far side of the lumber pile, and its brakes were snapping fire as they ground the wheels. A protruding plank, two inches thick, snapped like a match stem. With a sudden burst of strength, Tom lifted the boy and threw him up to the top of the stack.

The car was almost upon him. Tom instinctively shot out a hand to ward it off. That hand actually touched the car; at the same time his other hand let go its hold, and he went tumbling backward. As he landed in the sand pit a dozen feet below, the onrushing mass tore a plank out of the side of the pile and hurled it vengeance after him. It struck him a heavy, glancing blow on the knee, which caused a sharp pain.

A moment later, when he slowly picked himself up and emerged limping from his sand bath, he had the satisfaction of seeing the frightened Benny safe on top of the quivering pile.

Caston carried the child down. At the foot of the stack Mr. Gardham gathered his son into his trembling arms. The senior member then wrung Tom's hand and told him to come into the office to patch up his wounded knee.

"By the way," Mr. Gardham said on the way to the office, "Thompson — you know, the owner of the house — saw and told me what it was that delayed you with his load yesterday. As a lover of horses he forgives you; so do I."

That seemed to make Tom's knee less painful. Mr. Gardham probably did not realize that, for he took an emergency roll of bandage linen from the drawer of a desk near his own and set to work deftly to wrap Tom's black-and-blue knee. Meanwhile he talked with apparent irrelevance about the semi-confidential clerk who had last presided at that desk.

"He was a rapid worker," Mr. Gardham admitted; "but he was sometimes rapid when he ought to have been slow and careful. The man before him never made a mistake; but he could not rise to speed even in an emergency — like that you faced a few minutes ago, for example."

Tom blushed a little, and Mr. Gardham, tearing the end of the bandage into two strings, tied them neatly. Then he smiled at Tom.

"I've heard that you've had experience as a clerk," he said. "Perhaps you would like to give up your wagon to Brannigan and help out at this desk with my personal work? If you would, I feel sure you will combine the desired degrees of carefulness and speed."



A view of
MOUNT VERNON

TURNING is the hardest part of driving, and changing habits the hardest part of living.

Three Aons spent themselves to store with
Might
The Coal that keeps you warm for Half a
Night.

PATRIOTISM, in any high sense, depends not at all upon economics or geography. What child loves a mother for her wealth or for her beauty?

CIVILIZATION is surely advancing, although its progress may sometimes seem slow. African traders, who used to supply Uganda with rum, calico, brass wire and beads, are now doing a roaring trade in wrist watches.

THE hand grenades that figure in the trench fighting of northern France are not a new weapon. As long ago as the siege of Arles in 1536, the soldiers used hollow balls of iron filled with powder and provided with a fuse that they lighted before they threw the grenade. It was the use of that weapon that added "grenadier" to military nomenclature.

IN earlier wars disease was even more destructive than battles; but the progress of military sanitation has made even the British trenches in northern France free from disease than the homes of London. At least, the rate of illness there, counting even "colds" and influenza, is less than the rate in London, and the death rate from disease is only three a year to each thousand men.

IT is some time since The Companion has printed any conundrum in this column for its quick-witted readers. Let us supply the omission by offering the following problem of the two trains: A train traveling thirty miles an hour leaves New York at the same time that a train traveling twenty miles an hour leaves Albany. The distance between the two cities is 145 miles. Which of the two trains when they meet will be the nearer to New York?

LAST September we printed on this page a list of twenty-three books that, in the opinion of the librarian of the Chicago Public Library, "all boys should read." We also expressed a desire to hear from any of our young readers who had read all the books on the list. The response has been exceedingly gratifying. A good many young people, including, however, more girls than boys, have written us in regard to the books mentioned. Only two of those thus far heard from have read all of the twenty-three books, and both of them are girls—one in New York and one in New Jersey. The others had read all except one or two. Pyle's Men of Iron is the book with which most are unfamiliar—although probably many of them have made up the deficiency by this time.

THE ADMIRAL

EIGHTEEN years ago, when the late George Dewey came home from the Philippines, the country gave him such a reception as it never gave any other man except Gen. Grant. Congress voted him a medal of honor and a sword, and by special act made him admiral of the navy. The people, by popular subscription, gave him a house in Washington, and two great parades testified to the esteem in which the general public held the "hero of Manila Bay." Then, as so often happens in this easily moved and rather hysterical country, a reaction set in. Dewey was almost forgotten, and when people recalled his deeds they were disposed to minimize them. It was not such a wonderful thing that he had done, after all—pounding a few old Spanish hulks to pieces. It was not much of a fight, anyway. If he had had a first-class power to contend with—and so on.

Perhaps it needed the admiral's death to give us a truer perspective, and to show us that we were more nearly right in 1898, when

our hearts as well as our heads spoke. We know now that, although the Spanish fleet that Dewey engaged was inferior to his own, the total Spanish force at Manila was far greater than his, and that only poor tactics on the part of the Spanish commanders prevented the Americans from being greatly overmatched. Moreover, we now have sense enough to see that Dewey did what he set out to do; and that is all that can be asked of any man.

The admiral's death has naturally caused his long career to pass in review, and, looking at it now, we see that his destruction of the Spanish fleet was not a sudden, fortuitous meteor-flash of martial inspiration and opportunity, but the logical climax, the natural burgeoning forth of a life of careful preparation and arduous duty faithfully performed. The young lieutenant under Farragut at New Orleans in 1862 was the same man who gave Gridley the famous order in Manila Bay in 1898. Instead of saying, "He got his chance because he happened to be there," ask rather why he happened to be there, and you will have a good summary of his character.

Dewey's services to his country were by no means confined to the field of arms. He handled a delicate and difficult task in the Philippines with a tact and firmness that would have been a credit to the most skillful diplomat, and during his long presidency of the General Board of the Navy he accomplished things the value of which will be more and more appreciated as time goes on.

Sailors everywhere not only respected the admiral but loved him, for he was as kind as he was firm. Take it all in all, this country has not lost in many years a son who better typified its spirit or of whom it had more reason to be proud. Well may he rest in the consecrated soil of Arlington!

TO MAKE PUBLICATIONS SECTIONAL

THE "rider" that was attached to the Post Office appropriation bill provided that zone postal rates should be applied to second-class mail matter. By that provision, newspapers, weekly journals and magazines, all of which have hitherto been carried to all parts of the country at the uniform publishers' rate of one cent a pound, would thereafter be taxed according to the national character of their circulation. Thus, a periodical that went 300 miles from home would pay, not one cent a pound, but two cents; and one that went 1800 miles from home would pay, not one cent a pound, but six cents. For circulation in the radius between 600 and 1800 miles the rate would vary from three to five cents a pound. The "rider" was dropped in the House and, as we write, is not in the bill, but may be restored in the Senate.

If the provision should become law, and add its expense to the present high cost of paper, it would undoubtedly put out of business many magazines of national circulation, and it would greatly restrict the circulation of others. It is largely through the circulation of periodicals of national character that the people of the United States are enabled to maintain unity of outlook and are kept informed and enlightened about matters of national importance. Moreover, it is through such circulation that technical knowledge of a highly necessary kind is made available to people in remote parts of the country. Under the proposed postal rates, the country doctor would be deprived of the medical journal that he requires to keep him abreast of the newest methods and discoveries; the engineer in distant regions would no longer have access to the "Proceedings" of the national engineering societies; the farmer would be cut off from the best agricultural publications, and the minister would be deprived of his favorite religious journal.

It is improbable that the people of this

country, when they fully understand the meaning of the measure, will permit Congress to pass it. The interest in the matter is universal and national; and a bill designed to cripple the most important agents in making articulate the spirit of nationality will win little support.

THRIFT AND AVARICE

IT is sometimes difficult to distinguish between thrift and avarice, especially for those persons who are not very thoroughly acquainted with either. High authority tells us that the love of money is the root of all evil, and it is easy to trace the greatest evils, both physical and moral, to the lack of money, or to the excess of it, or to the undue, devouring, maddening desire for it. Certainly those who have the faculty of getting money, and still more those who have the faculty of keeping it, are obliged to do many things that minds of a different temper characterize as narrow and even sordid.

There are few persons so rich that they do not need to exercise care and forethought in their expenditure. Human needs, human desires, human sympathies, are so vast, occasions of outlay so beset all of us at every step, that, unless we are watchful, we quickly find great resources reduced to nothing, without our knowing how. The speed with which money departs is one of the first lessons of experience to man, woman and child; but we are slow to apply our own experience in our judgment of others.

Everyone should be taught from childhood to weigh the needs of expenditure. This I must have, this I can go without, this I greatly want, if other demands still more imperative are not balked by it. By buying this now I can avert the necessity of a double expenditure a year hence. On the other hand, if I refrain from a purchase tempting at the moment, I may be glad of my self-control, even within a week. Questions like these have to be settled by every human being. Can any training be more important than that which enables us to settle them?

Exactly the same disposition to weigh and to compare must be brought into giving, into charity, if giving is to be discreet and wise and not in the end injurious to giver and receiver both. None of us can help all those who appeal to our pity or to our hope. Needs must be nicely weighed and balanced against one another, and the lighter must be neglected and rejected. It is thus that very liberal givers are liable to be accused of avarice, and there is no giver so liberal that some one has not called him mean. There is an old saying that only the poor are generous; but that may be reversed with a good deal of justice, for it is too likely to be the unthinkingly generous who are poor.

If we want a useful test for the difficult distinction between avarice and thrift, we may say that thrift is more sparing with self than it is with others, whereas avarice pinches others sooner than itself, although it may pinch both.

A YEAR OF SEVEN ECLIPSES

THE present year is remarkable for having seven eclipses, four of the sun and three of the moon—the greatest number of lunar eclipses that can occur in one year. One of them, the first total eclipse of the moon since 1913, has already taken place; the next, which will be invisible in this country, will occur in July; and the third, which also will be total, and which all of us can see, will take place on the morning of December 28.

The last year in which seven eclipses took place was 1805, and there will be only two years in the next century and a half when as many eclipses will occur again. Not since 1787 have there been three lunar and four solar eclipses in one year, and few of us will be alive in 1982, when the sun, the moon and the earth will again be in precisely the same relation to one another.

None of the four solar eclipses that will occur this year are total, and only one of them can be seen at all in this country. That is the partial eclipse of June 19, which will be visible in the State of Washington and in northern Idaho, northwestern Montana, western Canada and Alaska.

Eclipses occur, of course, when the earth, moon and sun, or parts of them, come exactly into line with one another. When the moon comes between the sun and the earth we have an eclipse of the sun; when the earth comes between the sun and the moon, an eclipse of the moon. Sun and moon both appear to be moving in the same direction and in nearly the same orbit or path. If they moved in

exactly the same path, the moon would pass between the sun and the earth at every circuit, and there would be an eclipse of the sun at every new moon. But the paths are not precisely the same; the path of the moon is elliptical; sometimes the moon is above the orbit of the earth and sometimes below it. There are, however, two points in the orbit of the moon, called the nodes, where the moon crosses the path of the earth round the sun. If a new or a full moon occurs when the moon is at one of those points, the moon will be exactly in line with the centres of the earth and the sun. If the moon is new, its shadow falls on the earth and produces a solar eclipse; but if it is full, the moon itself is obscured by the shadow of the earth, and we have a lunar eclipse.

A total eclipse of the sun is not a rare event, for about ten occur every eighteen years; but since the average width of the shadow cast by the moon on the earth during an eclipse is less than one hundred miles, total eclipses are visible as total over only a very small part of the earth's surface. Thus, for more than five hundred years London never saw a total eclipse, and New York has not seen one in more than a century.

The intense interest that astronomers now have in the sun is largely owing to facts that they have learned by observations made during total eclipses. Studies of the corona, the chromosphere and the solar prominences, made during the brief periods of totality, have given them invaluable information.

SUBMARINES AGAIN

THE war has reached a point where neither party can expect a victory through field operations alone; if it is not to end in the drawn battle that President Wilson believes would be the most hopeful forerunner of a really permanent peace, one side or the other must be virtually starved out.

From the beginning the blockade of Germany has been an important part of the Entente plan of campaign, and it has been successful enough to reduce the Central Powers to a smaller food supply than they need and to less ammunition than they would like to have. The British and the French leaders believe that it has weakened them to such a point that they can be definitely beaten in the field—perhaps this summer.

At first Germany depended on its armies alone; unable to contest the mastery of the sea with Great Britain, it could not seriously interfere with British commerce by the recognized methods of blockade or cruiser warfare. Only after the first plans miscarried and Germany faced the prospect of a long and doubtful struggle, did Admiral Tirpitz begin the submarine campaign against merchant shipping, which now, after two years, has become the chief weapon of Germany in the struggle.

No one knows just how many submarines Germany has in service. They have been built very rapidly of late, and the newest ones are of a size and speed undreamed of when the war began. With those swift, silent serpents of the sea, the Germans hope to draw a circle of destruction round the British Isles that will in its way be as effective as the British blockade of the North Sea. If, by their "deep-sea" blockade, they can cut the shipments of food into England in half and the shipments of coal and iron into France also in half, it would be the most serious blow that Germany has yet struck against its enemies in the west. England would face a more dangerous situation than it has ever encountered in its history. The losses of British and French shipping are already alarming in gross amount. We do not know how far new building has gone to repair those losses, but at the present rate it can hardly keep up with them.

The British navy is undergoing a test of efficiency in a quite unexpected direction. Can it find a way to defeat the submarine attack on British shipping? It must if it is to keep the control of the seas that it has held for more than two centuries. Perhaps the war will be lost and won at sea, not by the mighty ships of the line, but in the daily and nightly warfare of destroyer and submarine.

There is, of course, the possibility that Germany will yet embroil itself with some of the neutral powers. It is hard to see how it can carry out the kind of campaign it threatens without violating again and again the rules that have heretofore governed the destruction of merchant ships at sea. But the submarine commanders have violated those rules more than once in the past, and no neutral has been provoked into doing more than making a formal protest. Germany, no doubt, counts on neutral forbearance in the future, but we

cannot believe that it would refrain from using the last shot in its locker against Great Britain, even if it knew that every ship it sank meant a fresh declaration of war from some neutral power. If Germany cannot starve England out, it is in sore danger of being starved out itself.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—On January 29 the House passed the coast defense bill, that appropriates \$51,000,000. —On January 26 the Senate passed the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, after inserting a provision that places all postmasters on the civil-service list. —On the same day President Wilson vetoed the immigration bill, because of the literacy test that it contains. —The President's address on permanent peace guarantees was under discussion in the Senate, when Senator Borah introduced a resolution reaffirming the faith of the country in the Monroe Doctrine and in the historic policy of nonintervention in European affairs. —The Ways and Means Committee presented the new revenue bill to the House. It was sharply attacked by Republican speakers. —The press of routine appropriation legislation and the number of outside matters that have engaged the attention of both houses made it seem unlikely that the President's railway legislation or the water power bills would get consideration at this session of Congress.

THE PEACE MOVEMENT.

President Wilson's speech on peace guarantees continued to provoke discussion on both sides of the ocean. The Russian Foreign Office officially expressed the sympathy of Russia with the President's ideals, and the Socialist Deputies in the French Chamber expressed their agreement with the address and urged the government to strive for such a peace as it outlined. Premier Tisza of Hungary, and Mr. Bonar Law in the British Parliament, spoke in appreciation of the President's sentiments, but pointed out difficulties that surrounded the making of peace on such terms as he suggested.

"LEAK" INVESTIGATION.—The investigation proceeded in New York; it brought out formal denials of Mr. Lawson's testimony from persons he had mentioned during his examination, and showed that a telegram forecasting the peace note was sent out by a Washington brokerage firm of which Mr. Bolling, the President's brother-in-law, was a member.

SHIPPING BOARD.—Bernard N. Baker, recently appointed to the shipping board, has resigned because of disagreements with the administration over the plans for organizing the board.

JAPAN.—The Emperor dissolved Parliament on January 25; it is understood that he did so to save the Terauchi ministry from defeat. The party that wishes the government of the empire to be responsible to Parliament instead of to the Emperor is strong in the present chamber, and it is the hope of the other party that a new election would return a parliament of a different temper. During the crisis an attempt was made to assassinate Ozaki, the leader of the Constitutional party, who holds that the Terauchi ministry was forced upon the country by unconstitutional means.

RECENT DEATH.—On January 29, the Earl of Cromer, long the governor of Egypt, aged 75.

MEXICO.—The War Department made public the order recalling Gen. Pershing's troops from Mexico, and the column reached the border on February 2. It was reported that as it withdrew Villista forces occupied the region in which it had been operating. Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, ambassador-designate to Mexico, was ordered to his post on January 30. —The Constitutional Congress in session at Queretaro authorized Gen. Carranza to call a congressional election for February 25. The presidential election is expected to occur about a month later, and the Congress is to meet on April 15. —Our State Department has protested against certain provisions in the new

constitution, which limit the property rights of foreigners in Mexico and give the president authority to seize the property of foreigners without judicial recourse if he finds the laws infringed or evaded. —The enforcement of strict quarantine regulations at El Paso led to a lively riot on the international bridge, which the troops finally quelled.

REVOLUTION IN COSTA RICA.—Alfredo Gonzalez, the president of Costa Rica, has been deposed by a popular movement, and Señor Tinoco, the minister of war, is acting president. The president offended by scheming to bring about his reelection, contrary to the constitution. He has appealed to the United States to refuse recognition to President Tinoco.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From January 25 to January 31)

Germany has taken the step that was generally foreseen after the Kaiser's peace overtures failed. On January 31 all neutral nations received notice that sea traffic to Allied ports, whether neutral or not, was barred, and that submarines would sink all vessels found within a zone of twenty miles from the English and French coasts or in the greater part of the Mediterranean Sea. The note virtually withdrew all pledges concerning submarine warfare made to this government in April, 1916, and threatened a campaign that would strain the relations of all neutral powers with Germany. Germany hopes to force England and France to make peace through the utter destruction of their merchant shipping. Great Britain has of course made preparations to meet the peril, with what success time will tell.

There were reports of severe cold and heavy snowstorms from almost all parts of the field of war, but the rigors of the weather did not entirely put a stop to military activities.

In Roumania there was fighting in the Kasino Valley; the Russo-Roumanians claimed the advantage. Certainly the German line was nowhere pushed forward.

In Courland the Germans and Russians were engaged along the river Aa and on the frozen Tirul marsh, south of Riga. The Germans were generally on the offensive.

Verdun was again the scene of a determined assault. The Germans carried some French trenches on Hill No. 304, west of the Meuse; Paris insisted that the French recovered them. The French attacked at Les Eparges, southeast of Verdun, and the British attacked at various points along their line.

Paris said that the Allied forces were menacing Prilep, in Macedonia, an important town north of Monastir, and London heard of fresh gains against the Turks at Kut el Amara.

Gen. Haskins succeeded Gen. Smuts in command of the British forces in East Africa; Gen. Smuts is to represent South Africa at the imperial war council in London. The council will meet as soon as possible; it is the plan to have every British possession represented, and to define a policy for continuing the war and for negotiating the peace that is to follow that shall be agreed to by all the empire, not be imposed by Great Britain on the dependencies.

The auxiliary cruiser *Laurentic* was sunk by a mine off the Irish coast, and Berlin reported that a submarine had sunk an unnamed troopship in the Mediterranean. Several merchant ships also went down.

Copenhagen reported that a number of neutral seamen, including some Americans, who were brought into port by the German prize *Yarrowdale*, had been sent into Denmark by the Germans. Officially, the United States had received no reply to its inquiries concerning these men.

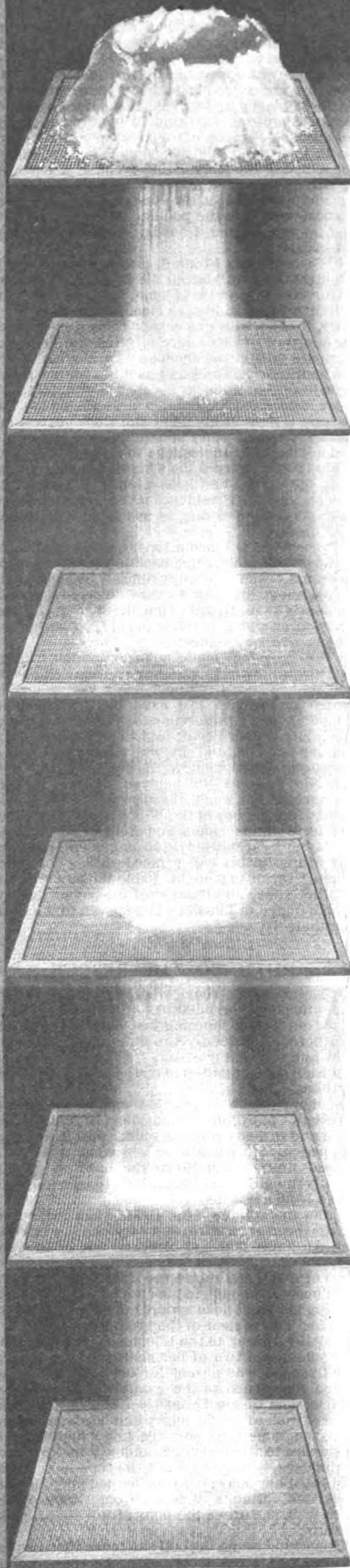
Another Entente conference was reported, this time from Petrograd; the matters under discussion were not made public.

The fifty-eighth birthday of the Kaiser was celebrated at the front on January 27. The Emperor, in returning his thanks, declared that the German people would force with the sword a peace suitable to their needs.

Three women, said to be "suffragettes," and the husband of one of them, a "conscientious objector" to military service, were arrested in Derby, England, charged with being involved in a plot to poison the British premier, Mr. Lloyd-George.

Paris reported that a letter found on a German prisoner spoke of the destruction by explosion of the arsenal at Dresden late in December, and added that nearly a thousand persons, mostly women and girls, were killed.

Flour Facts



Every particle of Pillsbury's Best flour is purified by being sifted through beautiful, white, silk bolting-cloth, costing \$5 per yard, so fine and closely woven as to make such a process seem almost impossible.

Grinding and sifting; regrinding and sifting again and again through finer and finer, soft, silk cloths insures the purity and uniformity of this purest flour.

Few people know of this wonderfully delicate process employed to avoid impurities in Pillsbury's Best flour.

This is a fact worth remembering—

Because
Pillsbury's
Best

Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

VERBIAGE

By Ralph Mortimer Jones

I ASKED a pretty Adjective
To go with me to town.
She said, "I really cannot, sir,
I'm promised to the Noun."

I saw them sitting side by side,
And neither one had stirred.
"What keeps you now?" I asked. They
said,
"We're waiting for the Verb."

But when the Verb came dashing up
There was no more delay;
He took them up into his cab
And whisked them both away!

So Adjectives are pretty Maids,
And Nouns are Lovers frantic,
And Verbs are "Cabbies" brisk and
bold.
Now isn't this romantic?

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE

HAD just passed my sixteenth birthday when I joined the church," a middle-aged business man said recently, "and I took the step as thoughtfully as could be expected of a boy of that age. I rather prided myself on the fact that I accepted Christ coolly and intelligently, without a particle of excitement to sway my choice. God did a great deal for me every day, and it was only honest and manly in me to acknowledge it. The kind of life God wanted me to live was the best kind of life, and I believed that by getting into closer touch with Him I should have help and guidance in living it. I had heard some church people say that they were 'great sinners,' but I did not feel that way about myself, although I knew I did and said a good many things that would not seem right to a holy God.

"After the Sunday that I was taken into the church I read a few verses from the Bible each night and morning, and prayed for the strength I needed to live a Christian life. My prayers weren't a mere form of words, either, for I varied them according to circumstances. If I had a school examination coming on, I asked God to help me prepare for it as I should, and if I had done something during the day that I felt was wrong, I mentioned it, and prayed God to forgive me and keep me from doing it again.

"After a year or so I began to have the disquieting suspicion that I was not 'making good' in my Christian life. I didn't do things to bring reproach on my profession, and I was regular in my prayers and my church attendance. But I seemed to be losing interest. When I entered college it wasn't easy to 'take a stand' in my new surroundings, and for some time I didn't let it be known that I was a church member.

"One afternoon the fellow I roomed with had a bad fall in the gymnasium. There was no infirmary then; so he was carried to our room, more dead than alive. The injury didn't prove very serious in the end, but the blood gushed out of his nose and mouth, and the physician we called wasn't the reassuring sort. I shall never forget the terror in my roommate's wide eyes as he put out his hand to me and whispered:

"Wilson, I—I wish you'd pray for me."
"We were alone, and I knelt down and said something aloud to God about helping my friend, and he seconded it with a hearty 'Amen.' I was surprised to see the change in him from that moment, but I was more surprised at the change in myself. That faltering prayer—not two minutes long—seemed to open to me the whole wide vista of intercession. I saw that my Christian faith had languished because I had shut it into myself and had never prayed enough for others. Every Christian ought to be sustained by the prayers of all other Christian people, and I had not borne my share. That was for me a real spiritual discovery, and I believe that the frightened request of my classmate saved me from losing my grip and sinking into apathy and indifference."

PATIENCE—AND KEEP THE FIRE BURNING

MRS. THOBURN, after a single glance at the face of the girl who knocked at her door, pushed her work aside.
"Am I interrupting?" the girl asked hesitatingly.
"I am sure that this time, right now, was meant for Jean Darrow, and for no one else," Mrs. Thoburn answered.

Jean drew a long breath and took the chair that Mrs. Thoburn pulled up for her, but she only perched nervously on its edge; her sensitive face was full of entreaty.

"I want to help so!" she said breathlessly. "I've always wanted to since I was a little girl. And when I was asked to come into the League I was nearly wild with delight. I couldn't sleep that night, I was so happy. And—I've failed. I've come to you myself before any report of my work could come to tell you." The girl choked and went on rapidly: "I can't get in touch, somehow. Those girls know so much about life; they are so capable and assured! They think I'm queer and prim and old-maidish. I can't keep their interest; I know it quite well. So I've come to give in my resignation."

Mrs. Thoburn looked out to the bit of sky between the towering roofs.

"Jean," she asked, "which of the workers here seems to you the most successful in understanding the lives and problems that seem to you just now shut away behind a great wall?"

"Oh—you?" Jean cried with a little gasp. "The way you talk to them and the way they listen! If I could only learn to do that!"

Mrs. Thoburn's eyes came back to the girl, a smile in their warm depths.

"When I was your age I wanted to 'help,' too. And finally my opportunity came. I was invited to go to a club a very charming girl had organized among a group of 'new Americans.' I did not know Miss Stanley myself, but a friend of mine knew her and recommended me. So I went. And to save my life I could not think of a word to say to any girl I met! I sat dumb and wretched, watching Miss Stanley and the others laugh and chatter—"

"You?" Jean exclaimed.

"Yes, I. And I went home and cried myself to sleep that night."

"But—I don't understand!" Jean cried.

"Well, I resolved that I would keep on trying

till I could talk with girls—that was all. It was 'Patience—and keep the fire burning,' no matter how often I failed. And I know a dozen other workers who have had the same experience."

"Oh!" Jean cried softly.
As the girl left the room Mrs. Thoburn turned back to her crowded desk. It had taken valuable time, but she counted it well invested.

LINCOLN'S LAST SPEECH

AS additional dispatches were received from the Union Army in the spring of 1865, the joyful excitement in Washington increased. Tuesday evening, April 11, the President's mansion, the executive departments and many of the business places and private residences were illuminated, bonfires were kindled and fireworks were set off in celebration of the great event. Mr. Francis F. Browne, in his *Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln*, tells the story of that evening. A vast mass of citizens crowded about the White House, and Lincoln appeared at the East window and made his last speech to the people. It was rather long, and he had written it out on separate sheets for the occasion.

"We meet this evening, not in sorrow, but in gladness of heart," began the President. "No part of the honor or praise is mine. To Gen. Grant, his skillful officers and brave men, all belongs."

Mr. Brooks, who was in the White House during the delivery of this address, gives the following glimpses behind the scenes: "As Lincoln spoke, the multitude was as silent as if the courtyard had been deserted. Then, as his speech was written on loose sheets and the candles were placed too low, he took a light in his hand and went on reading. But he found difficulty in handling the manuscript and holding the candlestick; so a friend who stood behind the drapery of the window reached out and took the candle and held it until the end of the speech, and the President let the loose pages fall on the floor, one by one, as fast as he was through with them."

"Presently Tad Lincoln, having refreshed himself at the dinner table, came back in search of amusement and began to occupy himself by chasing the leaves about the floor as they fluttered from the speaker's hand. Growing impatient at his father's delay in dropping another page, Tad whispered, 'Come, give me another!'

"The President made a queer motion with his foot toward the boy, but otherwise showed no sign that he had heard. Without was a vast sea of upturned faces, each eye fixed on the President. Round the tall, white pillars of the portico flowed an undulating surface of human beings stirred by emotion and lighted by the fantastic colors of fireworks. At the window, his face irradiated with patriotic joy, was the beloved Lincoln, reading the speech that was to be his last to the people. Behind him the boy of the White House crept back and forth on his hands and knees, gathering up his father's carefully written pages and occasionally lifting up his eager face, waiting for more. When I recall that night, I wonder how much of a father's love and thought of his boy might have been mingled in Lincoln's last speech to the eager multitude."

RUTH TO THE RESCUE

AT the dining-room window of her father's house in the outskirts of Brighton, Illinois, one bright morning last winter stood Ruth Deatherage, thirteen years old. In her arms she held her little baby sister, fresh from her bath, while her mother gathered up the baby's discarded clothing.

Suddenly, with a startled exclamation, Ruth thrust the baby into the cushions of a large arm-chair and rushed out of the room. Mrs. Deatherage stepped to the window to see what it was that caused Ruth to put down the baby so hastily; usually the girl could hardly bear to have the child taken from her arms.

From the window Mrs. Deatherage looked out across the near pasture; and what she saw terrified her. An angry bull had attacked one of the farm hands named Richard Lyons, who, with rare presence of mind, had seized the infuriated animal by both horns. The bull, in his efforts to get free, was tossing his great head up and down, and each time he lifted Lyons clear of the ground.

Quickly turning to the telephone, Mrs. Deatherage summoned two of her nearest neighbors, for her husband was absent for the day in Chicago. When she turned to the window again, she was just in time to see Lyons' feet slip on the moist ground from which the angry bull had torn the sod.

At the same time she saw her daughter Ruth hastening to the rescue. Running from the house to the barn, with one jerk of the rope halter Ruth had freed her pony; then she leaped upon its bare back, and, lifting a pitchfork from a rack on the barn wall, she drove the pony at full speed to the pasture.

Round and round the bull she rode; then guiding the pony by a tug at its mane, she rode straight for the animal, balancing the pitchfork as a knight would balance a lance.

Six feet from the bull the pony's feet slipped, and it settled back on its haunches. At the same moment Ruth hurled the pitchfork with all her might directly into the bull's face.

One of the prongs of the pitchfork entered one of the bull's eyes. With a bellow of pain it drew back and retreated to a fence corner while Richard Lyons slowly rose from the ground badly shaken and bruised, but not seriously hurt. Just then several of the neighbors came running up. They were able to put a halter round the neck of the crestfallen bull and lead him away to the stable.

THE PLAGUES OF MESOPOTAMIA

QUITE apart from the unhappy results of battle and disease, campaigning in Mesopotamia, says Mr. Edward Candier, correspondent of a London paper, is sure to be uncomfortable and discouraging.

Mesopotamia in May rivals Egypt in the matter of plagues. There is no respite or truce, and the only thing you can count on is that the plague cycle is unbroken and continuous. The plagues of May are dust, heat and flies, and the greatest of these is flies. The multitude of flies that swarm in the tents, dugouts and trenches, unless seen, are unbelievable.

You cannot eat without swallowing them. You wave your spoon of porridge in the air to shake them off; you put your biscuit and bully beef in your pocket, and convey them surreptitiously in your closed fist to your mouth; but you swallow flies all the same. They settle in clouds on everything. As I write, I cannot see the end of my pen. I

overtook a squadron of cavalry the other day, and in that state of semicoma in which the heat wraps you I thought they were wearing chain armor. I had walked my horse beside them several minutes before I discovered that what looked like mail was a steel-blue mesh of flies.

It is a country of excess; nothing is ever moderate. There is something almost Biblical in the way the gods of this ancient land have conspired to punish us. There is malice in the sky and soil; malice of heat and drought, hunger and thirst and flies, damp and cold and mire, flood, hurricane and rain, fever and ague, and malice interwoven in the web of circumstance.

DISCRETION



"Yes, sir, I fell over the side of the ship, and a shark 'e came along and grabbed me by the leg."
"Good gracious! And what did you do?"
"Let 'im 'ave the leg, o' course. I never argues with sharks."
—W. Jenner in The Passing Show.

THE SEVENTH PIE

"PRETTY big order, Lem," remarked Uncle Si Bonney with interest, as the last whisk of the customer's skirts vanished through the grocery door. "I kind of guess Minnie Wimble must be expectin' Henry's folks Thanksgiving."

"Guess so," assented Lem. "Fur's that goes, though, Myron's keen for good things, not to mention havin' 'em accordin' to custom and tradition. He'd want everything same's it used to be at Gran'ma Fenderson's, seven pies and all, if there wasn't a soul to eat 'em except him and Minnie; and Minnie, she'd give him what he wanted if it was fried moon with star sauce."

Uncle Eli Emmons brought the forelegs of his tilted chair to the floor and sat up straight.

"I remember hev'n' Thanksgiving' dinner to Gran'ma Fenderson's onct," he announced. "Umpt! Thanksgiving ain't what it used to be. Minnie Wimble may want to give Myron the same he used to get at Gran'ma Fenderson's, but I don't believe she's up to it. Like's not she wouldn't know what was gran'ma's seven kinds of pie, to begin with."

"Oh, come now, Eli!" protested Uncle Si Bonney. "Mebbe women ain't stickin' so close over the cookstove's they used to, but when it comes to extr'y occasions, I guess their gran'ma's wouldn't hev to be ashamed of 'em; not of the dinner Susan's planin' for's a fair sample. Turkey to one end of the table, chicken and oyster pie tother, ham halfway down, and plenty of fixin's. Chestnut stuffin', too—m-m-m!"

"Umph!" snorted Uncle Eli suspiciously. "How about pies?"

"Mince, apple, pumpkin and custard," recited Uncle Si relishingly.

"Four!" said Uncle Eli scornfully. "There'd oughter be seven. And a cracker puddin'."

"No, there oughtn't," declared Uncle Si with spirit. "There wasn't any ice cream to Gran'ma Fenderson's. Ye don't need a puddin', and four kinds of pie is enough when ye have ice cream."

"I want cracker puddin'," declared Uncle Eli beligerently. "I shan't get it, nor ice cream neither; but I want it, anyhow. And I didn't say seven kinds of pie was needful, unless a person's bein' set up to equal Gran'ma Fenderson."

"Well, she always had seven," admitted Uncle Si. "Apple, pumpkin, custard, mince, cranberry—that's five—cocoanut—"

"Nobody in the Fenderson family ate cocoanut. 'Twas Marlborough," contradicted Uncle Eli.

"Marlborough! So 'twas—and pretty nigh the best of the seven," conceded Uncle Si.

"If you don't count cocoanut," observed Lem impartially, "you haven't made out seven."

"What?" snorted Uncle Eli. "Course we made seven! Do you s'pose I don't remember? There was mince, apple, pumpkin, cranberry, custard and Marlborough—that's only six," he admitted.

"Now what in tunket was that other pie?"

"Banbury," suggested Uncle Si hopefully, after a meditative pause.

"Banbury ain't pie; it's tarts," asserted Uncle Eli decisively.

"Sure it wa'n't cocoanut?"

"Sure. Old Cap'n Fenderson hated cocoanuts. Said they was stinky, gritty, sweet, messy things; no fit food for Christians."

"Huckleberry?" suggested Lem.

"Huckleberry!" Uncle Eli's scorn was scathing.

"Twa'n't huckleberry no more'n 'twas currant nor raspberry. 'Twas a partic'lar kind of pie. Let—me—think: mince, apple, custard, pumpkin, Marlborough; why, that's only five!"

"Lost a pie, Eli?" reproved Lem. "Gettin' kind of keerness, ain't ye?"

"Pumpkin, Marlborough, custard, mince, apple," repeated Uncle Eli in worried tones. "Where's that sixth pie gone to?"

"Cranberry, Eli, cranberry," Uncle Si reminded him soothingly.

"Cranberry," Uncle Eli echoed with relief.

"Well, we got back to six again; but there'd ought to be seven."

Mrs. Wimble dropped in again just then to add a jar of Canton ginger to her list. Preoccupied with his intense effort of memory, Uncle Eli did not notice her, but Uncle Si remarked casually:

"We was talkin' about Thanksgiving's like they used to be to Gran'ma Fenderson's, Minnie. S'pose you don't remember 'bout her seven kinds of pie?"

"Remember? No; but Myron's told me often enough," she replied. "Perfectly ridiculous, I call

it; but all the same I'm going to surprise him this year with the whole seven. I had quite a time getting hold of the right rule for old-fashioned green tomato pie, though."

"Green tomato?" shouted Uncle Eli explosively. "That's it! That's the seventh pie!"

Uncle Si chuckled wheezily. "Mebbe Minnie'll save ye out a piece for old time's sake, ef ye ask her pretty," he suggested. "Might even bake ye a saucer pie special. Womenfolks hev changed a mite, someways, but they haven't stopped pamperin' us menfolks in our appetites."

"You shall have a green tomato saucer pie, Uncle Eli," agreed Mrs. Wimble, "but I won't promise that it'll be as good as Gran'ma Fenderson's."

"Now, that's real kind of ye, Minnie," said Uncle Eli graciously; and as she departed he began counting over once more in a reminiscent murmur, while Uncle Si kept tally, finger by finger:

"Apple, mince, custard, cranberry, pumpkin, Marlborough, green tomato—seven pies!"

SANDIE AND LION

SANDIE is a pet crane that belongs to a farmer named Thurlow, who lives in North Dakota. The farmer caught Sandie before he was old enough to fly, and after a brisk chase, for the bird was already agile and quick on its legs.

Sandie's wings are clipped, and so he is permitted to wander at will about the farmyard. He finds his favorite food in a slough down in the pasture, and, when frogs and snails are scarce, he keeps the garden free of toads. But as small chickens are not safe in his vicinity, Sandie is kept shut up during the hatching season. In the winter he feeds on meat scraps, and mouses about in the barn and sheds.

Sandie is quite a vaudeville performer in his way, for he can swallow nails, spoons of thread, bits of tin, marbles and such indigestible material, which he afterwards regurgitates when they begin to trouble him. So, whenever the family has company, Sandie must be brought out for a sword-swallowing performance.

He is the terror of stray dogs, and thereby hangs a tale. One afternoon a man drove into the farmyard with a big dog—a cross between a mastiff and a Newfoundland—sitting proudly beside him in the car. Sandie, in his favorite pose, was standing on one foot, apparently fast asleep.

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r!" growled the dog, and he sprang from the automobile, bristling with pugnacity.

"Better call off your dog, Mr. Johnson!" cried Ray, the young son of the family. "Sandie'll maul him if he gets too near."

"Huh!" scoffed Mr. Johnson. "Better call off your bird, Ray. Lion will make a mouthful of him."

"Don't you believe it!" persisted Ray. "I've seen him make too many dogs run."

Lion sprang forward with a bound and a growl. Sandie partially opened one eye but did not move a feather except to settle his doubly curved neck a little more firmly on his shoulders. But when the dog was within a foot of him, without dropping his uplifted leg or flirting a folded wing Sandie made his counter-attack. His long neck uncurled and shot forward like a javelin, and his sharp beak buried itself in the dog's nose.

The ferocious Lion doubled up like a measuring worm, and with his tail between his legs and all four feet coming down together he bounded out of the yard and off down the road, yelping with pain at every step; whereupon Sandie closed his one eye and went back to sleep again.

Lion's memory of that one stab is ever fresh, and whenever Mr. Johnson turns into the Thurlow barnyard Lion leaps from the automobile and slinks off into the fields, where he remains until his master comes out of the yard again.

A LIVING COAL CHUTE

IT is an interesting sight to see vessels coaled in the harbor of Nagasaki, Japan. Big coal barges bear down upon a ship as it approaches the shore, says the *Washington Star*, and as soon as it comes to anchor a rough ladder is placed between the vessel and the foremost barge. On each rung a girl takes her place. To the sound of a monotonous chant, men in the barge quickly shovel the coal into shallow baskets that hold half a bushel each, and the women pass the baskets from hand to hand up the living ladder with marvelous celerity. Each girl as she seizes a basket swings it with one motion up in front of her and above her head, where the next girl catches it and passes it on.

Down a second ladder, likewise packed with girls, the empty baskets pass in similar manner back into the barge to be refilled. Barge after barge is emptied in this way. The monotonous chanting never ceases, and the living elevator goes on hour after hour, with its never-ending stream of baskets, until the last bunker is full, when the ladders disappear as if by magic, and the ship proceeds on her voyage.

JUST BOYS

THE trait in a mother that all boys most admire is that which prompts her to proceed with the packing of a lunch basket for a picnic, although anyone can see that the clouds are gathering for a storm.

There is one complaint that the neighbors of a family of boys never make, and that is that there is nothing going on in their neighborhood.

A boy likes best the game that involves the most hard work, and the work that requires the least exertion.

During a boy's career he encounters almost everything in the way of ailments except insomnia.

There is not much hope for the boy who pleases his mother to the extent of keeping a pair of white stockings clean all day.

If a boy had half the pride in the baby that his mother feels, he would shut it in the barn and charge three pins for admission.

THE NATURAL COMMENT

LONDON children certainly get some quaint views of life, says the *Bellman*. An instance of this recently occurred in an East-End Sunday school, where the teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid gold and jewels and costly spices before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked, presently.

One small girl, who had evidently had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

"'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?'"

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

THE DAY OF WASHINGTON

BY JOHN MORRISON

When the Day of Washington
Brings its message clear and true,
Stop and think a moment, son,
What its meaning is to you.

Hear, O hear, the ringing call,
Sounding o'er the years between,
Bidding you to banish all
That is false and base and mean;

Bidding you to seize and hold
What is highest, what is best,
What is needed most to mould
Life to meet its sternest test;

Bidding you be ready, son,
With your hands and with your heart,
When the Land of Washington
Calls on you to play your part.

THE SCRAPBOOK FAIRY

BY ANTOINETTE DeC. PATTERSON

IN grandmother's picture scrapbook there had lived for, oh, so many years the dearest little fairy imaginable. Her full white dress was sprinkled with tiny rosebuds, not much bigger than the head of a pin, and a wealth of them crowned her dainty curls.

The two little girls, Bessie and Ada, always asked to see her whenever they visited grandmother, who would tell them wonderful stories about the fairy. She always ended by saying, "She's so full of mischief that it is a very good thing indeed that I have her safe in this book! Surely, the covers will keep her there!"

One Saturday, when Bessie and Ada arrived at their grandmother's, they found the house in a great state of excitement. The parrot had got out of his cage and gone up a tree; the white Angora kitten had rubbed against the newly painted cellar door, and was now a bright green; and last, but not least, the beautiful cake that was baking for the children had been entirely forgotten, after it was put into the oven, and had burned to a cinder.

But Bessie and Ada had been brought up to be useful children, and to help wherever they could. Ada, who was as active as any monkey, went up the tree and brought down Mr. Parrot, who was too frightened even to try to peck at her; and Bessie took hold of the kitten by its collar and neatly snipped off bunches of hair where the paint was thickest. Then they both told grandmother that they would much rather have the red-cheeked apples they could see on the sideboard than any cake that had ever been baked.

Grandmother smiled to see what capable and amiable little girls they were, although she kept repeating that she could not see how the parrot, the cat and the cake had all managed to make so much trouble at one time.

Luncheon was not quite ready; so Bessie picked up the old scrapbook, which that day was lying on the table, to look again at the fairy. The book opened almost of itself at the familiar page—but no fairy was to be found.

"Why, grandmother," cried Bessie, showing the empty page, "she's not here! What has become of her?"

Grandmother looked and looked, but sure enough there was no rose-garlanded little creature to be seen anywhere—only two spots of glue where she had once been.

"That book flew open this morning," said grandmother, "and the fairy has escaped! That accounts for all that has happened. We must find her and put her back again, or who knows what will happen next!"

The children at once began the search, and soon Bessie's bright eyes found the fairy—in the fireplace almost at the other end of the room, looking, grandmother declared, even more mischievous than ever.

"Now," said grandmother, as she brought out a bottle of fresh paste and fastened the fairy to the page again, "we will go to the dining room and enjoy our luncheon in peace!"

A SONG OF WINTER

BY MARY STARCK

Sing a song of winter,
When coldest weather comes;
Four and twenty snowbirds
Picking up the crumbs;
When the crumbs are eaten,
The birds fly to a tree;
Isn't that a pretty sight
For anyone to see?

Then one snowy morning
They find a sheaf of wheat
That some one who loves them
Hangs out for them to eat.
And do you know the reason
Why they are served that way?
It is meant for them to have
A valentine to-day.



ALTHOUGH The Youth's Companion will be a century old in ten years more, since the first number appeared in 1827, George Washington lived and died many years before it was established. Yet George Washington had a Youth's Companion of his own. It was not a paper or a magazine, however, but a little book. His schoolmaster gave it to him when he was about twelve years old. Books were rare in Virginia in those days, and he treasured that one all his life and studied it carefully, both in youth and in later years. The little book contained rules for conduct and manners, directions for writing letters and legal documents, all manner of problems in mathematics and methods of surveying land. It is easy to understand how useful the book was to a bright boy, eager to learn and to do things well.

We so commonly think of Washington in connection with Mount Vernon that we are likely to forget that his birth, the 185th anniversary of which we celebrate this month, did not occur at Mount Vernon, and that his earliest years were not passed there. He was born on his father's plantation at Wakefield, on the Potomac River, about fifty miles below Mount Vernon. The plantation had been in the family for many years, but three years after the birth of George the family left it, because it was unhealthy, and moved up the river to the plantation that was later known as Mount Vernon. There the family lived for the next five years, and then for three years—until the death of Augustine Washington, the father of George—in Stafford County, on the east bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg.

George was eleven years old when his father died, and for the next few years he lived a part of the time with his older brothers and a part of the time with his mother. His brother Lawrence inherited the large estate at Mount Vernon. About ten years later, when Lawrence and his daughter had died, the estate fell to George himself. Another brother, Augustine, inherited the plantation at Wakefield, and soon after his father's death George went back there to live for a time in the house where he was born. Not many years later that house burned, and the Wakefield plantation went to decay.

"George" was not a common name in the Washington family; it has been thought probable that George Washington was named for George II, who was on the throne of England when he was born, and who was the father of the king that he fought in the Revolution.

As a boy George Washington was large and strong for his years. In the sports and contests of the day, especially in running, jumping and wrestling, he rarely met his match among the boys of his age. He was rather more shy and serious than most of his companions, and was eager alike for study and for outdoor sports. His father had sent the older brothers to England for their education, and probably George would have gone there, too, had his father lived. As it was, he attended, until he was fifteen, such schools as there were in Virginia at that time—private schools taught by a man, often a clergyman.

George was very fond of horses and found much happiness in the thirty that were in the stables at Wakefield, when he went there to live with his brother, Augustine. On most of his early rides a faithful old negro named Peter was his companion. Another negro named Sampson, who had a wonderful control over horses and other animals, taught him much of the horsemanship of which he was a master all his life.

One morning when he was nearly twelve years old he took one of the best horses in the stables and rode away to a fox hunt without asking permission. He was so much younger than the other members of the hunting party that they laughed at him; but he stayed in the saddle through it all, and saw two foxes killed. About noon his horse went lame, and he had to dismount and lead the animal home. When he reached the stable he found the plantation overseer very angry and about to punish the negro who had allowed the horse to be taken away. He snatched the whip from the overseer's hand and stoutly insisted that if anyone was to be punished it should be he. That incident was only one of many that made the negroes on the plantation, old and young, devoted to him. He did not approve of the system of slavery, and in later years provided for the freedom of all the slaves on his great estate. One of the last acts of his life was to visit a servant who was sick.

The life of a Virginia plantation gave no end of opportunities for a boy to enjoy himself. He went hunting at daylight for wild ducks and geese. In April and May he caught shad in the Potomac, and he gathered crabs, oysters and clams from the waters of Popes Creek. On moonlight autumn nights he went coon hunting and joined in the corn-roast frolics at the cabins of the field slaves. He rowed and sailed much on the Potomac, which was the main highway for the visits back and forth

among the families of gentry whose big plantations bordered its banks.

It was the unfailing custom to go to church on Sunday. Many families came long distances and brought their luncheons, so that between the services there was a sort of picnic, very pleasant to the young people, in the oak grove near the church. The passing of many years did not weaken the churchgoing habit of that youthful period.

So George lived, a part of the time with one brother at Wakefield, a part with another at Mount Vernon, and a part with his mother on the shores of the Rappahannock. When he was fourteen years old he planned to go to sea—or, rather, his brothers planned for him. He had his chest packed and was actually on board a ship in the Potomac; but his mother prevailed on him to give up the plan. It was a great disappointment to him, for which his beloved horses and dogs hardly consoled him; but then, as all through his life, he faithfully kept his promise to his father that he would always be good to his mother.

It was his liking for surveying, first developed by study of the little handbook, the Youth's Companion, that led him to become a surveyor by profession. He was only sixteen years old when he set out to survey lands owned by his friend, Lord Fairfax, in the western part of Virginia. That work in the wilderness led him into experiences and adventures that had a great influence on his later life as a soldier, and consequently much influence on the whole course of American history.

In his boyhood George Washington showed the qualities that made him one of the greatest men of all time. Many boys of that period, living on large plantations where negroes did all the work, would have chosen a life of idle ease, or would have given their energies mainly to sport, instead of seeking employment as a surveyor; but he did not feel that it was beneath his station to work hard, far from the luxuries and comforts of a good home, and to earn wages like a day laborer. He was a wholesome and manly boy in all his relations—courtous, truthful, modest, brave in the face of dangers and difficulties, thoughtful of others, faithful to every trust in school or work or play, and earnest in his determination to master a quick temper that once in a while blazed forth.

Every American boy should read the life of George Washington—boyhood, manhood and all. It is one of the most interesting stories ever written; every page has things that are helpful and inspiring.

FRENCH BOY SCOUTS IN THE WAR

By the Rev. Henri Merle d'Aubigné, Scoutmaster

THE closing of shops and mills in Paris in consequence of the war has thrown out of work thousands of boys between thirteen and seventeen years of age. Those who are fortunate enough to be Boy Scouts have an advantage over the others; for they have learned to obey, and to use their hands, and so nearly all of them have found occupation as messengers or aids in municipal buildings, hospitals, soup kitchens and other public agencies.

Nearly all the boys in my troop have been and still are in the forts round the capital, where they are employed as orderlies of the officers, and thus share the soldiers' mess. The food suits their boyish appetites, and their mothers are greatly relieved, for it is hard to feed hungry boys with the ten cents a day that the government, in these war times, allows for children who are out of work. When the boy gives satisfaction, his chief soon arranges with the battalion tailor to fit him out with a uniform, which, in winter at least, has a decided advantage over the Scout's "shirt and shorts."

Although life in the forts is better than life in the streets, the fondest wish of our boys is to go to the front. A number of my Scouts have been there. Two little fellows went to Bray-sur-Somme, near Albert, which was so often mentioned in the papers at the beginning of the war. The boys had followed a detachment of colonial infantry, but on reaching Bray, which was on the firing line, they were immediately put into prison to keep them out of harm's way. They were alone in the prison the first day, and they spent most of the time in a plum tree just outside the window of the cart shed in which they had been incarcerated.

The next day they were joined by a number of German prisoners and some French soldiers who were about to be tried. One of the Frenchmen was a Scout from Clamart, near Paris, who had had a curious experience. He had left home with a regiment of the line, wearing a soldier's cap and jacket, had charged with the regiment, had gone too far, and had been taken prisoner by the Germans. During the night, however, he had managed to escape over a wall. The next day he again joined in a charge; but his rifle was broken by a splint from a shell, and he was obliged to go to the rear, where he was immediately collared by the army police and put into the guardhouse. Rather hard lines, he thought, to pass one night in a German prison and the next in a French prison.

He was in the prison at Bray for only one night, however. The next morning he and my two Scouts were given passports to go on foot to Amiens, about twenty miles away, and that they did.

In Amiens, with true Scout luck, they met a gentleman whose son was also a Scout, and after passing the night in his house they took the train without cost and arrived safely in Paris.

One of the favorite pursuits of my Scouts during the first months of the war was to "go to see the English," meaning the British soldiers who were near Paris. The men from across the Channel were always very kind to them. "Hello, Baden Powell Boy Scouts!" the Tommies would shout as the boys drew near. Some of them in their laborious French would tell my boys that they had sons of their own in Great Britain who also were Boy Scouts.

André Germis, one of my Scouts, very nearly came to grief one fine day. He and a friend had gone out on their bicycles to "see the English" on the road between Paris and Meaux. They met a patrol of German cavalry, whom they at first mistook for British because their helmets were covered with khaki. The Germans questioned them, but received no information from them. The soldiers confiscated their bicycles, and seemed to intend to keep the boys prisoners, although they allowed them to stroll about. The boys walked carelessly round a corner and then made the best of their heels until they reached the French outposts. There they reported to the lieutenant, who immediately sent them in a motor to headquarters, where they had the proud distinction of being the first to give information of the advance of the enemy!

They might easily have been shot, like the Boy Scout whose story is told in the following letter written by a German officer and found on a battlefield:

"A French boy belonging to one of their gymnastic societies, *éclaireurs* [Boy Scouts], who wear tricolored ribbons, has just been shot. He was a wretched little fool who had taken it into his head to be a hero. Our regiment was approaching a wood, when we caught

him and asked him whether there were any French in the neighborhood. He refused to give us any information. Fifty steps farther a volley was fired at us from a thicket. We asked the prisoner in French whether he had known that the enemy was in the forest, and he did not deny it. He walked steadily to a telegraph pole, leaned against it with the green leaves of a vine hanging over his head, and received the volley of the platoon with a smile. Foolish little braggart! What a pity to see courage so wasted!"

It seems to me that such "waste" is gain.



each received his *boule de son* ("lump of bran," soldiers' slang for bread) and his *gamelle* (wooden bowl), with plenty of meat and biscuit. Vegetables were scarce, and for drink they had *château la pompe* ("château pump," slang for water). At night they slept on straw in a barn, or when the regiment bivouacked the chief surgeon made a place for them in one of the wagons. Once, when the regiment had halted at midnight and was summoned to march at two in the morning, our three little fellows rubbed their eyes, but found it impossible to wake up. The

said René afterwards. "We would wonder, 'Will it be a red one? Will it be a green one?'" At Berzieux our three Boy Scouts were put on the train for home. Things were growing serious, and in fact the very next day after their departure one of the battalions of the 21st Colonial was nearly exterminated.

One of the Boy Scouts had eaten too many green plums, and the chief surgeon had advised them all to take the opportunity of riding on a train of wounded as far as St. Menehould. This they did regretfully. They reached their destination in the evening; the station was crowded with wounded, and the boys slept on the asphalt of the platform. The next morning was cold. Two of the Scouts had lost their socks, which a few days before they had confided to a requisitioned wagon. The wagon had gone astray and had never rejoined the column. To warm themselves the boys went through their gymnastic exercises, and then set to work carrying breakfast to the wounded.

The next evening they made themselves a little bedroom by tipping over two tables and filling them with straw, and slept comfortably. The following day they were transferred with the field hospital to the cavalry quarters, where they found three hundred Germans.

"If we had stayed there a little longer we should have learned to speak German," said one of them. "Many of the prisoners made us understand that they had boys at home."

Finally, on the third day, Saturday, September 19, a train set out crowded with wounded and prisoners. Our three Scouts squeezed themselves in. But the train was bound for the south, and at Troyes they had to get out and take a passenger train. The next morning they reached Paris, and had some trouble in entering the city without a pass. But the red cross on their arms saved them, and an hour later they reached their homes, proudly bearing the trophies they had picked up on the battlefields.

Thus ended the adventure of my three Boy Scouts. They were not hurt, and I think they did some good. Their cup of cold water had quenched the thirst of the wounded, and their bright faces and gay demeanor must have brought a ray of joy to those scenes of death. Veterans of the Colonial, German prisoners, French wounded, everyone they met, had treated them with touching friendship.

Since that adventure, René B— and Louis P— have been to the front again—Louis in the Argonne region, serving as cook's assistant, René near Arras as messenger of a field hospital. Both of them came back after a month, thin and worn. René especially had had a hard time; he had been carrying messages at night, to avoid the German shells.

Regulations forbidding civilians to go near the line of battle have now become much more strict, and our boys have had to find new channels for their energy. As trade gradually resumed, many have gone to work in the factories.

On the day of mobilization a soldier who was coming to join his regiment met a little boy, and patting him on the head, said to him, "My little fellow, I am going to fight so that you may never have to fight when you grow up." The words express the feeling of our people.

While the older boys are doing their duty against the enemy, there is a great work to be done among the younger ones, and we are thankful to have at hand that admirable educational instrument—the Boy Scout organization and method.

HIDE THE DICTIONARY

RUFUS CHOATE, the advocate, was a great classical scholar and well-read in literature; but he had also a love of dictionaries, and would study them for the purpose "of filling up and fertilizing his diction." These experiments led him into strange verbal adventures.

A good story is told by the Cornhill Magazine of one Mr. Justice Wilde, who, being dry, precise and formal in his methods, little appreciated the whirlwind eloquence of Choate. On one occasion, just before the opening of court, when Choate was to argue a case and they were waiting for him, a member of the bar asked the judge if he had heard that Mr. Worcester had just published a new edition of his dictionary with a great number of additional words in it.

"No," replied Mr. Justice Wilde. "I have not heard of it. But for goodness' sake don't tell Choate."



A TROOP OF BOY SCOUTS IN PARIS BEFORE THE WAR

Among my boys are two who had an unusual adventure. René B— and Bernard C— are cousins. One of them has lost his father, the other his mother, and they have been brought up by their grandfather, a small but strong and bright old man.

In 1914 René and his cousin were enrolled in my troop of Boy Scouts of the People's Hall (McAll Mission) of the Rue Nationale. When the shop in which they were employed closed its doors, these two cousins and their comrade, Louis P—, entered the service of the *Marsouins* (colonial infantry), who were stationed in one of the forts round Paris. One fine day word came to me that my three Boy Scouts had been seen marching with a regiment of colonial infantry, which was "going to the war!" Their parents, it appeared, had consented.

No word came from them for a considerable time, and we were all beginning to be uneasy, when one day in late September our three little fellows reappeared, bronzed as Moors and full of enthusiasm. They proudly bore two sacks full of the trophies of their adventures—a sword, a shovel, two Prussian helmets; and their pockets were stuffed with German cartridges.

They had come from St. Menehould and Ville-sur-Tourbe, in the very centre of the gigantic arc of a circle formed by the battlefields that stretch from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier.

They had set out with the equipment train in more or less contraband fashion; but the officers had grown very fond of them, and had watched over them with truly touching solicitude. At Melun, where the train halted, they were in full view of a detachment of the British army, who recognized the uniform of our little Parisians and began to shout, "Vive la France! Three cheers for the Boy Scouts, hip, hip, hip, hurrah!"

The next night the train passed through Troyes, and early the next morning the regiment was set down in the midst of a wide plain. It proceeded northward on foot, in pursuit of the Germans who were then in retreat after the Battle of the Marne. The three battalions had divided the Boy Scouts among them, each taking one. They marched with the soldiers, and at the halts

soldiers loaded them upon a baggage wagon, where they slept soundly through all the bumps and jostlings of the journey.

Arriving at the scene of the battles, they passed through villages deserted, with dead soldiers, mostly Germans, lying everywhere. Here an entire detachment had been surprised and mowed down; their stacks of muskets were still standing, with dead bodies lying near. Then it would be a farmyard where a deep trench had been dug; near by a French soldier lay dead among the bodies of eleven German soldiers, one of whom still held in one hand the photograph of a young woman, his wife or his betrothed, and in the other his watch. Surprised in the act of burying their dead, their comrades had fled without completing their task.

Arriving in the neighborhood of Ville-sur-Tourbe things began to grow warm. The Boy Scouts, having fortunately received lessons in first aid, were each provided with the arm band of the Red Cross and attached to an ambulance (field hospital). In a farm recently abandoned by the Germans there were some twenty French wounded who had been left behind by their captors, without food, and who wept for joy when they saw their brothers. They were parched with thirst, and our Boy Scouts at once set about bringing them water, and later hot coffee. Their bandages had not been changed for a week, and were stiff with clotted blood; so our little improvised orderlies next set about replacing them with clean ones. They were absorbed in this work, and when they suddenly looked up were amazed to find

that the detachment to which they belonged had gone on! In what direction? Who could tell?

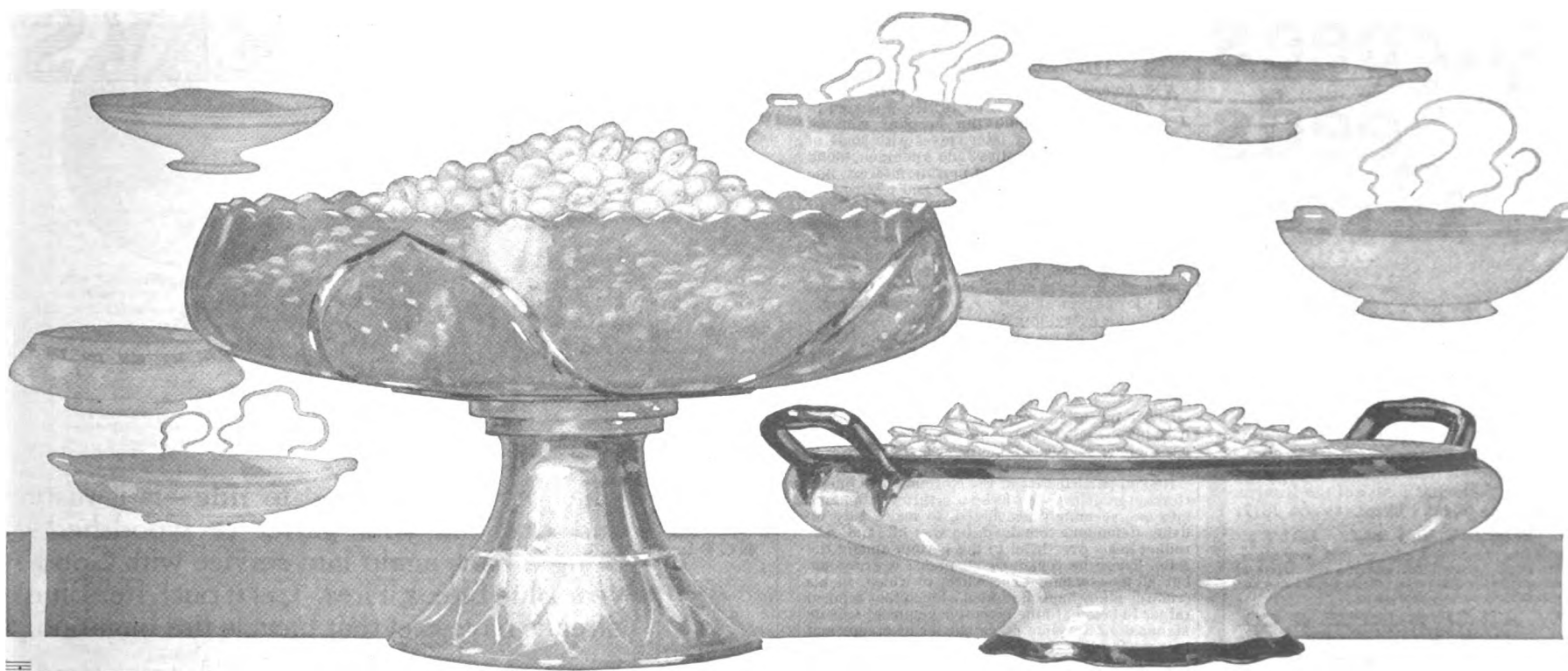
They looked to the right, they looked to the left, they went down a road; not a person was in sight.

Finally, after much marching and counter-marching, they picked up traces of the detachment, and made the best use of their legs until they overtook their friends at Berzieux, about two miles from Ville-sur-Tourbe, and near the famous Forest of Argonne, which since that time has been the scene of many fierce battles.

Soon bombs began to fall not far from the marching column. "They made us think of the Fourteenth of July [the French Independence Day],"



LOUIS P—, WHO HAD SOME EXCITING EXPERIENCES AT THE FRONT. HE IS SHOWN HERE IN A UNIFORM OF THE COLONIAL INFANTRY, WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM WHEN HIS BOY SCOUT UNIFORM WORE OUT

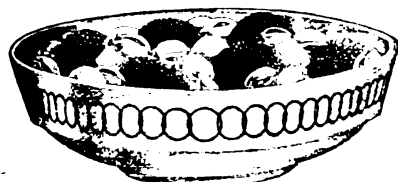


In Thousands of Homes Most Dishes Pale Before Puffed Wheat and Rice

The Flaky Whole-Grain Bubbles

Did you ever try serving a Puffed Grain with any other cereal dainty? And let folks take their choice?

If you have, you know that the other cereal is always completely neglected.



Mix with any fruit

Nothing ever made from wheat, rice or corn can tempt folks away from Puffed Grains.

They seem like confections. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. A fearful heat has given them an

almond, nut-like flavor. About as flimsy as snowflakes—thin, airy bubbles, ready to crush at a touch.

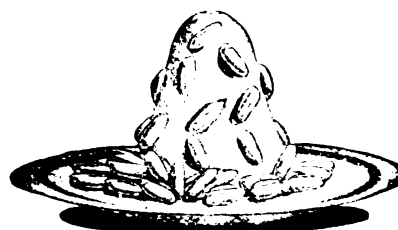
It is hard to believe that whole kernels of grain can be made as enticing as Puffed Grains.

Professor A. P. Anderson invented this process to make whole



Douse with melted butter for between-meal confections

grains wholly digestible. No form of cooking or toasting or baking had ever broken all of the food cells.



Use as garnish for ice cream

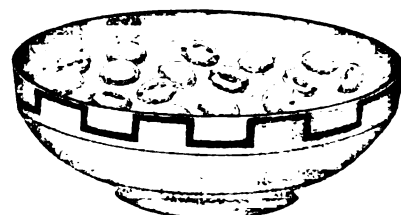
This process creates, inside of each grain, a hundred million steam explosions—one in every food cell. Thus every granule is made digestible, and every atom feeds.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

They are shot from guns—these kernels of grain—after an hour of terrific heat. The grains come out puffed to eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread.

They taste like bubbled nuts.

Serve in the ways we picture. Not for breakfast only. For luncheon or supper serve in bowls of milk. Mix them in any fruit dish. Use like nut-meats in candy-making or as garnish for ice cream. Douse the grains with melted butter for the children to eat between meals. They are just as delightful as sweets or cookies, nuts or popcorn, and very much better for them.



For luncheons or suppers float in bowls of milk

Always remember that in Puffed Grains you get the whole wheat or rice kernel. You get the rich elements that flour foods lack, and that everybody needs. And every food cell is here fitted to feed. Every element becomes wholly available. One ounce of Puffed Wheat contributes more nutrition than ten ounces of many foods.



Serve with sugar and cream

Puffed Grains don't tax the stomach. You can serve them any hour. They are ideal foods for a brain-worker's lunch, or for a child at bedtime.

Keep a package of each of the three grains on hand, and serve them wherever folks like them.



Use like nut-meats in home candy-making



"Please Taste Them"

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice
and Corn Puffs
Each 15c Except in Far West

Burpee's Seeds Grow

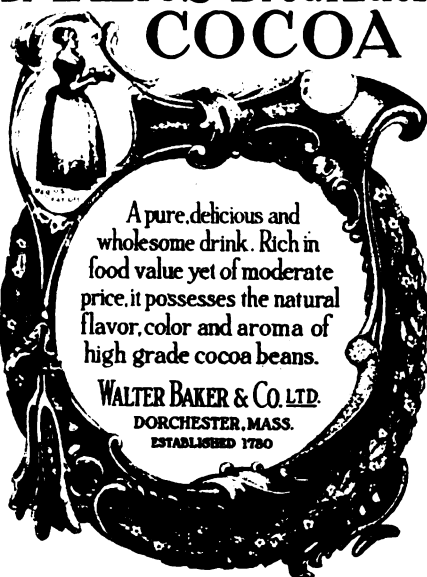
Burpee's Sweet Peas

For 25c we will mail one regular 10c packet (40 to 50 seeds) each of **CHERUB**, rich cream, edged bright rose; **KING WHITE**, the finest pure white; **MARGARET ATLEE**, best cream pink; **ROSABELLE**, a large deep rose; **WEDGEWOOD**, a lovely light blue. Also one large packet (90 to 100 seeds) of the **BURPEE BLEND OF SUPERB SPENCERS** FOR 1917.

Burpee's Annual for 1917 is better, bigger and brighter than ever before. 204 pages. Thirty (30) varieties illustrated in colors. It is mailed free. Write for it today and please mention this publication.

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BAKER'S Breakfast COCOA



A pure, delicious and wholesome drink. Rich in food value yet of moderate price, it possesses the natural flavor, color and aroma of high grade cocoa beans.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1780

\$10 Extra

For new subscriptions sent us during the month of February, 1917, you will not only receive a **Premium** for every new subscription and a **Winner's Gift** for every multiple of five new subscriptions, but you will also receive a **Monthly Cash Bonus** as follows:

CLASS A BONUS

For an average of **Five** new subscriptions per week, totaling twenty in February, we will give a **Cash Bonus of \$10.00**

CLASS B BONUS

For an average of **Four** new subscriptions per week, totaling sixteen in February, we will give a **Cash Bonus of \$7.00**

CLASS C BONUS

For an average of **Three** new subscriptions per week, totaling twelve in February, we will give a **Cash Bonus of \$4.50**

CLASS D BONUS

For an average of **Two** new subscriptions per week, totaling eight in February, we will give a **Cash Bonus of \$2.50**

CLASS E BONUS

For an average of **One** new subscription per week, totaling four in February, we will give a **Cash Bonus of \$1.00**

The above Offer is to be repeated each month, January to June inclusive.

Double Bonus

If a subscriber wins **Three** or more **Monthly Bonuses** between January 1 and July 1, 1917 (in any one class or in several different classes), we will **double** his Bonus by sending him on July 16 an amount equal to all the **Monthly Bonus Money** he has earned between January 1 and July 1. Our Offer of a **Double Bonus** will thus enable any Companion subscriber to win as much as \$120.00 in Bonus Money, besides receiving a **Premium** for every new subscription and a **Winner's Gift** on every **fifth** subscription.

Note: (1) Bonus Offers are open to Companion subscribers only, not agents, and are subject to Conditions in October Premium List. (2) The mailing date of your new subscription orders determines the month in which they will be counted.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
BOSTON, MASS.

THE GLISTENING EYE

AN American who was recently permitted to observe the arrival of British wounded in England, examine the hospital ship on which they came, and later travel with some of them by hospital train, Miss Jane Anderson, found the experience of deep and moving interest. She has much to say of the complete and often novel and ingenious arrangements and devices for their care and comfort; but what most impressed her was the men themselves. No matter how wasted, crippled and suffering, if they could move a muscle or lift an eyelash, they arrived smiling. Always they made the least of their misfortunes, the most of the joy of returning home, and were touchingly grateful for everything done for them.

During her journey by hospital train she talked with some of the wounded. One of them, a young fellow of nineteen, wounded severely in the chest, told her his story. He had asked her, as she stood at the car window looking out on the fair and fertile English landscape, which he could not see from his low pillow, to tell him "how things looked out there"; and when she had complied, he was ready to converse in his turn.

He had participated in the storming of a line of German trenches. Just as he was throwing a bomb into one seemingly evacuated, to make sure no living defenders remained, he was hit, and sent rolling heels over head to the bottom among the slain. There he remained all night; a gruesome but all-too-common experience, to which, in his crude cockney lingo, he added a touch that seemed rather to belong to the inventive genius of Guy de Maupassant, or some other master of creepy and hair-raising literature, than to simple fact. Yet it was simple and natural enough.

"I was pretty sick," the boy told his listener. "I was lyin' down for a while. Then I was crawlin' round. I was lookin' for a 'elmet,'—the Tommy's favorite trophy from the field,—'but I wasn't hup to much gettin' round there in that dirty, black 'ole. 'And all of a sudden I see an eye watchin' me! Big as an arf a crown it was. Starin' bright it was. An' it kep' on watchin' me. Never see such an eye! It gimme the 'ump. An' I never shut—only when a star-lighter 'ud go hup. Then that eye'd go out. Go out it did. I'd take a look then, an' no eye. Harfter about two hours I couldn't stand it no longer. I crawled hover and 'ad a look on me own. Crawlin' hover heverythin', I was, sticks an' stones an' bodies . . ."

Light-headed with pain and exhaustion and the horror of his situation, the relief when the poor lad reached the horrible and mysterious thing at last and found it nothing supernatural was too much, and he burst into peals of hysteric laughter. For the dreadful eye was no eye at all, but the illuminated dial of a wrist watch on the cold wrist of a dead German officer. Shaken with hysteria, the young soldier could not stop laughing; alone, in the midst of horrors, he laughed and laughed, until the effort of crawling and his uncanny laughter brought on hemorrhage, and he lapsed into unconsciousness, thinking it was the end.

"Get me out all right? Rather! I opened me eyes and a nurse was arskin' arter me 'ealth. A bit of a cap she 'ad and red stripes. And pretty—my word!

"'It's Blighty for me,' I says to 'er."

And he was back in "Blighty,"—that extraordinary, absurd, affectionate new name for old England that her Tommies everywhere in France have bestowed on her,—one of those smiling wounded, whose smiles the American observer found so piteous and so brave.

BOILING THE POISON OUT OF MUSHROOMS

IN The Life of the Fly, J. H. Fabre, the famous French scientist, says some interesting things about poisonous mushrooms. In spite of his conclusions, however, it is still good advice to let any mushrooms that have questionable reputations severely alone. He writes:

During the thirty years and more that I have lived at Sérignan I have never heard of one case of mushroom poisoning, even the mildest, in the village, and yet there are plenty of mushrooms eaten here, especially in autumn. I inspect the baskets of the mushroom pickers, who are delighted at my inspection. I see things fit to make mycological experts stand aghast. I often find the purple boletus, which is classed among the dangerous varieties. I find the ringed agaric, which is stigmatized as fatally poisonous by Persoon, an expert on the subject. I find the Satanic boletus, that dangerous tempter; I find the belted milk mushroom and the smooth-headed amanita.

How, with such careless picking, are accidents avoided? In my village, and for a long way round, the rule is to blanch the mushrooms—that is to say, to bring them to a boil in water with a little salt in it. A few rinsings in cold water complete the treatment. They are then prepared in whatever manner one pleases. In this way, what might at first be dangerous becomes harmless, because the preliminary boiling and rinsing have removed the noxious elements.

My personal experience confirms the efficacy of this rustic method. At home we often make use of the ringed agaric, which is reputed extremely dangerous. I have sometimes used the mottled amanita, so ill-famed in the books, without disastrous results.

It results from these facts that a good preliminary boiling is the best safeguard against accidents arising from mushrooms. When it leaves the purgatory of the stewpan, the doubtful mushroom can be eaten without fear. The mushroom stands the ordeal exceedingly well. There is no loss of succulence, and hardly any of flavor. Moreover, they become more digestible.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE THRIFTY

MOTHER B—has brought up a large family on a small income and has, of necessity, been of a very frugal turn of mind. The children are married now, and Father and Mother B— are alone and in comfortable circumstances.

One day their son John called, and his mother showed him three big loaves of bread she had just baked. She complained that she had too much bread on hand, and would have to give him a loaf, and also one to her son Frank, since she and father could not possibly eat it all.

John asked, "Why do you bake so much, then?" And his mother indignantly answered, "Do you suppose I am going to heat that big oven for just one loaf of bread?"

BLUE STREAKS



\$3.00
each



Guaranteed

That bicycle you used to ride—is it rusty and dusty in your garret or woodshed? Bring it back again into service with **Good-year Blue Streak Tires**. Get it out! For **Blue Streaks** have met that bicycle tire bugaboo.

You may now buy really dependable tires—**Good-year Blue Streaks**, everywhere. Tires that let you forget that former high cost of bicycle upkeep.

Goodyear has done that for bicycle folk by making only one bicycle tire, and making that one tire really good. **Blue Streaks** hold fast to a high quality standard. And, they're packed with happy, healthy miles that make your heart glad.

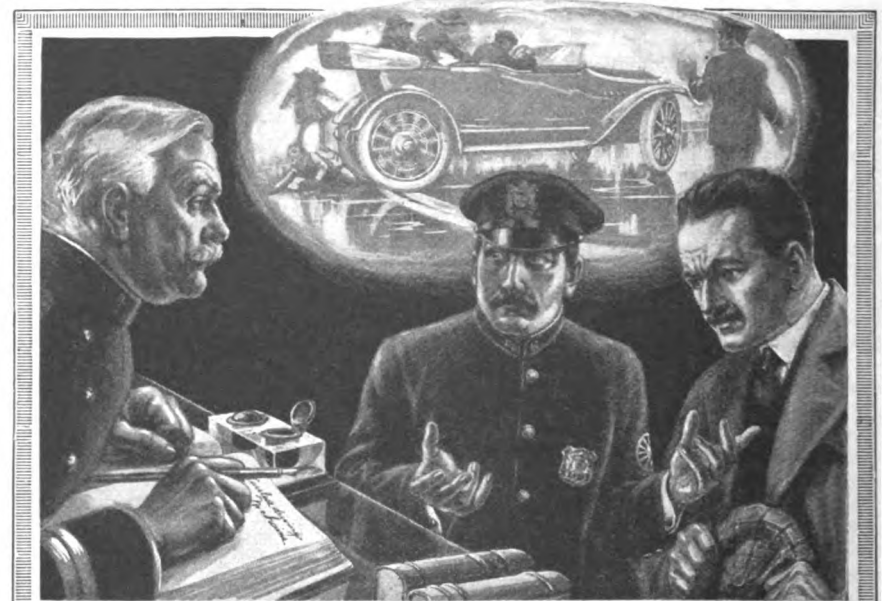
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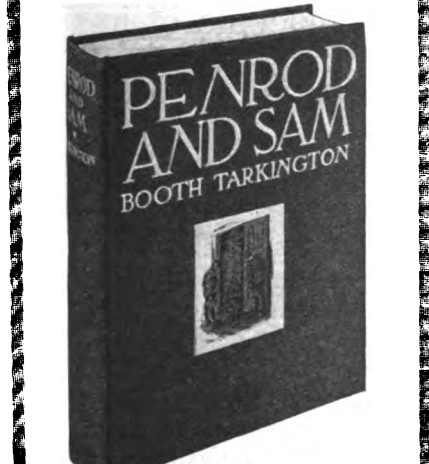
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By Booth Tarkington

EVERYONE fears that the time will come when Penrod will grow up. That dread time, however, is not yet. The new collection of Penrod stories, Penrod and Sam, continues the exciting early history of a "limited bachelor set," which consists of Messrs. Penrod Schofield and Samuel Williams, attended now and then by one Herman, colored.



Penrod here stages a "movie" show with indescribably funny results. The reader becomes acquainted, too, in these pages with a remarkable cat, "part panther or something," a cat which though wanted by the police was not found. There is also a severe outbreak of cavalry in the Schofield neighborhood, an outbreak that rivals the great war. A dramatic incident occurs to Herman, terrified at finding himself in "White Folk's House."

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SURGICAL TREATMENT OF WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY

SURGICAL operations on captive wild animals are made necessary by accidents more frequently than by disease. Consequently no two of them are exactly alike, and the surgeon must be both versatile and resourceful. Operations may, however, be divided roughly into the following classes: the removal of excrescences, the treatment of penetrating wounds, the treatment of fractures, the treatment of incised wounds, and the treatment of abscesses. There are certain other operations so rare that they do not properly come under any of these heads.

Paring elephants' corns is the one operation that a veterinarian can count upon performing regularly. The hoof of an elephant consists of an elastic substance not unlike hard rubber. It wears away properly when the elephant is free, but becomes, when the elephant is a captive, abnormally thick and hard, and pains the elephant exactly as a corn pains a human being. And just as a human being wears off the heels of his shoes unevenly, so the elephant, in shuffling about its small inclosure, wears its hoof pads off on one side.

The veterinarian, therefore, must frequently cut away the excess of foot pad to relieve the pressure on the tender flesh beneath, and he must level the hoof so that the elephant can walk comfortably. Fortunately most elephants take kindly to this operation.

Tumors sometimes occur in wild animals. These must be cut out. The surgeon first injects cocaine into the healthy flesh round the diseased part to deaden the pain, and after he has removed the tumor he packs the wound with an antiseptic dressing.

Incised wounds are frequently caused by animals' picking up wire or nails in their feet. A buffalo bull at Bronx Park in New York thus injured himself, and his ankle became badly swollen. The beast was lassoed, thrown, tied by his three well feet, and while six men sat on the struggling brute, Dr. Blair opened the swollen ankle, drained out the pus, removed the troublesome nail, and packed the wound with antiseptic powder. In a week the wound had healed.

Broken legs are common among captive wild animals. Large animals thus injured must be killed at once, but the smaller ones can be saved. An Indian gazelle snapped one of its pipstern legs off short. The leg was put in splints and then in a plaster cast, and bound firmly to the body. For weeks the patient animal went on three legs, and even slept on the side of its body opposite the injured leg. To-day it is as active as ever and does not even limp. Equally fortunate was the outcome of an operation on a guan, a pheasant-like bird from South America. The bird stood patiently on one leg while its broken limb was set and bandaged with a gummy material.

Incised wounds usually result from fighting. An Altai wapiti doe had her belly ripped open by an angry buck and the intestines protruded through the wound. They were washed with antiseptics, and the wound closed with fourteen stitches an inch apart. Then the doe was tied so that she could not get her head to her side to disturb the bandages. She recovered perfectly.

The worst incised wounds that a veterinarian is called upon to treat are those which alligators get in fighting. On one occasion an alligator at Bronx Park had its belly ripped open from snout to tail. Mr. Ditmars, the curator of reptiles, took the beast in hand, washed the protruding organs, sewed the wound, and threw the alligator back into its pool. It recovered fully.

Handling an angry alligator, however, is no child's play. Before a painful operation can be performed the alligator's head must be covered with a cloth in order to blind it. A plank eighteen inches wide is then laid along its back, and the creature is lashed to it fore and aft, so that it cannot move. Then the plank is lifted and the reptile turned over on its back. After that the operation is easy.

Deep-sea fishes have so much air in their bladders that when put in shallow water they turn bottom side up. Before a deep-sea fish can be put on exhibition, therefore, it must be relieved of the superfluous air in its bladder. This is done by thrusting a long, hollow needle into the fish just beneath the pectoral fin. The instant the needle enters the fish's bladder the air whistles out like air escaping from a punctured bicycle tire. When the needle is withdrawn, the opening closes, and the fish is able to swim right side up again.

A cobra at the Bronx Park "Zoo" had been bitten in the jaw, and necrosis of the bone followed. The creature's head was held down firmly under a bamboo rod, and its jaws forced open, while Mr. Ditmars removed a portion of the bone and applied antiseptics. The necrosis continued, however, and it was necessary to remove the entire jawbone. An incision was made at the base of the head, the diseased bone was unhinged, liberated from the muscular tissue, and pulled back through the opening. Then the infected centre was cauterized and the incision closed with fine silk sutures. The operation was entirely successful and the snake, not at all disfigured, is on exhibition to-day.

Although not so difficult a task as that, the pulling of a monkey's tooth was perhaps more interesting. The animal in question is a chimpanzee that was very fond of Dr. Blair. When its cheek began to be painful in consequence of a decayed tooth, the animal readily submitted to the doctor's examination of its mouth.

A keeper held the ape in his arms. Dr. Blair quietly fixed his forceps on the ailing tooth, and before the chimpanzee knew what had happened the tooth was out. But the monkey, like a petulant child, resented the hurt. When it saw the blood on its tongue, it cried like a baby. Then it became angry and tried to bite Dr. Blair. And for a long time the monkey retained its resentment toward its former friend.

A CURE FOR CONCEIT

WHEN lecturing on one occasion in northern England," said Sir Ernest Shackleton, the famous explorer, "before it was time for the proceedings to begin, I took a peep through the curtain to see what kind of an audience I was likely to have. Things looked promising, and I said so.

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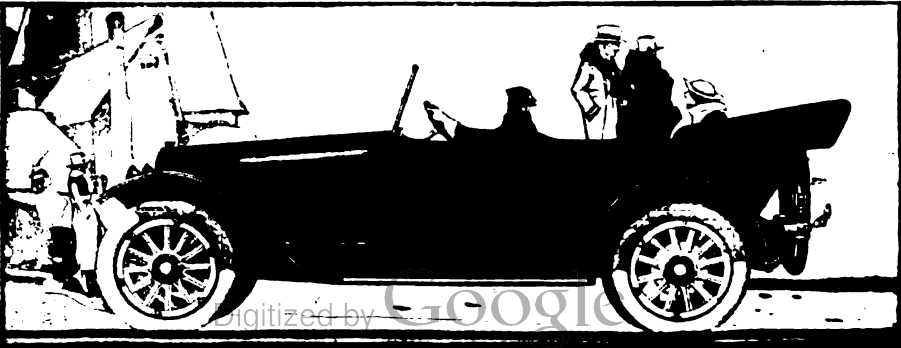
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NATURE & SCIENCE

A MISNAMED CRUSTACEAN.—Everyone has seen the curious, little flat gray creatures that scurry out of sight when you lift a decayed log or a moss-covered stone in the woods or near the water. They are the Armadillidia, or isopods of the genus Oniscoides, commonly called the armadillo, sow bug and pill bug. They are really not bugs at all, but crustaceans or distant relatives of the crab, with gills provided with air tubes not unlike the air tubes through which insects breathe all over their body. A favorite food of frogs, toads and salamanders, the pill bug itself subsists largely on decaying vegetable matter, and some believe it to be a useful scavenger. According to the Zoological Society Bulletin, the name armadillo was given it because of its habit when disturbed of rolling itself up into a ball, as the mammal of South America does; but the crustacean is shrewder than the mammal, for, whereas the armadillo never uncoils when it is caught or frightened,—and therefore its shell often serves as its own roasting pan in the ovens of equatorial countries,—the pill bug, after rolling itself up once or twice and discovering that it is still in the presence of danger, will give up the useless stratagem and try to make off unnoticed.

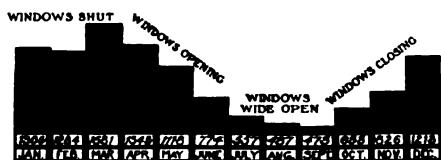
SENTENCING THE HAWKS.—The Cooper's hawk and the sharp-shinned hawk, known also as hen hawks and chicken hawks, and certain of the owls, are responsible for most of the evil reputation that attaches to the hawk tribe in the minds of farmers and poultry owners. Those two species of hawks or falcons feed almost entirely on young birds. Nevertheless, ornithologists are not agreed as to the proper attitude that should be assumed toward them. Some maintain that they should be exterminated, but others believe that they help to maintain a proper balance in nature. In that connection, Mr. L. S. Crandall, assistant curator of birds at the New York Zoological Park, says that, although it is possible to agree with the sentiment that no form of life should be completely exhausted, it is not easy to believe that there is such a surplus of songbirds as to require that some of them be removed. Before the advent of man, the depredations of the natural enemies of bird life were of little consequence. But now, when the conditions are so adverse to the rapid increase of birds that it has become necessary to exert every effort to aid them, bird-killing hawks may be regarded as having outlived their usefulness. Sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks are very abundant in the vicinity of the Zoological Park, and hardly a day passes that does not bring some evidence of their rapacity. A young Cooper's hawk was recently presented to the park, with a letter from the donor, Mr. J. F. Paull, of Wheeling, West Virginia. In the letter Mr. Paull says that, having captured the young bird, he placed it in a cage near its nest. "The first day the old birds brought a young chicken, a mouse, a catbird, a sparrow and a meadow lark, possibly more, which they ate. . . . The other hawk the next day brought another young chicken, a flicker and a ground squirrel." The efforts of those particular birds to remove the surplus among the songsters have been discouraged.



THE COOPER'S HAWK

OPEN THE WINDOWS.—The Department of Health of New York City has been making great efforts to bring home to the people of that city the benefits of fresh air and outdoor exercise in preserving health. Last fall it instituted "Walk-to-Work Day" and "Open-Window Week," which attracted a degree of publicity in the newspapers that has been of great service. One very striking example of the direct relation of fresh air to health, prepared by the department and published in many New York newspapers, is the accompanying diagram that shows the deaths from respiratory

diseases—pneumonia, bronchitis, colds and gripe—in New York City month by month throughout the year. Although it is probable that in a northern climate those diseases will always be more prevalent in winter than in summer, there is every reason to believe that the present high mortality in winter can be materially reduced by breathing more fresh air. The windows of living rooms should be open as much as possible even in mid-winter. By using screens of bolting cloth when the weather is cold or the wind high, it is possible to let in the fresh air and still keep out wind and dust.



HARNESSING A VOLCANO.—In Central Tuscany is a large electric power house that obtains its initial driving power from volcanic heat. In the neighborhood are many cracks in the ground from which powerful jets of very hot steam spout high into the air. Early experiments in using the steam for driving engines failed commercially, for the borax salts, sulphureted hydrogen and sulphuric acid in the steam made necessary frequent repairs, on account of their corrosive action. The difficulty has now been overcome by applying the steam, not directly in the engine, but to a boiler in place of fuel. So applied, it produces steam in the boiler at a pressure of two atmospheres, which is then passed through a superheater, and so to the steam turbine used for driving electric generators. Prince Ginori-Conti, who has financed the undertaking, has made three large installations on that system. One of three thousand kilowatt units has been at work since January, 1916, the second since April, and the third has just been started. So far, the first two groups have worked very successfully, and have been a great boon to the industries of Tuscany, which are under a great disadvantage owing to the scarcity and high price of coal. Since the region available extends for many square miles round Larderello, there is nothing to prevent the installations from being increased until they produce hundreds of thousands of horse power.



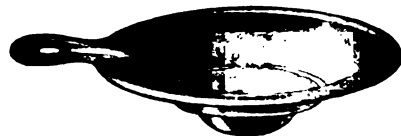
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WASHINGTON'S MULES

FEW people know that George Washington, according to his own account, was the first American to try to raise mules. Soon after the Revolution, says Mr. Paul Leland Haworth in George Washington: Farmer, he asked our representative in Spain to ascertain whether it would be possible "to get permission to extract a Jack ass of the best breed." At that time the exportation of those animals from Spain was forbidden by law, but Señor Florida Blanca, the Spanish minister of state, brought the matter to the attention of the king, who, in a fit of generosity, sent to the American hero two jacks and two jennets. One of the jacks died on the way over; but the other animals, in charge of a Spanish caretaker, reached Boston, and Washington dispatched an overseer to escort them to Mount Vernon, where they arrived December 5, 1785. An interpreter, named Capt. Sullivan, was brought down from Alexandria, and through him the general propounded to the caretaker many grave inquiries regarding the care of the beasts, and set down the answers carefully in writing.

Royal Gift, as the ass was duly christened, probably by the negro groom, Peter, was a large animal. According to measurements taken on the porch at Mount Vernon, he was fifteen hands high, and his body and limbs were large in proportion to his height; his ears were fourteen inches long, and his vocal cords were powerful. He was, however, a sluggish beast, and the sea voyage had affected him so unfavorably that for some time he was of little use. In letters to Lafayette and others, Washington commented facetiously upon the beast's failure to appreciate "republican enjoyment." Ultimately, however, Royal Gift recovered his strength and ambition, and proved a valuable piece of property. He was presently sent on a tour of the South, and while in South Carolina was in the charge of Col. William Washington, a hero of the Cowpens and other battles. The profits from the tour amounted to \$678.64, yet Royal Gift seems to have experienced some rough usage on the way, for he arrived home lame and thin and in a generally debilitated condition. The general wrote to the colonel about it thus:

"From accounts which I have received from some gentlemen in Virginia, he was most abominably treated on the journey by the man to whom he was entrusted, for, instead of moving him slowly and steadily along as he ought, he was prancing (with the Jack) from one public meeting or place to another in a gate which could not but prove injurious to an animal who had hardly ever been out of a walk before—and afterward, I presume (in order to recover lost time), rushed him beyond what he was able to bear the remainder of the journey."

No doubt the beast aroused great curiosity along the way among people who had never before set eyes upon such a creature. We can well believe that the cry, "General Washington's jackass is coming!" was always sufficient to attract a gaping crowd. And many would be the sage comments upon the animal's voice and appearance.

In 1786 Lafayette sent Washington from the island of Malta another jack and two jennets, besides some Chinese pheasants and partridges. The animals landed at Baltimore in November and reached Mount Vernon in good condition later in the month. To Campion, the man who accompanied them, Washington gave "30 Louis d'ors for his trouble." The new jack, the Knight of Malta, was a smaller beast than Royal Gift, and his ears measured only twelve inches; but he was well-formed and had the ferocity of a tiger.

By crossing the two strains, Washington ultimately obtained a jack called Compound, who united in his person the size and strength of the Gift with the courage and activity of the Knight. The general also raised many mules, which he found to be good workers and more cheaply kept in condition than horses.

AN OLD-TIME TOOTHACHE

A RECENT visitor to the mountain regions of North Carolina and Tennessee reports a community where, when anyone has endured all he thinks it worth while to endure from an aching tooth too firm or too far back to be conveniently dealt with by the door-and-string method, he resorts to the only person in the neighborhood who combines the necessary strength, skill and experience—the blacksmith.

This is a variation on the custom of primitive times, before the day of dentists, when such offices were usually intrusted to the barber, the local healer and bonesetter, or the itinerant quack. None of these men, although they were perforce employed, was held in much esteem. Dentistry as an important and respected profession is recent indeed. Nevertheless, even in old times, the sufferer occasionally turned for aid to an individual of dignity and consideration. It was so with young Ann Milvord, a "comely and virtuous maiden," whose teeth gave her a great deal of trouble more than two centuries ago.

Toothache was common then as now,—probably more common then than now,—but there was something strange, sinister and suspicious about Ann's toothaches. They came only on Sundays! Sitting in a drafty pew in an unheated meetinghouse in the dead of winter until the minister reached thirtiethly had doubtless a good deal to do with what we should probably diagnose as severe neuralgia, but they did not call it neuralgia then. They called it "the devil's pranks with a poor, pious girl," and the parson was called upon to pray for her relief.

"She aaked so sorely at times as to weep and mone, it coming upon her of a sudden upon the Sabbath dureing the preaching, so that she was ashamed and distressed butt yett could not containe herself, for the paine ran about among her teeth and disported betweene her jaws as it were a live impe of the devill who sent it for her confusion and distraction. And that it did not afflict her except onely upon the Sabbath could not be understood except as a sure signe of whence it came. Her teeth and mouthe were looked to with most careful tendence between Sabbaths, and washed daily with a strong washe of herbs and rubbed with certaine rootes frayed to a fringed, but to no availle, and this for near upon two moneths. But upon the parson praying and exhorting that the devill depart and leave the girl untormented, sudaine he went and she aaked no more."

It may have been the "devil" that departed, or it may have been merely the cold weather; but Ann and her friends had no doubts upon the subject. They were sure it was the "devil."



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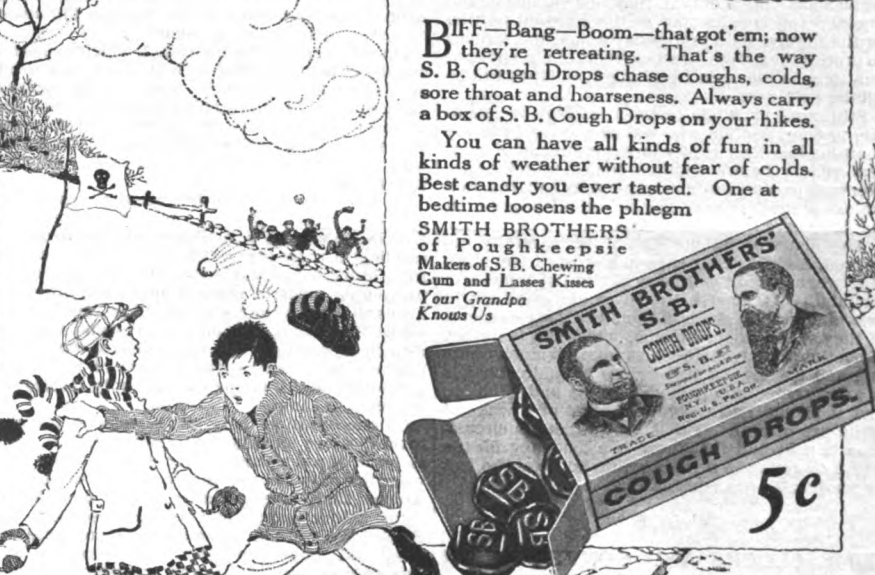
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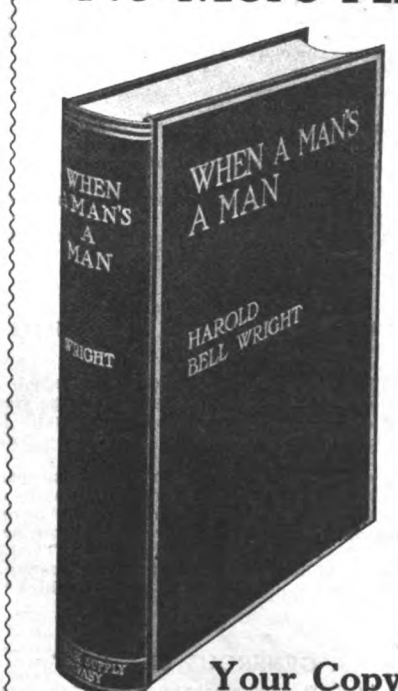
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THREE ESSENTIALS FOR CHILDREN

IN an earlier number we said that children, if they are to become strong men and women, must have proper food, proper air and proper rest. It would be a very good thing if all mothers could be trained to recognize the danger signs that show that there is a deficiency of any of the three. With respect to proper food, the digestive disturbances of young children are easily enough recognized. Sometimes the fault is with the kind of food, but more often it is with the quantity that is permitted. In these respects children differ just as adults do. It does not always follow that because one child thrives on unlimited quantities of a certain food it will suit the next child as well; stomachs vary in tolerance at every age. The good physician always stands ready to work with the mother in determining the proper quantity of food for a child to have.

In the case of ventilation more has to be left to the mother's discretion. The doctor may say, "Have plenty of fresh air," and the mother may honestly think she obeys; and yet the nursery may be an abomination of pink-ribbed stuffiness, and "colds" and coughs may be the constant portion of the family. With proper coverings, and screens to protect them from direct currents of air, children can sleep in the open air all night, and they will be all the better for it.

Still more must the question of rest be left to the mother. A child who wakes very early in the morning has used up an enormous amount of nervous vitality before bedtime comes round again. Nervous parents often have nervous children, and unless a strict régime can be established the inherited nerve fatigue will show itself early.

The signs of fatigue should be carefully observed. A child never says in words, "I feel absolutely exhausted," but he says it in excitement, in irritability of temper, in tired eyes, and especially in wakefulness. All children should be good sleepers; if they suffer from insomnia, something is wrong. Sometimes the trouble comes from too much romping and excitement just before bedtime. That is a great temptation to both parents and children, but it should be resisted. The feet of a wakeful child are often cold; that shows that its circulation is poor and that there is a tendency for the blood to go to the head. A warm bottle at the feet is serviceable in such a case.

TIME CLOCKS AND CONVERSATION

DOWN the road came a swirl of blue and white and a glint of copper-colored hair; blue and white and copper color flashed up the lane and through the hedge. Miss Lambert smiled to herself. It was Kathleen, with a new discovery in life. Kathleen had many ways of appearing, all of them her own, but only the most breathlessly exciting things of all came through the hedge.

"O Miss Frances!" Kathleen was on the steps now. "Miss Frances, you know that talk of Miss Hilyard's that I told you about—about how we could find out what we really were, pretty well, if we watched our own talk for a week—the amount of time we spent on different things—dress and gossip and boys and all that? 'Time Clocks and Conversation,' she called it."

Miss Frances nodded. "I remember. What kind of a person did you discover yourself to be?"

"Oh, me!" Kathleen blushed and then twinkled. "You see, I never succeeded in timing myself. I get so terribly interested in what we are talking about that I forget all about it till the very tip end, when everyone is going. And then it's too late. But I've been listening to other people. I've had first-rate chances at them—people who come in to see grandmother, when I have to be polite and give them tea and things, you know."

Miss Frances knew. There were not many things about Kathleen that Kathleen had not kept her fully posted about.

"Well, you know how 'tis. They forget all about you in a few minutes, and then you just have to sit. And I was being bored to death when I suddenly thought of Miss Hilyard. So I began to count. Old Mrs. Meeker was there, and how do you think she averaged up?"

Miss Frances, prudently keeping her eyes upon her knitting, declined to commit herself.

"Forty-nine minutes that woman talked gossip," the young voice declared, "sheer, clear, unadulterated gossip! Grandmother tried to shift her to the new library and half a dozen other things, but she didn't stay shifted two minutes. Just think—forty-nine minutes!"

"That isn't what you came to tell me, Kathleen," Miss Frances observed.

"Now, how did you know that?" Kathleen cried. "If I could only just surprise you once!" She drew a breath of disappointment, but she was too eager to tell her discovery to waste more than a breath. "But you're right; that wasn't my discovery. Well, Mrs. Meeker had hardly gone when Miss Allen came in. I always like Miss Allen, she tells such interesting things. When she went I glanced at the

clock without thinking and found that she had been there forty minutes, and everything she talked about was gossip, too; but—it was all so different! It was all lovely things about people. You felt as if the world was such a nice place to live in. And then—suddenly I made my discovery. Miss Hilyard was only half right after all; it isn't only what you talk about; the way you talk counts just as much!"

"Bravo, Kathleen!" Miss Frances responded.

MARINERS, ALL

NANTUCKET speech is a museum of nautical expressions. When a Nantucketer has luck, says the Boston Transcript, he is "running before the wind." To "scud" is to hasten, and one who becomes involved in his statements is "off his soundings." Anyone who is quite out of health is "keel-out." "I've been keel-out for a week with the gripe." Whaling terms come in here, too; for when a man says he is "Pretty nigh fin out," he means that he is "all in"—in reference to the fact that the dying whale rolls over on its side, showing a fin above water.

"Tending the kettle halyards" means, with women, doing housework. When a man gets excited in argument, he is told to "ease off." When your guest departs, you say, "Well, a fair wind to you." A man past threescore is "to the north'ard o' sixty." Every figure is derived from the sea.

When Obed Gardner, master mariner, wrote his will in 1841, he worded it as follows:

"Item. I have cruised with my wife, Huldry Jane, since 1811. We signed articles in town before the preacher on Independence Day. I want her and my son, Jotham, to be captain and mate in bringin' to port whatever I leave, and to see that every one of the crew gets the lay as writ down on this paper. I put mother in command. I know sheel be captain anyway, for six months after we started on our life cruise I found that I was mate and she was master. I don't mean that she ever mutilated, but I know that whenever we didn't agree she always manouvered to windward."

As for whaling, a Nantucket boy tied one end of his mother's darling cotton to a steel fork and tried to harpoon the family cat. As the animal sought to escape, his mother entered the room and picked up the ball. "Pay out, mother! Pay out!" screamed the boy. "There she sounds through the window!"

LIFE ON AN ANTARCTIC ISLAND

SHACKLETON'S men, marooned on Elephant Island, whose death from starvation was predicted if they were not presently rescued, do not appear to have been in real danger of any such fate. A letter from one of them, written at Punta Arenas, and published in the London Chronicle, describes their life on the island:

The day began with breakfast, which consisted mainly of penguin fried in blubber, with a drink of water. The morning's duties were clearing away snowdrifts and catching penguin. Lunch was served at one o'clock; it consisted of a biscuit and raw blubber. The afternoon was occupied with regular exercises over a track one hundred yards in length.

At five o'clock, when darkness fell, came dinner, consisting of penguin breast and beef tea. Lacking tobacco, the men smoked grass from the padding in their boots. Their pipes were carved from birds' bones and wood. The members of the party took turns in reading aloud from the only available books, namely, the Bible, an encyclopedia, Browning, Bacon's Essays and Carlyle's French Revolution. Saturday evening was always marked by a concert, the feature of which was banjo playing. A banjo was the only musical instrument in camp.

On one occasion there was a welcome addition to the diet; we found several undigested fish in the stomach of a seal, and greatly enjoyed them. They were the only fish we caught during our stay. In August there was a change in our diet, for we could gather limpets and use seaweed as a vegetable. We were in the midst of one of these seaweed and limpet lunches when the rescue boat was sighted. "When was the war over?" was the first question we asked.

ENLIST AT SUCH A TIME!

AMUSTERING officer, in the early days of the war, before England was aroused, says the Chicago News, met on the street of a coast village a strapping fellow about twenty-one years old. The officer hailed him.

"See 'ere, me lad," he said, "are you in good 'ealth?"

"I are," said the youth.

"Are you married?"

"I aren't."

"'Ave you anyone dependent on you?"

"I 'ave not."

"Then your King and country need you. Why don't you enlist?"

"What?" he said. "With this bloomin' war goin' on? You must think I am a silly fool!"

TOO COMMON TO BE WORTH MUCH

LITTLE red-headed Mike Casey got a job as office boy for the president of a large Western railway. After he had been upon the job several days, they gave him a form to fill out with his "Personal Record."

When young Mike came to a particular paragraph that said, "Have you any visible marks for identification in case of accident or death?" he rose from his chair and rushed over to a mirror near by, to give himself a general inspection. Then he returned to his task and wrote as his answer to this personal query, "Nothing except freckles."

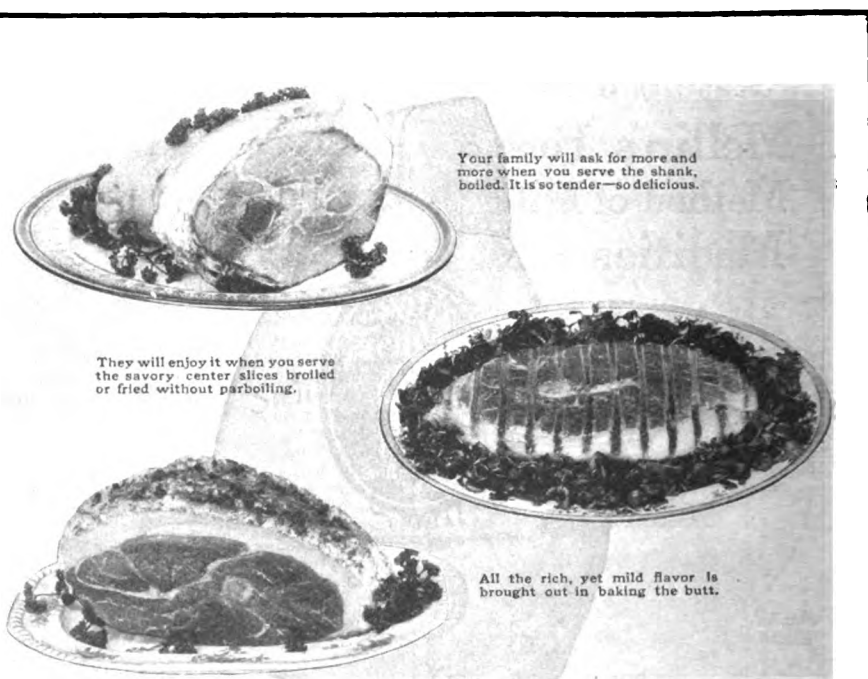
A GENEROUS BENEDICT

AYOUNG mountaineer brought his sweetheart to the justice of the peace to get married. After the ceremony, the young man said:

"Well, judge, how much do I owe you?"

"The law allows me a dollar, but some give me a little more."

"So?" said the bridegroom, as he pulled out a quarter, two dimes and five pennies and dropped them into the astonished judge's hand. "Well, here's fifty cents; with what the law allows you that makes a dollar and a half, and you can consider yourself well paid for a half hour's work."



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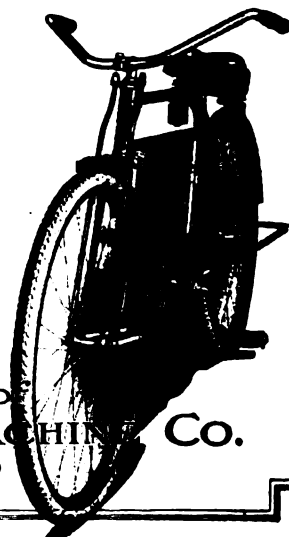
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Portions of the fruit not used in any of these recipes should not be wasted, but should be served at other times in other recipes.



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

AS Reuben came into the kitchen with some firewood, Rusty called rather fiercely to him from the pantry. The girl was preparing breakfast. She had quickly learned the ways of the household and did her work well. Until now she had done it cheerfully also; but this morning she neither sang nor whistled, but frowned and banged things round in the first fit of ill temper that she had had during the ten weeks she had been with Miss Penny. It had come upon her suddenly and unaccountably while she was fastening her red velvet collar before the mirror as she dressed.

Rusty was well named—or nicknamed. Her hair, long, thick and a little wavy, was of that tawny shade that is called red in hair, but that in fabric or drapery is properly described as golden brown. Her brows and lashes and even the freckles on her nose were of the same russet or rust color, and so were her eyes, except that they were brightened by streaks of green radiating from the pupils. Her skin was fair and fine and white, her lips unusually red and beautifully curved; but her mouth was large and her nose what is called a "pug." Apparently everyone shared her own opinion that she was utterly and hopelessly ugly.

Much of her violent temper was really owing to sensitiveness about her personal appearance; it had indeed increased greatly after she had entered the intermediate school and learned through the teasing of the little boys that to be red-haired is to be a butt for the jokes of your mates. In self-defense she had learned to ward off teasing and ridicule, first by pretending not to care, later and more successfully by making fun herself of her red hair and freckles. None the less she had only grown more sensitive as she grew older. This morning it was the unbecoming red velvet against her face that had brought on the fit of temper.

Rusty did not know that that was the cause of her ill humor. She had worn red ever since she could remember, and never dreamed that it made any difference in her appearance. She had a second cousin in New York City who was about her height and who apparently grew at about the same rate; and her discarded but little-worn clothes were regularly sent to Rusty. They were always of excellent material, and well and attractively made; but the cousin was a brunette, and the dresses and jackets were almost invariably red, and generally scarlet. No color suited Rusty less.

The girl admired and liked Reuben Cartwright with all her warm heart, but this morning she deliberately tried to quarrel with him.

"Reuben!" she shouted from the pantry, and then appeared on the threshold with flushed cheeks. "For goodness' sake, leave that wood box alone! You never let me get anywhere near the bottom of it! I always have to take wood off the very top, and I'm sick and tired of it. I'd just like to fling every stick in your arms through the window, glass and all."

Reuben gazed at her over the armful of wood, startled and amazed.

"I'll take it out, Rusty," he said. "I suppose it is drier underneath."

Her eyes fairly blazed. "You know that's not what I mean, Reuben Cartwright! It's only that you make me—sick, you're so everlastingly good! Why don't you be content with filling the wood box when it's empty?"

Reuben went out with the wood. When he returned with the spring water for breakfast,



DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON

"REUBEN CARTWRIGHT, HOW DARE YOU!" SHE CRIED. "IT'S A LIE!"

REUBEN'S PORTION

In Ten Chapters

By Joslyn Gray

Chapter Two

Rusty's flash of temper had died down; but she was not yet out of the gloom.

"Honestly, Reuben, don't you get tired of being so good all the time?" she asked. "You are just like an old man. You don't seem to care about anything except doing things for other people before they even know they want 'em. Why don't you play sometimes? You're only fourteen. Why don't you hang round after school and cut up shines with the other boys?"

Reuben's face clouded.

"I don't seem to want to," he said. "Sometimes, Rusty, I wish I did. I haven't played—or anything—since my mother died, and—I guess I've forgotten how. I always had to look out for my father, you see, and do for him."

"Well, Reuben, you could do for people just as well if you were a little more lively. The boys would like you better, too. Of course the girls like you, because you're good-looking."

Reuben flushed. Rusty disappeared into the pantry, and returned with a basket of eggs.

"As for me, I'm going to have as good a time as ever I can," she went on, carefully dropping the eggs into the boiling water. "I don't want to be old and serious until the time comes when I must. I'd just love to go into society and wear pretty dresses and dance till three in the morning and be called vivacious."

Rusty's eyes shone now. Then they clouded again and her voice became yet gloomier.

"My goodness! What's the use of my talking that way! No one ever calls you vivacious unless you're pretty. And it would be jolly hanging round till three in the morning and

no one dancing with you because you were such a fright."

"O Rusty," the boy protested, "you're no such thing!"

But to Rusty his words carried no conviction. She took out the eggs, started to answer, but choked and fled upstairs. When she came down after breakfast was over, she had been crying, and was of course aware that she looked worse than ever.

Reuben went to school greatly distressed, but a glimpse of Rusty at recess in the midst of a group of girls reassured him. She was laughing and talking and they were hanging on her words; for in truth the girl was a general favorite. And when later she spoke to him jestingly of the incident that morning, saying that she had feared that if he piled the wood too high it would catch fire from her red hair, he supposed that that was the end of it.

His mind then turned to her criticism of himself. And the more he dwelt upon it the more keen and just it seemed to him. He was, he admitted, more like a grown man than a boy in his first year of the academy. He liked to take care of the pony and the cow, to work in the garden, to study and read, but he did not care much about playing with the other boys. The fellows liked him well enough, partly, he supposed, because he could play football better and run faster than most of them; but Rusty found him wanting.

There was just one young thing that he liked to do, and he wondered why he had not told her. He liked to run, to race when he was by himself; to have things whiz by him as they do when you ride a bicycle. My! But it would be fun to own a bicycle!

Old longings revived in him. He had begun to want a bicycle just before his mother had died. And suddenly, as those longings came back, a light flashed upon him. It was just after that time that he had—well, sort of given up being a boy. Perhaps a bicycle was what he needed now. It might be that if he had one he could recapture the lost youth that lay between his first dreams of owning a wheel and this afterthought, as it were. If so, it would be worth getting a bicycle if only to please Rusty.

He found that he could get a good secondhand wheel for fifteen dollars. He had eight dollars already, and it would take him until March to save the rest. However, as the roads would not be good before April he had plenty of time. He seemed to himself almost to grow young at the mere thought of riding a wheel.

He was to go to Wenham to make the purchase the first Saturday in March. He went to school Friday happy in the anticipation; but when he returned home at night he had forgotten his intended purchase. For just before the close of the session, Mr. Phillips, the head master, had made an announcement of great moment to Reuben's class. A certain Col. Wadsworth of New York City, who had been graduated with the first class—of three members—at the academy, wished to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of that occasion, two years from the coming June, by awarding a prize to the member of the graduating class of that year who should have the highest record for those two years. The prize was in the form of a scholarship covering the full expense of a college course.

Reuben's heart beat high as he rushed home. He had already decided to work his way through college somehow, and here was a wonderful chance to work for it simply by doing what he liked best to do. He could not help knowing that he had no rival in the class.

Rusty might have been a rival, but she had no ambition for anything except society and fine clothes. And yet—perhaps she could be roused. As soon as he had finished his chores Reuben sought her out.

He found her in the kitchen paring potatoes. She wore a long, blue-checked gingham apron that entirely covered her red dress. Her eyes were very bright, her cheeks deeply flushed. In the soft light of the late afternoon her hair looked tawny like a lion's mane, instead of red. Reuben gazed at her in amazement. Rusty was almost pretty! It seemed to him that she was really pretty!

He realized that she was excited, and supposed that it was owing to the announcement of the prize. In truth, the girl was ready to burst into tears. Her feelings had been terribly wounded.

In a way she had brought it upon herself. When she entered the academy, she had gone on as at the grammar school, calling attention to her red hair and freckles, joking about them, and seemingly inviting others to do the same. Even the teachers had noticed how ready she was to laugh at her red hair; indeed, it was Mr. Phillips himself, whom Rusty adored next to Mr. Langley, who had hurt her feelings.

The English class were reading a passage in which reference was made to a monument in the New Forest marking the spot where a chance arrow had felled a king. Although the class had studied English history for nearly a year, no one could name the king. After prompting them in vain, Mr. Phillips turned to Rusty.

"You ought to know, Miss Miller," he

said, referring to her quick memory. But even as he spoke he saw the other meaning to his remark, and smiled in spite of himself. And when some one shouted "Rufus!" everyone laughed. Rusty laughed with the rest, and, although she paled, no one dreamed that she was suffering torture.

When Reuben spoke eagerly of the prize, she turned upon him fiercely.

"Oh, yes, it's fine for you, no doubt, Reuben, for you'll get it! No one else has any show."

"You might have if you liked, Rusty. Why don't you go in for it?" he urged.

"What would I care about it?" she demanded bitterly.

"I should think you'd want to go to college, but anyhow it would be fine to be at the head of the class, and you could be easily."

"Do you suppose Helen Martin will try?" she asked quietly.

Helen was the prettiest girl in South Hollow, —or in Farleigh either, for that matter,—but she was not much of a scholar.

"Oh, no, Rusty!" he answered, surprised.

"Or Margaret Hatch?"

"Why, I shouldn't suppose so, should you?"

Then Rusty burst forth. With blazing eyes and flaming cheeks she poured out a torrent of reproaches that quite overwhelmed the innocent Reuben.

"Oh, no," she cried, "of course you wouldn't expect Helen to, or Margaret, or Emma Fields! Oh, no! They don't need to be smart! Oh, no! They're pretty, and that's enough! You're like everyone else, Reuben Cartwright. You think just because I'm red-headed and ugly and

poor that I ought to be smarter in school than anyone else, and never dare to turn round or break a rule or have any fun. But I just won't stand it! I'm just exactly as human as if I were pretty, and I'm going to begin and be just as bad as I know how. And if I get expelled I'll go home, but I won't stay there! I'll run away as my sister Anna did!"

And Rusty, who never did anything by halves, swept the basin from her lap to the floor, where the potatoes and skins spread over the white boards that she had herself washed, and, burying her head in her arms upon the table, began to sob wildly.

Reuben stared at her until he felt about to choke; but Rusty continued to sob, and he could do nothing to help her. The window faced the west. A rich afterglow filled the kitchen with a soft golden light that fell on Rusty's bowed head. Her neck looked as white as marble. Little tendrils of hair curled about it, and her heavy braid hung halfway to the floor. Her hair did not seem at all red to Reuben now; it was like sweet fern in the fall with the sun shining on it. It seemed almost as if it had changed color. Oh, if only it had!

"Rusty," he said suddenly, "you're mistaken! Your hair's pretty. It's—beautiful!"

Rusty raised her head and confronted him. "Reuben Cartwright, how dare you!" she cried. "It's a lie!" And rushing from the room, she stamped heavily upstairs.

The next day she was penitent and subdued and very sweet. But she looked white and really worn; and now Reuben knew that it would all come back: she would have it all to

go through again—not once only, but again and again. And looking ahead in his old, wise manner, he saw that life would be very hard for a girl who suffered so keenly over what could not be helped.

At least, he supposed it could not be helped. And yet, her hair *had* looked pretty in the golden light, and even before that he had noticed how attractive she was in the checked apron with the little puckered frill standing up about her white throat.

As Reuben walked to Wenham that morning, in order to make his momentous purchase, his mind was constantly on Rusty. Suppose she should wear the gingham apron all the time? She would not, of course. Girls did not wear aprons to school any more than boys wore overalls. What did the other girls wear, then, that made them look attractive just as the checked apron had made Rusty seem pretty?

Helen Martin wore blue; he remembered hearing people say that such and such a ribbon or tie matched her blue eyes. Margaret Hatch wore brown, although, he believed, it was like her hair, and some of the boys thought she was prettier than Helen. It would of course be easier to match Rusty's hair, for it was hard to tell what color her eyes were.

Just then the minister came out of the parsonage on his way to the post office, and he fell in beside Reuben. They had not walked far, when they met Margaret in a brown knitted jacket and cap that were indeed just the color of her brown hair.

"Which do you think looks better," Reuben asked, just before they reached the post office,

"for a girl to wear a dress that matches the color of her hair or of her eyes?"

Mr. Langley's face was quite serious. "Which way was Margaret's just now?" he asked. "That seemed to me just right."

"Like her hair," said Reuben.

"I should certainly have them match her hair, then."

Reuben proceeded along the Wenham road, but when he reached the Miller house he hesitated, stopped, and finally went inside. He asked Rusty's mother in confidence for the address of the cousin in the city who sent Rusty the dresses.

That evening he told Miss Penny in private that he had given up the bicycle because he would rather have fifteen dollars' worth of something else. He never told her or anyone else what that something was. That night he wrote a letter:

Dear Mrs. Rachel Conant. As a friend of your cousin, Jane Miller, I know that you send her your daughter's dresses when she gets done with them. Her mother says you have never seen her, so you wouldn't be likely to know that she doesn't look very well in things that are another red altogether from her hair, and she has freckles also that match her hair. I don't know how much dresses cost, but I send a post-office order for fifteen dollars, and if that is enough will you please buy a new one for her just the color of this. [Here was pinned a bit of the tie of a russet shoe.] Please send it as you always do, as if it were one you were through with, and don't ever let her know I wrote to you. By the time this wears out, I shall probably send you more money.

I remain, madam, yours respectfully,
Reuben Cartwright.

TO BE CONTINUED.



WILL STOPPED ABRUPTLY IN THE ROAD: THEN HE GAVE A SHOUT AND JUMPED BACK

MAJOR BOHUN'S WORD By Archibald Rutledge

THE very first intimation Maj. Meriwether Bohun had that anything was wrong was the tremendous bound that his mare, Kitty, gave. Had he not been an expert horseman, the little thoroughbred's sudden dash would surely have unseated him; but he managed to keep his saddle and to pull in the mare.

"Whoa, girl!" he said gently, gathering in the lines with his left hand and patting his mount soothingly with his right. "What is it that scared you, little one? There's nothing on this old swamp road to frighten anyone, Kitty."

But there evidently was; for the mare was trembling and blowing her breath spasmodically through her wide, quivering nostrils. Maj. Bohun knew from those signs that Kitty's keen senses had detected some danger on that narrow, dark, lonely pathway.

It happened on the old road leading from Maj. Bohun's plantation in the Santee country to the neighboring plantation of Wedgewood, which, except for a few negro tenants, had long since been deserted. Moreover, it happened at night. The major was sure that his mare had scented danger of some kind. Her nervousness was increasing every moment; she kept fidgeting, and then began to give unmistakable signs of intending to bolt.

"One of the girth buckles may be jamming her," the major said to himself. "I'll get off a minute to feel if everything is all right."

He dismounted and led the frightened mare forward a few paces; then he stopped her and his hands began to fumble over the buckles of the girth. For the moment, he let the lines fall loose on the horse's neck. In that moment, whether the mare realized that her master was off his guard or whether some stray wind had wafted to her another scent of her peril, she whirled suddenly and, snorting loudly, galloped back down the black passage of the road along which she had come.

There the major was left standing, three miles from home and three miles from Wedgewood. He was on an elevated part of the road, on what had once been a causeway; and that particular point was near the heart of the

swamp that separated his own plantation from Wedgewood. Yet, strange as it may seem, Maj. Bohun's presence in such a place at such a time had come about in a perfectly natural way.

That afternoon he had promised to go over to Wedgewood to see a sick negro. The day had been hot; a thunderstorm had come up just as the major was about to start on his ride, and for more than an hour a wild tempest had shaken the tall magnolias and swayed the great live oaks that stood round the major's house. The sun was setting when at last the rain ceased.

With the major a promise was a promise. He had sent word to the negro that he was coming, and nothing would have kept him from fulfilling his obligation. The major was a proud man; yet his pride was productive of the highest virtues—generosity, courage, hospitality and gallant adherence to a fine code of honor. There was no man of his county who had suffered more or who complained less, who had had more cause for tears yet who had preserved more genuinely his light heart, his merry smile and his ringing laughter.

Behind his rambling old plantation house, many parts of which had acknowledged the triumph of time to the extent of leaning dejectedly, stood a little brick building. It had been a smokehouse, but the major had fitted it with benches and a fireplace. There the many negroes who came to see him could have a warm and sheltered waiting place. From there, as soon as the storm had abated, Major Bohun had called Will, his ancient negro servant. At the foot of the steps Will had stood, with his battered cap in his hand, and with the last fine drops of the heavy shower falling upon his gray head.

"Will," the major had said, "I want you to saddle Kitty

for me. It's stopped raining, and I'm going over to Wedgewood to see poor Joe Wilson."

Maj. Bohun made his tone final. He knew very well that Will would be sure to object to his plan. Long, faithful service had given the negro the privilege of advising his master on all matters.

"You gwine there to-night, Mas' Meriwether?" he had asked, with strong disapproval in his tone. "Dat road is so bery slippery after dis rain, sah, and Wedgewood is a long, lonely way off, sah."

Although the objection was dutifully made, the negro would really have been disappointed if the major had not kept to his word. It would have been the first time it had ever happened; and the dusky servitor was not at all beneath appreciating a delicate point of honor, and of considering it as his own as well as his master's.

"No; I must go, Will," the major had answered at once. "I shall be ready as soon as you get the horse here."

Down at the stable, while Will was adjusting the bridle and saddle on Kitty, he kept muttering proudly to himself, "'Cose he gwine! I done know he wouldn't bruk his wud! No, sah, not eben to a sick nigger! Bruk his wud?" he asked himself with scornful incredulity, to afford himself the satisfaction of stoutly denying such an absurdity. "Not him! Dat's about all we got left on dis ole place now; but we ain't gwine to lose dat! No, sah, not so long as me and Mas' Meriwether libes. You hear dat, Kitty?"

Meanwhile Maj. Bohun had been taking stock of what he could spare for the sick man at Wedgewood. The bundle that he finally tied up consisted of sundry little packages of groceries, the waistcoat of an old suit of evening clothes, a flaming red tie of antique design

and a woolen muffler. It was an odd assortment of gifts for an invalid; but the major did not trouble himself about that. The gifts would carry his affection; and that was the most that any gift could carry.

It was an hour later, when he was riding along the lonely swamp road, that something had frightened Kitty.

After his mount had galloped off in the darkness, Maj. Bohun stood doubtfully in the black gulch of the road. The package for the sick man he had stuffed into one of his greatcoat pockets, and he now put his hand on it reminiscently.

There was everything to take him back home, it seemed: this danger, whatever it was, should take him back; the fact that he was now on foot should make him turn rather than go on; it would take him more than an hour to walk to the negro cabin at Wedgewood, and he well knew how uncomfortable he would be when he arrived. But in spite of all that Maj. Bohun did not hesitate. His mind had made him pause, but his heart had had only a single purpose. He would go on.

All the dark and lonely way to Wedgewood the major puzzled over Kitty's fright. There were several things that might have caused it. Out of the lonely vastness of the monstrous swamp might have come a roaming black bear; it might have been a negro fugitive from one of the county chain gangs; it might have been a rattlesnake, the sinister and penetrating odor of which will make even the best horse unmanageable.

Before the major started forward he had listened intently for a sound that might betray the identity of the creature that had frightened his mare; but except for the lonely wind grieving through the towering pines the silence of the mouldering swamp was unbroken.

Once, indeed, he heard the far-off and melancholy note of a great horned owl; but it was so weird and remote that it seemed a tone of the deep woodland wilderness itself rather than the voice of a living creature.

"I don't know what it could have been; I give up," Maj. Bohun muttered to himself:



MAJ. BOHUN STOOD DOUBTFULLY IN THE BLACK GULCH OF THE ROAD

"but it certainly gave Kitty a bad scare. She'll go into the stable lot at home. I hope Will doesn't find her to-night; he would worry a good deal about me."

An hour's walk through the silent, cavernous woods brought the major to the borders of Wedgewood, and soon afterwards he came to Joe Wilson's cabin.

Matters were worse than Maj. Bohun had anticipated, and he was heartily glad that he had come. From the dim couch beside the dark fireplace where he lay, the sick negro looked up at him with grateful eyes.

"I knowed you would come, sah," he said, rousing himself to make the effort of speaking. He tried to sit up in the light of the smoking lamp, but he had not the strength.

The major busied himself to make Joe comfortable. The invalid was alone in the cabin, and was too weak to help himself; but Maj. Bohun knew what to do. First he conferred his gifts, and that lightened the negro's heart. Next he made the fire blaze brightly. He then unwrapped the groceries he had brought, and used the paper to stuff up a drafty crack above the negro's bed; then he put on a few old pans and began to cook some of the food. And all the while he kept talking cheerfully to the stricken man, whose only reply was a reiteration of the solemn statement:

"I sholy would 'a' died dis night, Mas' Meriwether, if you hadn't 'a' come."

When the sick man had had his supper, the major began to prepare to return; but there was such a dumb appeal in the negro's eyes that he speedily came to a different decision.

"Joe," he said, "I believe I'll just stay here for the night. Kitty got away from me, and I don't want to walk all the way home in the dark. I'll just sit in this chair by the fire. You go to sleep now, Joe, and I'll be right here when you wake."

The negro could not thank him, but he sighed with deep content and closed his eyes peacefully. The depth of his gratitude became articulate in his dreams; for once he cried out poignantly, as if in protest, "No! No! He done say he would come!" and then subsided into deep slumber.

When morning came, Maj. Bohun was still sitting beside Joe; and when the negro woke, refreshed and much better, he saw the old planter's kindly face.

Joe's fever was gone, and his brain, he said, was clear.

"You had a good night, Joe," said the major. "You are going to get well now. I'll send Will over with some things for you, this afternoon; and to-morrow I'll come again myself."

Into the radiant dawn of a golden September day the major stepped; and as he walked briskly down the plantation road, he squared his shoulders and hummed blithely an old love melody. He loved the woods; and this walk home through the dewy freshness and glimmering beauty filled him with pure joy. On all sides the marvelous beauty of the Southern forest withdrew into rarer beauty; the vistas, in ending, suggested a diviner loveliness beyond them.

It was, indeed, so beautiful that Maj. Bohun did not think of the sinister experience of the night before until he came almost to the place where Kitty had deserted him. Then he remembered; and he was not at all surprised to see the faithful Will coming down the narrow causeway to meet him.

"He's found Kitty with the saddle and bridle on her," said the major to himself, "and has come over to see what has happened to me."

But suddenly Will stopped abruptly in the road; then he gave a shout and jumped back. Maj. Bohun came up quickly; Will was calling to him to be careful, and was pointing to what lay on the causeway.

Spanning the road between him and the negro, Maj. Bohun saw the thing that had frightened Kitty. It was a monstrous reptile—a diamond-backed rattler of the swamp. Its massive body could not have been less than nine feet long.

It lay at a peculiar, awkward angle; but its broad, malignant, spade-shaped head was alertly raised, and its cold, yellow eyes glittered ominously. About the grim and terrible mouth there was an expression of savage cruelty. The lips were pallid, drawn, deadly; but the huge rattlesnake seemed to have control of the forward part of its body only. It could strike, but it could not coil. Its back had evidently been injured. Yet, partly because of that very injury, it was the most dangerous and formidable monster of the lonely Southern swamp.

The negro made a detour through the bushes, and now stood beside Maj. Bohun, who told him of Kitty's breaking away.

"And there's what scared her," he added, as they gazed at the hideous rattler; "no wonder she bolted from me."

"But dat snake ain't been lyin' here all night?" the negro asked, staring, fascinated, at the dread reptile in the roadway before them.

"I believe I know what happened," the major replied. "Kitty shied when we passed

the snake. She winded him, but she did not know where he was. Then, when she broke and galloped back, she ran over him and injured him. Yes, he has lain there all night. What a monster!"

It took the two men the better part of half an hour to cut long poles in the swamp and to kill the powerful rattlesnake. The major then counted the rattles; there were twenty-nine. He also saw where the mare's hoofs had crushed the back of the reptile.

"See here, Will," he said, pointing to the deep wound, "here's where Kitty scored. This

snake must have been maddened by such tramping," he went on, half to himself, "and would have been wild to strike after such an injury. Now if I hadn't gone on to Wedgewood," he mused aloud; "if I had turned back. The road is so narrow here, and it was so dark —"

Maj. Bohun cleared his throat slightly. The negro, whose eyes were wet, said hurriedly and in a tone of assumed assurance, "But you didn't been in no danger, sah, 'cause you had done promised Joe to come to see him. And we don't neber bruk dat Bohun wud, sah."

THE RIVER OF LIFE

By Dr. C.W. Saleeby

ALL life is lived in water. Where no water is, no life can be. The necessary machinery may have been already made, as in a completely dried seed, but that seed cannot actually live until water reaches it again. To live is to be wet; or, in the phrase of a French student, "Life is an aquatic phenomenon."

When the supply of water is withheld from living things, they may survive, but their life is slowed down, as it were. In the completely dried seed, life is arrested altogether, yet the creature is not dead. The French call that a case of *vie suspendue*—or, in our language, suspended animation. After astonishingly long periods, such seeds will germinate if they are watered.

The astronomer tells us that our planet is only one of many belonging to innumerable suns, and he wonders whether this little "lukewarm bullet" of ours, as Robert Louis Stevenson called it, is really unique in bearing a burden of life. There is one path that leads to the answer of his query. If he finds no evidence of water on other worlds, he cannot expect to find life there.

WATER ON MARS



THAT is why it is so important to decide whether the polar caps of the planet Mars really consist of water, as is apparently the case, or of solid carbonic acid, as some persons suppose. Prof. Percival Lowell and his assistants satisfied themselves that the light reflected to us from Mars must have passed through water vapor in the atmosphere of the planet. That does not prove Mars to be inhabited, but it makes Mars immeasurably more interesting to the student and lover of life, because he knows that where water is life may be.

As for the moon, we find no evidence there of water. The moon is small and perhaps was unable to hold to itself the water that may once have been there. Thus, it is possible that life once blossomed on the moon; but now our satellite can at best be no more than a whited sepulchre.

We know that the sun is so hot that the elements, oxygen and hydrogen, that go to make water, and that are certainly present there, cannot combine. The sun, the heat of which is the source of all the life we know, is therefore itself lifeless.

It is not enough to say that all life is lived in water. All life is lived in liquid water; the water must be wet. If it remained in a gaseous state, no life could exist in it.

LIFE LIVED IN RUNNING WATER

WE know that the water of the earth is continuously moving. "All the rivers run into the sea, and yet the sea is not filled." The sun lifts water into the air, whence it falls as rain and replenishes the streams. That is exactly what life requires. Stagnant or standing water will not avail it for long. The water of life must not only be wet, so to say, but it must ever flow. All life is lived in running liquid water. If the flow ceases, the life stagnates and shortly dies.

The rule is absolute. The driest seeds, or spores of microbes, or those most minute objects that no microscope can reveal and no filter retain, may survive, with all their

malignant possibilities, for months or even decades of years. But it is only when they get into a stream of water that they can really live and multiply.

Such a stream of water they find in any one of us whom they may attack in order to produce what we call mumps or scarlet fever or measles. For each of us, being alive, is a reservoir, or rather a running river, of water. Nearly three fourths of the weight and substance of each of us is merely water, and this water is

ever flowing through us. It is almost as if the living creature were like a turbine or mill wheel, which placed itself in the stream of water that ever circles through land and sea and sky under the compelling force of the sun.

In most plants the river of life runs upward. The tree stands in the rain, and its leaves are dripping wet, but it receives no moisture through them. Like our skin, they are waterproof from without inward, but they let water freely leave them from within outward. The tree receives the river of life solely through its roots. Thence, by wonderful processes, it is forced upward against the pull of the earth, and passes from the plant in the form of a vapor or gas by way of its leaves. That passing of water from the leaves is called transpiration. It is, in every essential respect, precisely the same as what in ourselves is called perspiration—the passing of water outward through the otherwise waterproof skin.

As the plant drinks by its roots, so we drink by the mouth. There is no such thing as a skin food, and there is no such thing as a skin drink. If there were, the consequences of washing would be alarming and inconvenient. The river of life, having entered through the mouth, flows through our bodies in the form of the blood, which carries water as well as food and air to all the thirsty tissues. Then, by the lungs and the kidneys and the skin, the river of life flows away from our bodies. If we would live, we must at all costs perpetually and abundantly renew it.

WATER AS A CLEANSER

THE expression of that imperative and continual necessity is what we call thirst. Few of us have experienced thirst in any grave degree, yet we know enough of it from experience to realize how insistent are its demands. Perhaps we do not clearly



know why we cannot simply supply ourselves with enough water and live our lives in that until further notice; but we know that for ourselves as for plants the water must necessarily be changed, or we shall perish. The water is not really a source of energy by its flow, as it is for the turbine or mill wheel, but flow it must, and we can discover at least one reason for that necessity.

The river of life ceaselessly cleanses the living being. As we live, we produce rubbish that would surely accumulate and kill us unless we disposed of it. The river of life carries some of that rubbish away. Many persons who are scrupulously clean as to their skin are careless about a more important matter of cleanliness; not until they greatly swell the stream of pure water that should flow through them can they recover from the gout or arthritis or other technically named complaint that cripples them.

There is thus a certain rightness in the view of those Orientals who think that, even for external washing, our method of getting into a bath, washing ourselves, and wallowing in the product, is not a cleanly proceeding; they believe that the only decent way to wash is in a running stream.

The surgeon, too, in his task of cleansing

the interior of the body, knows the value of irrigation with running water.

The physician also has lately learned sense in that respect. Fever, we used to say, is a disease, and therefore everything characteristic of it is bad and must be discouraged. Thirst, of course, is a mark of fever; therefore the patient must be deprived of water. Unthinkable hosts of ill persons have endured hours of miserable torture from that nonsense, and many have died. The thirst is a demand for the cleansing and cooling stream that we need above all in fever, when the body is burning fast and producing much rubbish, and when microbes are manufacturing their deadly poisons, which the river of life must dilute and drain away.

The biggest fraud there is, which the wise man called "a mocker" nearly three thousand years ago, ingeniously avails itself of this universal human need. At ordinary temperatures alcohol is liquid and wet and can persuade the simple that it will satisfy thirst. But alcohol is no more a drink than snuff or opium. Instead of satisfying thirst, alcohol is itself the thirstiest thing we know. The cleverest chemist cannot entirely rid alcohol of the last traces of water, to which it obstinately clings. When it enters the body, the first thing it must do is to satisfy its thirst at our expense. The body, of course, tries to expel it, like any other poison, but when the alcohol goes it takes much water with it, and leaves the body thirstier than ever.

ALCOHOL A HUMBUG



BUT observe the subtlety with which this "mock-er" defrauds us. The drinker is deceived into thinking that his craving is natural thirst, although as a matter of fact he desires what creates thirst instead of slaking it. If alcohol happened to be a dry powder instead of being a thirsty liquid, many of us would see more clearly than

we do what an artificial "need" and what an arrant humbug alcohol is.

No river contains water only. From the soil the river dissolves salts, and from the air it absorbs gases. It is those salts that accumulate in the oceans. The river of life is salty also. Pure water, distilled by the chemist, free of salts and gases alike, is a stale, flat beverage; the water that we enjoy has a sparkle and a flavor that come from its salts and gases. The doctor, anxious to replenish his patient's tissues, does not run pure water into them, but what he calls "normal saline," water that contains a small but definite proportion of common salt.

The puzzle of puzzles is that, although all life is lived in water, and therefore is athirst, all life is also afire. Water is the last thing we want, as a rule, to help combustion. Yet, although our bodies are mostly water, we continually burn sugar in them at a temperature far too low for the burning of sugar outside them.

"Setting the Thames on fire" would be a simple affair compared with the flame that ever glows within the running river of life. But fire means not only fuel but also air. Life is lived in wind and water. The river of life must flow, the breath of life must blow, in order that the fire of life may glow.

Nowadays, of course, we know too much chemistry to be satisfied with the old notions about "elements"; but if we accept what Aristotle thought, we see that the wonderful and holy mystery that we call life proceeds from the "four elements"—earth, air, fire and water—and in conjunction with them. It is interesting that Shakespeare makes one of his characters say as much.

WATER MUST BE PURE

LASTLY, the river of life must not be impure. To poison or pollute wells has always been regarded as the act of a savage. Water-borne disease has killed most or many of those who have gone before us. The first necessity of life is a never-failing supply of pure water. In war the problem is so difficult and so important that it has probably decided many campaigns. In peace the building of cities depends more upon the water supply than upon everything else.

Through every large city in the world there daily and nightly pours a colossal river of water, passing through and round the bodies of all the citizens. It necessarily is foul when it leaves; it must be pure when it enters. If either the inflow or the outflow be arrested, the city must perish of thirst or disease. These mighty assemblages of human beings depend upon the skill that diverts a mighty stream



of the water of the world through each of them, and on the care which, in spite of all difficulties and of all vicissitudes of climate

and of risk of contamination, keeps that stream pure. For a man, an army of men, or a city of men, the river of life must be clean.

THE TAMING OF THE SHAW

By Lulu Gracia Parker

He swore by all the ducks in the pond,
And all the leaves in the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

"NO, sir!" said Cadmon Shaw emphatically. "We can't afford any labor-saving devices. The first Mrs. Shaw never had 'em, and there wasn't a better housekeeper in Teahi County."

The second Mrs. Shaw—this was the fourth honeymoon breakfast of the newly wedded pair—looked at her lord mildly over the coffee cups. Cadmon took a second helping of corn fritters and hoped that his wife was not going to prove unreasonable. Her cooking was good. But he reflected with some uneasiness that the first Mrs. Shaw would never have broached the subject of power machinery or water in the kitchen.

Cadmon knew well the neighbors' opinion on that matter; they had not been slow to declare that too much hard work had sent the first Mrs. Shaw to her grave.

"Salina was too meek," they said. "Oh, I guess he never beat her, but it was work, work, work, and pinch and save, and never go anywhere, or have decent clothes, and no company for fear they'd eat extra!"

The second Mrs. Shaw was not a Teahi woman. Cadmon had discovered that the spinsters and widows of Teahi County preferred

a very good meal. "It looks to me as if it would be a lot easier than housekeeping in this house."

And then Cadmon said it. "Shucks!" he exclaimed somewhat testily. "Housework ain't no job a-tall. It's just fiddling. If I had no more to do than a woman in the house, I'd think I was having a vacation. I bet"—he went on, warning to his subject—"that I could get more housework done in a day than any woman I ever knew could do in three."

Mrs. Shaw laughed good-naturedly, and passed him the pie. "If you can beat any woman in this neighborhood, I'll never say any more about labor-saving devices. You show me how to run the tractor and then we can trade work and see."

"Shucks!" said Cadmon, and thought that he would do no such thing.

The next afternoon Mrs. Shaw went out early, and again rode behind her lord on the running board of the tractor, and asked more questions about the machine's inner works.

"Now to-day let me try," she begged a few days later.

Cadmon disliked to do it; he had an uneasy feeling that the situation was getting beyond his control. But she was a comely woman and a very new wife—and she had brought out with her a large slice of very good ginger cake. So, although he had no mind to exchange work with her, or to be wheedled into wasting any money on power washers or other "falderals," he let her run the tractor for a few minutes.

And then the hired man quit. It was the day after Mrs. Shaw had driven across country to the home of Mr. Shaw's sister to return that lady's first call; but Mr. Shaw did not connect the two incidents.

"How lucky I know how to drive the tractor!" said Mrs. Shaw. "I can draw the harrows with it just as well as not. And you can drive the horses to the seeder as the man did. I'd just as soon as not. It's most like running an automobile."

"You see, it would be cheaper to get a woman to do the cooking and housework than to get another hired man," she went on. "Your sister was saying that she knew a woman that would like a spell of work. Why not hire her and let me help outdoors? I'd just as soon as not."

That argument seemed sound to Cadmon—especially since the season was getting late for seeding the wheat. And Mrs. Shaw had made no mention of exchanging work with him. So, after a futile attempt to get a new man by way of a neighbor's telephone,—he had always considered a telephone as an expensive and unnecessary luxury,—Cadmon allowed his wife to set out bright and early the next morning in quest of a housemaid; but Cadmon had made it very plain to Mrs. Shaw that the arrangement was only temporary, that a wife's place was in her own kitchen, and that "a hired girl would waste more than she would earn."

The first dinner of the new maid's serving was also her last in the house of Shaw. Mrs. Shaw had for some reason chosen to take her luncheon with her, so that she did not return from the lower meadow for dinner. The meal



HE STUMBLED DOWN THE SPRING-HOUSE STAIRS AND SPILLED A QUART OF GOOD CREAM

was late and of poor quality. The biscuits were burned, the potatoes were soggy, the coffee was weak.

Cadmon had discovered that the work that he had always relegated to the hired man was far warmer and harder than running a tractor; so he spent a part of the afternoon in taking the maid back to her former abode and in searching the neighborhood for a suitable man.

He could find none, and at last had to be content with bringing home the daughter of a neighbor. But she got only one meal, gave Mr. Shaw her opinion of his kitchen, and departed—after a little private conversation with Mrs. Shaw.

And then Mrs. Shaw made her proposal. Smilingly, and in perfect good nature as usual, she said:

"I can stand it to run the tractor all right. It doesn't tire me nearly so much as you'd think; this will be a good time for you to see whether you can do as much as any three women you know. That way, of course, you can run the seeder some, too."

In an unfortunate moment Cadmon agreed.

The next morning Mrs. Shaw got the breakfast, suggested what her husband should get for dinner, and then, putting some luncheon into a basket, cheerfully departed for the lower meadow.

Cadmon's plan was to set the dishes on the back of the table, to put the food in the cellar, and to do a man's size job until half past eleven; he intended to get dinner in half an hour and to wash the breakfast dishes while the meal was cooking.

But it took him longer to pare the potatoes than he had anticipated, and he began to wish that he liked to eat them in their jackets. He also remembered the protests that he had made when the first Mrs. Shaw had occasionally served them unpared.

Then he had to prime the hard-water pump, and before he thought to get more water he had used all that was in the house. Since the days of the first pioneer Shaws the rain water had been drawn from the cistern with a pail and a rope. There was a pole for sinking the bucket, but a few minutes before Cadmon discovered its usefulness he had cut it up for kindling. He made two trips to the cistern to get the water with which to prime the well. Before he had split the kindling he had spent five minutes hunting for an axe. The hatchet that both Mrs. Shaws had managed to do with was too dull for Cadmon.

The little boy from across the creek presently came over to tell Cadmon that it was churning day.

"Mrs. Shaw lets me ride with her," he said. "But she remembered that the cream is ripe, and she was afraid you might forget. I guess something's burning," he added helpfully.

It was the potatoes.

After a meal of half a pie and some cold meat, Cadmon hauled the old churn out of its corner. The butter was in no hurry about "coming," and Cadmon found just how heavy the old dasher was. He carried more water across the yard, stumbled up the buttery stairs and broke a butter jar, stumbled down the spring-house stairs and spilled a quart of good cream

worth thirty-five cents, chased the calves out of the garden, dug more potatoes, split more kindling, and wondered what to have for supper.

Then he noticed that the kitchen floor was in a terrible condition. Although he had never been overcautious about tracking in mud, Cadmon was a cleanly soul. Besides, he felt that if Mrs. Shaw should see that floor it would proclaim his defeat. With the best broom, an old shirt and a liberal amount of soap, he scrubbed the floor vigorously, and in so doing he learned why Mrs. Shaw had sighed for a new floor.

The little boy from across the creek looked into the kitchen twice during the afternoon.

"Golly!" he said. "You'll get splinters."

Cadmon already had got them.

"Ma used to, on our floor, awful," the boy added sympathetically; "but now she don't. We got hardwood floors."

On the second trip he said:

"The pigs are in your garden! I guess Mrs. Shaw didn't fix the fence very good. We tried one day, when we'd chased the pigs out four times, but we didn't have enough wire."

Cadmon dropped his work in the kitchen and went out to repair the garden fence.

"Did Mrs. Shaw tell you to come up here and tell me these things?" he asked the boy.

"Nope, she didn't; I remembered. She just wondered what you was going to have for supper."

Cadmon chased a hen half a mile or so, beheaded her and de-feathered her. Then he had to make another trip to the well to get water for scalding the hen.

While he was debating the best method of dismembering the creature, Stephen Blumbley, from across the road, looked in at the door. Stephen augmented the earnings from his small farm with the agency for Dolliver's labor-saving devices.

"Did you send for me?" he inquired.

Cadmon replied in the negative.

"I called on your wife a while ago," Mr. Blumbley began diffidently, "about Dolliver's washing machine and the power churn. I think she'd like them, all right. She seemed to think



STEPHEN BLUMBLEY LOOKED IN AT THE DOOR

she would. I'm selling them everywhere. You can attach them to your gas engine, you know, and there's some that even use the tractor. Mrs. Shaw said she'd speak to you. I wonder if she ever did?"

"Yes, she did," said Cadmon, and looked out toward the lower meadow. The tractor was down at the end of the field, standing still. And hurrying toward it across the field was Mrs. Shaw; she was coming from the direction of the Blumbley home.

While Cadmon looked she climbed up to the high seat, and the machine with its fantail of harrows began to move sedately along. Cadmon noticed that it would be her last round of the field. She would be coming in within half an hour!

"Is Mrs. Blumbley at home?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, yes—but—" Blumbley began in much bewilderment.

"If you get her over here to fix this hen, and get it on the stove so it'll taste right, and don't go blabbing to the whole neighborhood, I'll buy every blamed labor saver you've got in the catalogue. Are there plumbing things, like sinks, and faucets for hot and cold water—and hardwood floors—in it?"

Mr. Blumbley had to admit that there were not.

"Well, we'll get 'em," said Cadmon savagely, "every last one of 'em. Only you see that you don't go blabbing until it's done."

"I'm no blabber," said Blumbley. "But that reminds me. Your old hired man called up on our telephone. He wanted I should tell Mrs. Shaw that he don't like the cooking at that

DRAWINGS BY W. S. BROWN



THE BISCUITS WERE BURNED, THE POTATOES WERE SOGGY, THE COFFEE WAS WEAK

single blessedness to Shaw penuriousness. It was still his own secret that this was the second Mrs. Shaw's third matrimonial venture.

"That tractor machine you've got," said Mrs. Shaw, appearing to change the subject, "it works all right?"

Cadmon had bought it instead of a wedding present for his wife. He launched into praise of the new machine. He told her what speed he could make with it, and how much better ploughing he could do. Mrs. Shaw was an excellent listener; she drew him on. Cadmon cleared his plate and mopped up the gravy with a biscuit.

"I suppose"—Mrs. Shaw spoke with a tone of mild curiosity—"your father just had a walking plough. Wouldn't he have been glad to have such a labor-saving thing? He did just have a walking plough, didn't he?"

Cadmon looked sharply at his wife, but she was passing him the plate of cookies and her face showed no guile.

During the forenoon Mrs. Shaw washed the dishes, carried them into the buttery, which was up two steps from the kitchen, churned, using an old stone churn, carried the butter across the yard and down into the spring house, hunted eggs, dug potatoes, washed them, carried two pails of rain water and three pails of well water across the yard, pared the potatoes, split some kindling and baked a cake.

Late in the afternoon she changed her gingham apron for a white one, and went out across the fields to the big meadow where the new tractor was turning up a wide swath of turf. She climbed up behind Cadmon on the running board and traveled round the field, watching him steer, and asking him intelligent questions about the mechanism.

On her way back to the house she stopped in the implement shed and took careful note of the hay loader, the seed planter and the cultivators, which Cadmon considered as a necessary part of his equipment.

"I'd like to learn to run the tractor," she said at supper, as Cadmon was finishing



ON HER WAY BACK SHE STOPPED IN THE IMPLEMENT SHED

place she got him, and he don't want to stay a week like she said; he wants to come right back." Cadmon stared at his neighbor for a long minute. Then he gave a prolonged whistle.

"Shucks!" he said, with an involuntary chuckle. "That's pretty cute." And he swore by all the leaves in the tree, And all the pigs in the pen, That his wife could do more work in a day Than he could do in ten.

"We couldn't ride no hawses, but I 'low there ain't nothin' agin a white mule." "Peter!" exclaimed Ellis. "Just the thing." Peter was the white mule at the quarry. No one knew how old he was; he had hauled stone for fifteen years for Mr. Winfield, and was still capable of a good day's work, although he was seldom set to do it. He had always been good-tempered, and since reaching a sort of pensioned old age he had grown fat and lazy. The trip would do him good, and he could easily carry the camp outfit.

"We'll rig some sort of pack saddle," said Tom. "Now, let's consider what things we'll need to take with us."

The basis of their food on the trip would be corn bread and pork, and, since they could probably restock with those staples at any mountain cabin they happened to encounter, they took only ten pounds of pork and twenty pounds of corn meal. They should have to take coffee, sugar, rice, beans, salt and pepper; cooking utensils, some geological tools, a shovel and a hatchet; a shelter tent and blankets, for even summer nights are often chilly in the mountains. Then they set down on the list a

worse. After tramping for about three miles the boys left it, and followed a trail that led to the west, up the side of a long, timbered ridge.

Peter carried his load nobly, but the pack frequently shifted and things fell off; what with having to keep picking them up, and with having to stop every little while to readjust the load, the boys did not cover any great distance that afternoon. They did not care much, however; the main thing was to make a start.

When, toward sunset, they came to a little creek rushing down a valley among the pines, they halted and made camp. They relieved Peter of his load, and then Tom set up the tent and cut wood, and Ellis gathered a great heap of pine cones for kindling. The two boys made a good meal of fried ham and eggs, coffee and corn bread, which they had brought from home.

As dark came on, the fire of dry pine knots blazed up cheerfully. The boys were tired enough to settle down early. But the first night in camp is likely to be one of little sleep. Tired as they were, they lay awake for a long time. Something occasionally rushed through the bushes close by—probably a rabbit; and once, from far away in the hills, came a strange, ominous wild cry. Then, from the opposite direction, sounded the faint whistle of a locomotive—the last sound of civilization that they were to hear for many days. At last they fell asleep.

Tom woke just before sunrise. Grass and trees dripped with dew; there was a wonderful freshness in the air, and the east blazed crimson over the mountains.

"Shall we stop to-day and prospect for crystals, or travel farther on?" Ellis asked, as they prepared breakfast.

"No use doing anything here, I reckon," said Tom. "Too near the settlements. There are lots of mountaineers living hereabouts, and they've been all over this district. I think we ought to go for at least another solid day before we stop."

After breakfast, therefore, they repacked the outfit on Peter's back and set out again. The slopes were steep and choked with brambles, fallen timber and loose rock overgrown with small cacti, but Peter picked his way without a slip. Quail whirled up frequently and rabbits leaped through the undergrowth. Once Tom stopped and shot two young rabbits, which he added to Peter's load.

In the valleys the ground was choked with tangles of wild blackberry canes, laden with their last fruit. At first the boys kept stopping to eat the delicious berries; but after a while blackberries lost their charm through sheer overabundance.

All that day they tramped up and down the wooded ridges, heading always for the southwest. As they went on, the mountains grew perceptibly rougher and wilder; travel was hard, wearisome work, and only once that day did they make an interesting discovery.

They were traveling along a rich valley slope, wooded with large oaks and almost bare of undergrowth, when Tom suddenly dropped Peter's halter and darted aside for a few yards. He came back presently with something that resembled a parsnip, from which hung a cluster of green leaves.

"What's that?" asked Ellis in surprise. "Ginseng root," said Tom triumphantly. "I've been on the watch for some all day, but this is the first I've seen. It's worth from three to five dollars a pound anywhere."

"Gracious!" Ellis exclaimed. "Let's stop and look for more."

They searched diligently and found two more roots, but that was all. One of them, however, weighed nearly a pound.

"But a lot of that'll shrink out in drying," said Tom. "It's rather rare to find a root of that size, though. The ginseng hunters, or 'sang diggers,' as they call them here, go all over the hills every fall, and they get nearly all of it. They're mighty sharp-eyed. It takes a root three or four years to reach a pound in weight, and some one is pretty sure to find it before that time."

"Still we must keep a lookout for it henceforth. It might pay better than crystals," said Ellis.

Ginseng was the subject of their thought and talk for some time; but although they kept a sharp lookout, they failed to find any more of it that day.

They had mountain trout for supper. They were both dead weary, and that night nothing could have kept them awake; they rolled into their blankets at eight o'clock, and did not wake until after sunrise.

The next day was scorching hot. They had traveled almost far enough west, Tom thought, and so kept watch for a good place where they could make their headquarters camp.

At noon they ate a cold luncheon of blackberries and bread. It was too hot for coffee. After the meal they dozed for almost an hour in the shade.

Late in the afternoon they came to a small, shallow creek that flowed over clean gravel. Tom stopped to let Peter drink. As he stood there he suddenly uttered an exclamation, and bent quickly. Reaching into the shallow water, he brought up something that glittered like fire.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock

In Eight Chapters Chapter One

"WAY over there, Ellis!" exclaimed Tom Winfield, pointing westward. "There's the place!" From the bare mountain ridge where the two boys stood they looked across an immense valley that was deeply timbered with oak and pine. Beyond the valley rose the mountains again, green and brown in the foreground, and shading off in the distance to blue.

Tennessee was on the other side of those mountains. They were the main range of the Great Smokies, the haunt of deer, bears and rattlesnakes. Few strangers ever came to those mountains, which were uninhabited except by scattered mountaineers.

"Everything's there," Tom went on. "All sorts of fish and game—and the finest pine and walnut on earth. There's mineral, too, and there's gold—I know there is. Why, a man in Yancey County found a nugget as big as his thumb! There's iron and coal and —"

"And rock crystal and garnets and jasper and chalcedony," interrupted his cousin, Ellis York, "and that's the main point with us."

"You're right, but I shouldn't mind collecting a nugget or two. Well, let's move; we must get down into the valley and find water before we camp."

Starting down the western side of the ridge, they followed a faint trail that zigzagged along the steep slope, through the dense undergrowth of sourwood and laurel. Tom went first, with a shotgun in one hand and Peter's halter in the other. Peter was a white mule, laden with an enormous mass of outfit, which included a shelter tent, provisions, cooking utensils and other necessities; but in spite of his heavy load Peter scrambled down the steep slope as actively as a goat. Ellis York brought up the rear; he carried a short-handled shovel.

The boys were on a jewel-hunting expedition in the mountains of western North Carolina. The rock crystal, amethyst and jasper that the mountain people in that region often pick up in the stream beds and take into town for sale make very beautiful jewelry; but the jewels that the boys were hunting were intended for a different purpose.

Tom Winfield was deeply interested in geology and mineralogy, and had already got together an almost complete collection of the mountain crystals. His father, who was a building contractor at Asheville, owned a large quarry near that city, and in the course of time Tom expected to enter the business with his father. To give himself the best possible preparation he was taking a scientific course at the North Carolina College, and was working during his summer vacation in his father's office.

Toward the middle of July, in 1914, Mr. Winfield had gone to Atlanta on an important business trip. On his return Tom met him at the station.

"How about the contract?" he demanded eagerly, as soon as he could draw his father out of the crowd.

"The contract" had been for some time the great subject of interest in the Winfield family. One of the big railway companies was preparing to erect a magnificent new terminal station, and Mr. Winfield hoped to supply the marble for the interior finish and decorations. With much foresight he had early that summer bought an option on a large quantity of fine-colored Tennessee marble at Knoxville. The price had been so advantageous that he had felt certain of being able to underbid any competitor and still make a splendid profit.

"The contract? Nailed down!" he replied to Tom's question. "They'll take our marble. That Knoxville option won't be enough. I'll have to buy more, and in fact I've closed a deal for some. It'll come higher, but still I ought to clear more than we generally do in two years. High time, too, for business has been poor for more than a year. But I think I've found a plum in it for you, too, Tom. Would four or five hundred dollars tempt you?"

"It would overwhelm me!" said Tom.

"Well, the railway people are planning to make a great relief map of their lines to show at the Panama-Pacific Exposition next year. It's to be on a big slab of Tennessee marble; the roads are to be shown by wires made of native gold, and all the cities and towns are to be marked by native gems—crystal, amethyst, and so on. The other minerals and woods of the mountains are to be worked in as well, and the whole thing is to be a great advertisement of the resources of their country."

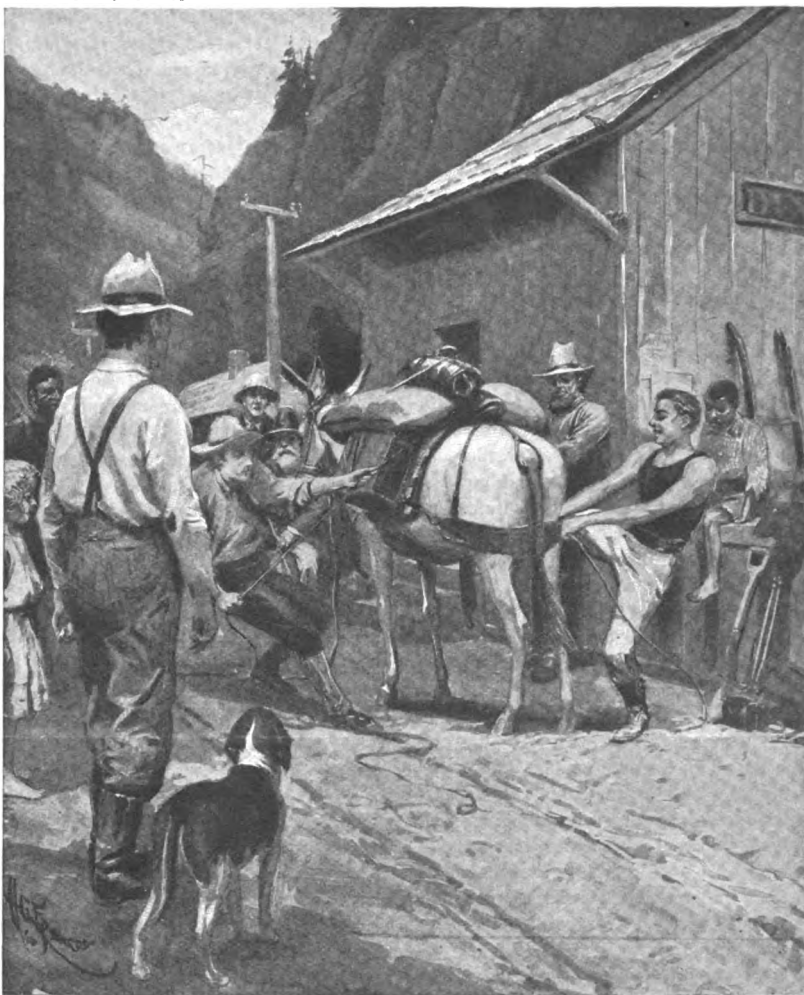
"Now, they'll be in the market for those crystals, and they'll pay a good deal more than market prices for fine specimens, just for

the sake of the advertisement. It'll need three or four hundred stones, small and large, and they'll go as high as five hundred dollars for them. Now, you're an expert on crystals. Could you get them?"

"I'll break my neck trying!" said Tom promptly. "I'll talk to Ellis about it," he added.

"I expected you would. Well, you boys can divide the enterprise, and I'll let the railway

DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS



THEY LOADED UP BEFORE A GROWING ASSEMBLAGE OF NEGRO AND WHITE IDLERS AT THE STATION

know that you'll furnish the stones. Only you'll need to have them ready before the first of September, for it'll take some time to cut and polish them."

Bursting with delight, Tom hurried to find his cousin, Ellis York. Ellis had always lived in Michigan, but since he had been left an orphan, a year before, he had made his home with his uncle. He was a year younger than Tom and still in the preparatory school. The Northern boy and his Southern cousin had become close friends; and Tom would rather have given up the scheme than not to have had Ellis in it.

Ellis received the proposal with wild enthusiasm.

"Mighty generous of you to let me in on it," he exclaimed, "for it's really your own deal! But it'll be great fun—a crystal-buying expedition into the mountains."

"Not crystal buying, but crystal hunting," Tom explained. "This isn't a speculation; it's an expedition. We may be able to buy a few stones at the mountain cabins, but I propose that we chiefly hunt 'em for ourselves; it's much cheaper, and more fun."

"Dig 'em out of the rocks?"

"Mostly we'll find them in gravel banks and along stream beds. Once in a long time we might find one in the rock, but it's hard to get it out without smashing it. Father got me a list of what's wanted. We need ten large rock crystals for the big towns; about twenty good amethysts for the second-class places, and an assorted lot of about two hundred smaller stones. It'll take time and good luck to find all those. We ought to start at once."

"But how'll we travel?" Ellis asked. "It's too rough a country for riding, I suppose, and it'll be pretty tough to have all our grub and outfit to lug—beg pardon! I ought to say 'tote,' oughtn't I?"

"We-uns shorely do say 'tote,'" drawled Tom in an exaggerated imitation of the mountain dialect, which he could speak with fluency.

small camera, films, a book or two, an electric pocket lamp, a few simple medicines—in fact, there seemed no end to the things they should need for a month's camping. After they had compiled a long list, they had to go over it again and reduce it to fit Peter's carrying capacity.

It was not the season for hunting, but they might meet a bear or a wildcat. They took only one gun, however—Tom's doublebarrel, with fifty shells loaded with assorted sizes of shot, from Number 8 up to buck. And of course they included fishing lines and hooks in their outfit.

"I think we ought to go as far back as possible," said Tom, "if we want to find plenty of gems. All round the settlements they've been pretty well picked up, I reckon. We ought to head for the southwest of the state."

Prolonged study of the map showed that Dixon, on the Murphy branch of the railway, seemed the best starting place from which to strike into the mountains. On July 20 they shipped Peter and the camp kit by freight, and followed on the next passenger train.

Dixon, a tiny hamlet of a dozen houses, a store or two and a sawmill, lies deep in the mountains, in the far west of the state. It was already afternoon when the boys arrived, but as they were anxious to make a start that day they hastened to get the mule and the camp outfit from the freight shed. They loaded up before a growing assemblage of negro and white idlers at the station.

Three narrow, red-clay roads led out of the village. Loading Peter, they took the one that headed south and left the houses behind.

Within the first mile or two they passed several log cabins in the midst of ragged patches of corn; and they met two or three mountaineers on horseback, who gave the boys a grave "Howdy!" But presently all signs of civilization disappeared.

The road, which wound upward through a gap between two mountains, grew steadily



POSTER FOR THE RELIEF IN BELGIUM FUND.
DRAWN BY THE DUTCH CARTOONIST.
RAEMAEKERS

FACT AND COMMENT

WHEN you have courage to say, "I was to blame," you are not least among the heroes.

Pity without Relief
Is Mustard without Beef.

THERE is nothing mysterious about financial success. It is merely the legitimate result of accumulating something and putting the accumulation to work.

THE great war does not withhold its hand even from the child's seedcake. Caraway seed, which used to sell at from five to eight cents a pound, is now sixty-five cents, and hard to get, at that.

IT may be that the heart of New York City stands better revealed in the 1393 charitable organizations listed in a recent directory than in the roar of Wall Street at noon or the lights of Broadway at midnight. The list contains no fewer than thirty-eight agencies for war relief. Churches or fraternal bodies are not included.

IT is refreshing to know that a Brooklyn judge has recently upheld with vigor the right of a sailor in the uniform of the navy to go wherever any other persons may go. He imposed a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars on the proprietor of a moving-picture theatre for excluding one of the bluejackets, and remarked as he did so, "The uniform of a United States sailor must be respected."

IF the rest of the country would only adopt the Chicago plan of fighting the billboard nuisance, the roadsides and landscapes would be less often disfigured. The city council passed an order that forbade billboards on any residential street, unless a majority of the property owners on the street had given their consent. The matter was fought out until it reached the Supreme Court of the United States, which has now handed down a decision that upholds the ordinance.

QUIRK, Gammon & Snap, the famous law firm in Samuel Warren's novel, Ten Thousand a Year, is not often matched in real life, but two friends of The Companion had a narrow escape from starting a firm the title of which would have been quite as ludicrously apt. They intended to form a partnership in the business of the law, and had carried their preparations almost to the point of completion, when they suddenly realized one day that the firm name would be Rush & Doolittle! More fortunate were the two men who found that the title of their new firm was to be Young & Smart.

READERS of The Companion continue to write us of cows that sold for higher prices than those that we recently mentioned on this page. Friends in New York, Ohio and Indiana remind us of the famous sale of the Campbell herd of shorthorn cattle, held at New York Mills, in Oneida County, New York, in 1873. On that occasion, after other animals had been sold at prices ranging from \$1000 to \$35,000, the cow Eighth Duchess of Geneva went to R. Pavin Davies, an Englishman, for \$40,000. Eleven other cows brought an average price of \$21,709. In all, 109 animals brought a total of \$381,990.

THE Northern Forest Protective Association of Michigan has done something that similar organizations in other states might well do also. In the hunting camps throughout the upper peninsula it has placed emergency food boxes, made of metal and proof against the attacks of porcupines and mice. Each box contains hardtack, dried foods, including eggs, pea soup, beef cubes, sugar, dried milk, cooking and eating utensils, maps and directions

for getting out of the woods if the finder is lost. Those who resort to the boxes are warned to use the contents sparingly and only in case of need.

☪ ☪

THE PURPOSE OF GERMANY

THE break with Germany that President Wilson has so long and so patiently striven to avoid has come. As we go to press it is not certain that war with Germany will follow; it is, however, probable. Comment on the full significance of what has taken place must be reserved for a later issue; meanwhile, it is interesting to speculate about the purpose of the German government in provoking a rupture with this country.

There are two possible interpretations to be put upon the action that has compelled us to sever diplomatic relations with Germany. The first is that the German government sincerely believes that through ruthless submarine warfare it is possible to starve England before England through its control of the seas can starve Germany. If the German submarines can practically annihilate all shipping to and from England, Germany will win an unqualified victory within a few months. England will be compelled to accept whatever terms Germany dictates—and we must suppose that they would include the surrender of the British fleet. France and Russia will inevitably collapse with England; and Germany will be free, if it chooses, to send its enormously augmented fleet and its seasoned troops across the Atlantic to try to extort from America a settlement vast enough to compensate the German people for the tremendous financial cost of the war.

On the other hand,—and this is from all the evidence the more probable supposition,—the German government has embarked on the submarine adventure with no real hope of success, but with the object of saving itself in the eyes of the German people. If the German government knows that virtual starvation is imminent throughout the empire, that there is a scarcity of materials for munitions and for clothing, and that the British and French and Russians are planning offensives that promise to overwhelm the Teutonic resources, what is the most logical course, after the failure of peace overtures, for it to pursue? It has encouraged its people to believe that the submarines are invincible and can sweep British shipping from the sea. The German people, daily pulling their belts tighter, will not be satisfied unless the government uses its weapon. The government knows that the results that the people expect are not likely to be reached; but it must use the weapon in order to show the people that it has tried everything. It understands that the unrestricted use of the submarine is likely to bring the United States and probably other neutral nations into the war, and it is not unwilling that it should be so, for it sees in the addition of new enemies a possibility of saying to its people, "We are over-matched; we cannot fight the world. We must make peace." Convinced that the government has done all it could, the German people may be willing to accept a peace that was wholly unacceptable so long as the submarine weapon had not been tried, and may be willing to retain in power a government that surrendered only under the pressure of overwhelming force.

The German note is an indication that the end of the war is near.

☪ ☪

THE NEED OF BELGIUM

IT would be well for Belgium if the American people could realize what a relatively small contribution they have made to Belgian relief; for if they could once realize it, national pride and individual generosity would impel them to increase enormously the amount of their gifts.

The total amount that the American people have given to Belgian relief since the beginning of the war exceeds by not very much the sum that, in spite of all their war burdens, Great Britain and France together have contributed every month. The total gift of America in two years and a half has been little over \$10,000,000; each month for two years and a half Great Britain has given \$5,000,000, and France has given \$2,500,000.

Furthermore, the funds supplied by Great Britain and France have very largely been expended in the purchase of supplies in America. America has actually made more money out of Belgian relief than it has contributed to it.

Those are mortifying considerations. They may be worse than mortifying. Mr. Hoover, who is in charge of the work of Belgian relief, reports that the commission requires now from \$15,000,000 to \$17,000,000 a month. He says

that the food problem will get steadily worse from now until the end of the war. Three million people in Belgium to-day are destitute and entirely dependent upon the commission for food and other supplies; and the number of the destitute is increasing. It needs a million dollars a month to feed the school children, among whom there has been an alarming increase in tuberculosis. The agricultural products of Belgium and northern France have been greatly reduced owing to lack of fertilizers. Butter is \$1.50 a pound and meat is \$1.75 a pound. The average income of a Belgian family at present is about \$5 a week.

Mr. Hoover's message to the American people is that he must have \$150,000,000 during the coming year.

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REPETITION

REPETITION is the essence of life. By perpetual repetition from the cradle we gradually form solid habits, putting them on, one after another, as we put on garments, until we are fitly and decently clothed and armed to go forth into the world, where we make use of these acquired habits in every thought and action of our daily life. It is not enough to do a common act once, or a dozen times, or fifty times. We must repeat it indefinitely, until it is performed without effort, and in many cases without consciousness. Do you know which sleeve of your coat you put on first? If you do, you are wiser than most people.

Repetition, in French, means rehearsal. Is it not a charming suggestion? All our lives we are rehearsing without appreciating it, getting ready for some supreme moment. The quickness, the exactness and the perfection of our bearing in that supreme moment depend altogether upon the care and thought with which we have been trained, or have trained ourselves, to meet it. And the persons in whom long training has developed energy and vigor of action into an instinct resembling what is technically called "a reflex" meet great crises far better than those who argue and debate, even with a high quality of intellectual power.

To dwell on these eternal repetitions of life is of course unwise. In that aspect their monotony is likely to become intolerable. President Jefferson had an old friend who complained because he was so infinitely weary of putting on his shoes and stockings every morning. We all know what he meant. But normal minds are too busy to complain of trifles.

There are dangers also in repetition. If you make a mistake in adding a column of figures, or in practicing a musical exercise, you make it again and again. So, by repetition habits creep upon us unawares, and it takes sometimes a colossal effort to get rid of them.

No one needs more to study this business of repetition than mothers. In a sense it is their only business. And to remind and reprehend and reprove and remonstrate often get to be as tedious as the old man's stockings. Make an art of it. Try to vary your advice and explanations so as to make them new and interesting. It can be done, and you will enjoy it, and so will your children.

Perhaps the supreme art of motherhood is to carry repetition to its limit, with tactful and loving care, and then to recognize unerringly the exact point where the leading strings should be dropped and the native individuality of the child be allowed to form for itself new repetitions, new habits, new developments.

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CONGRESS

LESS than two weeks remain of the life of the Sixty-fourth Congress. It has accomplished a great, perhaps it is not too much to say an unprecedented, amount of work. As to the quality of the work, opinions differ, and only the future will determine which views are justified. But there are many people who have little respect for Congress as a whole, whether their own political party or the other side is in power, and who seldom miss an opportunity to express their disrespect. It is worth while now and then to seek for the truth about the matter.

Congress is of course a partisan body—too strongly partisan. Independence of thought and action is repressed by the caucus. Members often vote contrary to their personal convictions under penalty of losing their party standing and so of forfeiting support for measures in which they are interested. Again, members are afraid of their constituents, and for that reason vote for extravagant appropriations for local purposes. Moreover, they talk too much—generally without any hope of influencing votes, but merely for the sake of

impressing their constituents with a sense of their importance.

Nevertheless, there is much to be said in praise of the body as a whole and of its individual members. Congress is truly a representative body. How few Congressmen or Senators are not fairly representative of their constituents! They are not, perhaps, representative of the ablest and best of their constituents, or of the political opinions of those who criticize them, but they are representative of the average of the constituents. If in certain cases that is not true, the blame should rest upon the voters rather than upon the man whom they chose.

Congress is an industrious and painstaking body. Its daily sessions are long, and the majority of its members are faithful in their attendance and give careful and minute attention to the measures that come before them. No one would maintain that their action is always wise; but except as the caucus interferes it is conscientious. If the people generally knew how much labor is spent in preparing bills in committee, and how much time is given to discussing them after them in the appropriation bills, they would better appreciate our national legislature.

The real trouble with Congress, as with most national legislatures, is that it is overworked. Matters that in the aggregate consume a large part of its time and thought should by good rights be transferred to courts or to commissions. The attention of the two houses should not be diverted to the consideration of individual pensions, private claims and the thousand petty local questions that cumber its calendars. On January 24 a Senator introduced Senate bill No. 8002; and a Representative introduced House bill No. 26,495. That shows that there are sure to be a few thousand blunders, for no human mind could decide rightly more than a small part of so many measures. Congress could divest itself of much of that lumber if it chose, but it dislikes to surrender any of its functions.

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"PEACE WITHOUT VICTORY"

NO word of disagreement with the principles proclaimed by the President in his address to the Senate has come from any government. It is admitted universally that he has set forth an ideal condition of a world at peace, ruled by justice, in which national lawlessness is to be prohibited and, if it occurs, punished by a community of nations.

Because the aim is high and noble the President's utterance has been received not only by neutrals but by belligerents with more than politeness—with respect, applause and admiration. But all the countries at war make the reservation that the ideal cannot be realized until after the present war has come to an end. They do not admit that "peace without victory" is desirable for them or for the world.

To put the matter in concrete form, if peace should be made now on the basis of conditions as they are, would it not be regarded in the Entente countries as a victory for Germany? Would it not be a defeat for them if Belgium and Serbia and Montenegro should not be restored? On the other hand, would it not be a victory for them and a defeat for Germany if they were restored? Suppose, for example, that Serbia were permitted completely to recover its independence—that independence of which it was willing to surrender a substantial part at the demand of Austria in July, 1914; or suppose that Germany were required to evacuate all the territory, east and west, that it now occupies: would not those results be a victory for the Entente Allies? Would it not be a victory for Russia if Turkey were obliged to give up its fortifications at the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles and permit Russia free access to the Mediterranean, as the President vaguely suggested?

If the result is to be, not an agreed-upon sham, but a reality, no nation can succeed in any aggressive movement against any other; no nation can lose any cherished possession or right that it undertook to defend. Is that possible? If the phrase means anything, it means that no nation, great or small, shall obtain any substantial advantage or suffer any substantial loss as a result of the war.

There is another point that has hardly been touched upon in the discussion of the President's remarkable address. The treaty of peace, he says, must be between equals, if its results are to be lasting. When the conference is called, who are to be members of it? The "great powers," of course. But although their interests are the largest, they are no more important than the interests of the small countries are to them. Will either side be willing to admit on

equal terms delegates from Belgium and Serbia and Montenegro and Bulgaria and Roumania—and delegates from the newly created kingdom of Poland? And does anyone think that, if they are not represented, their interests are safe in the hands of the big brothers?

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The House passed the emergency revenue bill by a vote of 211 to 196 on February 1.—Congress passed the Burnett immigration bill over the President's veto. The vote in the House was 285 to 106; in the Senate, 62 to 19. The bill has been vetoed by three Presidents on account of the literacy clause it contains.—The naval committee of the House offered amendments to the naval appropriation bill, authorizing the President to commandeer shipyards, merchant shipping and munition factories, and appropriating \$150,000,000 to hurry the work on naval vessels in process of construction.—Both houses have passed the bill that establishes strict prohibition against liquor in Alaska.

THE BREAK WITH GERMANY.—Upon receiving the German note concerning the new rules that are to govern its submarine campaign against merchant vessels, President Wilson took counsel with his cabinet and with leading Senators as to the course he ought to pursue. On February 3 he appeared before Congress and read a brief message in which he declared that the new policy would violate the agreement that Germany had made with this country after the sinking of the Sussex. At that time the President warned the German government that, if it returned to the kind of warfare that was responsible for the destruction of the Sussex, the United States could no longer continue diplomatic relations with the government at Berlin. Accordingly, he announced that Ambassador von Bernstorff had been handed his passports and that Mr. Gerard, our ambassador at Berlin, had been recalled. Congress received the address with enthusiasm, and the newspapers of the country agreed that the step could not honorably have been avoided. The war and navy departments began immediate preparation for a possible call to war, and in several states the militia was ordered to be in readiness for duty. The nation took the situation calmly, but with every evidence that it was united in supporting the President. Many organizations composed of Americans of German birth or parentage affirmed their loyalty to the United States.

The action of the President was of course approved by public opinion in England, France and Italy, and to a notable extent in the South American republics, Spain and Holland. Not much comment from German sources was available. What we heard was calm in tone.

Government officials took charge of the German ships interned or laid up in American ports. The gunboat Geier, interned at Honolulu, was set on fire by her own men, and several ships in Manila Harbor were damaged and one in Charleston was sunk by their crews. The machinery of the German ships lying at New York, Boston and Seattle was also found to be broken, in obedience to orders from Germany.

The breaking of diplomatic relations does not necessarily mean war, but when it was learned that the American ship Housatonic was torpedoed by a submarine on February 3 there was fear that war might immediately follow. Later it appeared that the Housatonic was warned and her crew assisted to escape in safety. On February 5 the report came that the British steamer Evestone had been sunk and her small boats shelled, and that an American sailor named Wallace was killed. There is of course grave danger that some such occurrence will plunge the two nations into war.

On February 4 word came that the German government agreed to set at liberty the seventy-two American sailors brought into port by the prize ship Yarrowdale. That was contradicted later by a dispatch from Copenhagen, which added the sensational report that the German government was detaining Mr. Gerard, the American ambassador, until it was assured that Count von Bernstorff received proper treatment in this country. Such a course would be deliberately offensive to the United States.

Spain is to represent the United States at Berlin.

Mr. Bryan headed a movement in favor of keeping Germany and the United States from drifting into war. On February 5 he sent a wireless message to Germany, begging the government to refrain from overt acts that would arouse the war spirit in the United States.

RELATIONS WITH JAPAN.—The Japanese ambassador having protested in the name of his government against bills pending in the legislatures of Idaho and Oregon, intended to forbid Japanese to hold title to land in those states, the State Department asked the Senators from the two states to urge the members who introduced the bills to withdraw them, in order to avoid a serious diplomatic

controversy with Japan. The Senators did so, and the bills were accordingly withdrawn. Japan objected to the bills because they forbid Japanese privileges that other aliens may enjoy.

THE "LEAK" INVESTIGATION.—The committee learned from E. A. Roper, a telegrapher employed by the brokerage firm of F. A. Connolly & Co. of Washington, that he sent out a dispatch that was apparently based on advance knowledge of the President's peace note. He declared that the message was filed by a newspaper correspondent named J. F. Essary, and added that he gave his testimony in order to clear Mr. R. W. Bolling, the President's brother-in-law, who is a member of the Connolly firm.

MEXICO.—The column commanded by Gen. Pershing crossed the border on February 5. A large number of Mexican refugees accompanied the soldiers across the frontier. Several regiments of militia returned to their states on the approach of the regular troops.—Gen. Carranza announced that in the event of war between Germany and the United States Mexico would be strictly neutral.

THE LLOYD-GEORGE PLOT.—The persons accused of plotting against the life of the British premier were put on trial at Derby on February 3. The attorney-general declared that the plan was to shoot darts poisoned with strychnine and curare at Mr. Lloyd-George while he was playing golf at Walton Heath.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From February 1 to February 7)

The outstanding event of the week was the inauguration of the new rules governing the German submarine campaign and the consequent break between the governments of the United States and Germany. The other neutral powers are inclined to protest against the German policy, but none of them followed the



A French army dog, used to help the wounded and carry messages, wearing a gas mask

United States in breaking off relations with Berlin. Spain sent a strong protest to Berlin, and the government was said to be putting its army and navy in readiness. Brazil also protested, and public opinion in that country would probably support a more positive stand. Holland and Denmark are too much exposed to invasion from Germany to risk a breach with that country, and Norway and Sweden are unlikely to take definite steps at present. Switzerland, being comparatively unaffected by the situation, is still less likely to proceed to extremes, although it, too, has protested.

A number of merchant ships were sunk during the week,—fourteen in one day,—but on the whole the number was not very much greater than in several preceding weeks. The vessels destroyed by submarines since January 1 register nearly half a million tons.

Among the ships sunk were two steamers used in carrying relief cargoes to Belgium—the Lars Kruse and the Euphrates—and several neutral ships—Norwegian, Swedish, Danish and Spanish. On February 5 it was reported that the British steamer Evestone had been torpedoed and its small boats shelled as they were leaving the ship. On February 7 the Anchor liner California was torpedoed without warning and a number of lives were said to be lost. London declared that a Peruvian vessel was actually sunk within the territorial waters of Spain.

Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg addressed the Reichstag in defense of the submarine policy now in force and declared that it would never be modified. After the break with the United States, however, the government at Berlin offered a few minor concessions to make the new rules temporarily more tolerable for Spain and Holland.

There was very little land fighting anywhere, so severe was the weather. A British attack cleared the Germans out of Grandcourt on the Ancre, and there were French raids in the region of the Somme. Berlin reported German attacks on the Russian lines near Riga. None of the fighting was of more than local importance. Along the Roumanian front there was almost complete quiet.

London announced that the British forces at Kut el Amara were active, and that they had captured Turkish defensive positions along a front of half a mile.

It was announced that the Montenegrin cabinet, which is with King Nicholas in France, had resigned because the King refused to give his assent to a plan for the union of his country with Serbia. According to the plan, the kings of Serbia and Montenegro were to abdicate, and Crown Prince Alexander of Serbia was to be king of the united country.

How Hudson Super-Six Saved the Six

A Review of the Crisis in Motordom

Only engineers knew it, but a year ago a crisis impended in Motordom. The light-weight Six—long the favorite type—was waning in popularity. The trend was towards Eights and Twelves. It seemed for a time that certain limitations would force the Six out of the field. Note how the Super-Six reversed that condition.

For years the Light Six was the leading type. Hudson was its foremost exponent.

It was so much smoother than former types that enthusiasts called it finality.

But it never fulfilled expectations. It nowhere near ended vibration. It won hardly a record. About every performance record that counted—save a few won by V-types—was still held by Fours.

Multi-Cylinders Came

At that juncture Hudson engineers—and numerous others—began to build V-type motors. That is, two Fours or two Sixes so set at angles as combat the Six limitations.

The trouble, remember, with all types yet developed, lay in excessive vibration. That caused friction and wear. It lessened power and endurance. The object of the new types—the Eights and Twelves—was to minimize that waste.

Numerous upper-grade cars adopted them. The Hudson shop had its V-types perfected. For a time it seemed that the fate of the Six was sealed.

Then Came the Super-Six

But early in 1915 Hudson engineers discovered the cause of motor vibration. And they set out to remedy it in a new, mathematical way.

In June they applied for a patent. In December the patent was granted. It gave Hudson control of a basic invention which solved the problems better than anyone had dreamed.

It added 80 per cent to the efficiency of the best Six ever built. That is, to its power and endurance. It gave the new Six—the Super-Six—a supremacy too great to be questioned.

The First Year's Result

The Hudson Super-Six has been on the market a year now. It has

won all worth-while records—that is, records made with a stock motor. In speed, power and endurance, in hill-climbing and quick acceleration, it has outperformed all other types. It won the chief record—the 24-hour record—by a margin of 52 per cent.

It twice broke all endurance records in a round trip from San Francisco to New York. It ran 7000 miles at over 80 miles an hour without showing any wear on the bearings.

It has gained the supreme place in Motordom. It has come to outsell any other front-rank car. It is now out-performing all rival cars for 25,000 owners.

Today every man who seeks the best in a fine car must choose the Hudson Super-Six.

Not Like Other Sixes

But don't confuse the Super-Six with Sixes of the old type. The Super-Six is a unique type—a basic invention, controlled by Hudson patents. It differs from other Sixes more than Eights or Twelves do.

Numerous makers abandoned the V-types because of the Super-Six. The added cylinders seemed useless additions when the Super-Six so excelled.

But no other Six is like the Super-Six. Our patents prevent approach.

A New Gasoline Saver

This year we add to the Super-Six another exclusive advantage. It is a gasoline saver, remarkably effective. At a nominal cost it can be added to any Hudson Super-Six.

And our latest bodies, in every style, are masterpiece productions. They are built to match the Super-Six supremacy.

Phaeton, 7-passenger, \$1650
Roadster, 2-passenger, 1650
Cabriolet, 3-passenger, 1950
Touring Sedan . . . 2175

Limousine . . . \$2925
Town Car . . . 2925
Town Car Landaulet 3025
Limousine Landaulet 3025

(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE OLD CAMP CHEST

By Martha Haskell Clark



ON the further edge of winter when the snow-drifts melt and run
 'Neath the level golden glancing of the February sun,
 Something beckons in the twilight, something
 whispers through the west,
 Till you steal amid the shadows to the old
 camp chest.
 There's a sound of lake waves laughing as you
 climb the attic stair,
 And a clenching at your heartstrings that has
 gripped you unaware.
 Oh, forgotten trails that tempt you, by the
 guarding padlock hid,
 How they hold you and enfold you as you raise
 the battered lid!

Pennyroyal, citronella, pungent perfumes subtly
 blent
 With the smoke of long-quenched camp fires,
 and the sun-warmed hemlock scent,
 All the sandalwood of Asia, oils of Araby the
 blest
 Cannot boast the haunting fragrance of the old
 camp chest.
 Rod and rifle, spur and stirrup, each can tell
 its well-known tale,
 Each can stab to fevered longing with its mes-
 sage of the trail,
 Till you lay them back in silence there with
 slow, reluctant hands
 To their sleeping in the keeping of the one that
 understands.

In that outer world of striving, faces come and
 faces go,
 But as sure as springtime sunlight falls on
 February snow,
 Nearer, clearer sound the voices that can time
 and change outlast,
 Of the tried and trusted comrades from the
 camp fires of the past.
 Hark! I hear them coming, coming down each
 hemlock-bordered trail
 To the wave-lapped attic shadows in the winter
 twilight pale;
 Jacques, Pierre, and old La Bombard, "Capit-
 an" and all the rest,
 Smile their greeting, dim and fleeting, by the
 old camp chest.

EFFICIENCY—FOR WHAT?

A YOUNG man of twenty-four stepped into a business office in a large city and walked up to a desk where an elderly man sat examining a bundle of papers.

"Look at that, father!" the young man said with a smile of pride. "I've made nearly one hundred on my efficiency chart! What do you think of that?"

The business man looked up at his son with a smile and a feeling of pride at his appearance, and then his eye fell on the list of questions put by the efficiency bureau that had interested the young man to compete with many others for first place.

1. Are you physically sound and free from all trace of disease?
2. Can you apply yourself to mental labor without great fatigue?
3. Are you an exact mathematician?
4. Do you have any bad habits?
5. Would you be willing to employ yourself in a business that required honesty, quickness of judgment, keen intellect?
6. Are you quick to see and take advantage of a business opportunity?
7. Are you in debt? If so, how did you become so?
8. Do you have extravagant habits of dress, amusements, or social life?
9. Can you secure good letters of recommendation from business men in the city who know you?
10. How much money have you ever earned, and how did you earn it?

The father read the list and then, without a word, reached for a sheet of paper and put down the following:

1. Are you a Christian? Would you follow the teachings of Jesus if to do so should result in the loss of money and position?
2. Do you have some great cause of humanity at heart, and are you ready to give your heart's enthusiasm for it?
3. Are you as active and as useful in some church as you are in your business of money-making?
4. Do you pray and read the Bible daily?
5. Are you planning to do a man's part by sharing in the burden of good citizenship?

The father handed those questions to his son. The son read them, and his face paled and grew red by turns. He faltered. His father was a distinguished and deeply consecrated man who had lived consistently the life outlined in the questions. The son respected him as he respected no other man.

"Father," he said finally, in a low voice, "that is real efficiency. I am going to try to live up to it; but right now I cannot answer those questions honestly and pass. It will take me a long time to qualify."

"It will take you all your life," his father said gravely.

AT AUNT MARY'S

DINNER was a very unhappy meal. Roy ate in morose silence. Judith was displeased over her work—Judith did not have "needle fingers." Even Peggy was absorbed. Over the three downcast young faces Uncle Terry looked anxious inquiry at Aunt Mary, but she could only shake her head. She did not know any more than he what was the matter. Perhaps if they had ever had children of their own!

In the kitchen after dinner Peggy told her that Roy was afraid he was going to lose the position he had hoped for, and that Judith could not get her skirt to hang right, and that she, Peggy, surely must learn to do something in a hurry to help out.

Aunt Mary comforted as best she could, but it was difficult for her to understand. She was sure that any firm must jump at the chance of getting a young man like Roy; and why did Judith worry over that skirt? Miss Butler could do it. And as for Peggy, why in the world should she want to do anything when she and Uncle Terry were so glad of the chance to have her with them. At that Peggy

came out of her abstraction and kissed her aunt impulsively. Then she ran upstairs to Judith.

Aunt Mary, left alone, had a sudden inspiration. She would make a strawberry shortcake for supper; that would cheer them up. They would not be expecting one so early.

It was slow work finding berries enough, and Aunt Mary's back ached with the long stooping, but her eyes were happy. Nothing that would "brighten up" the children could possibly be too hard. She hulled the berries excitedly, starting at every sound.

There was no doubt that it was a wonderful shortcake; Aunt Mary never had made a better one. She brought it in after everyone was seated and then waited eagerly; but suddenly a sharp ache came into her throat, for Roy and Judith did not notice at all, and Peggy only said:

"Why, I didn't know strawberries were ripe!"

Then Peggy happened to look at Aunt Mary, and in a flash she understood. *Dear Aunt Mary!* And what selfish beasts they all were! Peggy felt as if the shortcake would choke her; but she chattered and chattered, and made the others take two pieces each. The moment supper was over, she whirled the other two out to the piazza and told them what she thought of the whole three, herself included.

"When they'd give us everything in the world they have!" she cried. "When they'd keep us all our lives if we'd let them! And then we dump all our little troubles on them and spoil their happiness. How Aunt Mary worked over that shortcake because we used to love them, and how glum we were when we ought to have been full of excitement and thankfulness!"

Roy was already striding toward the kitchen.

"O Aunt Mary!" he cried. "Make me some fried injuns to-morrow morning?"

"No; waffles and honey!" Judith cried over his shoulder. "No one ever made waffles like yours."

Aunt Mary's face was alight with joy as she smiled at the eager look in their eyes.

AT GEN. WASHINGTON'S TABLE

AMONG the many entertaining pictures of life in colonial days that Mr. Charles H. Sher- rill has collected in his volume, *French Memories of Eighteenth Century America*, is an account of a dinner that George Washington gave while he was commander in chief of the American forces. The description is found in the writings of the engaging Marquis de Chastellux.

"On our return to camp we found a good dinner ready waiting and about twenty guests. The repast was in English fashion, composed of eight or ten large dishes both of butcher's meat and chicken, accompanied by vegetables of different sorts, and followed by a second course of pastries, comprising everything under the two denominations of 'pies and powdering.'

"After these two courses they removed the tablecloth and served apples and a quantity of nuts, which Gen. Washington generally ate for two hours, meanwhile proposing toasts and indulging in conversation. These nuts are small, dry, and covered with so hard a shell that only a hammer can break them; they are served half open, and are then picked out and eaten. About half past seven we arose from the table, and the servants at once came to take it down and shorten it, as it had been lengthened for dinner. I was astonished at this manoeuvre and asked the reason. They told me they were going to lay the cloth for supper."

"At the end of half an hour I retired to my room, thinking that the General might have something to do and was only remaining with the company out of regard for me, but half an hour later they came to announce that His Excellency awaited me for supper. I returned to the dining room protesting with all my might against this supper, but the General said that he was accustomed to take something in the evening, and that I need only sit down, eat some fruit and take part in the conversation."

This long stay at table, however, had a convincing apologist in the *Compte de Ségur*: "Temperance was one of Washington's virtues, and in prolonging his dinner he had but one object—that pleasure of conversation which distracted him from his worries and rested him from his labors. His table was set every day for thirty. Washington, animated by a singular and most disinterested love for his country, declined to receive that which they had assigned him as Commander-in-Chief. It was almost in spite of him that the government charged itself with paying his table expenses."

PHOTOGRAPHING A RHINOCEROS

WILLINGNESS to face danger calmly is necessary if a man is to achieve success in photographing African game. A recent contributor to the *American Museum Journal* shows the coolness and courage that he and his companion needed when they photographed a rhinoceros at close quarters. He says:

I was carrying a gun with only two shots, and Dugmore had nothing except the camera. As we topped a little knoll, we saw about one hundred yards ahead of us in the yellow grass the black outline of a rhinoceros's back. We approached to a point within eighty yards, where we had a good view of him, and from there Dugmore took a telephoto picture.

Although we were in plain sight of the beast, we moved toward him, and at about sixty yards Dugmore took another picture. Being sure of two pictures, he then changed his lens to one with a shorter focus. Meanwhile the rhinoceros gave no sign that he was aware of our presence. We walked to a spot about forty yards from him, where Dugmore focused the camera, while the rhinoceros deliberately lay down. That was a sure sign that he had not detected us, and we both gave a sigh of relief.

"Splendid!" whispered Dugmore. "Now we can walk up very close without his seeing us."

It was no place for an argument; and so, as he started forward I followed, with my finger on the trigger of the gun. As each cautious step brought us closer and closer—and my breath grew shorter and shorter—I wondered if Dugmore were ever going to stop! When he was a little more than twenty yards from the big rock-like mass, he stopped and began to focus his camera, while the rhinoceros's ears twitched nervously. My gun, which seemed to weigh forty or fifty pounds, came slowly to my shoulder. The next moment there was a short, a cloud of dust, and the huge beast was coming straight at us. I set my teeth, held the gun hard, and listened for the little *click* of the camera.

Dugmore let him get well on his feet and under

way; then a *click*! and a *bang*! in quick succession decided the battle in our favor. At fifteen yards the rhinoceros bit the dust, scrambled to his feet, wheeled and made off.

AN INDIAN MISCAL BAKE

EVERYONE knows the century plant, with its thick, sharp-pointed leaves, but few persons would ever imagine that it is good to eat. Yet the Indians who live in the mountains that surround our great southwestern desert know how to prepare a kind of candy out of mescal, as they call the plant.

A traveler who had the good fortune to go out with some of them on a mescal hunt gives the following account of his experience:

A four days' horseback ride across the mountains took me to the edge of the Colorado Desert, not far from the Mexican line, where I was to meet my friend and Antonio Cuevas, the Indian.

We made camp at a spring in a cañon that overlooked the desert, and set out to hunt up our mescal plants (a-moosh'), Antonio called them in his Indian language. On the way he pointed out many places where mescal bakes had taken place in past times, and by great luck we discovered also one of the tools with which in olden days the Indians used to cut the mescals for baking. It was hidden in a crevice of the rocks, where it had lain for many a long year—a pole about six feet long of the tough, heavy wood of the mountain mahogany, sharpened at one end to a chisel-shaped edge. Antonio called it a *peh-wee'*.

An hour's ride brought us to the mescal ground. It was early in April, the time when the plant sends

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. S. CHASE



CUTTING OUT A MISCAL PLANT WITH THE PEH-WEE'

up its tall flower stem. The mescal grows for years without attempting to flower,—merely a bunch of big, spiky leaves with tips as hard and sharp as a bayonet,—and when at last it blooms and bears its seed, that is the end; it dies. The part that the Indians used is the butt of the flower stalk, which is often several inches thick. We scrambled and searched over hillside after hillside, testing each likely-looking stalk; if it felt springy rather than limber, it was too old and would be bitter.

Every time we found a suitable plant Antonio chopped it out with an axe or with our *peh-wee'*, cut the top off, and trimmed the butt clear of leaves. When they were all ready Antonio dug a pit about two feet deep and three feet across, lined it with flat rocks, and round the margin built a rough curbing, on which he laid our mescal butts.

Next he built a big, loose pile of dry wood over the pit, using branches of the desert juniper and the sumac. Then he set the pile alight and allowed it to burn until only embers remained in the bottom of the pit. After pushing the charred lumps of mescal into the pit, and with them the hot rocks from round the edge, he shoveled earth on top and patted it down into a mound. That completed the work, and, leaving our buried mescal to cook slowly, we went back to camp.

The next day at four o'clock in the afternoon, thirty hours after we had buried the mescal, we opened the pit. The butts looked more like elephants' feet than anything else I can think of. We took one of them to the shade of a bush, cut away the blackened outer part, and found inside a mass of soft golden-brown stuff, somewhat stringy and very sweet, with a flavor that I thought at first was like baked apple. Then I thought it more like pine-apple, and at last I decided that it was not like anything except mescal; but it was undeniably good, and so rich that we could eat only a very little of it at a time.

A RECRUIT FOR SUFFRAGE

LOOKING askance at Mr. Hyne, Caleb Peaslee pursed his lips as if he were in doubt about speaking.

"Pamely Lothrell," he finally announced with the air of dropping a bomb, "has come out flat-footed, and she says she's goin' to vote!"

"Quit your foolin'," Mr. Hyne commanded. "I ain't feelin' like listenin' to it—my knee achin' the way it is with rheumatism."

"I ain't foolin'," protested Caleb. "You stretch your knee out there where the sun'll hit, and lemme tell you 'bout it."

So Mr. Hyne stretched his knee into the warm June sunshine and listened.

"I know's well's you do, Hyne," began Caleb defensively, "that the last pusson in the world that a body'd think of settin' herself up to vote would be Pamely, almost—she's always been such a quiet, hide-away kind of critter. But she's had a change of heart since day b'fore yest'day—she tells me."

"Day b'fore yest'day afternoon," Caleb continued, "Pamely was cookin' up some sort of a batch of victuals down in the kitchen. She'd jest looked into the oven and shet the door, and when she riz up there was a tramp, big as life and dirty as a pigpen, fillin' the doorway chock-full and leerin' at her dreadful discomfition."

"He didn't say nothin' for a minute or so—jest kep' on grinnin' at her kind of meachin' and ugly, and then let on that he wanted somethin' to eat

right off. 'And I guess you'd better hunt round,' he says, 'and see if you can't find a dollar 'r two that I can borrow a spell.'

"When Pamely riz up to her feet," Caleb went on, "and faced the tramp, it fetched her back right agin the stair door that leads up into the back hallway, and her hand tetchted the door knob. So quick as a flash she opened the door and dodged into the stairway and raced upstairs."

"She hadn't a'fore it come over her how helpless she was up there. Hollerin' wouldn't help her any, for Bartlett's folks was all away, and there wa'n't any other neighbors nearer'n a quarter of a mile."

"And while she stood there wonderin' what on earth she should do, all at once it come over her 'bout her victuals in the oven. There they was, with every damper in the stove wide open, prob'ly burnin', and that great tramposer down in her kitchen dominatin' round."

"I d'know why 'tis," Mr. Peaslee conjectured, "but meddlin' with a woman's bakin' is a good deal like troublin' an old bear with cubs. All at once Pamely made up her mind she was goin' to drive that tramp out of her kitchen, and she begun to hunt for somethin' she could throw at him, and the only namable thing she could lay her hands to was a settlin' of ducks' eggs that she'd been savin' for my wife. So she slid 'em into her apron, easy, and started."

"When she got to the foot of the stairs and swung the door open, there was the tramp jest bendin' over the table. He'd been into the pantry and got some victuals together, and was jest goin' to take a bite out of a doughnut when she hove the first egg. Not bein' used to throwin', she overwent him a mile, and the egg fetched up agin the clock right over his head with a bang fit to wake up a dead pusson. He whirled to see what it was, and jest then Pamely let fly another egg, and that fetched on his forehead, right at the roots of his hair, and filled his eyes full; and then Pamely charged him, whoopin' at the top of her voice."

"Cordin' to Pamely, the tramp, not bein' able to see anything, with his eyes full of ducks' egg, and not knowin' who nor how many might be after him, made a blunderin' drive for the door, while Pamely pelted him with eggs and screeched her lungs out. And lo and behold! when they fetched out into the road Salem Burnaby was drivin' by, and he took charge of the tramp and drove him off to the lockup."

"And I guess," concluded Caleb, "that the whole thing sort of went to Pamely's head. Anyway, she was over to our house that night tellin' 'bout it, and she let on that if a critter like that tramp was 'lowed to vote she was goin' to, too, bein' as she'd proved to be able to drive him, let 'lone always supportin' herself. And I ain't p'pared to contend," concluded Caleb, "that she ain't right."

GENERALS ON THE ROCK PILE

WHEN the late President Leconte of Haiti set about to reduce the size of his army a few years ago, many of the generals whom he mustered out of the service were put to breaking rock on the street. At one time, says the *National Geographic Magazine*, there were more officers than men in the Haitian army.

In former times the pay of a Haitian soldier was small at best, nothing at worst, and at all times insufficient to keep the warrior fed decently. The days for loading coffee on departing ships were great days in Haiti. They were days when the army got a square meal, thanks to the stevedore wages that the men were able to earn.

The army officers of Haiti were as fond of gold lace as a mountain girl of bright colors. Small wonder, then, that the regalia of a field marshal was everywhere in evidence. Times have changed, however, and now the American marine in quiet khaki takes the place of the Haitian fire eater in his resplendent costumes.

Feeding the Haitian armies in the days before the American "Big Brother" movement was not a difficult job. Garrison rations consisted of a sugarcane stalk two or three feet long, and whatever else the soldier could beg, borrow or steal!

UNDERGROUND EELS

SOME years ago, says a contributor to *Answers*, the Messrs. Boyd sank a small hole for water on their Australian farm, and struck a running stream at a depth of three feet. One evening a large eel came up in the bucket, and, a light having been obtained, the workmen watched the hole. Fish in considerable numbers were constantly darting across the open hole, and subsequently several hundred eels were caught.

It is a mystery where the fish came from and whither they were going; they seemed always to travel in the same direction.

Recently Mr. D. Minogue, the present owner of the farm, sank a well about a mile away and found the stream at eight feet. At nighttime, if you have a light, you can see the eels flashing by, still going with the stream in the direction of the coast. Some of the fish weigh as much as six pounds.

THE FIRST GAS BURNER

A WOMAN'S thimble, according to the *Popular Science Monthly*, suggested the first gas burner. William Murdoch, the inventor, first burned the gas as it came from the end of a pipe. One day he wished to stop the illumination quickly. Looking round for an extinguisher, he seized his wife's thimble and thrust it over the light, which immediately went out.

There was a strong odor of gas, however, and Murdoch, seeing that the end of the thimble was full of tiny holes, touched a light to it. Through all the holes jets of flame appeared, and the experimenter was surprised to find that the illumination from those tiny jets was greater than that given by the flare from the end of the pipe. Acting on the principle that this chance discovery revealed, Murdoch made what was known as the "cockspur burner."

A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE

THE following story is told by Bishop Welldon in his recently published *Recollections and Reflections*:

A governess once tried to give her pupils some idea of the relative size of certain distant countries by saying, "Cambodia is about as large as Siam." But when one of the little girls attempted to repeat the information in a written exercise, she put it thus: "My governess says that Cambodia is about as large as she is."

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Ray Coon Wanted a Bite, Too

WHEN RAY COON WENT COASTING

BY G. H. SMITH

ONE crisp winter morning Ray Coon took his new Christmas sled and went coasting on the long hill beyond the woods. He wore a fine new sweater that Mother Coon had knit him, a sweater that had the letter



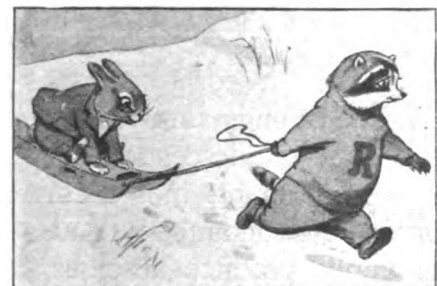
Bunny Let Ray Have Two Bites

"R" on the breast to help keep him warm against the sharp winds. Twice he coasted down the hill and climbed slowly back to the top again.

"My!" said Ray Coon, stopping to take a long breath. "It did not seem so far as that when I was going down!"

Then he took another full breath of the cold air and exclaimed, "And I believe this makes me hungry, too!"

Just as he spoke he spied his good friend,



Ray Gave Them a Flying Start

Bunny Gray, sitting on a log beside the road, eating a big red apple.

"Good morning, Bunny!" called Ray Coon. "What a lucky boy you are to have a big red apple!"

"Good morning, Ray!" answered Bunny Gray. "I was just thinking what a lucky boy you are to have such a fine sled."

Then they both laughed heartily, for they were such good friends that each could always



Old Mr. Possum Plodded Along

count on a share of the other's good things. Bunny jumped up from the log and allowed Ray to take two bites of his big red apple. Then, when Bunny had finished what was left of it, Ray cried:

"All aboard! We'll be at the bottom in three winks!"

When Bunny was seated on the sled, Ray ran a few steps down the hill, hauling the



"How Still He Lies!" Said Bunny

TOPSY-TURVY

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

If the air were full of fishes,
And the sea were full of birds,
And books were full of raindrops,
And clouds were full of words;
If fur grew on the tree trunks,
And the kittens' coats were bark,
And owls preferred the daylight,
And humming birds the dark;
If oysters lived in birds' nests,
And birds curled up in shells,
And bees were found in marshes,
And frogs in hives and cells;
If ferns grew in the tree tops,
And nuts grew underground,
And oranges were always square,
And handkerchiefs were round;
If the horse rode in our carriage,
And we ran on before,
And looked for crabs on housetops,
And chimneys on the shore;
If steamboats ran on railways,
And engines tried to float;
If a miller wore a harness,
And his horse a vest and coat;
If we ran to see the moon at noon,
And saw the sun at night;
I'm sure that something would be wrong,
And nothing very right!

sled, in order to give them a flying start. Then he leaped on behind Bunny. The road was smooth and the hill was steep. How they flew! The faster they went the sharper cut the wind, so that Bunny, who was in front, began to wish that he had buttoned his jacket before they started.

About halfway down the hill there was a sharp turn in the road. When they rounded the turn, going faster and faster, they saw a sight that made them both shout in sudden fear. It was old Mr. Possum plodding along the road just ahead. He was leaning on his cane, and over his shoulder he carried a stick with a bundle at the end of it. Probably he had been over to the village on a shopping trip and had come into the road by a path through the woods.

"Look out! Look out!" screamed Ray Coon and Bunny Gray together, at the top of their voices.

It would have done as much good to shout to a tree. Old Mr. Possum was too deaf to hear them; so he plodded on in the middle of the road. There was no time for Ray and Bunny to steer the sled to one side or even to throw themselves off. Before they could shout a second time, it happened,—*crash! crash!*—and there was poor old Mr. Possum lying flat in the snow, while Ray and Bunny went flying heels over head into a drift beside the road.

They clambered out of the drift and hurried back to where Mr. Possum lay. They themselves were not hurt a bit, but both of them were so frightened that their hearts went *thump! thump!*

"Oh, I hope we have not killed Mr. Possum!" moaned Ray Coon in a voice that was very trembly.

"How still he lies!" said Bunny Gray. "We must have hurt him terribly!"

While they stood there, eager to do something, but not knowing what to do, Mr. Blinky Owl came out from behind a tree and drew near.

"Hello, boys!" he called. "What's the matter here? The sun is so bright on this snow that I cannot see much."

"O Mr. Blinky Owl!" said Ray Coon. "We ran down poor Mr. Possum, and I'm afraid we have killed him!"

"You ran down Mr. Possum?" repeated Mr. Owl. "Well, well, that's too bad! Let me see! Let me see!"

He came poking along to where Mr. Possum lay, and looked hard at him from head to feet; then suddenly he sat down and put his ear to Mr. Possum's heart.

"It's just as I thought," he said, getting up. "Old Mr. Possum is not hurt at all. I've known him a long time, and he has a way of playing dead when anything exciting happens. See! You did not hit him at all! It was his cane that your sled hit, and when the cane snapped he tumbled down."

When Mr. Blinky Owl had spoken thus to Ray Coon and Bunny Gray, he put his bill close to Mr. Possum's ear and shouted, "Who! Who!" several times with all the strength of his voice.

Deaf as he was, Mr. Possum could not fail to hear that. He opened first one eye and then the other, and finally raised his head and peered round very carefully.

"Is that you, Mr. Blinky Owl?" he said at last. "What happened to me?"

Again Mr. Blinky Owl put his bill close to Mr. Possum's ear and shouted again as loudly as he could.

"The boys were coasting," he said. "The



Blinky Owl Listened at His Heart



Our Polly's pleading "Please!"
And Sally's sunny smile,

They open pantry doors,
Disclosing cakes and tarts;
They open happy stores
Of kindness in our hearts.

Oh, those are wondrous keys
For locks of every style.

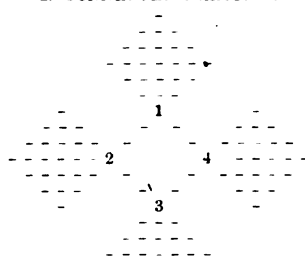
And when some Doleful Thought
Stays lingering about,
Those keys fly like a shot
To lock the rascal out.

PUZZLES

1. CHARADE

My first is the name of the dining-room maid;
My second she puts on the table
Many seconds my sly whole would steal from
my first,
If only the rascal were able!

2. CONNECTED DIAMONDS



Upper Diamond—1. A letter. 2. Possesses. 3. Hurry. 4. Those who rule. 5. To guide. 6. To mistake. 7. A letter.
Left-Hand Diamond—1. A letter. 2. A stage. 3. To sew slightly. 4. A wild horse. 5. To be erect. 6. Conclusion. 7. A letter.
Lower Diamond—1. A letter. 2. Part of the verb "to be." 3. A deputy. 4. Treachery. 5. To follow. 6. Part of the foot. 7. A letter.
Right-Hand Diamond—1. A letter. 2. To be seated. 3. Dense. 4. A traveler. 5. Weary. 6. Part of the verb "to do." 7. A letter.
From 1 to 2, comfortable; from 2 to 3, an insect; from 3 to 4, a snare; from 4 to 1, cooking utensils.
From 2 to 1, cannon; from 3 to 2, a strong flavor; from 4 to 3, a portion; from 1 to 4, to snarl.

3. RIDDLE

When I come to make a call,
People let their eyelids fall,
Turn away without a word,
Make no speech nor sign at all.

When I leave, as quick as wink
Back they turn, and look and blink,
Stretch their eyes and stretch their arms—
Funny manners, don't you think?

sled hit your cane and you fell down. They are very sorry. They did not mean to do it."

"Oh, that's all right!" said Mr. Possum, getting to his feet in very sprightly fashion for an old fellow. "I thought it might be something worse, and so I kept quiet to see what would happen. I do not blame the boys. I know I was right in the middle of the road, anyway."

Then Ray Coon and Bunny Gray did what they could to help Mr. Possum. Ray picked up his stick with the little bundle at the end, and Bunny, after a long search, found his eyeglasses, which had fallen off into the snow.

"Please get on the sled, Mr. Possum," said Ray, shouting very loud. "We will haul you home."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Possum, "but you will not have to haul me far. It is downhill all the way and I shall be glad to try coasting again. It has been a long time since I was on a sled."

So all three seated themselves on Ray's sled. That did not leave any room to spare, and they had to hold on very tight when the sled flew down the steep hill. Mr. Possum seemed to enjoy it as much as the boys did, although the wind nearly blew his glasses off. When they reached the bottom of the hill, Mr. Possum jumped off the sled and shook hands with both the boys before he went into his house.

"Thank you, boys!" he said. "That makes me feel younger. I'll try to keep out of the road the next time you are coasting, but some-

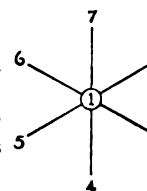
4. QUEER A B C'S

The letters of the alphabet—how marvelous they be!
I wonder if you know them well. I'll quiz you. Let me see:
One letter's fond of summer days and long bright, sunny hours,
Of clover fields and glory bells and all the fragrant flowers.
Another letter you may eat, and here is one to drink;
And this one must be closely kin to shimmies, I think.
And here is one that is yourself, and one that is a cry;
And this one's used to number things, and here's a bird to fly.
This one can toss the largest ship, another's made of hair.
Here's one that is a part of you and glides you everywhere.
The only one that oxen know is here (they are not smart).
And of a house another one may be sometime a part.

How strange that little letters may become so many things!
Now hurry up and guess them ere the bell to dinner rings.

5. STAR

From 1 to 2 is of the people;
from 1 to 3 is above the fireplace;
from 1 to 4 is a city in New York;
from 1 to 5 is a political meeting;
from 1 to 6 is a cloak;
from 1 to 7 is a small tool;
from 2 to 3 to 4 to 5 to 6 to 7 is a small room.



6. GEOGRAPHICAL DELETIONS

I
Take a letter from a river in Europe, transport and find vapor of hot water.

II
Take a letter from a river in Europe, transport and find a vehicle.

III
Take a letter from a river in Europe, transport and find a blast of wind.

They Helped Old Mr. Possum

day I should like to go coasting with you perhaps to-morrow, if I am not too lame from my fall to-day."

"All right!" shouted Ray. "We'll call for you!"

While Ray and Bunny were climbing back up the hill, dragging the sled behind them, they agreed that Mr. Possum was a fine old fellow, and that perhaps once in a while some old fellows like to have a little sport as well as youngsters such as themselves.

"But wasn't it lucky," said Ray, "that you hit Mr. Possum's cane instead of one of his legs!"



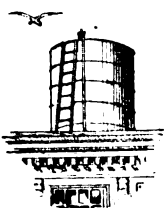
A PERILOUS SWIM

WE had been traveling all day long across the flat wheat fields of Kansas, and when we began upon the night journey across the desert in the western part of the state the air brakes shrieked and finally the train came to a jolting stop with the sigh of escaping steam.

"It would be just my luck to have an accident," said the man who sat in the corner of the baggage car. "I'm gray-haired now from escaping sudden deaths; and ever since my first experience twenty years ago it seems as if fate has been juggling with my life."

"What was your first experience?" asked a well-tanned soldier from Fort Leavenworth who was going home on a furlough.

The older man at first gave no sign of having heard the question, but ran his fingers through his gray hair and looked thoughtfully



use. My feet wouldn't stay up, and I knew I must keep on swimming until I could swim no more.

"I tried to collect my scared senses so that I could make an intelligent fight for my life and overcome the frantic desire that seized me to make leap after leap at the edge that was so far beyond my reach. It was plain to me that no help could come before six o'clock, when the night watchman came on, and I knew I was not a good enough swimmer to last that long; already I was exhausted with the aching of my limbs.

"I began to wonder whether I could not drive a hole in the bottom of the tank in some way and thus let the water out. It was an insane idea, for there was nothing within my reach but a piece of lath about five feet long that kept getting in my way as I swam about but was no more use in making a hole in the wall of my prison than a slice of bread would have been.

"I looked up at the edge. At one spot there hung one sleeve of my coat. I reflected I should probably never wear it again. Then suddenly, as I strained my eyes upward, an idea seized me. I grasped the floating stick with an exclamation of joy!

"Projecting over the wall of the tank was the mouth of the supply pipe and the valve that they turned when they wished to fill the reservoir. If I could only turn that valve, the tank would fill and I could float up on the surface until I could reach the rim.

"I reached out with my stick and thrust it in the valve wheel. I tried to turn it. It would not budge! My heart sank, for I did not doubt that the faucet had been turned off with some force, and that, working in the water, no man had strength enough in his wrist to overcome the leverage in the five feet of stick. There was only one hope left.

"By putting the stick against the side of the supply pipe and thrusting the extreme end through the wheel of the faucet above I might pry it loose and turn on the stream. I expected the slender stick to break under the strain, but it was the only chance of saving my life. I brought all my force to bear; the stick cracked, something seemed

to give way, and I thought my only hope had gone. Then I heard the splash of the first slender trickle on the surface of the water!

"Pushing my stick up through the faucet wheel once more, I turned it still farther, and soon a heavy column of water was running into the tank.

"From that time on it became only a question of whether I could keep swimming until the tank had filled up enough for me to pull myself out. I was terribly exhausted, for I was only a fair swimmer. Every minute counted in the settlement of my fate, and it seemed to take hours of time for the surface to rise enough to be perceptible. Once when I became faint from the physical and mental strain my head went under and I swallowed much water in my fright. At times I was sure I could not last long enough.

"But the tank was filling up slowly and surely. Finally I reached toward the rim and felt my fingers hook themselves over the edge. I was too weak to pull myself up at first, but hung there and waited for the water to rise. At last I put a leg over the edge and drew myself out. I climbed down the ladder in a daze and fainted away on the roof. The night watchman found me there when he came up to see what was causing water to run down the sides of the building. You see, I had not thought to turn off the water, and my swimming pool had overflowed."



NOT THE RIGHT TICKETS

MRS. SMITH hired a Chinese servant, says the Los Angeles Times, and tried to teach him how to receive calling cards. She let herself out the front door, and when the new servant answered her ring she gave him her card.

The next day two ladies came to visit Mrs. Smith. When they presented their cards, the alert Chinaman hastily compared them with Mrs. Smith's card, and remarked as he closed the door:

"Tickets no good; you can't come in."



A Royal Living from a Little Land

IT is a mistaken idea that you *must* live in the country to have the finest, freshest lettuce, juicy tomatoes, tender sweet corn, choice peas and beans and other garden produce.

Whoever has enough ground in his back yard or in a nearby vacant space for a garden can live like a king. All you need is a very little land, the willingness to dig and potter around and the foresight to buy

FERRY'S SEEDS

Why Ferry's Seeds? Extra choice garden things are never accidental. Seeds descended for generations from plants noted for lusciousness and abundance will almost invariably produce luscious, abundant crops. Pedigree profits the planter. Unknown seeds are dear at any price.

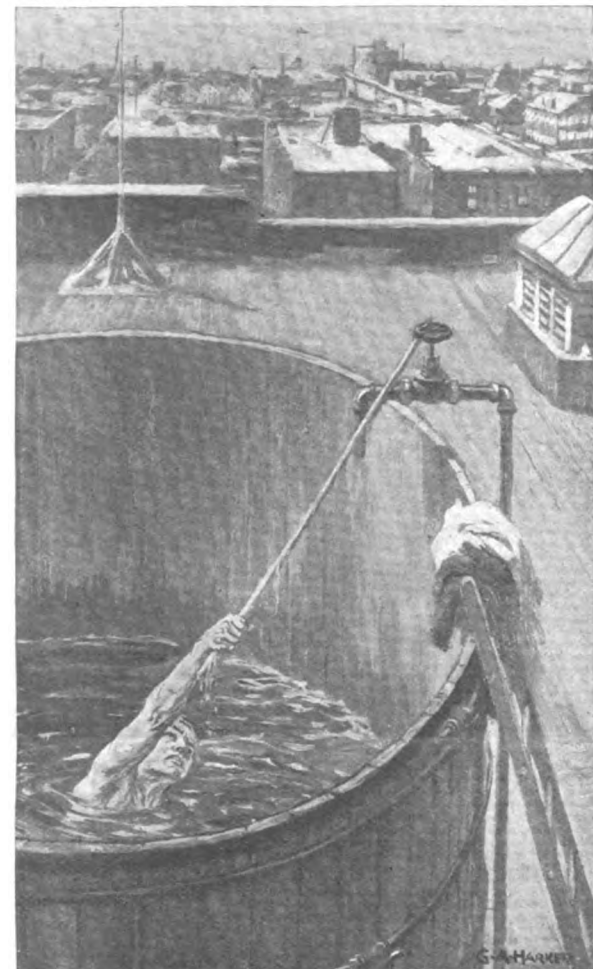
Ferry's Seeds are pedigreed seeds. They come from families with known histories and each yearly crop of seeds is tested in the Ferry trial gardens to make sure that the family traits survive, that the strain is running pure and true to type.

Experienced gardeners everywhere know that Ferry's care in seed selection has made Ferry's Seeds most sure of success.

Write today for your free copy of Ferry's Seed Annual. You will value the selected receipts for best ways of cooking vegetables.

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I EXPECTED THE SLENDER STICK TO BREAK UNDER THE STRAIN

out of the baggage door across the endless stretch of sun-heated barrens.

"I think it was in '80," he said. "It was rather a funny affair, as I think of it now, and it went to prove the old saying, 'Look before you leap.' As I say, it was a curious accident, and I guess you'll agree with me when I tell you.

"At the time I was an extra watchman of a factory just outside of Chicago, and I used to have to be on hand Sundays and holidays, and on days when they closed down either from lack of orders or because they were taking account of stock.

"The day I speak of was a scorcher,—nearly the hottest we had that summer,—and along in the afternoon I went up on the flat roof to see if I couldn't get a touch of the lazy breeze that floated in from the lake. I was nearly stifled, and I sat down in the shadow of the big, round wooden water tank that supplied the boilers. It was cooler there, and the sides of the tank felt good to my back. All of a sudden the idea of taking a plunge into the water came into my head, and I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before.

"I looked all round to be sure that no one could see me before I climbed the ladder that rested against the wall of the tank; at the topmost rung I sat down and pulled off my clothes. The water was clear as crystal, nearly eight feet deep. It looked very good to me.

"I turned my head down, took a fine dive into the tank and swam round the edge, beating the water the way I used to do when I was a boy.

"After a while I thought I would get out and take another dive. I looked up and saw that the smooth wall of the tank rose up more than four feet above the surface! I made two or three efforts to leap above the water and grasp the edge. Then I saw how hopeless it was. I was caught in a trap as neat as you ever saw!

"Turning over on my back, I tried to learn an accomplishment that I had never acquired and that would be most useful to me in keeping myself alive—I mean floating. It was no

THE FEATHERED DANDY

By Harriette Wilbur

SEVERAL August vacations spent in North Dakota gave me a close acquaintanceship with the dainty killdeer. He is a French dandy in feathers, with his dark, ash-gray broadcloth coat, white waistcoat and breeches, yellow hose, white collar, black "choke" tie, jaunty gray cap, and an ebony cane under each arm carried so that it just shows along the edge of his elbow. He is the dandy of all bird-dom, to my notion. The spruce policeman blue jay cannot equal him, or the dapper manikin cedar bird rival him; for killdeer, the dandy, has not only the costume but the air as well, which the rollicking blue jay and the dreamy cedar bird most certainly lack.

See killdeer tripping on light feet, darting first from one bog or stone to another, as if disdaining to soil his immaculate garb with the oozy soil where he must feed. A penniless dandy walking down a muddy street to seek his breakfast in some cheap restaurant would carry himself in just that way. Back in the fields his elegance is a trifle less noticeable perhaps, but since the sort of titbits he craves are found in slime and mud he must search for them there, in spite of his apparent dislike for anything unclean.

DRAWINGS BY WALT HARRIS



He is an epicure, too, and enjoys a good meal as well as the next bird. During the warmest part of the day, after feeding all the morning, he likes to take a siesta while digesting his breakfast and awaiting his supper of worms and bugs that come out in the cool of the evening. He stands on one leg in a patch of dry gravel or on a sun-warmed stone, near enough to the water so that when he opens a sleepy eye he can admire his own reflection in the mirror before him. At least, that is his favorite attitude on sunny afternoons. Perhaps in those daydreams he reflects on his own good looks and trusts to them for protection while he "snoozes."

I have admired the little killdeer at a distance every summer I have seen him. Still, his aloofness and his self-sufficiency rather kept me in awe of him, so to speak, and I never really felt that I knew him. Always seeing him with his society manners on, I wanted to know him more intimately by visiting him at home with his family. Last year, however, I made my North Dakota trip in May, and saw quite a different killdeer from the one that I had always observed in August.

Every time I went into the pasture I found solitary killdeers flitting about everywhere, with other thoughts under their big caps than food. It was springtime, and killdeer must prance up and down for sheer love of living, and for his exuberant delight in knowing that the mate he had chosen was quietly brooding her eggs somewhere not far away.

Whenever I approached a certain spot in the pasture where it bordered a wheatfield and ran down into a little boggy pond, I noticed that one of these little princes of dandies would suddenly appear from nowhere and fly round above me, calling out a shrill, incessant "Kill-dee, kill-dee, dee, dee, dee!"

"There must be a nest round here," I decided, after a few days of this commotion, and commenced searching for it.

Starting at the corner of the pasture, I went diagonally across it, from wheatfield to pond and back again, and all the while the anxious bird circled round above my head. I had made eighteen or twenty of these closely parallel lines, when all at once I flushed killdeer's wife herself from the ground. She joined her mate and circled about me, shrieking as plaintively as he; and had my conscience not been free of any intent to harm them, their alarm and grief would have caused me to abandon the search. Feeling that my curiosity could do them no real harm, I kept on with my plan.

Soon I had found the nest, or rather the nesting site—a mere hollow with a few sticks and pebbles roughly outlining a frame for the eggs. It was the eggs rather than the nest that attracted my attention; there were four of them, each as rich in color as springtime butter, and with their sharply pointed ends autographed all over with scrawls and blotches as of faded black ink.

As I stood looking at the eggs, the mother—or at least I chose to believe it was she—suddenly dropped down on the ground almost at my feet. For a moment I was deceived into thinking that she was really dying, but as soon as I stooped to pick her up she deftly eluded my hand with several wild hops that carried

her a considerable distance away from the nest.

Then I realized that I was being favored with a show of that deceit with which bird mothers often seek to protect their young; and to study this phase of killdeer tactics I obligingly followed her. The poor, lame, broken-winged creature promised capture if I would only pursue her, but she slyly kept just

out of my reach in spite of her lamentable condition. On and on she tumbled and tottered until I was some yards from the nest. Then, with a twitter of victory, which I could not begrudge her, she spread her wings and flew quickly away toward the pond. As for killdeer himself, he hovered above us all the way, crying his alarm and then his relief.

I retraced my steps as well as I could, but long before I found the nest again, the parents were back circling above me and calling piteously. To relieve their distress I went away, but every day thereafter I made a short call on Mrs. Killdeer.

She never grew accustomed to me, and would try to toll me away, or scold me away, all the while I lingered near the nest. I was anxious, however, to see a baby killdeer newly hatched, and did not let her anxiety prevent my daily visit; but to spare the mother any undue worry, I made a practice of standing afar off and studying the eggs through my opera glass.

One forenoon, when I made my usual call, the hatching was on. The little ones were already drying themselves in the sun, and to my astonishment were daintily pecking at their discarded shells, taking a cargo of grit aboard in preparation for the real feeding that they must soon have. The mother, too, who did not leave the vicinity of the nest for long, even to scold at me, helped the bantlings dispose of the empty shells by eating them herself.

That evening I heard killdeer cries from the wheatfield when I passed by, and found the old birds there in close attendance upon four little, striped, downy fluffs in black-billed gray caps much too big for them, and dark necklaces like their father's. But although the little fellows were almost lost in their great caps, which made them look as if they had been dressed in their father's cast-off headgear, and although that, with their stalk-thin little legs, gave them a top-heavy appearance and threatened to send them heels over head at every step, they were still able to run over the clods and dodge wheat stems at a good speed. I tried to catch one, and found that the day-old baby was as quick as a flash in dodging my hand.

They ran about like tiny chickens, peeping shrilly, and always with a question mark at the end of their "pee-esp," as if anxious to learn all there was to know about the big world where they found themselves. I was thankful that the family did not leave the neighborhood, and I enjoyed visiting them for many days. Such independent little mites as those young killdeer were—asking nothing from their parents except companionship, and quite equal to finding their own food!

Their efforts at learning to fly were a revelation. Ground dwellers though they were, and needing the power of flight as soon as any bird, they were fully ten days old before they could lift their bodies from the ground. From the first they realized the importance of their wings and trusted implicitly in them; for in

running, particularly to put distance between themselves and me, they would lift their tiny downy flappers and scud along headfirst over clods and tussocks. As the feathers began to come out, they would run more and more a-tiptoe, until before their wings were fully feathered they could skim along just over the ground, not more than two inches in the air. It was not until they were almost three weeks old that

they could really fly and could join their parents in those circling flights above my head.

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THE SAME OLD LECTURES

ON a certain occasion Prof. Brander Matthews of Columbia University, speaking jokingly of his age, said that he trusted he was not yet so old that the students could play on him the trick he once saw tried on a senior professor in his own college days.

"Prof. Blank," he said, "was our most venerable instructor, and he could be just a little irritable at times. Once, noticing that a member of his class who sat right under his eye never took any notes or paid the slightest attention to his lectures, he stopped abruptly and demanded:

"See here, young man, what do you mean by coming into my classroom day after day and never taking notes?"

"I have my father's," was the student's complacent reply."



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CHANDLER SIX \$1395

COME IN! THIS WAY DOWN THE CHIMNEY, PLEASE

SANTA CLAUS is not the only person who customarily enters the house by way of the chimney. In the little town of Kamenskoje, way up in northeastern Siberia, on the Peshina Gulf, nearly everyone does it.

The house is shaped like a perpendicular X. Starting with a ground floor that is about twenty-five feet in diameter, the frame walls, constructed roughly of driftwood, lean inward for about twelve feet, then turn outward for another ten or twelve feet. They do not touch each other in the centre, but leave an opening of from three to five feet wide. That opening is the door, the window and the chimney, all in one. A pole rests against the outer side of the house high enough to reach the top of the structure. On the upper side of the pole, steps are carved in which to insert the toes when climbing. A similar pole, set upright in the centre of the house and up through the chimney, is also furnished with steps for ascent and descent.

The first effect of this arrangement is that visitors are recognized, not by their faces, but by their feet; because the feet are the first to appear. There is something about the shape of the shoes of Nicolai, or there is a peculiar covering round the insteps of Ivan, that makes it quite easy to know who is coming down the chimney, even though his voice is not heard or his face seen.

Another effect is more serious. The house is so constructed that the fireplace is directly underneath the chimney. Naturally, the smoke goes up to greet the newcomer, and soot covers every side of the chimney, ready to attach itself to him. But if the one who enters must endure the consequences of so strange an arrangement, so does he in turn react upon the chimney and the things that happen to be placed beneath. The pot is always hanging over the fire, full of melting snow or boiling water and fish or reindeer meat. The man up the chimney is dressed in heavy furs, the hairy side turned outward. As he comes in touch with pole and chimney, a gentle spray of hairs comes easily drifting down, accompanied by showers of soot that are brushed from the side of the chimney. Perhaps the pot below is closed, but usually it is open. Hence, the food is often adulterated with hairs and soot.

There is a good reason for the peculiar shape of the Kamenskoje house or yurt. During the worst of winter no door or window at the side of the yurt would avail. The snow piles up on every side as high as the house itself. Then the people can walk straight up to the chimney, and the dogs crowd round the opening in the top for warmth and to enjoy the rising odor of cooking fish and reindeer. Curiously the dogs peer in, watching the movements of the dwellers and barking every now and then in petition for a morsel from the boiling mess. Sometimes one dog pushes another down the chimney. If the cover of the pot is off, the reception proves rather too warm for the unfortunate victim. But Ivan is there to catch him by the neck and to take him up to the top of the house, where the snow will soon reduce the heat of his blisters. The episode had not spoiled the dinner.

In spite of the fire within, the house is not comfortably heated, because of the opening on top. Snow, too, comes easily drifting in. It is necessary, therefore, to have tents inside the house. They are made of heavy furs, and are placed on the wooden platform that surrounds the fire. In these *pologs* the dwellers find refuge when the smoke becomes too trying or the atmosphere too frigid. Inside the *polog* stands a wooden bowl of seal's oil with dried moss floating on its surface, to be lighted at the pleasure of the occupant.

IN ATTENDANCE ON ROYALTY

IN learning their business—otherwise so different one from the other—there is one hardship to which saleswomen in shops and ladies in waiting on royalty must equally inure themselves: long hours of standing. Fanny Burney, the famous author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, those fashionable best sellers of George III's day, has left unforgettable descriptions of her killing weariness when she was court reader to Queen Charlotte. The queen was good and kind-hearted, but the etiquette of courts was sacred in her eyes, and it never occurred to her to relax it. So her reader stood to read aloud to her, quite as a matter of course. Rigid, dutiful and courageous, the queen never spared herself in fulfilling the duties of her position, and she never spared others.

Even to-day, in a less formal era but a more formal court than that of England, matters are not so very different. Miss Ethel Howard, in her recent entertaining little book, *Potsdam Princes*, tells how, during her engagement there as governess, she ventured to speak to the German Empress, but not at all in the way of complaint, of the physical strain involved in remaining too long on the feet. She was, indeed, thinking perhaps first of the ladies of the court, since they must so often stand while royalty may sit; but also of the Empress herself, who must so frequently stand throughout long levees, functions, reviews and public ceremonies. But the sturdy Empress had no pity to waste on anyone, least of all on herself.

"It is hard at first," she admitted, "but now I am like a horse: I can rest standing."

Miss Howard is an Englishwoman, but no war-born bitterness mars her retrospective picture of the Empress. If she found her rather too inflexibly severe in her demands for the exact observance of petty etiquette, it is a matter on which she lays no emphasis; and she makes no other criticism. Within the family, the Empress, although she was no bad disciplinarian herself, yet according to the ways of mothers from time immemorial, often stood between her sons and their father's sterner punishments. She was a devoted mother, with many of the little tenderesses and bits of sentiment about her babies that all mothers will understand. Every time the lads' hair was cut some of the precious locks were saved—one for herself and a few to give away to very dear friends. Less usual than cherishing locks of hair—perhaps unique—was her habit of preserving the first teeth of her children. She had them set in rings, and among all the rings she owned those so oddly embellished were her favorites. The idea is not pleasing to all tastes; but the rings, Miss Howard declares, were pretty, for the baby teeth, so set, "looked like tiny pearls."

The rings were set with one tooth apiece from all the little princes, except the crown prince. His superior importance was recognized by a ring of extra elegance, set with three teeth.



THOUSANDS of men choose the Chandler because of its mechanical superiority, which to them is so obvious, while other thousands choose it for its beauty of design, its grace of line, its roominess and its comfort.

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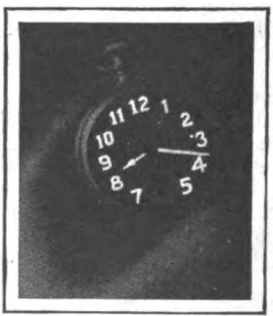
How Radium is Used on Ingersoll Watches

HAVE you ever seen an Ingersoll "Radiolite"—the watch that tells time in the dark? Here is a picture of one

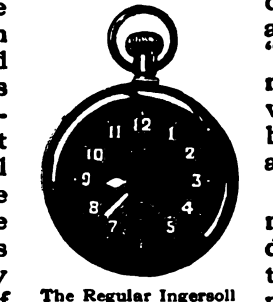
infinitesimal amount is needed. But this small amount of radium makes that other substance glow, just as the electricity makes the little wires of an electric lamp glow. And this "Radiolite" glow lasts for ten years—maybe much longer.

You see here also a picture of this wonderful "Radiolite" watch as it looks in the light. It tells time, of course, in the day, too! This watch costs \$2.00. The "Radiolite" Two-in-One, \$2.25, is to stand on the bureau or carry in the pocket; the Midget "Radiolite," for girls, is \$3.50; the "Radiolite" Strap Watch, to wear on the wrist, is \$4.00; and the Waterbury "Radiolite," a handsome model with jeweled works, for the older boys and their dads, is also \$4.00.

All these Ingersolls may be had in plain daylight dial also. And there are many other models. If the dealer is out of any particular model, it may be had on receipt of price by any of the Ingersoll offices named below.



How the Ingersoll "Radiolite" looks in the dark



The Regular Ingersoll "Radiolite," \$2.00

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New Parker Patented Clip held in place like a washer.

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No holes in the wall of a Parker, preventing any escape of ink to soil hands, spoil clothes or ruin dainty dresses or purses. Can be carried flat, upside down—any position—it cannot leak—it's **Safety-Sealed**.

In case of accident to self-filling mechanism it automatically changes to a **Safety-Sealed** non-self-filler.

Fills itself in two seconds—press the concealed **Safety-Sealed** button.

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Don't eat clear bran. Make it part of a breakfast dainty. Then you'll enjoy it. In Pettijohn's the bran is hidden in luscious flakes of wheat.

Bran is a daily need with most folks, for its laxative effects. When you learn its results you will not go without it.

Get it in this ever-welcome dish.

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A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent unground bran. Pettijohn's Flour—75 per cent fine patent flour with 25 per cent bran flakes. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. Both sold in packages only.

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Introduced by us three years ago is now acknowledged to be the greatest new garden annual. It is a success everywhere, plants growing 2 to 3 feet, a pyramid of color, its many branches bearing great balls of wool-like substance and most intense crimson scarlet. Flowers develop in June and none fade before frost, ever brilliant and showy beyond belief. Seed per pkt. 10 cts., 5 for 25 cts.

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Everblooming **Sweet William**, a startling novelty, blooming in 60 days from seed, continuing all the season, and every season being hardy. Flowers large, colors exquisite—pkt. 10 cts.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT BARBARA FRITCHIE

ALTHOUGH it is known that the old lady waved the Stars and Stripes from her window when the Northern army marched through Frederick two days after Jackson's force had passed, Barbara Fritchie's heroism as immortalized by the misinformed Whittier has long since been proved to be a myth. Her action roused such enthusiasm among the dispirited Union troops that she came down to the porch and received an ovation from them. Gen. Reno asked for the flag she waved; but she gave him a larger one, which he carried off amidst the cheers of the soldiers, and which was wrapped round his dead body after the battle, two days later.

Mrs. Louise Closser Hale gives, in Harper's, the true story of Stonewall Jackson's march through Frederick, as she got it in conversation with the wife of an old shoemaker in that town. After some preliminary remarks the old lady said, "Daughter, run up and get that picture of Mrs. Quantrille. You know, ma'am, we always felt a battle ahead, and when orders came from Lee for Gen. Jackson—there didn't many call him Stonewall then—to march his troops through the town to seize Harper's Ferry, we felt something in our bones. He came by the way of that creek."

"Not past Mrs. Fritchie's house?"

"No'm, just this side of it. We were all on the stoop watchin' for Gen. Jackson, who, we had heard, always rode with a Bible under his arm. There was a good deal of delay along the road, because, you know, ma'am, they waited for the commissary. The Confederate band was playin' down at the drug store, and it was Hill, D. H. Hill,—there were two Hills in this corps,—who sent for the musicians to serenade Mrs. Quantrille and us girls. He had reined his horse alongside of us, and we were all cutting up.

"All this time Mrs. Quantrille had a little Union flag in her hands. It's the rule when an army comes through a town that only the flag of the army is shown, so I reckon hers was about the only one flying. Mrs. Fritchie was a very old lady, and was sick in bed that day."

"But didn't anybody protest about it?"

"Well, Mr. Hill said, 'Madam, you ought to take that flag of yours and make an apron of it,' but quick as a flash she came back, 'You ought to take yours, sir, and make breeches out of it.' They were terribly ragged, that corps.

"Then Hill rode on, and no sooner had he gone than one of the privates, gettin' into line, stabbed it with his bayonet, and used some language that wasn't very nice. Mrs. Quantrille was as perky as you please. She made a fuss about it, and said the man ought to be arrested for rudeness to a lady. So one of the officers rode on ahead and said he'd see to it. Southern gentlemen were very particular about language before a lady. I don't suppose anything was ever done, because there was a good deal to think about just before a battle.

"But Mrs. Quantrille said, 'Girls, have any of you got a flag?' We used to all carry Union flags in the bosom of our basques, and Mary went into the hall and took hers out. So by the time Gen. Jackson came along she was waving one again. He never said a word that I can remember, and we were all so excited bowin' to him that we had to laugh afterwards because we forgot to look for his Bible. Yessum, we did.

"It was the other Hill of Jackson's division—I always call him the Hill on the cream-colored horse—who brought up the rear. And he said to Mrs. Quantrille, 'You ought to be shot for wavin' that flag.' His pistol was out of its holster, but he didn't shoot her. And Mrs. Quantrille, who always had the last word, said, 'You'll be the one to be shot.' It seemed a kind of a prophecy, for he was killed. But then, a good many was. And after that another soldier, encouraged by what Hill said, I reckon, cut the second flag out of her hand and trampled on it. So if the poet had got it right, he'd have had two flags torn down."

THE "REGULAR" POINT OF VIEW

PROOF positive that each one of us is for himself the centre of the universe, that what "our folks" do is the proper thing, and all else mere eccentricity, is seldom lacking, but it comes out most engagingly in childhood.

"She can speak French most beautifully!" concluded Elsie's big sister, Sara, after having described at length to the family at the supper table the charms and accomplishments of a new friend, a girl who had lived several years abroad and had come recently to Sara's school.

"I know a girl," put in Elsie at this point, with an air of importance, "and she used to live in England. She's in my kindergarten, and she can speak English, I guess."

"Well, what of that?" demanded Sara. "So can you speak English."

"Oh, no, I can't; I don't know how! Why, of course I can't speak English," Elsie appealed from the laughing faces now turned toward her, "can I, mother?"

"Certainly you can speak English, child; it's what we all speak; we're speaking it now."

"What? Is it English we're talking right this minute? Is it *truly*, mother?"

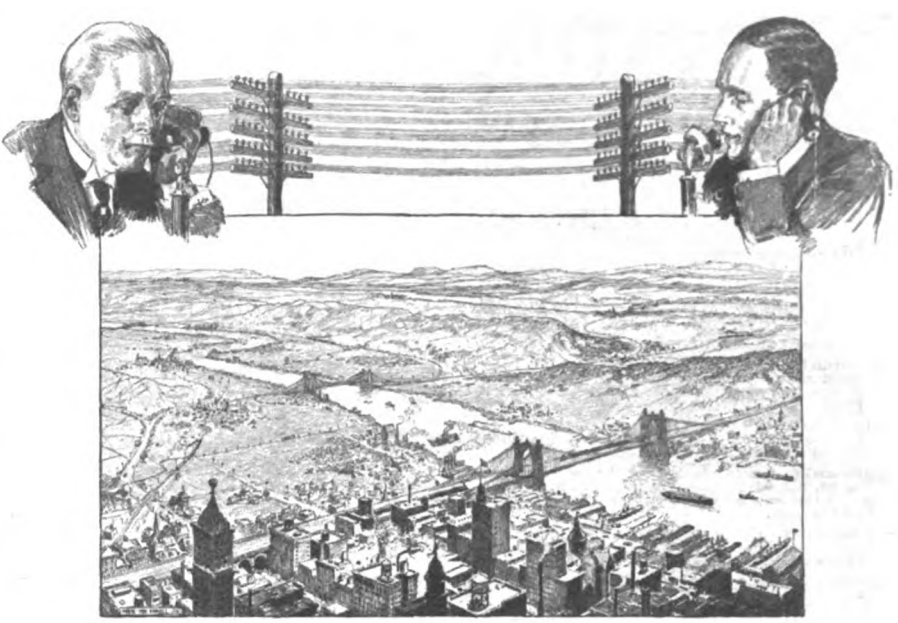
"Of course, my dear! What language did you suppose it was that we talk?"

"Why, mother, I didn't suppose it was English, or any other language. I thought it was just regular talk, of course."

A HUMBLE WORKER

HE does not look like a very important part of a big automobile organization, this stooped, grizzled man, but the president of a great motor-car company, according to Popular Science Monthly, says that Magnet Bill saves his salary a dozen times over every day he works. Rain or shine, summer or winter, Magnet Bill may be seen walking slowly about the automobile plant, his eyes fixed on the ground.

He gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of a tin bucket and a big steel magnet, strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tires by removing from the roadway every nail and piece of metal that might cause a tire puncture. Thousands of cars are run over this roadway to the testing place, and without the precautions taken by Magnet Bill the cost for cut and punctured tires would amount to many thousands of dollars yearly.



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The telephone offers continuous passage for the voice and unbroken connections to the uttermost places because it is a united System co-ordinated to the single idea of serving the entire people of this country.

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"You could ride yours to the office every day, and I could go to school on mine. I wouldn't mind running errands for mother if I had a bicycle. And on Sundays we could go for long rides in the country.

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HYGIENE OF THE EYES

ALL sensible persons desire to take good care of their eyes, but they do not always know just what are the dangers that threaten them. The eye is a most sympathetic organ, and it may suffer with almost every part of the body. Too often we forget that sympathetic quality and treat the eye as if it needed only local care. That kind of care is, of course, most essential, but we should never forget the relation of the eye to the rest of the organism.

How many persons, when they are thoroughly exhausted, take up a book as soon as they begin to rest! While the other parts of the body are recuperating, the eyes must work—like Cinderellas, they get no rest. It is an excellent rule to rest with closed eyes until extreme fatigue has passed, or at least to give the eyes a tonic by bathing them in cool water in which you have dissolved a little salt, or by cooling them with a few drops of the solution of boric acid administered with an eye dropper.

But fatigue is not the only condition of the body with which the eye sympathizes. The digestive system and the nervous system can both betray a condition of ill health through the state of the eyes. On the other hand, just the opposite of that may happen: the apparently innocent eyes may be the sole reason for a digestive or nervous upset. That is why it is so necessary to seek expert advice for slight and obscure deviations from health. Many a person has lost valuable time and done damage to his body by foolishly dosing himself with "something to strengthen the nerves" or to "improve the digestion" when all that he needed was a pair of glasses prescribed by an expert.

The summer vacation is often a disappointment to persons who are obliged to overuse their eyes throughout the working year, and who depend on their vacation for a chance to restore their strength. The reason is that they do not take the trouble to look after their eyes and give them a vacation, too. The glare from the water or from the hot sands, long dusty journeys, automobilism, bicycling against sun and wind, only give the eyes a change of work, not a rest. Every summer "comfort kit" should include dark glasses, some simple eye drops, and a dropper; and remember, if you can, not to read while you lie in a hammock.

THE CREAM

ANNETTE had held her own through the evening: she had laughed and talked and held her head high so that no one should guess. But up in her own room in the blessed darkness she had torn off her party gown and thrown herself on the bed and sobbed out her unhappiness. It had been clear in a score of ways—they did not like her nearly so much as when she first came. And she had wanted so to be liked, and at first everyone had been so nice. If she could only, only go back home to "daddy," who loved her! But her father would be away for two months yet, and she knew she could not leave Aunt Helen's. The weeks stretched before her, an eternity of misery. If she only knew what the trouble was! She could not ask the girls.

There was a knock on the door. Annette caught her breath—if it was one of her cousins! She could not see them just now.

But it was not—at least, not one of the girls. It was Aunt Helen's cousin Anne who was calling, "May an old lady come in a moment, little girl?"

Annette opened the door. She stood back so that the light should not fall upon her face, but Cousin Anne was not one who needed electric lights when it was a matter of understanding things. She gathered the little figure into her arms.

"I had a feeling that a certain little girl was lonesome to-night," she said. "Maybe I was wrong, but somehow I wanted to get hold of her."

Annette drew a sharp, quivering breath; then before she realized it she was telling it—all the hurt and the perplexity. It was strangely easy to tell Cousin Anne in the dark.

Cousin Anne, in the big chair now with Annette on the floor beside her, spoke slowly:

"I'm going to tell you something I've never told anyone before, little girl. It's something that happened to me when I was eighteen and went away on a visit. I did so want to be popular and admired! And I tried so hard! Yet, after a little, I found myself being left out."

"You, Cousin Anne!"

Cousin Anne smiled—Annette heard the smile in her voice.

"Yes, I. And I might have gone on forever, if I had not overheard some of the girls discussing me one day. 'Yes, she's bright enough—that isn't the trouble. She's too bright. If anything, she always wants to lick off all the cream.'"

"What did she mean, Cousin Anne?"

"I had to think it out myself, but I discovered presently. People's faces helped me to see. I found that I had got into the habit of capping everyone's story—telling how I had heard it with a better point, anticipating the climax, or guessing the

answer first. I was perpetually spoiling other people's talk. It was no wonder they didn't like to talk with me!"

"Why—I never thought," Annette stammered.

THE BED

IN the home of a Russian peasant Mr. Denis Garstin, the author of *Friendly Russia*, discovered the great bed.

The room, says Mr. Garstin, was small, scrupulously tidy and covered with ornaments. The walls were entirely hidden with ikons,—some thirty of them,—sacred pictures, cheap lithographs of the Czar, Czarina and their children, calendars decorated with saints and lovers, and crude photographs of their own family taken at a fair. But by far the most imposing article, dominating over all in the room and insisting on all observance, was the bed.

It was a massive creation in itself, made still more imposing by layer on layer of bedding and mattresses and pillows reaching high up the wall and covered with black and red embroidered counterpanes. It was a monument of Russian peasant respectability rather than a suggestion of any repose.

I was marveling at it when the *baba* returned, laden with thick potato pasties and wine and fruit. We sat down to eat, and my companion explained who we were and gave the messages. The old woman nearly embraced us in her effusive welcome. A boy was sent to call in the husband, who was out on the hillside gathering fagots. A little girl went toddling down the village to round up all the relatives she could find, and soon we were the centre of a crowd of rough peasants, who tried to cover their shyness by pressing us continually to eat.

The husband, a shock-headed old peasant, came last. His wife poured out all the news to him, referring every moment to us for confirmation of each detail, and whenever we said "Truly!" to her remarks he turned his hat round in his hands and said, "Thank God! But eat and drink some more."

"You have a very fine house," I said to him. He stared at me, puzzled by the unusual "you."

"Yes," he said finally, struggling into the plural, "we have. Tell Lukyan he must come to visit us with everyone. There is much room."

"But only one bed," I said.

Again I puzzled him. "Yes," he said, "there is a bed, of course."

My companion nudged me. "No one sleeps in a bed," he whispered.

The *baba*, glad of any reference to that piece of furniture, had stripped off the covering. "See," she said, "one, two, three, four—fifteen mattresses. That is enough for everyone, is it not?"

"They all sleep on the floor," said my companion. "My grandfather used to, too, when he was staying in the country."

THE BROCCOLI PLANT

IF the man who succeeds in growing two blades of grass where only one grew before is one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, what shall be said of him who is able to produce six or eight heads of the cabbage-like broccoli where only one grew previously, and, what is more, has made the plant a perennial?

That is what an English horticulturist recently achieved. A writer in Chambers's Journal tells of one of these new plants from which the grower cut fifteen fine heads six or seven inches in diameter.

The broccoli should be of inestimable value to the small gardener, especially if he happens to have an odd corner where he can let the plants grow undisturbed. Once they become established they assume the proportions of young bushes, and throw out their heads in all directions. They demand very little weeding; and as their roots thrust themselves deep into the soil, they are not appreciably affected by dry weather. In the spring, as soon as the shoots begin to run, the plant needs some thinning; but there is no waste, for the shoots when cooked form an appetizing dish of the flavor of asparagus.

The fact that to cut seventy-two massive heads from a dozen plants is no unusual achievement gives an idea of the prolific yield of this novelty among cabbages.

BOUND TO FIGHT, ANYHOW

EARLY last year, says a contributor to an English weekly, a grocer in a Scottish village decided that either he or his assistant must enlist. As he was single and his mother and sisters were well provided for from their interest in the shop, he thought it was his duty to go.

Mackay, the assistant, agreed promptly, and presently found himself in command of the business.

But a few months later the master was dumfounded to meet his late assistant, attired in khaki, "somewhere in France."

"Hi, mon," he said angrily, "what are ye doin' here? Did I no tell ye tae stay at hame in chairge o' ma shop?"

"So I thocht at the time, maister," replied Mackay, "bit I sune fun' oot it wisna only the shop I was in chairge o', but a' yer womanfolk. 'Man,' says I tae maself, 'gin ye've got to fecht, gang and fecht some one ye can hit!' So I jined."

THE LOGICAL REPLY

AT a fancy-dress ball for children, says an exchange, a policeman stationed at the door was instructed not to admit any adult.

An excited woman came running up to the door and demanded admission.

"I'm sorry, mum," replied the policeman, "but I can't let anyone in but children."

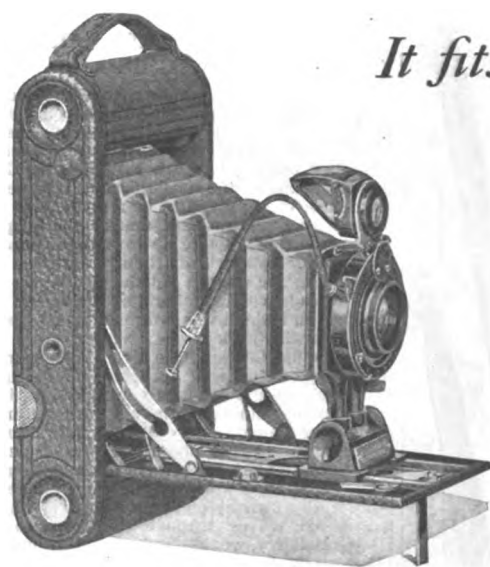
"But my child is dressed as a butterfly," exclaimed the woman, "and has forgotten her wings!"

"Can't help it," replied the policeman; "orders is orders. You'll have to let her go as a caterpillar."

THE EDUCATION OF FATHER

THE New York Post prints this letter that a father sent to his son at college:

"Dear Harold. Your brief letter came to-day. I am inclosing the check for the amount you requested. I have heard a great deal of the college faculty. I take it to be the faculty for spending money. Affectionately, Father."



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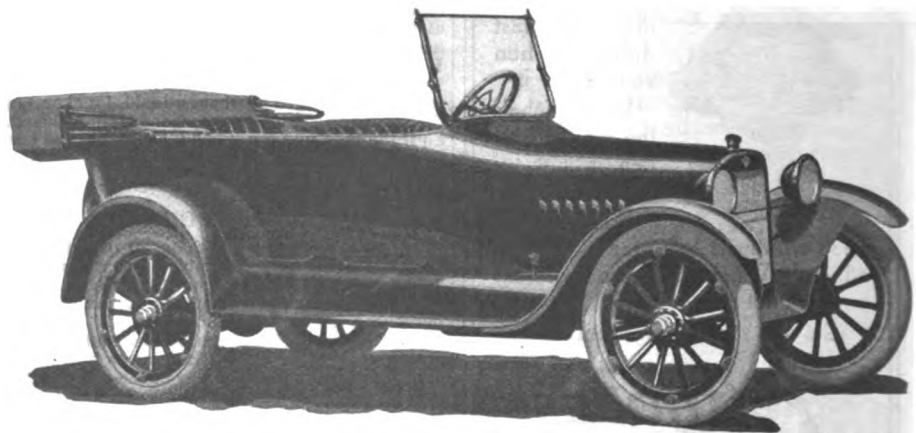
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With less than six cylinders propelling the car, there are bound to be slight intervals between explosions.

With six cylinders, as in Saxon "Six," these intervals between impulses are eliminated and the power-stream produced is of practically perfect continuity.

Necessarily, then, in the "less than six," with fewer impulses at any given time, the force of each impulse must be more severe upon all moving parts.

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known "less than six cylinder" cars of like price, there is nearly 98% more impulses per minute at 20 miles per hour.

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Saxon "Six" is \$865; "Six" Sedan, \$1250; "Four" Roadster, \$495; f. o. b. Detroit. Canadian prices: "Six" Touring Car, \$1175; "Six" Sedan, \$1675; "Four" Roadster, \$665. Price of special export models: "Six," \$915; "Four," \$495; f. o. b. Detroit.

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NATURE & SCIENCE

THE TELEPHONE IN THE FOREST.—The first extensive wireless telephone system in the world is now being installed in the national forests of southern California near the home of the inventor, Dr. H. Barringer Cox. According to the New York Times, Dr. Cox has invented a semi-portable telephone that resembles a pocket camera, makes use of the ordinary telephone equipment, and costs less than fifty dollars. The box has four posts, two for dry-battery cells and two for connection with the ground. The system of stations already in existence in southern California is said to enable an operator of the new telephone to establish instant communication from any point within a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. A system of communication that obviates the trouble and expense of installing wires in the national forests will be of immense value in the important work of protecting those reserves from fire. In the dry seasons hundreds of men are scattered throughout the national forests, constantly on the lookout for fires. A portable wireless telephone would furnish every forest ranger with the means of summoning help, even though he were in a region miles away from the nearest telephone wire. The possibilities of such an instrument for personal use are fascinating. Some day pocket telephones may be as cheap and as common as watches are to-day.

SHARK SUCKERS.—The aquarium of the New York Zoological Society has several specimens of the shark sucker (*Echeneis naucrates*), distributed among tanks that contain dog sharks, to which they can be seen clinging in characteristic fashion. When there are no fishes present to which they can cling, the shark suckers attach themselves by their head disks to the walls or glass fronts of the tank, or even turn over and attach themselves, head down, to the bottom of the tank. The appearance of the curious disk is well shown in the accompanying illustration from the Zoological Society Bulletin, which shows the shark sucker clinging to the glass front of its tank.

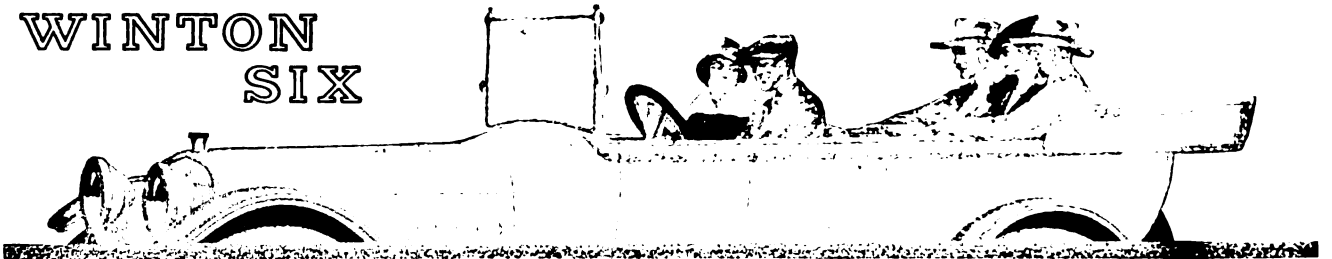
ATELLTALE STRONG BOX.—What is perhaps a clever solution of an old problem is the portable burglar-alarm safe described in a recent issue of the Scientific American. It is a strong box made of the finest steel, finished in imitation mahogany and fitted with a powerful lock and a complete electrically run interior burglar-alarm mechanism. The alarm system is so made that after it is set a gong will ring for an indefinite period if the box is moved or lifted. If the owner wishes to move the box he must first open it and turn off the switch in the alarm circuit. The apparatus cannot be reached from the outside. Only a particularly daring burglar would be likely to try to escape with a strong box containing a clanging gong the clamor of which he was powerless to control.

A USE FOR CHIPS.—The Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, has given much time to the problem of disposing of the wood waste that accumulates at all woodworking shops, sometimes in enormous quantities. It has found a method of distilling valuable products from such material and of utilizing the residue profitably in manufacturing paper. A series of experiments with chips from stumps of Missouri yellow pine distilled with a petroleum solvent to extract the turpentine and resin shows that the pulpy residue makes a very good basis for paper. The Woodworker predicts that it may be possible eventually to adapt the process to chips from certain kinds of turning lathes and to all waste from woodworking machines that has sufficient length of fibre to justify converting it into pulp, whether it be hard wood or soft. Hitherto most wood waste has been burned or thrown away, because none of the methods of utilizing it have been profitable.

GUNFIRE AND RAINFALL.—As was reported in this column on October 12, 1916, meteorologists have stated repeatedly that gunfire has no effect upon the weather; nevertheless, many people still hold to the old belief that long-continued gunfire causes rain. Even here in America, where we are thousands of miles from the battlefields of Europe, several successive days of wet weather are sure to be ascribed to the effects of cannon fire in France. The following quotation throws an interesting light on the matter. It is taken from a translation of Plutarch's Lives, by John and William Langhorne, and occurs in the Life of Caius Marius, in which Plutarch comments on a battle fought against the "Teutones" in 102 B.C. "It is observed, indeed, that extraordinary rains generally fall after great battles; whether it be that some deity chooses to wash and purify the earth with water from above, or whether the blood and corruption, by the moist and heavy vapors they emit, thicken the air, which is likely to be altered by the smallest cause." Since the battles and the rainfalls here mentioned took place some fifteen hundred years before the use of explosives in artillery was invented, it is clear that the rainfalls could not have been caused by the artillery.

CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in its newly electrified line over the Rockies not only utilizes the energy ordinarily lost in holding back trains, but on the numerous down grades actually generates power that can be used to help pull other trains up. It does it by applying the principle that a motor when reversed becomes a generator. The locomotives are so constructed that on reaching the top of a grade the engineer can brake his train down grade by reversing the motor, and so reserve the air brakes for an emergency. Reversing the motor in the locomotive transforms it at once into a dynamo that is run by the weight of the train as it descends the grade. Virtually the same amount of electricity is generated that the motor would consume in pulling the same load up grade. The current is fed into the overhead trolley wire and so is added to its store of energy.

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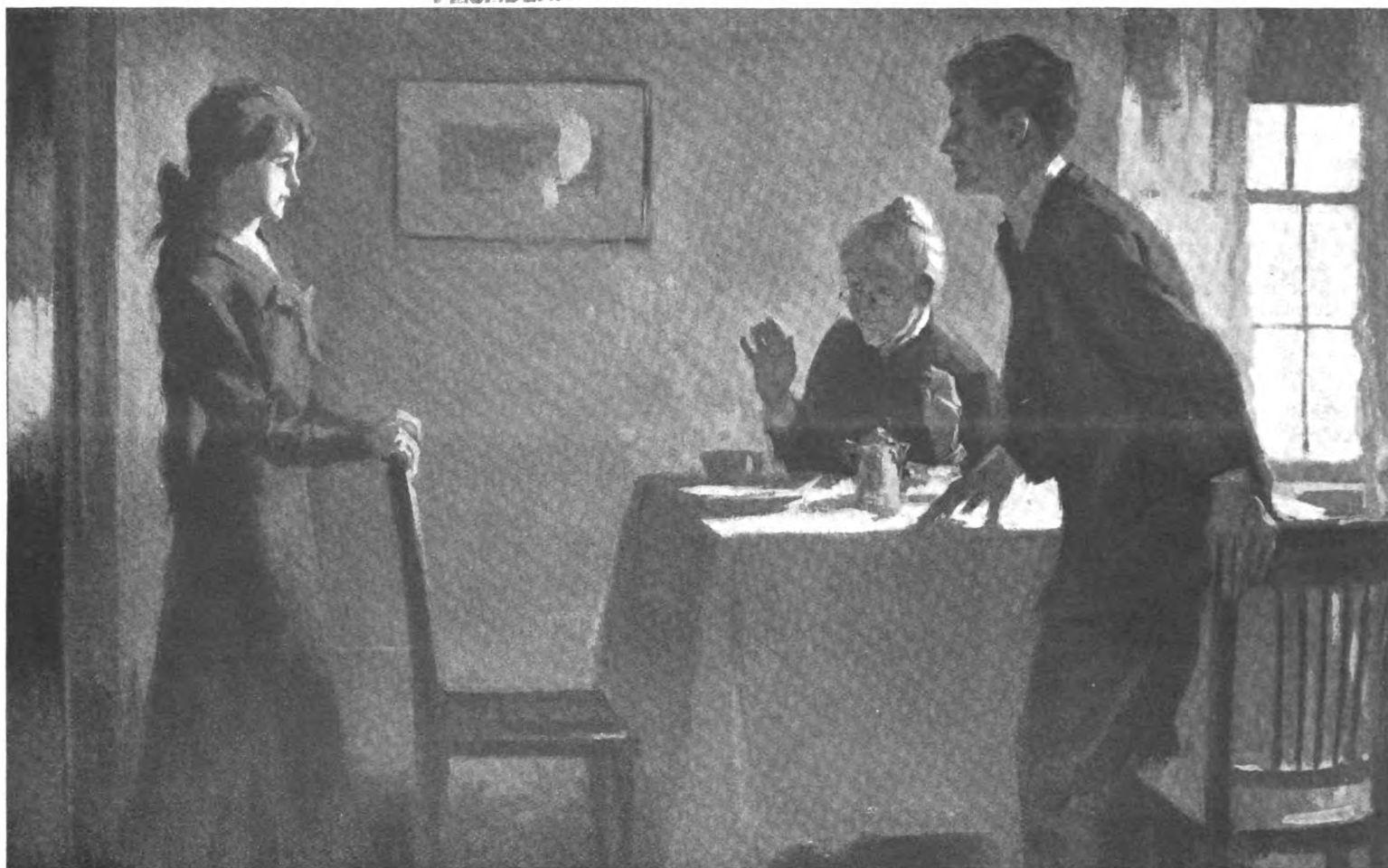
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DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON

ONLY AFTER MISS PENNY AND REUBEN HAD EXCLAIMED AND ADMIRER HAD SHE BEEN FULLY ASSURED THAT HER EYES HAD NOT DECEIVED HER

THERE was a real sensation at the academy on the day when Rusty Miller appeared in a russet-colored serge dress that was exactly the shade of her hair and of one of the colors in her eyes. No one would have dreamed that any dress could have made such a difference in a girl. Perhaps even now you could not call Rusty pretty; but, as everyone felt and nearly everyone remarked, she certainly was a picture. It was pleasant to look at her, and rather hard to keep your eyes away from her.

Of course Rusty herself was not unaware of the transformation. When she had taken the dress out of its box the night before by lamplight, she had wondered somewhat at the change in color, and had noticed with some satisfaction the rolled-over white collar; but when she had put on the dress in the morning she had hardly been able to believe that it was her own reflection that she saw in the mirror. Only after Miss Penny and Reuben had exclaimed and admired had she been fully assured that her eyes had not deceived her. Rusty went to school with a song in her heart.

Yet she had never been less vain. In fact she was perhaps not vain at all. She was grateful and profoundly relieved. She had seen herself to be attractive; she would pass among others. She no longer felt impelled to glance into every mirror she encountered to view her own ugliness. From that day Rusty ceased to think so constantly of her personal appearance.

Her classmates and friends had always liked Rusty, but now they seemed to warm to her still more, and there was even a subtle difference in the attitude of the teachers toward her. It was as if they had felt that through an error in their vision they had slighted Rusty before.

Miss Penny indeed felt actually guilty. Although of course Reuben was always first in her heart, she had become warmly attached to Rusty; but she had thought the girl hopelessly plain. Now, with her

usual impulsiveness, she jumped to the conclusion that Rusty was beautiful, and she felt conscience-stricken that she had not discovered it before. She made what amends she could by buying some soft, fine white woolen stuff and having a dress made after the style of the new one for Rusty to wear to sociables and to church on fair Sundays. And she made up her mind that Rusty should not wear her scarlet spring jacket, although it was almost as good as new; she did not have to buy a new one, for a brown jacket came from the cousin before it was time to put one on. Indeed, the New York cousin seemed to have changed to other colors permanently; for thereafter nothing came to Rusty that was not brown, green or, occasionally, blue.

Reuben was almost as enthusiastic as Miss Penny. In any event he had never been so happy in his life. He was sorry about the bicycle only because he had perhaps lost his chance of renewing his boyhood; but he gave over the struggle now with a measure of relief. After all, if being older than other boys helped him to cure Rusty's misery, he was glad to be so.

On the second Sunday after Rusty had received the new dress Reuben was waiting in the yard beside the pony to take her home. He drove her over to her home every Sunday; but the previous week Rusty had chosen to visit one of the girls instead of going home.

When she at last appeared Reuben was amazed to see the old scarlet plaid dress hanging below her coat.

"Why, Rusty Miller, you've got on your old dress!" he cried.

Rusty colored. "I thought—it looks like rain," she said, as he helped her into the buggy.

"But that's no matter when you ride. And your mother hasn't seen you in it."

"I'll wear it next Sunday," Rusty declared. "Mother won't mind not seeing it right off."

Reuben got in and drove on. Neither spoke for some moments.

"You see, Reuben," Rusty at last said hesitatingly, "I wasn't sure—mother would be—pleased. I was afraid she might think—I was stuck-up, you know. Most of the time I'm there she complains that I don't come home oftener and stay longer, and that she never gets out—and yet you can't get her out, no matter how hard you try. And the boys are always all over me, and they're so sticky—I hate to get the new off the dress the very first thing. Honestly, Reuben, it's the only really pretty thing I ever remember having, and I want to make it last as long as I can."

Reuben understood. And yet on the day that he had stopped at the Millers' to ask for the address, Rusty's mother had inquired for her so wistfully that he had been much impressed. In spite of himself, his voice showed his disappointment.

"Well, do wear it next Sunday, anyhow, Rusty," he urged. "I'll take Frank and Freddy away with me the first thing. Your mother's so fond of you that it doesn't seem quite fair that she shouldn't see you in it until all the rest of us have grown used to it."

Three weeks earlier Rusty would have lost her temper. To-day she astonished Reuben by asking him to drive back to Miss Penny's.

"I can get into the dress in a jiffy," she said eagerly. "And I do want mother to see it while it's new. Poor mother, she never has anything pretty—or even new!"

Reuben turned about gladly; and the fat pony, evidently believing that he was returning to his supper, seemed to enter heartily into their plan; he sped over the road and tore into the yard in a way that startled Miss Penny.

Rusty was certainly quick, and she and Reuben were soon on their way again.

"When I get my education," Rusty declared, "I'll stay with mother all the time. Well, no, I don't suppose I can, only vacations; but I'll

move her into a good house and get her pretty things to wear and nice things to eat. But, O dear, that'll be a long time! For I had thought of trying for the scholarship and going to college if I could get it."

"O Rusty, that's great!"

"You ought not to think so, Reuben. You ought to go before me."

"But I can go anyhow. And I'd rather work my way through."

"Do you think by the time I'm through college that mother won't care about pretty things any more?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course she will."

"I don't know about that. She hasn't much interest in them even now. Well, here we are, and it's just beginning to sprinkle."

The little boys had colds, and Mrs. Miller would not let them go out with Reuben. He felt a little troubled at leaving them with their sister in her new dress; but when he came back for her at night, she made no comment. Indeed, she scarcely spoke after she entered the carriage. She sat back quietly, with her head against the hood of the carriage, and suddenly Reuben realized that she was crying—not, as was her wont, stormily, but softly.

"What is it, Rusty?" he asked gently.

"Oh, I'm all discouraged! Mother said that she knew I'd never be content at home again, and that maybe there wouldn't be any roof over our heads soon. She thinks father is going into consumption, and hates to have him work, and of course if he doesn't there isn't any money to live on. And, Reuben, she ought not to pity him so, for he pities himself, and is so ready not to work. Sometimes I really think he tries to cough. Anyhow, he never tries not to, and he needn't hold on to his side and shut his eyes afterwards. He never does that when he thinks there's no one round."

All that week Rusty was thoughtful and sober. On the following Sunday she went home directly after church, and

continued to do so for the rest of the school term. Miss Penny, not wishing her to miss her Sunday dinner, made her take a chicken and an apple pie with her; and presently the little old lady fell into the habit of sending a Sunday dinner to the Millers every Saturday night. Reuben labored with the little boys, who adored him and who proved apt pupils. As a reward for clean hands and faces for a fortnight, he taught them to swim. Then, too, their conscious and unconscious imitation of him improved their manners.

But Reuben's real task lay with Rusty's father. Had Seth Miller worked every day, he might have managed to keep his family in fair comfort. But if he worked one day, he usually rested the next; and after Miss Penny began to provide the Sunday dinner he gave up working on Saturday altogether. He had a cough, it is true,—no doubt the dust at the straw shop irritated his throat,—but he did not look consumptive. He was a silent man, but good-natured to a fault, and now and then, when roused, showed something of the charm that Rusty possessed.

Although slouchy and shambling, he always dressed neatly, even if some buttons were missing from his coat or waistcoat. But on the second Sunday after Rusty had begun to go home early he seemed to have taken especial pains to present a neat appearance. When Reuben came to take him to drive in the afternoon, Mr. Miller sat erect, with a keener look in his eyes than had appeared there in months—perhaps in years.

"My, but that was a good dinner!" he exclaimed presently.

They spoke of other things, but he reverted to the subject of the meal.

"That dinner sure tasted good! Rusty's learned a heap along of being with Miss Penny. You know, Reuben, it's all in the cooking. I haven't had any such meals as last Sunday's and to-day's since Frank was born."

It seemed hardly fair for him to blame his wife by implication, but Reuben said nothing.

"Funny how it makes a man feel like work," Miller went on. "Do you know, if it wa'n't Sunday, I swan, I believe I'd be off to work even down to that old straw shop. I tell you what I'd like to do: I'd like to go straight to a bench and do a little carpentering. I'd just admire to be a-standing this minute in a heap of shavings, turning a lathe, or making a neat corner, or planing a door. You know, Reuben, that's my trade. I always done carpenter work till we moved here; but I couldn't get any when we first come, and I just drifted out of it."

"You'd like to do it now?"

"There's nothing I'd like better," Miller responded eagerly. Then his voice dropped suddenly into its old tone of dejection. "The pity is, I ain't really strong enough. I never could do what you might call steady work again. Like as not my feeling so chipper just now's a bad sign. Jenny thinks I'm going into consumption; and I understand them that's the farthest gone in it have spells of thinking they're cured. By to-morrow like as not I won't be able to drag myself over to the shop."

Reuben pondered long over the problem that Seth Miller presented. The weeks passed and the close of school was at hand, and still he had not found the solution.

Meanwhile, Rusty had been faithful at home and happy at Miss Penny's. On the last Sunday of the school term, as Reuben drove her back to Miss Penny's, he noticed again that she was troubled about something.

"Just think, Reuben," she exclaimed, "mother has been expecting all along that I was coming home for all summer! She thought I just stayed at Miss Penny's to get my schooling. Of course I can't. Miss Penny needs me. She told me the other day she would pay me three dollars a week through the vacation. And even if it wasn't for the work, she says she shouldn't know how to do without me."

Reuben did not know how he should, either.

And yet—

"She's fond of me," Rusty pleaded.

"Yes, Rusty," he agreed. "But so is your mother—and your father."

Rusty sighed deeply. After a little a happy thought came to her.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she declared.

"I was going to save my money in case Cousin Rachel should send red things again. But

never mind if she does. I'll just give mother every cent that I earn. That will be better than going home, won't it?"

Reuben was wise enough to know that the extra money would mean only one or two extra days of leisure for her father, but he could not speak of that.

"Your father always seems to feel first-rate on Sundays, and he thinks it's because you cook the dinner, Rusty," he said. "I thought that—perhaps, you know—if you should cook all his meals for a while, he might get all his strength back and work every day. And that would cheer your mother up."

"Oh, no, Reuben, father's always been that way—fussing about himself ever since I can remember. It isn't so much my cooking, either, as it is the things Miss Penny sends. Let him get as good himself and try mother on 'em."

They drove into the yard in the glow of a rosy sunset. The white house with its green shutters and with the lilacs at the door seemed home and haven to both. Reuben supposed that the matter was settled in Rusty's mind.

A busy week at school followed. On the last day Mr. Phillips spoke again to their class about the prize; he urged them to have it in mind during the summer, and to return in the fall ready, from the very first day, to put in good, honest work.

After school the master spoke to Reuben alone. He was warmly attached to the singular, quixotic boy; indeed, he had set his

very doleful. Laughing, Rusty ran ahead of him, mounted the doorstep, and with an elaborate bow, said:

"Little Nellie Cassidy
Earns fourteen pounds and more
Waiting on the quality,
And answering the door."

Well, I'll return to the 'quality' in September. So long, Sir Reuben!"

She fled upstairs to change her dress, and perhaps to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Well, what do you think of Miss Gilbert?" Rusty exclaimed at supper. "She thought she had me to-day, just because she's going away for all summer and knew I felt sorry. She thought she was going to make me promise,

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TRAPPER TRAPPED

By E.E. Harriman

THE news that Johnny le Beau had sold more than two hundred muskrat skins set all his schoolmates in the Southside School wild. To boys in 1877 a dollar looked twice as big as the moon and seemed almost as hard to get. Therefore, a catch of two hundred skins, even at the low price paid for them at that time, seemed a fortune to them.

Within a week every boy who had the run of a marsh or a lake where muskrats were plentiful had a line of traps out. Some boys had fifty or sixty traps, and some had to be content with only a few. Elwood Harris was one of the latter. He had only twelve traps, and he had to do his trapping at odd times, when he could get an hour or two off from his duties at home.

His father owned a big marsh with a pond in one end. The pond covered several acres and was eight feet deep in the centre. How deep the mud was there no man knew. Near the edges the mud ran from one to three feet deep and made excellent soil for large crops of wild rice, on which the wild ducks fed every fall.

Early in September Elwood had built a small flat-bottomed boat with the idea of using it for duck shooting, and when the craze for trapping swept over the community he lost no time in putting his little craft to profitable use. In his boat he visited every muskrat house in the pond and set traps; then, walking along the shore, he hunted for runways. A long, narrow channel through the soft mud always led to a runway. In a few days he had all his traps placed.

He had good luck from the first, and as he hung the shingle stretchers up in rows in the barn he exulted over the array of fine dark pelts. The dark pelts brought more money than the light ones, and were usually much larger.

Elwood had to do his trap running early in the morning and late in the afternoon, and still find time to do the chores in his off hours from school. It was a two-mile walk to school, and the traps were half a mile from the house in the opposite direction; but he was strong and healthy, and the extra hours that he spent at the pond only added to his pleasure.

One morning he went to the pond and found it covered with a skim of ice that bothered him a great deal as he pushed and paddled his skiff from trap to trap. After making his round, he drew his boat well up into the bushes, turned it bottom up, so that in case of a storm it would not fill with snow and ice, and then trudged homeward. He had taken five rats that morning, and he proudly showed them to his father, who was at the well as he came up.

"Look out for the ice, Elwood," Mr. Harris said; "it's going to form every night now until it gets thick enough to hold through the day. Better not take any chances with the skiff; it's easy to upset when you're breaking your way through ice."

"All right, father, I'll wait a few days unless it thaws out again. It bothered me this morning, but I made the round and reset my traps all right."

That evening the ice was gone and Elwood had no trouble, but the next morning it was back again, worse than ever. He waited for two days and then tried to walk on it. It held

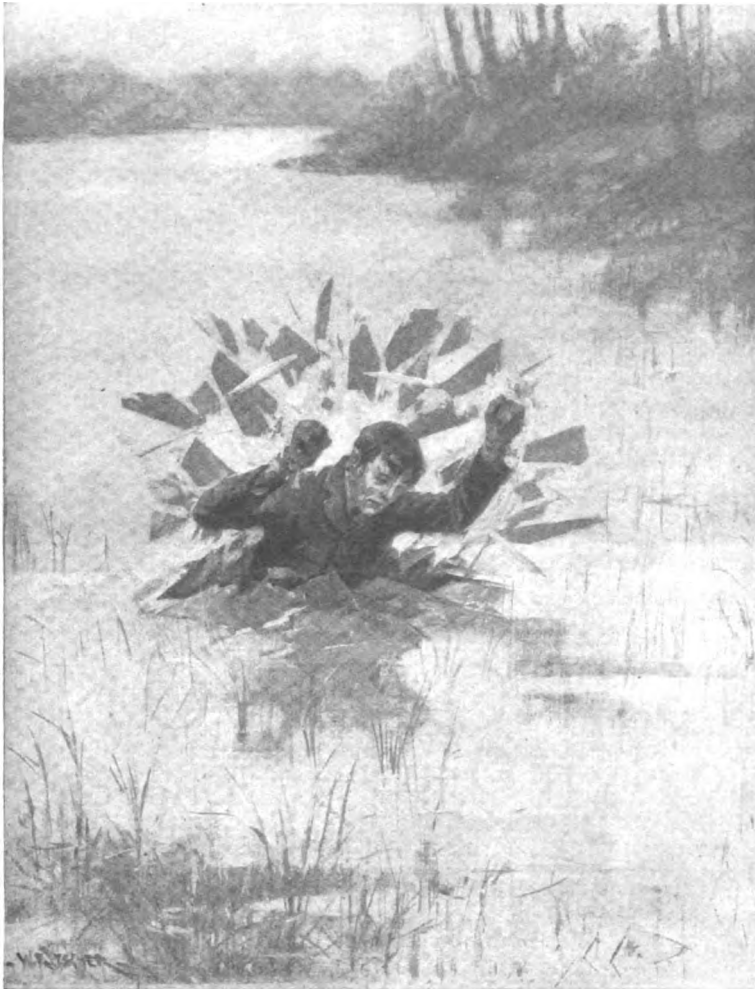
honest and true, to try my very best to get the scholarship for two years! Fancy that!"

"O Rusty, why didn't you, dear?" cried Miss Penny. "You mean to try, surely?"

"Oh, yes! But she meant every single day. I wouldn't for all the world pin myself down to that. I told her I'd promise by the year but not by the day. It would be perfectly deadly to be the tortoise. I'll be the hare, but I'll watch out."

However, as it happened, neither Miss Gilbert nor Miss Penny need have been troubled. A stimulus was to come that would make both Rusty and Reuben exert themselves even more than a promise would have done. When school opened in the fall they found they had a rival.

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



HIS HEAD SHOT OUT INTO THE AIR, AND HE TOOK GREAT GASPING BREATHS

heart on Reuben's winning the scholarship and so being sure of going through college.

"Now, see here, Cartwright," he said seriously, "you've got to do your best work for that scholarship. It would be distinctly wrong for you to do other than your level best, even though you preferred that it should go to some one else. How should you like some one to hold back so that you could get it?"

Reuben admitted that he should not like it.

"Very well, then it wouldn't be honorable for you to do so in favor of anyone else. Now, Reuben, I want you to promise me to try your best to win that prize—your very best. Will you give me your word?"

Reuben hesitated; but Mr. Phillips insisted. At last the boy raised his honest brown eyes to the master's. "They were full of regret, and so was his voice. 'I promise,' he said.

As he walked home afterwards he felt depressed. He tried to cheer himself by thinking that Rusty still had the better chance. If she would work steadily, she could outdistance him with little effort; but she would not. She was like quicksilver—she would make brilliant dashes, but steady work—

As he reached the gate, Rusty stood waiting for him, still in the white-dotted Swiss muslin that she had worn for the "last day"; the sun was on her bright hair; an eager look brightened her eyes, and yet there was a wistful drooping of her lips.

"It's all settled, Reuben," she said, speaking very fast. "I'm going home for all summer to cook for father and be company for mother, and you'll have to do the lamps!"

Reuben did not know whether he felt pleased or sorry at Rusty's decision; his face looked

his weight where the water was only six inches deep, but a yard farther out it broke under him.

Early the next morning he went again to the pond and tried the ice. It bore his weight. He worked his way out carefully to the first house and gained its solid footing with elation. With a few blows of his hatchet he broke a hole over his trap and pulled up a fine, dark muskrat. He had staked the trap below water, so that any muskrat caught would die quickly. Taking the dead animal by its flat black tail, he sent it sliding swiftly to the shore.

The next house was westward near the edge of the pond, and he made his way to it without mishap, although once or twice the ice cracked sharply. Here he had two traps, and he found a muskrat in each. Sending them skimming over the ice after the first one, he stopped to consider his course to the third house, which was much farther out in the pond than the others. The water was deep there, and Elwood decided that he would not visit it for the time being. First he would edge along among the wild-rice stalks that stuck up through the ice to two other houses that he could safely reach.

He walked gingerly along the edge to the first of the two houses. Here he found his trap snapped, but empty. After resetting it he went on to the other. That yielded him a muskrat, which he threw after the others. Now he had to decide how he should get to the house in deep water and the two beyond it near the farther shore.

After studying the situation for a minute he decided to go round the edge of the pond to the farther houses; then, if possible, he would pick out a place where the shallows approached the deep-water house, and try the ice there to see whether it would bear him.

He made a half circle and came up behind the two houses; taking from them the two muskrats they contained, he threw the animals across the ice to the spot where the others lay. Then he began to work his way slowly and carefully out toward the last house.

He knew that the water was deep all round that house, for he had made soundings with a pole from his boat. Some boulder or water-logged tree trunk must have furnished the base on which the muskrats had built their house.

Sliding his feet carefully over the ice, Elwood went on toward his goal. He had made half the distance and was already congratulating himself on making the hazardous passage without mishap, when, without the slightest warning, the ice broke beneath him. Amid loud noises of cracking, splintering ice he went out of sight below the surface.

He shot down feet first. His hands, which he held straight above his head, went under, and still his feet had touched nothing more resisting than soft, black mud. He had gone down in the deepest part of the pond!

With frantic kicks and strokes he swam up to the surface and blew the water from his nostrils. The wind felt icy cold on his wet face, and the shore where his muskrats were waiting him seemed very far away. He had come up straight into the hole that he had broken. When he caught the edge of the ice a piece broke off in his hand. Again and again he tried for a firm hold, and each time a fresh piece broke from the main part of the ice field.

He was a good swimmer, and he had no trouble in keeping afloat. Furiously beating the ice with his hands, he tried to break his way back to the nearest shore line; when he found that the ice was getting thicker, he floated his body up to the surface and tried to roll out at full length on the ice.

But although he worked with great care, the ice gave way and let him go under again. He must find some other way out. He began again to break his way to shore, but he soon realized that he should be frozen long before he could reach it.

He stopped for a moment to consider what to do, but as soon as he ceased his violent effort a gnawing chill went through his body. He had to work and work hard to keep his blood going, and while his brain was actively hunting for a way of escape he began breaking the ice again.

He thought of the hot breakfast that his

mother would have waiting for him, and a sudden fear came over him that he should never sit down with his parents again. It would do no good to shout for help; he was too far from the house, and no road ran near the pond. He had better save his breath; he should need it if he were to save himself from sinking into that slimy mud bottom.

"I won't give up!" he said to himself. "I'm going to get out of here in some way, if I have to turn muskrat and swim under the ice."

With the words came a new idea. Could he not break the ice if he swam close to shore and lifted from below, especially if he chose a point near one of the trap holes?

Paddling over to the side of his wide hole in the ice, he looked across to the small hole where he had picked up a trap when he first came down to the pond. It was not more than forty feet away and that summer he had easily swum sixty feet under water. Could he, when chilled, swim forty feet and still have enough strength left to lift against the ice? He saw the rice stalks sticking up and knew that they would

tell him when he had gone far enough, for they did not grow where the water was deep.

But before he resorted to that last expedient he resolved to test once more his scheme of rolling out upon the firm ice. Gently he swung his body up to the ice, and gently he rolled out on the edge of it. It held for an instant, and then he was under again; he came to the surface with his mind made up. He would waste no more time in useless and exhausting efforts.

He clung to the ice for a few moments, and then, drawing a full, deep breath, he faced squarely toward the hole near shore and dived under the ice. In total darkness—for the mud he had stirred up made it impossible for him to see an inch—he forged along, kicking with strong, regular thrusts.

He swam fiercely and did not check his headway until his hands struck the tangle of rice stalks. Then he knew that he had come far enough, and, letting his legs down, he tried to stand on his feet with his shoulders under the thin ice. As he strained against the ice, one of

his feet slipped, and he fell, driving his arms deep into the mud. For just one instant he felt like giving up the struggle and lying there.

Oh, for one lungful of air, one little breath, one second in which to rid his bursting lungs of the poison that oppressed them! Working himself into position with his stooped shoulders touching the ice, he planted his feet squarely under him, and worked them through the mud to a fairly solid foothold. Then he lifted with all his strength in a plunging upward thrust of his back that broke the ice into a thousand pieces.

His head shot out into the air, and he took great gasping breaths while the mud and water dripped from his hair. He attacked the ice furiously, crazily; beating, lifting, climbing on top of it, only to fall through it in a second, and again to climb up. He thrashed about in the water and mud and broken ice like some great animal that had suddenly gone mad.

But his madness had method in it. He knew that thus and thus only could he get the heat into his body that would keep him limber

enough to run the half mile between him and his home. So he kept on with his wild beating and smashing of ice until he had made a channel for himself clear to the shore and could walk upon the solid land once more.

He stopped only long enough to gather his muskrats into a sack that he had left on shore. Then, with water dripping from every inch of his body and "slushing" in his shoes, he started on a run for home. He kept his pace all the way up the long hill from the pond, across the south field and up the path from the road. With his clothes frozen solid on the outside and with cracks in his trousers behind the knees; where they had bent under his strides, he burst in on his mother and father.

In his warm room he took off the wet clothing, rubbed himself with a coarse towel, put on dry clothing and went downstairs again to drink a pint of "composition tea," which his mother had brewed for him. Then he ate his hot breakfast and started off at a jog trot to the school two miles away; and he never felt the worse for his experience.

YOUNG MEN IN THE GOVERNMENT SERVICE

By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, *Former President of the United States*

THE business of the national and state governments is the greatest business that we have in this country, and its scope and volume are continually increasing. Although the business of the national government is greater than that of any state, county or city government, it is of course very much less than the total of all the others. But when we learn, as we did from the report of the United States Civil Service Commission, that the number of officers and employees in the executive civil service on June 30, 1916, was 480,327, we can readily understand what a broad field is open for young men who wish to enter the government service.

Machine politics and the spoils system are as much an enemy of a proper and efficient government system of civil service as the boll weevil is of the cotton crop. The strength of those pernicious influences has not been destroyed. I think, however, that the evil has been more extensively mitigated in the national civil service system than in the systems of the states.

The difficulty in putting civil service reform into practice is the same that one meets in carrying out many other reforms. Getting the necessary legislation is only one step, and perhaps not the most important step. The law will not enforce itself. Moreover, no practical law can be drawn that will absolutely prevent the Executive from evading its purpose if he so desires.

PROGRESS OF THE MERIT SYSTEM

THE success of the civil service merit system depends on the manner in which it is enforced, and it will be successfully enforced only when public scrutiny of the service increases and when official conscience in respect to the law becomes keener. Under a party that remains in power for a number of successive terms, the merit system acquires a stronger hold than when there are frequent changes from one party to another in the executive administration; in that case there is greater temptation to seize patronage, by hook or crook, for party purposes.

Still, I think we should take courage from the history of the national civil service law. Defective as it is in many ways, the principle embodied in it has made great headway since the Civil Service Act of 1883. The positions then affected by that act numbered 13,789, whereas to-day there are 296,926 positions that are filled by the competitive method of appointment. This increase has come through executive orders of appointment, which have extended the system, and through the natural expansion of the service.

Civil service employees whose positions are not subject to competitive examination include presidential appointees,—of whom the greater part are postmasters of the first, second and third classes,—clerks in charge of contract postal stations, clerks in third- and fourth-class post offices, persons employed jointly by the railways and the railway mail service, mail messengers, star-route and steamboat and screen-wagon contractors, laborers and minor employees engaged in the Isthmian Canal work, employees of the Department of Commerce, mostly of the Census Bureau, and unclassified laborers.

The most important part of those exceptions are the appointees of the President. They are the local Federal officers distributed throughout the United States as postmasters, collectors of customs, collectors of internal revenue and public-land officers. The Senate must confirm their appointment. That takes them out of the merit and competitive system and leaves them

to be used by Senators and Congressmen in building up and preserving their political patronage and influence.

They are not appointments that the President should make. The positions should be filled by promotion from the classified service, or they should be done away with entirely and the present assistants be given charge of the work in their departments. In that way the service would be rendered more efficient and the salaries of the ten thousand well-paid positions would be saved to the Federal government. By that change, too, an effective instrument for maintaining political party machines at the expense of the government would be destroyed. I recommended the change in each of my four annual messages, but Congress did not pay the slightest attention to it. I do not despair, however, that ultimately the reform will come. A bill is now pending in Congress to bring all postmasters into the classified service.

Two changes are needed to promote efficiency in our civil service. At present, appropriations are made for the salaries of a certain number of clerks of each class; instead, a lump sum should be appropriated for the salaries of employees of each bureau. Under that system the chief of each bureau would be free to reclassify his clerks according to their merits.

The second change needed is a system of civil pensions to be paid out of a fund contributed partly by the government and partly by the employees themselves. By such a plan employees could be retired on a pension when they cease to be efficient. Under the present system they are retained until they die, and the average effectiveness of the employees is reduced. Promotion to the positions left vacant by those retirements should be made under a definite system of competitive examination, in which each contestant's efficiency rating should count heavily. That would stimulate the clerks to do better work, and would relieve somewhat the dead-leveling effect that a monotonous routine has upon them.

The history of the last generation has shown that, in spite of occasional revivals of the spoils spirit, the merit system has a momentum of its own that carries it ever deeper into the structure of the government. Its defects, therefore, ought not to deter those who have a taste for government service from entering it.

The variety of service that the government requires is great. The largest single branch is clerical. Stenographers and typewriters are next in number. The government also needs persons trained in all the mechanic arts and in all the scientific professions, including medicine, teaching, applied chemistry and physics, pharmacy, various kinds of engineering, surveying, topography, agriculture, horticulture, geology, entomology, botany, forestry, biology, statistical sociology and political economy, navigation and seamanship.

VALUE OF STENOGRAPHY

THOSE who seek to enter the government service because they are not fit for any particular business constitute the largest number of the applicants who are rejected. They seek the general clerical positions, and are merely looking for some work to sustain them until something better turns up. In examination they rarely get much more than the passing mark. But the applicant who has made himself an expert in his work can easily get an appointment. Since I have been at all familiar with the civil service of the national government, a

competent, rapid stenographer has had no trouble whatever in getting a good government position. The truth is that the Civil Service Commission cannot supply the needed number of expert stenographers.

If I were a young man with a college education, and if I had no leaning toward any particular profession, but did have a taste for government work, I would learn thoroughly stenography and typewriting. Then I would apply for a position in the civil service of the government, confident that I would be appointed to a good position.

CORTELYOU AND SHUSTER

THE routine work—taking routine letters from dictation, indexing and filing and copying routine matter—would be nothing more than an apprenticeship. It would familiarize me with governmental methods of doing business, and teach me a loyalty to the government.

If I had got full value from my college education and my special training in stenography, I should have acquired a fund of general information and an efficiency in my work that would make my superior anxious to give me a more important and responsible place. The fact that I had a general or college education might seem for the time to be an unnecessary adjunct, but as I gained the confidence of my chief it would make him more and more dependent upon me and my judgment. I do not mean to say that a college education is necessary. A high-school education, an alert mind and an appreciation of what is going on in the world about you will serve; but the wider your mental discipline and general education, the better.

Many men who have begun their careers in the manner I have described have achieved success. George B. Cortelyou began as a stenographer in the government post office; he worked his way up through the post office, became secretary to the President, then Secretary of Commerce and Labor, then Postmaster-General, and finally Secretary of the Treasury. W. Morgan Shuster, who entered the government service in Washington as a stenographer, was sent to Cuba when it was necessary to organize a government there; he became assistant collector of customs in Cuba, and was then sent to be collector of customs in the Philippines; he was subsequently appointed a member of the Philippine Commission and minister of education in that government.

A knowledge of stenography and typewriting is useful in any professional or governmental career. When the Pitman system was invented, my father, who was then a practicing lawyer, made himself familiar with it. He used it to great advantage in his practice and later, when he became a judge and a Cabinet officer. I have often regretted that I did not take time in my youth, or in my early professional life, to possess myself of that instrument for shortening work and for making valuable memoranda, which, because of the tedium of writing in longhand, you usually do not make at all.

Not all government positions concern merely routine matters and the discharge of monotonous duties. The Agricultural Department is devoted to research, to publishing information that will help the farmer, and to encouraging agriculture. Many of the positions offer an opportunity not only for investigating scientific discoveries but also for presenting them for practical use in simple, understandable language. That work needs a disciplined mind and a gift for lucid and forcible writing.

The Census Bureau, if properly manned, should include those who are trained in the science of economics, of sociology, of statistics and of ethnology, and in history and its philosophy.

I shall merely mention the technical knowledge that is needed in the customs department of the Treasury—the knowledge of manufacturing and of classifying all sorts of imports and exports; the technical knowledge of mechanical engineering and of shipbuilding and navigation needed in the Bureau of Navigation; the knowledge of seamanship required in the revenue marine, and the general mental training and education needed in performing the duties in the financial and monetary bureaus. Chemists, teachers, pharmacists, printers, press feeders, mechanical engineers, civil engineers, examiners in the Patent Office, engravers, fish culturists, experts in the Bureau of Standards, in the Coast and Geodetic Survey and in the Lighthouse Service, veterinarians and a host of other experts all form a part of the government.

Frank H. Hitchcock, a graduate of Harvard University, began in the Agricultural Department in a subordinate place, to fill which he was obliged to pass an examination in one of the branches of biological study. From that department he came by transfers into the Post Office Department, and was gradually promoted until he became Postmaster-General.

NOT WEALTH BUT HAPPINESS

I DO not wish, however, to indicate to young men that the civil service is an ordinary avenue to Cabinet positions; it is not. Indeed, the man who thinks of entering government service should realize that in the ordinary course of events it will impose certain limitations on his career. The limitations are not unlike those that usually accompany the life of the teacher or of the clergyman.

There is no opportunity to amass a large fortune. The man who enters the civil service, therefore, must realize that happiness does not come only with wealth. On the other hand, the government ought to give him, through the system of pensions and enforced insurance of which I have spoken, the calm security that comes with knowing that in his old age he will not be left in penury. I believe that that system of pensions will be adopted during the next generation, and that therefore its absence now ought not to turn aside anyone who is otherwise satisfied with the prospects that a career in the government civil service offers.

The man who enters certain departments of the government has opportunities for doing real benefit to mankind. The discovery of the transmission of the yellow-fever germ by mosquitoes and of a similar transmission of the malarial germ, made by Dr. Walter Reed and Dr. Lazear and Gen. Gorgas of the medical corps of the army; the successful investigations into the hookworm disease and its cure by an officer of the Public Health Service; the investigations into bubonic and pneumonic plague, into the cure of cholera by inoculation of lymph, into beriberi and amoebic dysentery by Dr. Strong and his assistants of the bureau of science of the Philippine government are only a few instances of the progress that has been made in the useful sciences.

I speak with considerable knowledge of what a career in the government civil service offers, for during the eleven years that I have spent in Washington in the government and the four years in the Philippines I have come into fairly close touch with the men and women who form the service. In the Philippines we had a good example of what proper service and

proper rewards in government work may be. We began to build our civil service there in discouraging circumstances. We had to take pretty much anyone whom we could get. Many of our staff had been volunteers in the army, and among them were adventurers, men with bad habits and men without principle; those we had to weed out in the course of an exigent period of government birth. Our civil servants had to learn the Spanish language; they had to become familiar with Philippine institutions and Philippine character. The government was on trial, and the men were under a just method of rewards and reductions and removals. At the close of the last administration we had gathered together in the Philippines as fine a body of civil servants as any European government engaged in colonial work could boast of. There was a fine spirit in our departments and bureaus; there was admirable teamwork, and a personal wish on the part of each employee to get effective results and so vindicate the existence of the government. It was inspiring to work in such an atmosphere.

In Washington, behind the President, behind the Cabinet officers, behind the chiefs of bureaus and in a measure independent of them all, is an entity, a governmental structure that does not change with each administration, but that remains with a continuity preserved since the days when Alexander Hamilton organized the departments under Washington's presidency. The chief clerks, the chiefs of divisions and the assistant chiefs of bureaus are generally permanent classified civil service employees. They have served for decades, they have become intimately familiar with the workings of

the government in their respective departments. The law, the regulations and their history they have at their fingers' ends. By habit of mind and natural loyalty they come to regard themselves as the government and to be jealous of any attempt that seems to deprive the government of its rights. They become most conservative and sometimes too rigid in enforcing the law. They are a little too partisan in rejecting claims made against the government by deserving claimants; but those are defects of their admirable qualities.

The President may leave the capital and go to the seashore, the Cabinet officers may spend their vacations miles away from Washington; but the Federal government lives, and its arteries and veins and nervous system continue to perform their functions.

The men and women in the government civil service lead a quiet, modest but pleasant life in Washington. They can give to their children the opportunities for education and self-cultivation that Washington offers in such abundance. They play their useful parts without the temptations of public acclamation or political ambition. They are content with knowing that they are doing their duty to a great government and doing it well. They are gratified from time to time by the complete dependence upon them that the political heads of their departments and bureaus must have in deciding important questions. Usually their careers are not brilliant, but I think that they are more likely than most other careers to bring a contented old age, cheered by the consciousness of having lived a useful life and of having well performed an important public duty.

have a young partner, and most certainly they ought to have the latest and best law books in their joint library. "And green carpet, it looks so well in an office," said the girl, "and very comfortable chairs. Comfortable chairs make such a pleasant impression. And you'll get a new desk, of course, Tom?"

"I am looking at catalogues," said Tom. "I intend to get my desk in New York."

The girl clasped her hands. "I am sorry only about one thing, Tom."

"You mean the stove?" cried Tom. "The offices are to be heated by steam."

In her enthusiasm over steam heat, the girl almost forgot that one thing about which she was sorry.

"Well," said Tom, in a glow, "you see that everything is right? Only I haven't got the partner yet."

"I am sorry for those two old lawyers," said the girl.

"Oh-h!" said Tom.

The truth is that no one in the whole world was sorer for the two old lawyers than Tom was himself. He had not expected the sorrow to grow; he had thought that he should get used to it; but he did not.

One day Mr. Higgleston called Tom into the little private back office, and, looking at him in that affectionate way of his, said, "Tom, I've been thinking over what you said to us, about your plan, you know, and I've come to the conclusion that you are right. You are almost always right, Tom. You need new, bright offices, and you'll get them uptown. You need an up-to-date library, and it isn't here." His voice sank, and he went on: "I know that there have been some things here, besides the dingy old office rooms, that must have been exceedingly trying to a high-spirited young man like yourself. You have shown yourself an able lawyer; you have talked in the courts like a lawyer of experience—everyone says so; and yet you have been treated like a boy."

Mr. Higgleston got down to the office, Mr. Murphree had a talk with Tom.

"So, Tom," he said, "you have fully decided to set up in new offices and with a new partner? That's right. Have you chosen your new partner yet?"

Although it was only nine o'clock, Tom looked nervously round before he answered that he had not—yet.

"Very good," said the tall old lawyer. He cleared his throat, assiduously read his memoranda, and then said, "I've been considering the matter from all points of view, and I say again that you are right. You have had just a little bit too much of other people's work here in these offices. I don't like to lay blame upon a man who is absent, but Mr. Higgleston is peculiar, and, although he means well, he has exacted too much of you when he let you write all his papers. Now, it's a good thing to send a boy into the courts, but it's another thing to make him write a lot of dull legal papers."

"I have always entertained kind feelings toward Mr. Higgleston, but he has no earthly use for me. Therefore, I am going to make this proposal to you: I will be your new partner. We'll have the finest suite of offices to be found in the town. You see, Tom, I'm not as young as I once was, though I'm not as old as Higgleston by any manner of means, and I need you for my court work."

The tall old lawyer patted Tom on the head. "You will think that matter over, Tom?" he said, with a little tremble in his voice that sounded as if after all he were perhaps as old as Mr. Higgleston.

"I'll think it over, Mr. Murphree," said Tom.

"And meanwhile, Tom," said Mr. Murphree, "you won't go running round town, looking for another young fellow like yourself? You won't find him; he doesn't exist. You need an older head to go with yours; young fellows require ballast. When you have thought the matter over, you will let me know?"

"I will let you know, Mr. Murphree," said Tom.

One day after that the two old lawyers and Tom were all busy over a special piece of work. It was interesting; and when they were through they shook hands all round by way of congratulating one another. Then it was that Mr. Murphree said, "Changes must come in the natural course of things, but, 'pon my soul, I wish that we three could stick together."

Then another day the three worked on another case with similar results and no argumentative discourse, and this time it was old Mr. Higgleston who said, "We've been together for a long time. If we ever separate, we'll miss the one that isn't with us."

Everyone knew that Tom was to move; indeed, as soon as he had rented his offices, almost everyone sought them out and, viewing them, declared that young Rooker surely had a clear head on his shoulders. When his mother saw them she felt sorer than ever for the two old lawyers left behind, and when the girl with the blue eyes saw them she would not even ask Tom the name of the new partner.

A few people standing outside the courthouse saw Tom on the day that he moved. He was carrying a pile of books that reached from his arm, held low, to his chin, held high. Old Mr. Murphree accompanied him. People said that the

tall old lawyer loved Tom so dearly that he could not even let the boy run away by himself; but they wondered a little at Mr. Murphree's happy expression.

The happy expression was only momentary, for a cloud came over his face. "Tom," said the old gentleman, "it seems kind of mean sneaking off like this from Mr. Higgleston, before he comes down to the office. I wish matters had been different, my boy, and that you hadn't objected to taking him along."

Tom's face remained happy. He was thinking of another voice that had said to him the night before, "I feel like pleading with you, Tom, in behalf of Murphree. He's old, and he leans upon you, and he loves you like a son. Perhaps, after we're up there a bit you'll find out that you can make room for him; it won't be for long. I'm afraid I won't be able to look Murphree in the eyes the next time we meet."

The broad-shouldered young fellow and the tall old gentleman walked up the steps leading to the finest suite of offices in the town, and with the toe of his boot Tom pushed the open door farther open. Mr. Murphree stepped in and surveyed the place. There were three desks, arranged as the three desks in the old building had been arranged; and there at the front desk was Mr. Higgleston, at work at nine o'clock for possibly the first time in his life.

Mr. Higgleston had looked up from his desk and was staring hard at Mr. Murphree. He, too, had wondered about the three desks.

The two old lawyers simultaneously grasped

TOM'S NEW PARTNER



By Louise R. Baker

IT is no wonder that Tom Rooker was proud of himself. He was making a real stir in the courthouse. There were men who said that he talked like an old lawyer. And Tom was only twenty-four!

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the young fellow carried a clear head on his shoulders, and he was going to have a great many things his own way in the world of law. He was not exactly eloquent, but his arguments were forcible and to the point, and he could cite cases without end.

A number of other people were proud of him, too. His mother was tremendously proud of him, and there was a girl with the bluest eyes and the loveliest hair who was immeasurably proud of him; but the two people in the world who were the very proudest of Tom were the two old lawyers in whose office the boy had been drilled in the law. Each of the two old lawyers took to himself the credit of shaping Tom's legal mind and of placing him upon the highroad to success.

"I piled the work on him at a tremendous rate, surely," said Mr. Higgleston, the little old lawyer. "I wanted to see how much he could stand, and, by George! he stood it all. I allowed him to write my papers in his own way, and as a consequence he writes as fine a paper as a mature attorney—almost, I may say, as good a paper as I write myself."

"It has given me infinite pleasure," said Mr. Murphree, the tall old lawyer, smiling complacently, "to help bring before the public a boy like Tom Rooker. Yes, sir, I have permitted that young man to plead in the courts when I would have had another student still reading his Blackstone. I ran risks, no doubt of it, but I ran them with my eyes open."

The outside world, lawyers and everyone else, declared that Tom had done a wise thing when he offered himself as a student in the office of Mr. Higgleston and Mr. Murphree. "And though," people said, "Tom didn't go in with the understanding that he was to do all the work of the firm, by doing all the work he has mastered the law quicker than he otherwise could possibly have done."

As Tom thought over the favorable decisions that he had won, he told himself a great many flattering things. "Look here," he said, "you're a fool if you settle yourself in this musty old set of offices and continue to do all the work of the firm. You want to get up the ladder rapidly, that's what you want. You want to be up-to-date. You need a good library, and you've got to have it. You can go in with another young fellow, go halves with him in the expenses, move uptown into light offices, and the two of you push ahead. You can't possibly move along briskly with two very old gentlemen dragging you back."

After he had told himself all that, Tom

rumpled his yellow hair and felt miserable. In imagination the little old lawyer was looking up at him, smiling, with his hands on his shoulders; the little old lawyer had such very affectionate ways! And then the tall old lawyer was shaking him by the hand long and hard, and laughing in his pleasant manner. The tall old lawyer had love in his eyes, and Tom wished that he had not.

"Yes, it's hard to break any kind of ties," Tom growled, "but when it's got to be it's got to be, and I might as well tell them what I mean to do!"

They were astonished when Tom fully explained his intention to them; he told them everything except that the new partner was to be young. They had thought that he was well situated where he was. But after the boy had gone out of the office, with his hat tilted back, showing the yellow locks across his forehead, the two old gentlemen each seriously considered the matter, and each arrived at a similar conclusion; namely, that he could not possibly get along without the boy.

Tom's mother said that of course Tom was right; her boy knew his own business; but she added that she did feel sorry for the two old lawyers who had always been so kind to him.

The girl with the lovely hair showed her dimples and her blue eyes grew larger and brighter as Tom unfolded his plans. The plans seemed so gigantic, and it was such a little time ago that some people had taken Tom for "the office boy"! Certainly, she said, he ought to

He nodded toward the outer office. "I am sure that Murphree didn't mean anything by it; it is just his manner, and he's getting old. I understand exactly why you are going to leave, and I feel proud of you, Tom, that you told us in such a way that Murphree never guessed. I have known for a long time that the three of us couldn't remain much longer together. Now, though Murphree thinks a great deal of you,—loves you like a son, I may say,—he thinks literally nothing of me. Why, he has sent you off to the courthouse to plead a case that he couldn't plead himself, and then jumps on me for giving you papers to write, and declares that I must think you have the strength of a horse!"

"I have a little plan, too, Tom. It would take considerable time for you to find a partner willing to share the expenses of a first-class set of offices. I am ready to be that other partner, Tom. I am willing to go more than halves, Tom. We will go uptown together!"

He stood up and put his hands on Tom's shoulders; his weak little eyes peered hard into the young face. There was just a faint glimpse of fear and doubt in the eyes, but the wrinkled face was lighted by that smiling mouth.

Tom laughed bashfully.

"You want to think it over, Tom?"

Tom nodded, and then said briskly that he had business over at the courthouse.

Early the next morning, fully an hour before



"WE'VE BEEN TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME. IF WE EVER SEPARATE, WE'LL MISS THE ONE THAT ISN'T WITH US"

DRAWN BY GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS

the situation—at least that part of it which meant that the three were to continue together. They rushed into each other's arms and almost sobbed, while Tom, standing off a little, still held the pile of law books that reached from his arm, held low, to his chin, held high.

"It certainly — would — take — a court of —

equity—to decide—which one was the new-partner," he said later to the girl with the blue eyes.

"Court of equity, indeed!" whispered the girl, whose dimples had not disappeared since Tom told her of his arrangement. "I am sure it would be a case for the Supreme Court of the United States!"

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock

In Eight Chapters

Chapter Two

"WHAT? A diamond?" shouted Ellis, as Tom held up the glittering stone. "Quartz crystal," replied Tom, "but as clear and brilliant a specimen as ever I saw. Look! It must be nearly an inch across. Very likely there are more here."

They hastily tied Peter to a tree, and began to search the wet gravel. Tom presently found another smaller crystal; but although they hunted for a whole hour, they failed to find any more. Their discovery greatly stimulated them, however, and they camped on the spot, with the intention of going over the stream thoroughly the next morning.

There were fish in the "branch," as Tom called the creek, and they had trout rolled in corn meal for supper and again for breakfast. As a matter of fact they were almost too impatient to eat in the morning. They had no sooner swallowed their breakfast than they rushed down to the stream.

Up and down the "branch" they worked, shoveling and raking over the gravel, but they turned up only two medium-sized quartz crystals and several pieces of agate. It was a disappointing yield, especially to Ellis, who was expecting a great haul.

At noon they stopped work only long enough to eat a cold luncheon, and then went back to their task; but they found nothing more until late in the afternoon, when Tom picked up a tiny stone that he believed to be a ruby. It was too small to be of much value, but he put it carefully away. A little later Ellis found a small, beautifully colored amethyst.

"What's the difference between quartz crystal and amethyst?" he asked, as they pawed over the gravel.

"Nothing except the color," returned Tom. "They're both six-sided crystals of quartz, but the colored stones have been stained by metallic oxides. Agate and jasper, of course, aren't real crystals at all, and rubies are in another class."

By the end of that day they had examined the creek pretty thoroughly for nearly a mile upstream and down, and so they moved camp about three miles farther on; but the new field did not yield them much. After a day of hard work they had collected only a few pieces of jasper and chalcedony, which would be of little use for the railway map.

Disappointed, they broke camp the next morning and struck off to the southwest again. Early in the afternoon they came unexpectedly upon a mountaineer's log cabin. The owner greeted them warmly. He gave them a fresh supply of corn bread, with a few eggs and sweet potatoes; but he would take no payment for them.

"We-uns don't run no store," he said. "You-all is shore welcome."

He had no crystals to sell, but he said that some weeks before he had sold a few in Dixon. Crystals were becoming scarce in that region, he thought.

The boys talked with him for an hour or so, and then started on. Travel was hard and slow that afternoon, for the mountain slope down which they were making their way was densely overgrown with scrub oak.

It had been a hot day, and a close, sultry night followed it. For the first time mosquitoes were troublesome in camp. Even early the next morning the air was close and stifling.

"Going to be a scorcher; sure to breed a thunderstorm before night," Tom said.

After loading the mule they started down the mountain side. In the valley a small stream flowed sluggishly through a belt of marsh. Finding no crystal-bearing gravel there, they began to work their way across another ridge.

There was not a breath of wind. The sky looked dark and murky, and in the middle of the afternoon white masses of cloud began to rise swiftly in the south.

"Thunder points!" Tom

exclaimed. "I was sure we'd get it. It's likely to be a stunner, and I'll admit right now I shouldn't mind finding some good shelter."

As they moved on they kept a sharp lookout for a place that would offer some protection from the storm. They cast frequent apprehensive glances upward at the rising thunderclouds, which were rapidly growing darker and denser.

"Look there! A house!" cried Ellis suddenly, as they topped a bare ridge.

More than a mile away, in a small clearing on the mountain side, stood a log cabin.

"We'll make for it!" cried Tom. "We ought to get there before the storm hits us."

A deep growl of thunder from the south warned them to hurry. Down the slope they ran, making straight for the hut and urging the white mule to his best speed, but they were still half a mile from the shelter when the sunlight was blotted out by the storm clouds. At the same time the thunder crashed sharply overhead, and sent rolling echoes through the hills.

"Hurry, or we'll never make it!" Ellis shouted.

The southern sky had turned a livid bronze. A vivid blaze seemed suddenly to touch the very mountain top above them, and the thunder crashed deafeningly. Tom felt the gun barrel tingle sharply in his hand. There was another terrific clap of thunder, and then the rain came, at first in big drops, and then in a deluge.

As they rushed blindly on, Tom saw the cabin loom dimly through the sheets of rain; it was not a hundred yards away. Its doors and windows stood wide and black, but no matter—it was shelter. Tearing their way through the jungle of blackberry bushes that surrounded the shack, and dragging the snorting and kicking Peter after them, the boys covered the remaining distance and plunged, mule and all, through the ruined doorway.

For a minute lumps of ice as large as marbles volleyed on the roof. The sky flamed with lightning; there was a splitting crash of thunder, and then the rain poured down like a cloudburst.

"Just—in—time!" panted Ellis, as he mopped his streaming face.

For ten or fifteen minutes the lightning and thunder flashed and roared. Then the storm seemed to move on to the north; the claps of thunder became less violent, but the rain continued to fall heavily.

The old cabin proved to be only a partial shelter. Rain came through the roof, at first in dribbles and then in streams; the boys had to move from place to place to keep dry.

The shack had evidently been deserted for years. Most of the chinking between the logs had fallen out; the stone chimney was crumbling. Outside, the blackberry bushes clustered up close to the house, and among them two or three half-dead peach trees struggled hard to preserve the memory of man.

"Looks as if it might rain all the rest of the day," remarked Ellis, peering disconsolately from the door.

"We're lucky to be in a half-dry camp for to-night, then."

A rain-swollen creek roared like a torrent from a ravine a few hundred yards away. When it became certain that they should have to stay in the cabin for the night, Ellis went down to the stream for a kettle of water. Then, since he was as wet as he could possibly be, he went out and gathered a panful of berries.

Tom had lighted a fire in the ruined fireplace, and the blaze made the old shanty look more cheerful in the gathering darkness. When they had tethered Peter in an open space outside they prepared supper. After the meal they sat for a long time chatting and listening to the steady patter of rain on the roof.

In the middle of the night Tom woke with a start from a sound sleep. He did not know what had disturbed him, but he saw his cousin, too, sitting up beside him.

"S-sh!" Ellis whispered. "Something's moving in the bushes outside!"

"Only Peter, I reckon," said Tom.

The rain had stopped, and faint moonlight shone through the doorway; in the stillness the boys heard something moving



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

A MOMENT LATER ELLIS BROKE OUT FROM THE SHRUBBERY; HIS FACE WAS CRIMSON WITH RUNNING AND EXCITEMENT

in the berry bushes. Leaping up noiselessly, Ellis seized the shotgun and tiptoed toward the door. Tom groped about in the "duffel," found the electric flash lamp and followed Ellis.

Ellis was creeping cautiously through the bushes. Tom had almost reached him, when with a frightened squeak a small black animal, which Tom recognized as a bear cub, bolted from under their feet into the cover. With a snarling grunt, a dusky black figure instantly reared upright among the bushes ten feet away.

"Don't shoot, Ellis!" cried Tom, remembering that the gun was loaded only with small shot for rabbits. He flashed the light on the animal's face. In the vivid glare they could see the little piggy eyes, and the teeth stained red with berries. The bear would probably have fled, but Ellis, out of sheer nervousness, pulled the trigger of the gun.

He had not taken aim, but some of the shot must have stung the bear, for, with a savage snarl, she plunged toward the boys. Ellis let off the other barrel wildly, dropped the gun and bolted for the cabin. Tom dived aside just in time to avoid the bear's rush, stumbled headlong into the bushes, scrambled to his feet again and ran blindly on. The next moment he saw something white ahead, and plunged into the little cleared space where Peter was prancing in terror at the end of his picket rope.

Before Tom could collect himself, the bear rushed out from the berry thickets and almost collided with the mule. Things happened then so quickly that Tom could not see which was the aggressor. He saw the lightning-like rip of the bear's claws across Peter's flank and heard the mule squeal. The next instant Peter kicked viciously. There was a dull thud, and the bear staggered back; but she instantly recovered herself and leaped forward again.

As she came on, Peter humped himself and lashed out with both heels. Over and over the bear went rolling; but she seemed to rebound like a rubber ball, and with a muffled roar of fury and a gleam of white teeth she returned to the charge.

"Hurrah! Go for her, Peter!" Tom shouted.

Peter had been a fighter in his youth, and needed no encouragement now; but the bear was a fighter, too, and she dodged the mule's hoofs with great nimbleness. Tom saw her swing her terrible paw, and thought that Peter was doomed. And indeed, if Peter had not wheeled, the blow probably would have killed him. As it was, he caught it on his shoulder, and blood showed black in the moonlight. Then he let go again with both heels.

The kick seemed to catch the bear fairly on the head. Over she went again, and this time did not spring up instantly. Peter would have rushed after her, but his rope brought him up short. The bear had had enough. Just as Ellis came hurrying back with the gun she got to her feet and plunged into the thickets.

"What's happened? Where's the bear?" cried Ellis.

"Knocked out! Peter did her up. Good old

Pete!" Tom exclaimed, and, full of pity and admiration, started toward the mule.

But Peter was wildly excited and would let no one come near him. He was bleeding in several places, but for the present the boys had to let his wounds alone. They went back to the cabin and relighted the fire.

"These midnight adventures are too much for an empty stomach," said Tom. "Grub's what we need."

So they made coffee and boiled four eggs; but even after that refreshment it was a long time before they could so much as try to go to sleep again.

The next morning Peter's excitement had subsided, and he let the boys examine his wounds. They consisted of half a dozen claw gashes, two or three of which were deep, but they had ceased to bleed and did not seem dangerous. The boys washed the wounds carefully and afterwards applied carbolated vaseline. They knew that in that pure air the wounds would heal promptly.

"Going to prospect for jewels round here?" Ellis asked, after breakfast.

"The creeks will all be swollen deep," said Tom. "I think most of the gravel will be covered with mud and water, and we'd only waste time. Suppose we strike out west again."

"Not till after dinner. Let's loaf this morning, and hit the trail in the afternoon."

In fact they both felt rather tired after the night's excitement, and so that morning they rested and slept. In the afternoon they loaded Peter and made another start toward the southwest. The creeks were already subsiding; after five miles of travel the boys found the streams again of normal size. Evidently the storm had affected only a narrow strip of the region. At four o'clock they camped beside a stream that promised to contain fish if not crystals.

Trout proved to be plentiful, and Ellis shot a rabbit and two gray squirrels, so that there was more variety than usual in their meal that night. Mindful of their late adventure, they loaded the gun with buckshot, and laid it handy by them before they crawled into the tent; but the night passed without any alarms.

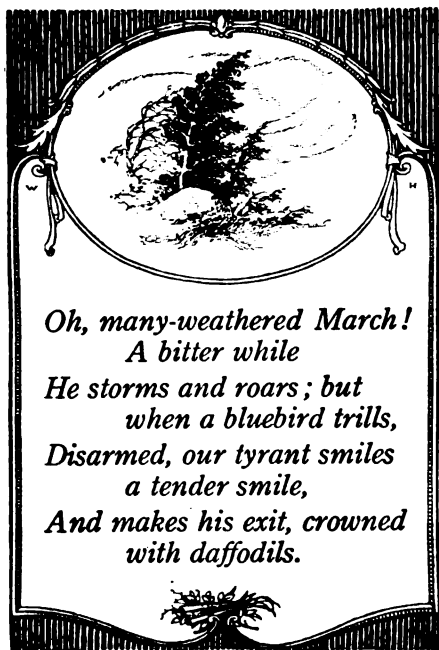
The next morning they explored the creek bed, which contained at least plenty of gravel. Tom went upstream and his cousin went down. For nearly an hour Tom found nothing of value. Then he came upon a fine rock crystal, and soon afterwards he found a small purple amethyst.

Delighted with his find, he was intently searching among the pebbles, when he heard the sound of running feet. A moment later Ellis broke out from the shrubbery; his face was crimson with running and excitement; he carried his hat in one hand and held his other hand tight clenched.

"What is it?" Tom called in alarm.

"Gold!" shouted his cousin, racing up and waving his closed hand. "Look here! Gold!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



*Oh, many-weathered March!
A bitter while
He storms and roars; but
when a bluebird trills,
Disarmed, our tyrant smiles
a tender smile,
And makes his exit, crowned
with daffodils.*

FACT AND COMMENT

GRASP the nettle boldly; hard things are easier done than dreaded.

To find in Life a richer Zest
Like Good Things well, but Fine Things best.

DO not think that you can approach a man's heart by treading on his toes.

BEANS have been high for some time. Now catchup, the usual concomitant, has overtaken them. Hence the name.

IT is rare nowadays to find a vessel loaded with such a harmonious and altogether fitting cargo as that which the Sardinian recently took into Boston. It consisted of rum and tombstones.

THOSE who have been trying to sell the new half dollars at a premium received a sudden setback when the Treasury Department authorized the statement that 2,330,000 of the coins were struck off during the closing weeks of 1916.

IT was a characteristically French inspiration to have a *Salon des Poilus* in Paris. The exhibition contained more than three thousand poster designs that soldiers at the front submitted in competition for prizes. The highest award went to a drawing of a *poilu* sitting in a trench carving a figure of Victory.

THE campaign against the rats that infest the wharves and wholesale districts of our large coast cities deserves the support of all good citizens. Some of the newspapers seem disposed to make a joke of it, but there is nothing funny in the enormous waste of food, the loss by fire or the menace of bubonic plague that the rats are responsible for.

WHAT name shall be given to the islands hitherto known as the Danish West Indies? The old name is, of course, no longer fitting, since the islands now belong to the United States. As they have already been, at one time or another, the Spanish, the French, the Dutch, the English and the Danish West Indies, according to ownership, the obvious title now would be the American West Indies; but a member of Congress has introduced a resolution that they be called the Dewey Islands. Others have suggested that they be called the Columbian Islands, and still others that they be named in honor of Monroe or Seward.

COSTA RICA has had the unique distinction among Central American republics of going more than thirty years without a revolution. The recent overturn breaks the spell, but not, it is to be hoped, with the result that followed the rising against Diaz in Mexico. The revolution in Costa Rica was bloodless, and order seems to have been preserved. The country is somewhat smaller than Maine and rather less densely populated. Just about one half of its foreign trade is with this country, which takes almost all of its bananas. Nearly all of its coffee, on the other hand, goes to Great Britain. Those two products constitute the bulk of its exports.

THE editors of The Companion are happy to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from the town officials, the trustees of Cushing Academy and the directors of the Watatic Club of Ashburnham, Massachusetts, to be present in the year 2015 at the opening of the corner-stone box, and there to meet the President of the United States and the chief officials of Massachusetts. Having no previous engagement, and being interested in the fact that the corner stone contains a copy of The Companion, we have accepted the invitation. When the time comes, our "memory tickler" filing system will remind us automatically of the affair, and we

shall go. It is a pleasure to see the permanence of The Companion and our own expectation of literary life so gracefully recognized.



BREAKING WITH GERMANY

EVENTS follow one another so rapidly in these times that what was news yesterday is history to-day, and we must be ready at all times to expect a kaleidoscopic change in the situation. By the time this issue of The Companion is in the hands of its readers almost anything may have happened in international relations, but at the moment of writing we know only the portentous preliminaries of events that may determine the future.

Germany and its allies announce that they have closed every approach to the British Isles and to France. Any ship of any nation found within that arbitrarily prohibited area will be sunk, although one American ship a week was to have been permitted to sail between New York and Falmouth—under conditions that it would have been humiliating for this country to accept. The President resented the change of policy and the increased hardships that it inflicts upon this nation, and showed his resentment and that of the American people by severing diplomatic relations with Germany.

What will result? There may be instances in history wherein such a breach of relations was not followed by war; but if so, they are very few. In the present situation there will be no declaration of war by the United States unless and until the new German policy results in the destruction of American lives or in other encroachment upon our rights; but inasmuch as Germany cannot enforce that policy without the gravest risk of committing some such offense, we can hardly hope that peace can long be preserved. Although it was suggested that we appeal to Germany to modify its resolution in view of the fact that failure to modify it would probably add another country to the list of its enemies, Germany anticipated the suggestion and repelled it.

Outside the territory of the Teutonic Powers the action of the President has been received with approval, not merely in the communities of the Entente Allies but in all the countries of Latin America. Here at home the expressions of relief have been almost as significant as the expressions of approval. It is true that the American people have felt some annoyance owing to the action of Great Britain in supervising and restricting trade on the Atlantic, but it has been as nothing compared with their indignation at the German methods of warfare: the violation and ravaging of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania and other passenger ships, the war against women and children in the Zeppelin raids, and the enslavement of Belgians.

There is, of course, a small minority that will hold itself in opposition, but as we write it has scarcely made itself heard. From the St. Croix to the Rio Grande, from Seattle to Tampa, the President's dismissal of Count von Bernstorff was approved. Governors, legislatures, chambers of commerce and private citizens have telegraphed their approbation to Washington. Men of German and Austrian birth have hastened to assure their neighbors that in this crisis they support their adopted country.

So stands the situation at the moment of writing. A wave of patriotism has swept and is still sweeping the land. We hate war; we hope it will not be necessary for us to wage it. But if we must defend our honor and dignity and maintain our rights, we are ready to make all necessary sacrifices.



PET ECONOMIES

THE person who always has to enforce petty economies has no pet economies to practice. To him all economies are necessary and hateful. Only the well-to-do can afford the luxury of a pet economy. Under that term are not to be included hoarding bits of string, tearing off and keeping the unused portions of sheets of note paper, or picking up pins in the street. These are not pet economies; they are manias of a mild type.

The consistent practice of a pet economy produces a sense of satisfaction quite out of proportion to the importance of the saving effected. If you run an automobile, you may like to clean it and tinker with it yourself instead of sending it to a garage. You may even be one of those who will not intrust the care of the furnace fire to the chore man, because you know that you can run your furnace on less coal than anyone else, and although not a miserly person you hate to pay money out unnecessarily for coal. You do not summon the carpenter to patch

up the back porch, because you look forward to doing that job yourself on your next holiday.

Things that you enjoy doing, or that you flatter yourself you have a knack for, you are likely to do with your own hands instead of hiring some one else to do them. Pet economies are akin to hobbies; sometimes they coincide with hobbies. They are useful little possessions, and only the competent kind of man is able to exhibit them.



RELIGIOUS "RAGTIME"

THE art that is modern above all others, that in one form or another makes to-day the most universal appeal, is music. No other art has so rapidly and so wonderfully improved its mechanical agencies, and that improvement, like so many of our industrial marvels, is the direct result of a vast popular demand. Perhaps only a cultivated few enjoy the symphony, or even the opera of Wagner; but hundreds of thousands, of all occupations and all grades of intelligence, respond to the taking airs of the light opera, of the popular song, of giddy dance music, of patriotic melody. The right music at the right time will spur the souls of men and women like nothing else, will whip care out of them, breed laughter or tears, make them for an hour or a moment think they are in heaven.

Perhaps we do not enough study the meaning and the working of this vast spiritual force. The ancients, with their exquisite tact in such things, prohibited certain scales, certain modes, in public music, believing that they tended to weaken and debauch the soul. Nothing so radical as that has occurred to our lawmakers.

In regard to church music, however, the point may be worth considering. With the desire to lighten and enliven church services, with the deeper feeling that music is an agency that is being daily misused with enormous effect in the worship of the Devil, there has grown up a somewhat thoughtless disposition to discover and make use of melodies that, to say the least of them, would not have been approved a hundred years ago. In view of that tendency it is interesting to read what the poet Cowper has to say on the influence of music: "I believe that wine itself, though a man be guilty of habitual intoxication, does not more debauch and befoul the natural understanding than music—always music, music in season and out of season—weakens and destroys the spiritual discernment. If it is not used with an unfeigned reference to the worship of God, and with a design to assist the soul in the performance of it, it degenerates into a sensual delight."

To our ears, that sounds strange and extravagant enough; but it may be worth thinking over. Unfortunately, the control and direction of our church music is too often in the hands of those who are much more interested in music than they are in the church. Where that is the case, it would be well for the more clerical authorities to see to it that the modern and the gay and the merely stimulating do not too largely drive out the decorous, the solemn, and even the austere.



RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION

HENCEFORTH it is going to be much harder for aliens to get into the United States than it has been in the past. A measure that has been before Congress for many years, and that had been previously passed three times by both branches, only to be defeated by veto of the Executive, has now been passed the fourth time, has again been vetoed, and has been successfully passed over the veto.

In the early days America welcomed every newcomer. It opened the way to success for men who had no chance to rise in their native land, and Americans took pleasure in helping them to rise here. This was the place where land could be had for nothing and where wealth could be drawn from the soil with a minimum of labor. It was the land of political opportunity, of freedom from the disadvantages of caste, of relief from political oppression. It is not necessary to tell the story of the change that has taken place in American sentiment, or to name the causes that have gradually but surely made immigrants less welcome and unrestricted immigration a menace to our peace and well-being. The recent act of Congress points to some of the causes by naming the classes of immigrants that are henceforth to be met at the gate with "You shall not enter."

The act is not in all its details a new law, but it is more definite and thoroughgoing than any previous enactment in forbidding the entrance of criminals, of the physically or mentally defective, of polygamists, of paupers, vagrants and persons afflicted with loathsome

or contagious diseases; in excluding Chinese, Japanese and Hindu coolies,—although without mentioning any of them by their race names,—and in the carefully studied phrases by which it bars anarchists and others who hold lawless opinions. It is also especially firm in its strict provisions against importing laborers of any race or country under contract or promise of employment.

To the provisions that have just been named there was little opposition. What led President Wilson to veto the bill, and Presidents Cleveland and Taft to veto similar bills, is the clause known as the "literacy test." In broad terms that clause requires that every person sixteen years of age who wishes to enter the country must satisfy the inspectors that he can read in some language. The provision has been the subject of heated and angry controversy. Its purpose is to keep out undesirable aliens, especially anarchists. Those who oppose it say that it is not a fair test, for the reason that anarchists are not more illiterate than other persons. Its advocates say that it is a fair test, although not perfect, because it will exclude some anarchists and shut out very few other persons who are desirable as citizens.

Since the long controversy is now over, we shall soon see how the new law works. It is probable that, whatever else it does, it will restrict immigration—a result that nearly everyone regards as imperative. The old ideas have passed away. Americans no longer believe that men and women from whatever part of the world you please can of right come and dwell here, and that they have a just grievance if they are refused admission. The old saying that America is a refuge for the oppressed of all nations is a figure of speech. It was only partly true in days that differed greatly from present times and that are now long past; and it never had any official force.



THE WAR IN 1917

AS the fourth campaign of the great war begins, the eyes of the world are fixed less upon the armies in the field and the great battle fleets of England and Germany than upon the little craft, submarine and destroyer, that are fighting out the last battle of Germany for a place on the sea and in the sun. On the Kaiser's desperate effort to break the British blockade and to destroy the British mercantile fleet victory in the war seems now to depend.

But meanwhile the armies will not be idle. We may take it for granted that France and England will make the great effort in the west. Whether when spring unlocks the trenches they will resume their hammering at the salient on the Somme, or whether the offensive will begin at a new point, is not certain. There is some reason to believe that there will be two offensives instead of a joint attack. The French are already showing signs of activity round Verdun. If they could break the German line in that strategic region they would get the maximum of profit, and might at a blow regain much of Alsace-Lorraine, and oblige the enemy to evacuate France entirely. The British, prepared for battle as never before, will make a determined drive somewhere along their front.

The Germans may try to anticipate their enemies in the west, as they did last year at Verdun, but their chief offensive is much more likely to be directed against Russia, both because Hindenburg believes that that is the true field for German ambition and because Russia is less able to withstand an assault than its allies are. There are internal dissensions in Russia, and one party, that of the bureaucracy, has little stomach for more fighting. Besides that, Russia still finds it difficult to arm and equip its armies. Man power it has in abundance; supplies it finds hard to come by.

There is some likelihood, too, of an Allied movement northward from Saloniki, especially if events tame the King of Greece or remove him from the scene. So long as he remains in authority the Macedonian campaign must lag; whatever promises he makes to the Entente he makes under duress, and he would break them if he thought it safe to do so.

In other circumstances cutting the communications between the Central Powers would be an obvious and a hopeful enterprise to undertake. But diplomatic and military blunders have frittered away the opportunities of the Allies in the Balkans. After the Gallipoli fiasco and the collapse of Roumania, their operations there are likely to be diversions merely. Their best chances and their real strength are in the west.

It is by no means unlikely that events will force the United States also to take its place

among the belligerents; but of course we should be in no condition to take any real part in the land fighting for at least a year. Our navy might well enough find employment in pursuing submarines, although it would be our smaller craft and perhaps chiefly our improvised destroyers that would be useful in that service.



CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—On February 7 the Senate, by a vote of 78 to 5, formally indorsed the action of the President in severing diplomatic relations with Germany. The dissenting Senators were Gronna of North Dakota, Kirby of Arkansas, La Follette of Wisconsin, Vardaman of Mississippi and Works of California. — Both branches gave much time to emergency measures necessitated by the strained international relations, besides working on the general business that crowds the closing weeks of the session. The emergency measures included espionage and conspiracy bills and amendments to the shipping laws. The Senate Democratic caucus approved the bill that the House had passed to provide about \$350,000,000 additional revenue to meet the anticipated Treasury deficit. The bill aims to raise \$248,000,000 through additional taxes on inheritances and "excess profits," and provides for a bond issue of \$100,000,000 to pay for the Danish West Indies and the Alaskan railway. It was expected that the army appropriation bill, which carries about \$300,000,000, would pass promptly. The water power, corrupt practices and public building measures appear to be effectually blocked for the present session. — On February 14 Congress met in joint session to count the electoral vote for President and Vice President. — The House refused to agree to the Senate plan to put all postmasters under civil service rules. — The Senate refused, by a vote of 48 to 19, to go into executive session

Belgian relief workers that they must retire from the occupied portions of France and Belgium, except that Minister Whitlock, with a few helpers, might remain in Brussels. That so limited the American supervision of the work that the relief committee, after consultation with Ambassador Page in London, decided that all Americans should withdraw from participation in the relief work in the occupied districts.

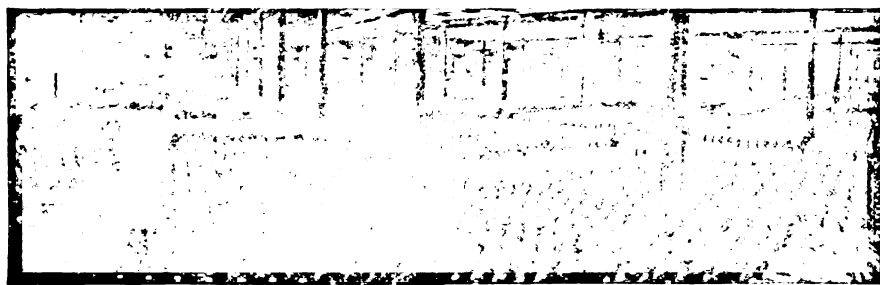
CUBA.—The contested presidential election in Cuba has caused so much unrest, even reaching the incipient stage of revolution, that Secretary Lansing on February 12 sent a note to the Cubans in which he begged them to await the outcome of the second election to be held in certain districts and to abide by the decisions of their courts.

MEXICO.—On February 5 the new constitution, drawn up by the convention of Carranza supporters assembled at Queretaro, was promulgated at Mexico City. Many of its provisions cannot go into effect until laws are enacted, but without further legislation there will be an election of President and members of the Congress on March 11. The members of the Congress will take office on April 15, and the President on May 1. Carranza has named Ignacio Bonillas, a member of the joint border commission, as ambassador to the United States.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From February 8 to February 14)

The main interest of the week centred in the submarine warfare so vigorously renewed by Germany in British waters. During the first half of February the total number of merchant vessels that the submarines sank reached about a hundred, with a tonnage of about 200,000. More than a third of the vessels were under neutral flags. The only American ship was the Housatonic, and that vessel, which



TEN ACRES OF SHELLS STORED IN A BRITISH MUNITIONS FACTORY

to consider the promotion of Dr. Grayson to the rank of rear admiral. — On February 13 the House, by a vote of 353 to 23, passed the naval bill, which carries appropriations of \$368,000,000.

THE BREAK WITH GERMANY.—The ten days that followed the formal break of diplomatic relations with Germany was a period of high tension at Washington and in the country at large. No one could know what hour might bring the news of the overt act—the sinking of an American ship or the killing of American citizens—that all felt would make war inevitable. With each day that passed, however, the hope grew that war might honorably be avoided—a hope based in large part on the persistent rumors that Germany was anxious to prevent a more acute crisis, and on the conviction that President Wilson would take no further step without proof that Germany had actually destroyed American lives or shipping in its submarine campaign.

There was relief from the disquieting rumors about the detention of Ambassador Gerard in Berlin, when authentic news came on February 12 that the ambassador and his staff, with about 120 other Americans, had arrived in Berne on the preceding day. A special train of ten coaches brought the party from Berlin to Zurich. Count von Bernstorff and his staff left Washington on February 14, to sail on that day from New York on the steamship Frederik VIII for Norway.

On February 11 the Swiss minister, on behalf of the German government, intimated that Germany would be willing to negotiate with the United States, provided the negotiations did not interfere with the blockade of England. Secretary Lansing replied that the United States could enter no negotiations with Germany unless it withdrew its submarine proclamation of January 31 and renewed its assurances of last spring. Later, Berlin denied that it had authorized the offer to parley.

On February 12 word came that the American sailors who were brought into port by the prize ship Yarrowdale had not been set at liberty, as earlier reported, but were held as prisoners pending assurance of the freedom of the crews of the interned German ships in American ports. It was obvious that Berlin had heard wholly misleading reports of the American attitude toward the German sailors here. Secretary Lansing on February 13 asked Berlin for further information about the detained American sailors.

On February 12 Germany told the American

was carrying contraband, was warned and the crew were assisted to get away safely. The largest vessel sunk was the White Star liner *Afric* of 12,000 tons. An Austrian submarine sank the American schooner *Lyman M. Law* off Sardinia.

It was too early to call the more relentless campaign a failure, but it was apparent by mid-February that the campaign was not accomplishing the results that the Germans had counted on. They had expressed confidence that they could destroy a million tons, perhaps twice that amount, a month, and thereby reduce England to starvation. The opening weeks of the new warfare showed a destruction at the rate of less than half a million tons a month—and the rate of destruction was appreciably decreasing at the end of the period under review. The British government, true to its policy, gave no information in regard to its protective measures or the number of submarines destroyed.

It was known that the number of merchant vessels that reached British ports safely during the first half of February was about a hundred daily, or as many arrivals each day as the total number of vessels sunk in the two weeks. In all, England and its allies have at this time about 20,000,000 tons of merchant shipping; and British shipyards, even under the war conditions that necessitate much naval work, are said to be turning out 2,000,000 tons of merchant shipping a year, perhaps more. These figures, it will be observed, take no account of the neutral shipping that is so largely employed in British commerce.

The other neutral nations made vigorous protest to Germany, but they declined to follow the example of the United States and sever diplomatic relations. The protest of China was especially vigorous, and it seemed likely that its note was a prelude to a declaration of war. The attitude of Holland was doubtless influenced by the concentration of a large German force on the Dutch border.

The week brought no fighting that made material changes in the situation. On the western front the British continued their operations with Bapaume as their objective. A raid in the Ancre region on February 11 resulted in 215 German prisoners. There were artillery duels at several points on the French front, and numerous airplane raids behind both the French and German lines. In the Görz section of the Austro-Italian zone the Austrians were on the aggressive. They reported that in an attack on the Italian trenches on February 11 they captured 665 prisoners.

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This year Mitchell Junior—with 120-inch wheelbase—shows another result of factory efficiency. Its size, its power, its beauty and equipment offer amazing value.

Its very purpose is to serve efficiency. It is for men who want a 5-passenger car with

ample room and power. But who don't want to pay for 7-passenger room and power.

It is for men who want, in a smaller Six, all the Mitchell extra values. But note that it has 40-horsepower. And from hub to hub it measures 120 inches.

Both 100% Over-Strength

Both sizes in Mitchells are built to the standard of 100 per cent over-strength. That's twice our former standard. Both are built for lifetime cars—for at least 200,000 miles.

Over 440 parts are built

of toughened steel. The safety parts are all oversize. We use a wealth of Chrome-Vanadium. We test our gears for 50,000 pounds per tooth.

You will find no other car under \$2000 built anywhere near like the Mitchells.

\$4,000,000 in Extras

The Mitchells have extras which, on this year's output, cost about \$4,000,000.

There are 31 distinct features—like a power tire pump—which nearly all cars omit.

We have this year added 24 per cent to the cost of

finish, upholstery and trimming. This comes from savings in our new body plant, which saves us hundreds of thousands of dollars.

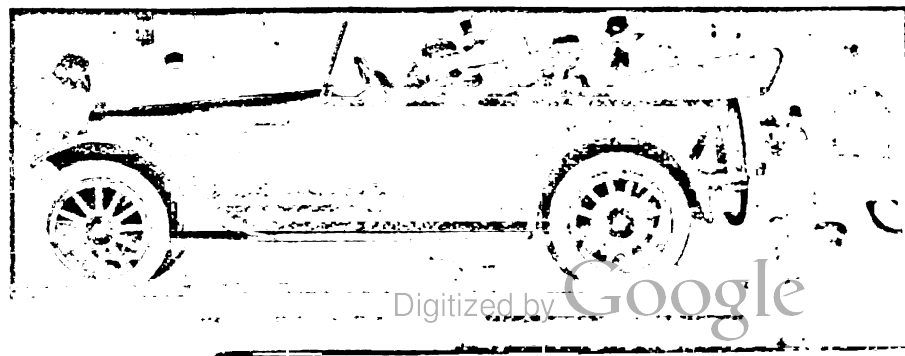
See these extras. You are bound to want them in the car you buy to keep.

Marvels of Efficiency

The Mitchells show you what factory efficiency can accomplish in motor car building. They are built by John W. Bate, the great efficiency engineer. They are built in a factory which he erected and equipped

—a 45-acre plant. All the extra values are due to his savings. He has cut our factory cost in two. You will not find like values in any other fine car. Let your Mitchell dealer prove that.

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"AND THEN?"

By Robert Underwood Johnson

THIS time for a story, as one may know From Robbity-Bobbity's evening glow, His rounder eyes and his open mouth, As he begs, "Now, Bonapapa, 'Once on a time.'"

So off goes our ship for the golden South, For parrots and fruits of a tropic clime, For wrecks and treasure and tattooed men. And at each adventure he cries, "And then?"

For a breathless tale you must tell to him, Robbity-Bobbity, six and slim. And if for a second you happen to pause For a missing word or some other cause, Or hushing your voice to a whisper of awe, At a thrilling moment venture to stop,— The hunter in reach of the grizzly's claw, Or Jack at the beanstalk's very top, Or the knight at the mouth of the dragon's den,— He will eagerly urge you on, "And then?"

When I tell how the night wind gave alarm And scared the thief of the Golden Arm, Or how Brer Rabbit his wit would match With Brer Fox in the briar patch, Or how the monkeys got over the stream, Or the Crabs gave a dance (they were so delighted That Ma had escaped through the crab-net seam).—

When the Catfish came who wasn't invited,— He will cock his head like a Jenny Wren And shake his curls, and plead, "And then?"

Oh, Robbity-Bobbity looks so wise From the deep, dark pools of his sunlit eyes As he asks the wherefore of everything: "Why grass is green?" "Why sparrows sing?" "Why do the squirrels climb the tree?" "Why does the food make little boys strong?" "What was there there before the sea?" But this is his puzzle the whole day long: "What's after the counting? You count again Millions and millions more? And then?"

He's a philosopher, Robbity-B—, His fancy goes farther than sages see— A sequel to every story's end, A journey beyond the road's last bend. Let bookmen chatter and try to prove There isn't a future life or place: Their logical ignorance never could move The faith from this boy's transfigured face. Tell him that Death is the last we ken, He would challenge their doubt with his wise, "And then?"

LIFE'S PREPAYMENT SCHEME

THE prepayment or pay-as-you-enter scheme of the street-car companies has every appearance of being a modern invention, but in reality it is as old as the world. Ever since the beginning life has been on a pay-as-you-enter basis.

The fact is, we get out of this world just what we pay for—no more, no less.

That fundamental law was at the bottom of Christ's parable of the man who was sent away from the wedding feast because he was not wearing a wedding garment. When you first read the parable that may seem like ruthless severity in the cause of convention, but on second thought you see that it is a law of life, and, after all, the kindest solution of the difficulty. The man could not enjoy the occasion, because he was not in the party spirit.

That man's mistake is the mistake that countless thousands make to-day in trying to cheat the world into giving them something for nothing. In the last analysis they are cheating, not the world, but themselves. Too many of us are looking for the rewards before we have trained ourselves to appreciate them.

The Jews wanted to march straight from Egypt to Canaan. But God knew better, and He sent them by a roundabout way that was full of hardships. It took them forty years to cover it, although the distance was no greater than that between New York City and Buffalo! In that forty years God transformed a mob into an army, and so cultivated the gifts of restraint and faith in the people that when they gained the luxuries of Canaan they could withstand its temptations. They wanted the wedding feast without the wedding garment, symbolic of the preparation in character. God's prepayment system was wiser for them.

We are all eager to march in a bee line from Egypt to Canaan, and, if a merciful God does not restrain us, we arrive before we are ready, and make fools of ourselves or something worse. That is the pathetic paradox of money without culture. That is why we find diamonds on dirty fingers and mud ideals in marble palaces. Dante gave the hottest circle in purgatory to those who had refused a great opportunity. But there is a still hotter circle for those who, as the old Greek proverb puts it, have been "opened and found empty." An English ecclesiastic knew the meaning of that, when on his deathbed he said bitterly, "I have held a great post, and I have not been equal to it." And the misery of it was that no one could contradict him.

No, nothing in this world can be seized with ruthless and violent hands. You must pay as you enter in this market place of life. You must wear the wedding garment of character before you can sit down at the feast. If you sneak in by the back door, you will find yourself at a table groaning with bounties that you cannot eat, because you are out of place. It is a wise old world, after all. Sometimes we think that we are fooling it, but the last laugh is always with the universe. It is not the world that we try to deceive, but ourselves. And the Nemesis of that is always disillusionment.

CUTWORMS

THERE was a glint of sunny hair above the hedge and a gay girlish voice came over, heralding the bright face that, a moment later, was visible at the gateway.

"Good morning, Miss Lucretia! I've dropped in to call on your garden. Did you ever know a lovelier—O Miss Lucretia, your pansies!"

The gay voice changed to dismay. Where yesterday had been a carpet of purple and gold there were now only a few green plants; the rest was a tangle of wilted leaves and stalks.

"Cutworms," Miss Lucretia said briefly. "They did all that last night. Of all mean, pesky, under-handed things commend me to a cutworm."

"But isn't there anything you can do?" Beatrice cried. There were actually tears in her eyes—half

for the poor pansies and half for the disappointment of Miss Lucretia, who loved them so.

"I can clean up the mess," Miss Lucretia retorted grimly. "There isn't anything else that I know of."

"I'll help," the girl said soberly.

But Miss Lucretia declined. "No, I'd rather do it myself. I'm not polite enough for company this morning. It's reminded me of something that I can't get out of my head. Beatrice, there are things meaner than these little green beasts, and they are human cutworms."

"Human cutworms!" Beatrice echoed.

Miss Lucretia nodded. "That's what I said, and that's what I meant. You watch out for 'em. There, run along, child—take a handful of the clove pinks as you go."

The girl picked the clove pinks absently. Human cutworms! But she knew that it was quite useless to ask for an explanation when Miss Lucretia did not feel like talking. She went out of the garden and down to the street with her forehead puckered over the puzzle. At the next corner Flo Westbrook met her. Flo's eyes were wide and excited.

"Beatrice, what do you think?" she cried. "You know that new girl in church who acts so stiff and hold-offish? Persis Ray says she used to work at Holland's, and something queer happened and she was dismissed, and she says everyone says that she stole some money there. I don't doubt that it's true. I always thought there was something queer about her. She needn't think she can get in our crowd if she's anything like that. Beatrice, what's the matter with you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

"No; only a cutworm!" Beatrice replied.

A CORRESPONDENT'S JOURNEY

A JOURNEY almost as thrilling as the fictitious trip that Phileas Fogg made in *Around the World in Eighty Days*, was undertaken in 1886 by Frederic Villiers, a correspondent of the *London Graphic*. He was in Serbia at the close of the Serbo-Bulgarian war when his paper hurriedly ordered him to Mandalay in Burma.

He left Belgrade for Vienna, says Mr. F. L. Bulhard in *Famous War Correspondents*. There he caught the Venice express, and at Venice he boarded a liner for Alexandria. At Alexandria he took the train for Suez, and there he found a Bombay steamship ready to start.

Villiers had hoped to catch Lord Dufferin, Viceroy of India, who was officially to take over the Burmese territory recently annexed, but at Suez he learned that the viceroy would start four days before he could reach India. He went on, however, and at Aden heard that Lord Dufferin had been delayed by illness and would not start for Burma at the time first appointed.

When his ship arrived at Bombay, Villiers learned that he might catch a train that would arrive at Calcutta on the very morning of the departure of the viceroy for Rangoon. He slid down the mail chute with the letters, and went ashore on the mail tender. At the railway station he sent a telegram notifying the viceroy's secretary of his wish to go on with Lord Dufferin's party, and then just caught the express for Calcutta. At Calcutta a Sikh in the livery of the viceroy's establishment handed him a sealed letter. It said that His Excellency was sorry to be unable to take Mr. Villiers with his party, but that "if Mr. Villiers traveled to Rangoon by mail steamer, His Excellency, when he arrived at that port, would do all he could to assist him."

Within the hour Villiers with his kit was on the train for Diamond Harbor, where he would meet the little mail steamer for Rangoon. To get aboard, he had to go out in a rowboat and catch a rope thrown to him from the moving steamer.

As the ship crossed the Bay of Bengal a tremendous hurricane swept down upon her, and it was touch and go whether or not she would founder. But the same storm also delayed Lord Dufferin's ship, and Villiers landed at Rangoon shortly after the viceroy. He had a half hour with the viceroy, who gave him permission to sail with one of the advance guard ships that were to take the party up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay.

All went well, until on the afternoon of the second day the steamship suddenly stuck in mid-stream. The engines were reversed, but the paddles only churned the water to no purpose. The boat was firmly embedded in a sand bank. Half-dazed, Villiers watched the two other steamers pass him and disappear round a bend in the river. With the goal almost in sight, it seemed that he was to lose, after all!

But the captain came to the rescue with the information that all ships on the river anchored at sundown, and the offer of a small boat, with a crew that would row all night if the rupees were numerous enough and the correspondent were firm enough. The boat was launched and Villiers clambered in, but the water at once began to pour through the bottom. Bailing was of no avail, and the crew only got the leaky craft back to the steamer just as water was actually oozing over the gunwale.

The captain then offered Villiers his gig, and the artist pushed off once more. He reached the viceroy's ship at dawn, with the muzzle of his revolver nestling against the neck of the sleepy Burman who acted as pilot.

Lord Dufferin took Villiers along as his guest as far as Mandalay. When the correspondent reached the capital of King Theebaw he had journeyed twelve thousand miles. The next morning came the great ceremony at the palace.

BRAVE CANADIANS

DURING the Battle of Ypres, when a gas attack had emptied the French trenches for almost a mile, the Canadians stretched their line to twice its length and occupied the position that the French had lost. All night they held, says Every Week, and all the next day and all the next night. Beating off attacks, and counter-attacking, losing the woods on their left and gaining them again, being forced out of the little town of Saint-Julien, rallying and driving the Germans before them, without artillery or infantry support, for two nights and a day they held on, and saved the Allied line.

Behind the town of Saint-Julien, far enough back to be well protected, the Canadians had a hospital filled with convalescents. They were lying, bandaged and nursed, but in good spirits and well along toward recovery, when suddenly the news came that the gas attack had been made and that the French had been forced to give ground.

With feverish haste the nurses and doctors made preparations to move their patients back to safety. When they came to get their men, however, every

bed except three was empty, and in those three beds were three men complaining bitterly—men who could not get up and walk because they had lost one or both feet. The others were gone—not back, but forward—hotfoot to the trenches. Most of them died, but they had their share in holding the line those two nights and a day.

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN



"An 'I'm the feller what used to object to takin' out 'er ladyship's blinkin' lap dog when I was in service at 'ome.'"

UNCLE JACOB'S BOSS

"SPEAKING of independent folks," said Amos Gray, "there was old Uncle Jacob Dill, that I lived with a spell when I was a boy. He and his wife were along in years, and their daughter and her husband had taken the farm and agreed to provide for the old couple as long as they lived. Uncle Jacob was independently well off, but he would have been independent anyway. He used to make his brags that he was his own boss."

"One winter afternoon Lyman Tersey, the son-in-law, came home from the store without remembering one of his errands: to get a plug of tobacco for Uncle Jacob. Maybe it would have been more on his mind if he had used the weed himself. But he didn't. He always said that tobacco was injurious to the health, though he knew better than to object to Uncle Jacob's using it. In fact he wanted to go back to the store, because the old gentleman was all out. But it was a three-mile trip, and Uncle Jacob wouldn't hear to it."

"But all the afternoon he kept growing more and more fidgety, and by night he was about the crabbedest man I ever saw. At supper he only just picked at his victuals, and when it was over he asked Aunt Hitty for her shears."

"Then he lit the lantern and went out into the woodshed; and woman's curiosity, in the shape of Aunt Hitty, tiptoed out after him."

"Pretty soon she came back, half laughing but still looking kind of sorry. 'I been watching father through a crack in the door,' says she, 'and what do you suppose he is up to? Well,' says she, 'he's gone and cut the lining out of the pocket where he always carries his tobacco; and now he is settling there on the sawhorse—a chewing of it. I don't believe he's getting much satisfaction, though,' says she."

"By and by the old gentleman came back and went and looked out of the window. 'I've half a mind to step over to Ramsey's a minute,' says he."

"'Why, father, you can't go out such a night as this,' said his daughter, Lucy Ann; for it was a good half mile to our neighbor Ramsey's, and it was coming on to snow."

"'I'd like to know why I can't,' says Uncle Jacob. 'Don't you go to giving orders to me!' says he, and he bundled right up and started."

"We knew he'd gone to borrow tobacco; but Lucy Ann allowed he might not get it, for Ramsey had spells of leaving off. Time passed, and Uncle Jacob didn't come back, and we got downright scared."

"Finally Lyman put the horse into the pump and started after him, taking me along to hold the lantern. We found that he had been to Ramsey's but didn't get what he was after; and we kept on without seeing hide or hair of him till we got clear to Mellen's store. There we found him, just paying for his plug of tobacco."

"By that time it was snowing and drifting like great guns. 'Now, father,' says Lyman, as cheerful as he could, 'just hop into the pump, and we'll see about getting home.'"

"'You just tend to whatever business brought you here,' says the old man, 'and I'll look out for myself. At that he started off on foot, and we had nothing to do but follow.'"

"So we went along in a kind of procession: old gentleman ahead, staggering through the drifts; Lyman and I bringing up the rear in the pump; and Lyman pleading every few minutes. 'Now, father, it does almost seem if you had better get in and ride.'"

"We got home at last, and after unharnessing we went in and sat down by the fireplace to thaw out. No one seemed called on to talk; but finally Uncle Jacob took out his plug of tobacco, and I noticed that he hadn't bit anything off from it. First thing we knew, he had given it a toss into the fire. Then he got up and wound the clock and went to bed."

"Well, the old gentleman never once touched the weed again. 'I've quit tobacco,' he would tell people. 'I didn't leave off 'count of any of Lyman's opinions. But when I got an inkling that it was setting up to be my boss, thinks I, it's time for us to part company.'"

NOT REAL

THAT strange gray ghost from a past era, the ex-Empress Eugénie, now ninety years of age, watches with burning interest the life-and-death struggle, renewed after nearly half a century, between Germany, which crushed her power and prestige, and France, which cast her out. The young republic, which shook itself free of her along with all the other tarnished debris of the glittering Second Empire, exiled her for many years; but it has forgiven her now, in her old age. She may go

and come as she will between France, her old home, and England, her adopted one; and she gives much of her income as well as the use of her beautiful estate to the allied defenders of France, whether French or British. So great have been the changes, so dark the misfortunes, of her tragic career that of all old, living women few seem as old—as almost impossibly old—as she.

Yet, even now, every little while the world gets some new glimpse of her in the brilliant heyday of her youth. In the recent biography of Disraeli there is a letter in which the English statesman tells of the first visit of the French emperor and empress to London in 1855. They quite captivated Queen Victoria, but Disraeli did not like them. "I was greatly disappointed with the empress," he wrote. "For me she had no charm. She has Chinese eyes and a perpetual smile or simper, which I detest. I understand she is very natural,—too natural for a sovereign,—and that Napoleon looks sometimes as if he would be pleased with more reserve and dignity. She was always playing with the royal children, who doted on her, and was sometimes found sitting on the edge of a table. The courtiers were horrified."

Disraeli would have found few to agree with his low estimate of Eugénie's beauty and attractions, even among those who disapproved of her occasionally unroyal ways. One of the most insistent complaints against her was of the extravagant variety of costumes in which she displayed her loveliness. In dress, as in manners, her taste for what was becoming was sometimes questioned. Her friend, the sharp-tongued Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador, once said of her the most cutting thing of all. The fashion for Balmoral petticoats had just come in, and ladies were wearing their overdresses looped high above gay-striped underskirts, with a pretty but peasant-like effect. Eugénie desired such a dress; some of the court ladies remonstrated, but Princess Metternich advised her to order it made.

"Would you give the same advice to your own empress?" some one asked shrewdly.

"Oh, no," admitted the princess readily, "but the Empress Elizabeth is a *real* empress!"

That the beautiful Eugénie never was, nor could be; for the empire of which she was the shining ornament was not real, either, but only a tawdry, passing episode in the splendid history of France.

WHAT THE PEON LIKES

A WASHINGTON correspondent writing about the national foods of Mexico, to which our soldier boys must have been introduced while they were on the border,—*tortillas*, *frijoles* and *chile con carne*, for example,—continues:

The peon of southern Mexico has various appetizers that are unknown to the peons of the north. One of the queerest is "water wheat," which is not exactly what its name suggests, but the eggs of a kind of fly. The native Mexican eats his "water wheat" with the same epicurean relish that the Chinese mandarin eats his expensive bird's nest, the Central African his raw hippopotamus, the Canton merchant his stall-fed dog, and the West Indian his palm worms stewed in fat.

The "water-wheat" fields are ponds in which the peon places bundles of reeds a few feet apart, so that their tops are just above the surface. On these reeds, or rushes, the insects deposit their eggs in incredible numbers. The peon then removes the rushes and shakes off the crop.

The Mexicans make the eggs, which resemble fine fish roe, into small cakes and sell them in the markets. The purchasers eat them either as we eat cheese or mixed with corn meal and the eggs of fowls. The peons also eat the insects, which are about the size of our house flies. Their method of preparing them is to pound a quantity of the flies into a paste and boil them with corn husks.

"DE PROFUNDIS"

AT the first training camp at Plattsburg last summer an undersized "rookie" was one day struggling along through mud that threatened to engulf him and his pack. The company were singing, and when they came to the chorus he joined in with growls and grumbles that seemed to come from well down toward his belt. Beyond doubt, melody was not his forte. A big, hulking sergeant came along.

"What's the matter? What are you howling about?"

"I'm singing bass," explained the "rookie."

"Don't do it, my boy," said the sergeant; "you're too deep down already. You come up to the surface and get the air."

THE PASSION FOR LEARNING

"YOU mustn't go near the open windows, dear," said a mother during house cleaning time to her three-year-old daughter. "If you should fall out on the ground, you would surely break your neck."

Betty followed her mother upstairs and played happily with her doll for an hour. Suddenly her mother missed her from the bed and, noticing that the door was closed, thought she was hiding somewhere in the room. After a playful search of a minute or two she heard a pattering of small feet in the hall, and hastened to open the door.

"It didn't break my neck, mother," remarked the child as she resumed her play with the doll.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number

- Mag, pie—maggie.
- M
HAST
HASTERS
MASTERS
STEER
ERR
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S
P
BAST
U
A
SOLID
MISTANG
PILGRIM
STAND N
A
TIRED
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R
DID
G
T
M
ARE
AGENT
TREASON
ENQUE
N
- Sleep.
- B. P. T. X. U. O. V. J. C. Q. I. G. L.
- Public, mantle, Oswego, caucans, mantle, gimlet, closely.
1. Thames, steam. 11. Neva, van. 111. Tagus, gust.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE KATY THAT DID

BY ABIGAIL BURTON

THERE was once a time when there weren't any katydids. There were katies, dear, yes! Ever so many. But every single katy was a *didn't*! Do you know what it was that they didn't?

They had hopping parties, of course, and swinging bees and tree-climbing contests. And the papa katies went to the club, while the mamma katies had afternoon honey in one another's homes; they brought their sewing and talked about the children, quite like all the other insect families. And their only *didn't* was—they didn't sing!

You've no idea what a difference it made. Why, the woods seemed just as still! There were bees humming in the sunlight, and flies buzzing and crickets chirping. But they weren't noisy, you know, compared with katies that do. They made just nice, sociable sounds, to say that the wood was beautiful and wasn't it lovely to be alive!

Oh, all the other wood people had voices, some for the daytime and some for the night! They trilled and piped and fluted, and sang solos and choruses—all but the katydids. But the katydids were busy with their hunting and their housekeeping. So they did not mind not being musical. And the only times that they did care was when they saw a party of wood people on their way to singing school.

The wood was a wonderful place. There were trees and bushes and flowers and grass. And every tree and bush and flower and blade of grass had the finest juices for eating and the cosiest nooks for sleeping. No wonder that the wood people were happy!

The trees and the bushes were all glowing with red and gold that day. And the flowers were gold and purple. Golden leaves covered the ground. Even the brook that ran through the wood was dotted with tiny gold ships that had once been leaves.

All the wood people were busy spinning warm wraps and making their houses snug for the winter. On every side you could hear the whir of spinning wheels and the sound of hammering.

They were so busy that no one saw the hunter. No one paid any attention when he stopped to light his pipe. No one noticed the lighted match that he flung away.

The match fell on a leaf. The flame burned to the end of the match, then it set fire to the leaf.

Now, the leaf lay by a heap of grass, and

the grass lay next some sticks, and the sticks lay beside some dry bushes, and the dry bushes lay beneath some dead trees. If the flame burned the leaf, the leaf would light the grass, and the grass would light the sticks, and the sticks would light the dry bushes, and the dry bushes would light the dead trees, and the dead trees would set the whole forest afire, and all the wood people would die!

And no one of all the busy wood people saw the burning leaf. Did I say no one? Ah, but one little katy did!

Such a weak little katy! And such a timid little katy! The other katydids were always laughing because she was afraid to hop very far or to climb very high. She was dreadfully afraid now. Why, her heart knocked so hard that it nearly knocked her over! But there was no one else. So—

The little katy hopped upon the burning leaf and caught it by the stem. She spread her wings and whizzed into the air. Straight over the brook she flew and dropped the burning leaf into the water!

There were plenty of wood people who saw that, I can tell you! They came crowding out of their houses, crying all together:

"Did you see the fire fall into the water? Who found it? Who caught it? Who put it out?"

My, how the katydids swelled with pride! Their own little katy had saved the forest. Such a fine little katy! And such a brave little katy! All the forest should know. Old and young, they found their voices at last. And they shouted over and over again:

"Katy did! Katy did! Katy did!"

And that is how there came to be katydids!



THE STONES ON THE ROOF

BY S. O. VERNON

MARJORIE and Robert had their lessons for the morrow, and it was still half an hour before bedtime. Marjorie crept up behind her father, who was sitting before the open fire, and whispered something into his ear. Father laid down his newspaper.

"What kind of a story?" he asked, with a smile.

"Oh, a story of the time when you went to school and had to study, as Bob and I do," answered Marjorie.

"That was a long time ago," said father.

"But lots of things happened then, didn't they?" persisted Marjorie.

Father admitted with a laugh that many things happened in those days, and that probably a story was hidden somewhere among them.

"Did I ever tell you about the magic-lantern exhibition in our schoolhouse?" he asked.

"No; please tell us about it," said both Marjorie and Robert at the same time, and Robert added, "What is a magic lantern, anyway?"

"Well, it is not so exciting as a movie show," said father, "but it was the best we had when I was a boy. It was a simple affair. Perhaps you have heard of it as a stereopticon. A young man in our town had one, and arranged to give an entertainment at the schoolhouse on the North Road one Saturday night late in the fall. My brother George and I hatched a foolish plan to add something to the programme.

"Beside the schoolhouse stood a great willow tree with branches that stretched out over the roof. It was our plan to climb up in the tree

and drop a lot of stones on the roof of the schoolhouse. It sounds silly and it was just as silly as it sounds, but as we talked over the thing it seemed to us that it would be great sport. We did not intend to disturb the entertainment itself. We were not so bad as that; our plan was to drop the stones just as the entertainment closed, and thus give everyone a good scare. Then we were going to slip out of the tree and run home.

"George and I filled a basket with stones—most of them about the size of a hen's egg, with two or three as large as our heads—and hid it behind the schoolhouse Saturday afternoon. When evening came and the little red schoolhouse was filled with the people of the neighborhood, we tied a rope to the basket, climbed up into the big willow and drew the basket up after us. Then we made our way carefully out

GOING ON A JOURNEY

BY VIRGINIA BOWDOIN

DRAWN BY F. LILEY-YOUNG



III

*Oh, some would take an airship
Without a bit of fuss,
And fly off into cloudland,
Above the rest of us;
But some prefer a taxi,
And some an omnibus.*

IV

*Our Teddy takes a basket
And borrows mother's broom;
Then what a wondrous journey
He has around the room—
To Cuttyhunk, and Pieland,
And Ritsyratsyboom!*

I

*Oh, some would ride a pony,
And drive with spur and rein
Along the dusty highway,
Or o'er the grassy plain;
And some prefer a carriage,
And some prefer the train.*

II

*Oh, some would sail the ocean,
And seek a land afar—
The sunny shore of Cyprus,
Or maybe Zanzibar;
But some prefer the trolley,
And some a motor car.*

on one of the main branches that extended over the roof, and settled down to wait our time.

"But of course something had to go wrong. George and I were trying to tie the basket below the limb in such a way that both of us could easily reach it, when the rope slipped, the basket tipped over, and in an instant all the stones went crashing and banging to the roof, six or seven feet below us, and rolling from there to the ground. What a racket they made!

"But while the stones were clattering off the roof, something worse happened. George had reached out quickly when the basket tipped. He lost his balance, swung an instant to and fro and then went sprawling to the roof. The fall was not far enough to hurt him, but he had to cling tight to the ridgepole to keep from rolling over the eaves to the ground after the stones.

"You may be sure I was well frightened; but when George called up to me that he was not hurt and that I had better get out of the

tree and run for home, I tried to follow his advice, although I did not want to leave him there. I hesitated an instant too long, for half a hundred persons were rushing through the schoolhouse door by that time, and we were trapped—George on the roof and I in the tree.

"It was light enough for everyone to see us, and there was no escape. When we were both on the ground at last we expected to be punished well, for we knew that we deserved punishment; but my father, who was in the crowd, simply marched us into the schoolhouse and made us take seats facing the audience. There we had to sit all through the entertainment, feeling very much ashamed and wondering all the time what was to happen to us when we got home."

"And did your father punish you when you got home?" asked Robert, as his father paused.

"Do you think we deserved punishment for the silly joke we tried to play?" asked father.

Robert thought a moment. "It seems to me that you did," he said at last.

"Well, that's what my father thought," said father, laughing, "and he was usually right. And now it is time for you to go to bed."

GAMES OF OTHER DAYS AND LANDS

BY HARRIET O'BRIEN

II. CHINESE KITEFLYING

THE kite is one of the oldest toys in the world. It appears to have had its origin in China, where for thousands of years kiteflying has been the favorite amusement not only of the children, but of grown persons, too. In Japan, Burma, the Malay Peninsula and other Eastern lands, kiteflying has long been as popular with all classes and ages as it is in China. From the Far East the kite long ago made its way to all other parts of the world.

The drawing shows a Chinese boy flying a kite made in the shape of a fish. The young people of the Far East would consider it as very poor sport to fly kites as plain and simple as those which American boys fly. Their kites are of many shapes and sizes. Most of them represent a bird, or a fish, or a dragon, or some other curious imaginary monster. The framework is commonly made of bamboo, and the covering is colored paper, or, in case of the best ones, silk. Often the kites have tails of great length.

The grown-up people have kiteflying festivals in which all the people of the village join. On such occasions some of the kites are of great size and of most elaborate design. At night they are sent up with long strings of lanterns tied to them. Nor are the people content with kiteflying simply as a pastime. They have contests that rouse great interest—contests in which one person tries to keep his kite in the air longer than his rival can, or contests in which one person tries to make his kite bring down or destroy the kite of the other.

In our times the kite has become a very useful tool of science. Men use it to study the conditions that prevail in the air far above the earth; thus it helps them to forecast the weather. It also helps them in building airships, in taking pictures, in signaling, and in life saving on the coast. The Chinese have long used kites to tow boats, and to drop their fishhooks well out to sea while they themselves stand on the shore.



DRAWN BY CORNELIA MORRISON

THE RAINY DAY

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

I want the sun to shine again,
I want the rain to stop.
It marches like the feet of men—
Drop-drop, drop-drop, drop-drop!

I do not like the rain a bit,
I do not like the mud.
The cows all turn their backs to it,
And sadly chew their cud.

I press my nose against the pane
Until my nose is flat,
But all I see is just the rain—
Pat-pat, pat-pat, pat-pat!

I want the children out again,
I want the weather fine.
I don't know how to wait till then—
I want the sun to shine.

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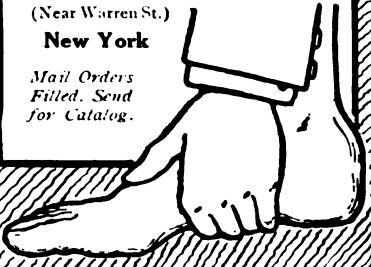
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AURICULAR FIBRILLATION

IN the past few years physicians who have been studying diseases of the heart have discovered many new conditions, or rather they have found that what the medical profession formerly regarded as a single affection is really a group of different diseases with one or more symptoms in common. For example, physicians used to consider irregularity of the pulse as a disease in itself. Now they recognize it as a symptom of many different diseases of the heart.

Among those maladies is the distressing condition called auricular fibrillation. In that disease the muscular wall of the auricles of the heart does not contract as a whole, but its individual fibres contract separately without any reference to each other. The result is confusion and loss of rhythm, just as when a company of soldiers suddenly break step in crossing a bridge and the steady tramp, tramp, changes to a confused patter of feet. In auricular fibrillation the muscle of the ventricles that pump the blood into the arteries and that cause the pulse contracts as a whole but irregularly, because of the tremor in the auricles.

The disease occurs in consequence of degeneration of the heart, hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, rheumatism or valvular disease of the heart. It may occur at any age, but is more common after sixty than before, and attacks men oftener than women. The most obvious symptom is extreme irregularity, usually associated with rapidity of the pulse; at the same time the patient usually suffers from shortness of breath, prostration, sometimes cough, and often a feeling of distress in the region of the heart.

Auricular fibrillation is indicative of serious trouble in the heart, yet the outlook is not always bad; indeed, under careful treatment a sufferer from this distressing condition may live out his appointed term, if there is no very grave degeneration of the heart muscle. The fibrillation comes on usually in paroxysms, which recur with ever-increasing frequency if untreated; but they can, as a rule, be greatly reduced in frequency, and sometimes prevented altogether, if treated with remedies that tone up and quiet the heart muscle.

CARLOTTA AND OTHER PEOPLE

CARLOTTA'S eyes were starry and her cheeks were the color of wild roses; she was tremendously in earnest—so much so that she beat on the table with one small clenched fist as she talked.

"But I tell you I won't be pitted, Prue Drexel. It's—it's wonderful to be doing real things. I wouldn't go back to that stupid old round of teas and receptions for anything you could give me. It isn't living till—till you begin to do something worth while for some one."

"Of course I know I'm only the veriest beginner down at the Association, but still I'm doing something. I'm eating chicken à la king and Nesselrode pudding, with you to-day because you teased me to, not because I'm getting tired down there—not one atom!"

Prue laughed. "I just wanted to find out," she admitted. "But you haven't been at it long yet. I'm going to test you this way every month, and see whether you're holding out. You'll be at the assembly Friday?"

"I should say so!" Carlotta retorted. "You needn't think I'm forgetting how to play, merely because I don't want life all play. I'm going to stop at Madame Claire's about my gown on the way home. I must run now. I've had a lovely time, even if I did sputter, which was your fault anyhow, because you made me. I wish you'd come down and help us, Prue."

"Maybe sometime, if I'm convinced," Prue answered lightly.

Carlotta waved good-by and hurried away. The car was crowded and Carlotta had to stand. There was a sign in the middle of the door: "Kindly move forward for the sake of your neighbor." Carlotta, however, did not move forward—she hated to stand in the middle of a car; and so everyone who came in had to crowd by her.

The afternoon was busy, as afternoons usually were at the Association. Suddenly Carlotta remembered that she had forgotten to buy some lace that she had promised to bring to Mme. Claire that afternoon. She looked round the rooms. In the library a pale girl was reading. Carlotta knew that the girl seldom had half an hour for resting, but—that lace!

"O Irma!" she called.

Irma looked up brightly. She greatly admired Miss Carlotta.

"Irma, I hate to ask you, but there's something I must do. Could you keep office here till five? Miss Staines comes in then."

Without a word, Irma took her place, Carlotta, with hurried thanks, flew out on her errand. At the dressmaker's there was more trouble. Mme. Claire brought up an old bill; she said things about paying her girls. But dressmakers should expect to wait, Carlotta contended. She would pay on the first of the month.

No, Carlotta was not a selfish girl, really; she had not learned to think very far, that is all.



Won't Mamma be S'prised?

"Pour it out of the Safety Bag," Dorothy says.
"Put hot water on it," says Nan.
"Won't mamma be s'prised?" Bobbie says.
Mamma is down town shopping, and the three, afraid she will not be back in time to make the promised Jell-O dessert, are making it themselves.

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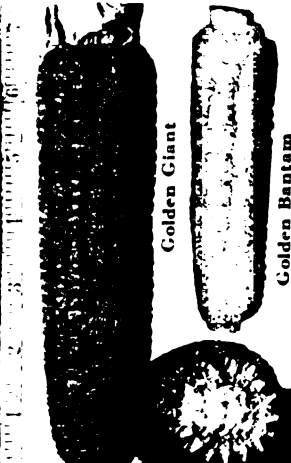
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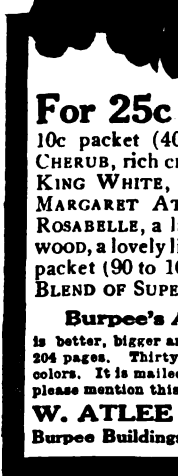
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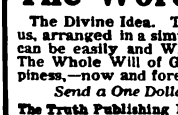


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NATURE & SCIENCE

OUR FOSSIL CORALS.—In recent years beautiful well-preserved specimens of small disk-shaped corals have been discovered in the Upper Cretaceous deposits of the Atlantic and Gulf coastal plain. Some specimens were obtained from a well near Mineola, Texas, at depths between 3146 and 3160 feet. Others were found in surface outcrops in Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina and Maryland. The corals are described and pictured in a recent pamphlet. Such contributions to knowledge are important parts of the great history of life that the patient labors of paleontologists and biologists are slowly translating. Not only are they of scientific interest, but they are being more and more utilized in a practical way to find the position of geological formations likely to yield oil or gas, to determine how far it will be necessary to drill, and to find and determine the position of other economically important strata, such as clay, lignite and coal.

FEATHERED FISHERS.—The cormorant fishers of Japan ply their trade by night from May to October, when the rivers are full of small migratory fish. The birds can work only on dark nights, for when there is a moon the fish can see both the birds and the men, and the torches that help to attract the fish are then of no avail. The boat, which is very much like the Venetian gondola, carries four fishermen, one of whom stands in the bow with twelve cormorants, and another in the middle with four birds; the remaining two men propel the boat with poles. Generally one cormorant catches seven or eight fish every time it dives. The fishermen take the birds out one by one from their cages and put round the neck of each a small metal ring, which prevents the gullet from expanding to its natural capacity. Consequently none of the fish that the bird swallows, except very small ones, reach its stomach. The fisherman also attaches a long string to the bird, and holds the other



end of it in his hand. During the fishing season the birds are never fed in the daytime, and so are always furiously hungry at night. The fisherman must exercise great skill and dexterity to control the cords without getting them hopelessly entangled. He must constantly encourage the birds and watch their movements, for when they have completely filled their gullets they swim lightly upon the surface. Under water, in quest of its prey, the cormorant is tremendously active, and in a shallow part of the river rarely misses a fish unless it takes refuge under a stone or in the mud. When the bird has taken all it can carry, it returns to its keeper, who by manipulating its neck forces it to disgorge the fish. He then looses the bird again to renew its thankless task.

ATOMIC ENERGY.—In an address before the southern California section of the American Chemical Society, Dr. Willett L. Hardin of Los Angeles, in discussing the growth of knowledge concerning the internal constitution of matter, intimated that we are nearing the solution of the problem of the actual structure of the atom, and that we may also be near to the means of unlocking great stores of energy that are now unavailable. "I know," said Dr. Hardin, "that it would be presumptuous to assume that we shall some time be able to utilize the energy that is stored up in the atom; but, on the other hand, it would be equally presumptuous to assume that the atom is the barrier beyond which science cannot go. The history of science contains numerous examples of such barriers, placed by men of science themselves, but in many cases subsequently overcome by the investigations of the same men. Maxwell said the atom is incapable of growth or decay, of generation or destruction. We now know that certain atoms are continually disintegrating and new atoms forming. Less than a century ago men of science assumed that a vital force was essential in the formation of organic compounds. To-day thousands of such compounds are synthesized in the laboratory, and many useful products are made that, so far as known, the vital force has never produced. When Hertz succeeded in producing electromagnetic waves, which are now the basis of wireless telegraphy and telephony, he thought it would be impossible to make use of such waves to transmit signals to any great distance. So the unknown and apparently the unknowable of one generation may become the commonplace knowledge of the next. We do not know to what extent we shall be able to solve the mysteries of the atom, and we are unable even to predict the consequences of such a discovery; but we do know that the problem is beset with almost insurmountable difficulties, and that our knowledge on the subject can never reach finality. The interior of the atom is the common ground where chemistry and physics meet, and there is probably no problem before the scientific world to-day that offers greater difficulty or promises greater reward than that of determining the nature and arrangement of the constituents of the atom. The discoveries already made have broadened the range of scientific research and advanced our knowledge of the mysteries of nature; and it is largely the mastery of man over the laws of nature that marks the progress of the world."

HUGE BULLFROGS.—The largest bullfrogs in this country are to be found, not in Canada, as has been generally supposed, but in our southernmost states. The New York Zoological Park has about a dozen specimens of these immense frogs (*Rana catesbeiana*), each of which weighs over two pounds. One of them weighs two and one half pounds and is eighteen inches long. Its head is over three inches wide. Its voice is like a prolonged deep bass chord from a great organ. The true Southern bullfrog (*Rana gryllus*), on the other hand, seldom weighs over half a pound.



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A ROYAL REGIMENT OF BOYS

IN the great war in Europe boys are playing an important part. Lads in their teens, often in their early teens, are serving as soldiers in the field; not a few as officers. Outside the fighting lines in most of the belligerent countries, the Boy Scouts are giving valuable service of varied kinds, often arduous and responsible. They are a body of recent origin; but more than two centuries ago there was a drilled and organized company of boys, less serviceable and more military, who were taken seriously by their commander and themselves, if not by the nation at large. They were the boy soldiers of Prince William, the little Duke of Gloucester.

He was the only one to survive babyhood of the seventeen children of Princess Anne—later Queen Anne—and her consort, Prince George of Denmark. King William and Queen Mary, having no children of their own, looked on him from the first as the heir to the throne, and the greatest pains were taken to educate him as befitting a sovereign and commander. He was a frail and sickly child, but he was loyal, generous and spirited, and very proud of his company of boy soldiers, organized for him as soon as he was old enough to walk. Boy sentinels were posted at his door; tattoos beaten on the drum signaled the summons to various drills and exercises in the long court corridors; toy fortifications were erected, stormed and demolished,—sometimes even at his bedside,—and mock fights and manoeuvres occasionally became real fisticuffs, in which his tutor had to interfere. Once, when King William paid a state visit to his young namesake, he was amused and gratified to be received with full military honors.

"Have you any horses yet?" he inquired politely of the youthful commander.

"Yes," replied the little duke promptly, "I have one live one and two dead ones." The dead horses were, of course, wooden ones.

"But soldiers always bury their dead horses out of sight," said King William, laughing.

That was enough. No sooner had he gone than a burying squad was ordered out to inter the "dead" wooden horses in the garden. They were buried deep, and their bereaved little master only so far relented as to compose for them a highly eulogistic epitaph—which commanders in the field do not usually pause to do. Somewhat later, when there were rumors of a plot against King William's life, young William sent him an address of fealty, signed by himself and every one of his boy soldiers. It began:

"We, Your Majesty's subjects, will stand by you while we have a drop of blood—"

Poor little duke! He died at eleven. He had the spirit, if not the stamina, that makes a good soldier; whether he would have made a good king is less easily guessed. But in the college libraries at Oxford there exists a faded, yellowed, childish composition in his careful handwriting, which at least shows that he knew what a constitutional monarch ought not to be. It is on tyrants:

"A Tyrant is a savage hideous beast. Imagine that you saw a certain monster armed on all sides with 500 horns on all sides dreadful fatned with humane intralls drunken with humane blood this is the fatal mischiefe whom they call a Tyrant."



A VISIT TO WALT WHITMAN

I WAS a boy, and seeing Walt Whitman on Market Street, Philadelphia, as he came from the Camden Ferry, I resolved to visit him, says Mr. James Huneker in *Ivory Apes and Peacocks*. It was sometime in July, 1877, and I soon found his little house on Mickie Street. A policeman at the ferryhouse directed me. I confess I was scared after I had given the bell one of those pulls that we tremblingly essay at a dentist's door. But the old man soon stood before me, and cordially bade me enter.

"Wait," I said, for I had heard that he disliked a more ceremonious prefix, "I've come to tell you how much your poetry has meant to me."

"Ah!" he simply replied, and asked me to take a chair.

To this hour I can see the humble room, but when I try to recall our conversation I fail. That it was on general literary subjects, I know; but the main theme was myself. In five minutes Walt had pumped me dry. He did it in his quiet, sympathetic way, and, with the egotism of my age, I was not averse to relating to him the adventures of my soul. I begged for his autograph. He told me of his interest in a certain asylum or hospital, whose name has gone clean out of my mind, and I paid my few dollars for the signature. It is now one of my literary treasures.

If I forget the tenor of our discourse, I have not forgotten the immense impression made upon me by the man. As vain as a peacock, Walt looked like a Greek rhapsodist. Tall, imposing in bulk, his regular features, bright light-blue or gray eyes, clear, ruddy skin, plentiful white hair and beard, evoked an image of the magnificently fierce old man he chants in his book. But he was not fierce; his voice was a tenor of agreeable timbre, and he was gentle even to womanliness.

I left the old man after a hearty handshake and a "So long!" just as in his book, and returned to Philadelphia. Full of the day, I told my policeman at the ferry that I had seen Walt.

"That old gas bag comes here every afternoon," he said. "He gets free rides across the Delaware."



NOT USED TO THE RAILWAY

OF course everyone rides on the trains in Japan nowadays, for there are seven thousand miles of railways in the country, and every considerable town is at least connected with the railway by electric car or automobile. Not so very long ago, however, the train was a curiosity, and many ludicrous incidents occurred with persons taking their first rides.

On third-class cars in country districts there is still a broad white line painted across the middle of each car window. That was done originally to keep the country folk who had never seen a glass window from bumping their heads against the glass in the effort to look out. In the early days there were many serious accidents from that cause; hence the white lines.

A party of ladies who were taking their first ride on the train once had trouble with their shoes. A Japanese on entering a house always leaves his shoes at the door; so when these ladies got aboard they politely left their clogs on the station platform. Great was their consternation later to find that their shoes had been left miles behind.

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WHEN the academy opened in September, a new pupil joined the class that was eligible for the prize. Mabel Graham, the only child of Watson Graham, the wealthiest man in Wenham, came over to South Hollow to live with her aunt, Mrs. Mudge, and to attend school. She was a large, very stout, very blonde girl of sixteen, with flat features and a stolid expression; but she was reputed to be an unusual scholar. She had a logical mind and a wonderfully retentive memory, and was said never to have failed in a recitation since she had begun to go to school. Wherefore she was perhaps justified in feeling that she could win the prize, which was, indeed, her purpose in leaving the Wenham high school and entering Farleigh Academy.

The regular pupils at the academy and their parents did not welcome her, and there was reason to believe that the teachers were not much pleased with her coming. Her father could easily afford to send her to college, and it seemed hardly fair that she should leave a good school and come to Farleigh to carry the prize away from some one who would not be likely to go to college without it. However, there was nothing to be done. From the beginning, girls and boys from outside had come to Farleigh to attend the academy; indeed, Mabel had as much right to try for the prize as Rusty, for the Miller house was just over the Farleigh line in Wenham.

Everyone except the teachers and Mr. Langley, who was chairman of the school board, urged the other members of the class, and especially Reuben and Rusty, to put forth valiant efforts to defeat the stranger and to make her overreaching of no avail.

Rusty hated the interloper unreservedly. It was not entirely because she resented Mabel's coming; the fat girl had a self-sufficiency of manner and a power of saying disagreeable things that irritated Rusty extremely. Reuben never had a word to say against Mabel, and now and then he even felt compelled to take up the cudgels in her defense; but he never voluntarily sought her out, and he always tried to get away when Mabel cornered him.

Mabel knew and resented his avoiding her, for she had singled Reuben out to receive her favor. At the Wenham high school her fine clothes and abundant pocket money had made her supreme among her schoolmates. So it was not long before trouble began at the academy.

The first storm broke a few weeks after the fire at the church; that happened at the end of the summer, during which numerous changes had come about.

Rusty had spent the eleven weeks of vacation at home, and Mr. Langley felt that his prediction as to her redeeming the family was being fulfilled betimes. The Millers certainly all looked and seemed better. Seth Miller had worked steadily for the first time in years. Although Mrs. Miller had not yet discarded her shapeless wrappers, she looked more trim; she no longer wore her hair in the tight, forlorn little wad at her neck, but dressed it prettily in a manner that Rusty had taught her. The boys and their father began to look healthy and even rosy, and their clothes were kept mended and neatly brushed.

No one guessed, however, the strain it had



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REUBEN'S PORTION

In Ten Chapters

By Joslyn Gray

Chapter Four



been upon Reuben to get Rusty's father into the habit of regular work. And of course the nature of Seth Miller's work at the straw shop did not make Reuben's task easier.

The boy had long urged Miss Penny to get another cow, so that she could make her own butter. She had so often spoken of making butter with her mother as a young girl that he urged the purchase of another cow as much for the satisfaction she would get as for the money she would save. But Reuben realized that the financial consideration was important, for Miss Penny poured out money rather recklessly for Rusty and him.

Miss Penny at last yielded to his urging and bought a pretty heifer, half Holstein, half Jersey. A place had to be made for the heifer in the barn, and Rusty's father was intrusted with the task. He was truly glad to get back to his trade, and, although he was not an expert carpenter, he did good average work; by the end of the first day he had made an excellent start.

"I'll see you to-morrow," said Reuben, as he left him at his door at night.

"Well, I don't feel quite sure, Reuben," Miller replied doubtfully, putting his hand to his back. "I feel as if I might be pretty well lamed up to-morrow. My grandfather suffered from lumbago, and I've always supposed I'd got to come to it. And then it's some exciting getting back on my old job. Like as not I don't sleep a wink to-night. Suppose we say the day after?"

"We've got to get ready for that cow," insisted Reuben. "I'll help you to-morrow. Or if you're too lame to work, won't you just come over and boss the job and I'll do it all. You could do that anyhow, couldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," Miller agreed. "And like as not I'll limber up toward noon. I never was one to turn back when I set my hand to the plough, if I could only lift my head off the pillow."

Thereafter he worked steadily, and completed the job so satisfactorily that Reuben was able to use it as an advertisement; and after only a week of his old work at the straw shop Miller was called in to help a carpenter from Wenham, who was to make over the lower part of a

house opposite the academy into a shop. Miller proved an excellent assistant, and the master carpenter was glad to employ him on another contract that lasted all summer.

So far, so good. Still Reuben looked ahead with some apprehension. The week before school was to open, Miss Penny begged him to drop Seth Miller from his mind for just seven days and enjoy himself.

"O Reuben, you're getting to be a little old man," she sighed and smiled,—"though dear knows you're not little. The first thing I know you'll be as tall as Mr. Langley. Oh, and then you can't have a good time—I mean as a boy. O Reuben dear, do hurry and make the most of being a boy before you arrive at man's stature."

Reuben smiled. "It's no use. Rusty noticed it long ago and warned me. I'm really older than her father. I call him Mr. Miller, but you know, Miss Penny, it's hard not to say Seth to his face, for he is Seth to me, as if I were his older brother. Well, anyhow, I do wish he had a steady job for the winter. Barnes says there won't be much doing after next month till spring, and not much then unless lumber goes down. If he goes back to the straw shop again, it'll seem all the worse to him, and I'm afraid he won't stick to it after school begins and Rusty comes back here."

Miller finished his job and returned to the factory, but very reluctantly, in truth. He had not worked a fortnight, however, before he had another respite.

Reuben came in one night after a little social affair at the church, which Rusty had not attended because of a cold. He had hardly entered the house when the bells began to ring for fire.

"I'm afraid it's the church!" he exclaimed, seizing his hat. "I smelled smoke, but thought the lamps had been turned too high."

When he came back two hours later, Miss Penny and Rusty were in bed. He explained at Miss Penny's door that the fire had indeed been at the church; it had started in the vestry, and, although it had burned out much of the woodwork and two doors, it had been kept there and controlled.

"And, O Miss Penny, what do you think?" Reuben added eagerly. "I was with Mr.

Langley the last thing, and he says Rusty's father can have the job of carpentering up the vestry. That'll last some time, you know."

"O Reuben!" cried Miss Penny. "You don't mean to say that you asked him? Not to-night?"

"Why, yes, Miss Penny! I thought of it before the fire was all out. Why not?"

Miss Penny was smiling to herself in the darkness.

"I suppose it's all right," she said, "only—it seems rather like asking for a man's place at his funeral."

The work in the vestry occupied Seth Miller almost a month. He was steady and faithful, and made the place as good as new and better than it had been before the fire. Mr. Langley, who visited the church every day, came to have a real liking for Miller. At his suggestion, the sexton took a holiday during the repairs and visited his daughter. Miller attended to the sexton's duties

so well that the minister was rather sorry when the other man returned. And the wise Reuben rejoiced secretly that Miller had had that extra experience.

The Mudgetts knew and discussed all that took place between the farther boundaries of South Hollow and

Wenham. Mabel Graham was an interested listener and drew her own conclusions.

One day at school, in the Latin class, she made her first failure. She mistook a word,—made a very natural mistake, indeed, and one that she could hardly have guarded against,—became confused, for it was the key word of a long passage, and lost her head. With glib ease Rusty Miller straightened out the complex place.

When school closed that night Mabel turned indignantly to Reuben, who sat near her in the main room.

"You helped Rusty Miller or she never would have known that, Reuben Cartwright!" she declared indignantly. "I don't think it's fair for you two to study together so as to be sure of getting the prize for one of Miss Penny's—er—helpers."

"We don't study together, Mabel," Reuben returned. "The reason Rusty didn't get stuck by that *malo* business was that Mr. Langley told us a rime once and Rusty was quick enough to apply it here. It was like this:

"Malo (I should rather be)
Malo (in an apple tree)
Malo (than an evil man)
Malo (in adversity)."

But anyhow, Mabel, if there were any helping, Rusty would help me. She can beat me any day."

"H'm! She doesn't seem a very good scholar to me," remarked Mabel scornfully, "though I suppose she is bright, considering what she came from. Her father's a laborer, isn't he?"

"Mr. Miller's a carpenter," said Reuben quickly, with rising color. "And he's well enough educated so that Mr. Langley enjoys his company. Excuse me, Mabel, I think Mr. Phillips wants me."

Rusty, watching at a distance, saw Reuben turn away with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. It was so seldom that Reuben lost his patience that she felt sorry for anyone who had to face his indignation.

"Going my way, Mabel?" she asked pleasantly, as they met a little later in the cloak room.

"Which is your way, Rusty?" the girl

answered coolly, "home, or to the place where you work out?"

Rusty colored. "To the place where I work."

"No, I'm not going that way," Mabel pinned her purple tam-o'-shanter on the very top of her thick blonde hair in a way that made Rusty want to pull her brown one down over her ears. "I'm going to wait here for uncle, and then we're going down to see Mr. Langley about my attending school here. Has your father finished his job at the church, Rusty?"

"He gets through to-morrow."

"And what's he going to do then?"

"What's that to you, Mabel Graham?" cried Rusty. "You don't know my father."

"Oh, I was just wondering whether something else wouldn't take fire," returned Mabel calmly. "You know they say Reuben Cartwright set that one in the vestry to get your pa a job."

The remark was wholly untrue; but Mabel felt justified in making it because her aunt, Mrs. Mudge, had said that the fire could not have happened more opportunely if Reuben had set it. Mrs. Mudge would never have accused the boy of any wrongdoing. Everyone who knew Reuben believed in him absolutely; not a few were as extravagantly confident of him as Miss Penny herself.

Rusty had turned so white that the big girl beside her, who was almost twice her size, actually trembled and edged away.

"Mabel Graham, how dare you?" she cried, with blazing eyes. "How dare you say that wicked thing about Reuben? Tell me!" And she stamped her foot.

Mabel backed gingerly out of the alcove without a word.

"I'll tell you why," cried Rusty, "it's because you're a liar! You're almost a thief, leaving your own high school to come over here to try and cheat us Farleigh boys and girls out of the prize, and you're altogether a liar!"

Mabel disappeared. Rusty waited until she was cooler and then walked home alone, for everyone else had gone. She said to herself that of course Reuben would never in the world have done a thing like that—no, not even if it were for some one else. None the less the accusation came back to her again and again. And it continued to trouble her for some time. Would a boy like Reuben, so solidly good all through, ever do wrong for the sake of another person? Certainly he would not do that particular wrong; yet she could never feel sure in regard to the abstract question.

At the close of that school year the question came up again.

Again Rusty was to return home for the summer. Since Easter, indeed, she had gone home every week on Friday and remained until Monday morning. For just before Easter her father became suddenly discouraged; he had had no carpenter's work for months, and after weeks of steady drudgery at the shop had suddenly given up. Only his daughter's prompt action had saved the day. Rusty had striven with all the strength of her warm heart to encourage him; and Miller, upheld by the certainty of having his girl home three days of the week, had returned to the shop and worked away manfully for six.

Rusty came home for the summer vacation with a new treasure. In their senior year at the academy an experiment was to be tried; the members of her class had been presented with large, loose-leafed notebooks in which they were to keep records of lectures and original work, and thus make their own textbooks. Their pleasure in receiving them was not unmixed with awe; for no such thing had ever been seen in Farleigh, where even the academy children used slates to figure on at home, and where wrapping paper was carefully saved, smoothed out and cut up for use at school.

"Lectures?" repeated Rusty's father, as she was displaying the book to the family on Sunday. "Such as they have at the church with magic lanterns?"

"N-no," said Rusty, "but such as they have in college—the teacher talking it off or reading from a book. And we take notes of what they say. Of course I shall never put anything in here until I have it all written out on my slate or paper; then I'll copy it in ink."

Mr. and Mrs. Miller were deeply impressed. When the little boys pushed their way to the book, their father bade them in his sternest tone (which was rather mild) not to get too near.

"S'posin' there was a fire?" suggested Freddy.

"We ain't supposing," returned his father with dignity; "and of course in case of fire I should expect my sons to have some gumption and to act like men."

"O dear, I only wish I were a better writer!" sighed Rusty. "Reuben's book will look slick—he writes beautifully. And, oh, that Mabel Graham's writing's just like print! Mine's like pigeon tracks."

"Your father writes a handsome hand, Rusty," said Mrs. Miller. "What do you suppose? It took him and me together to make out a letter that Mr. Langley wrote him, and I just wish you could have seen the answer pa wrote back."

Seth Miller blushed.

"A carpenter, you know, has to; it's part of his trade," he explained apologetically. "He's

really next door to an architect, and if ever you saw an architect's plan you'd agree that the writing was as pretty as the drawing."

"Well, I shall have to pattern after you, father, and I'll begin this summer," Rusty said. "Before I put it away I want you to write my name in this white space on the cover."

"Now, Rusty, you really want me to?" cried her father, quite as pleased as if she had asked him to draw plans for a castle.

"Sure I do," Rusty declared.

Miller went to the kitchen, with the little boys tagging after him, and washed his hands with sand soap. Mrs. Miller cleared the table and brought ink and pen; she stationed the boys at a corner of the table where they could see and yet would not disturb their father. As Rusty put the book before him, Miller cleared his throat.

"What shall I write—Jane Miller?"

"Oh, no, father—*Rusty*, of course!"

He tried it first on the margin of a newspaper, and then wrote it on the book, boldly, handsomely, and accurately spaced. After the little boys had been allowed a nearer inspection, the book was put aside to be shown to Reuben when he came.

Rusty had expected him an hour earlier. Still she waited. After another hour had passed, she alternated between fear that something had happened to him and annoyance that he should let anything detain him; but although she banged things about much in the old way as she prepared tea, no one guessed that Rusty was in one of her tempers.

Just as they were sitting down at table, a neighbor came in.

"The academy's on fire—down to the South Hollow!" he exclaimed. "Been burning half the afternoon."

He was on his way to the scene, and Miller left his supper to accompany him. Rusty rushed to her room. But her first thought was not for the school; it was of Reuben, and of Mabel Graham's remark about the fire at the church. She threw herself upon the bed and burst into tears.

When she was calm enough to think, she wondered whether she should have spoken to Reuben—told him what Mabel had intimated and made him understand that he must not do any such thing for her father. The next moment she accused herself of being wicked, *abominable*, to harbor any such suspicion against him. Who except herself, hearing that the school building was on fire, would have dreamed of associating Reuben with it?

When her father returned, he called reassuringly up the stairs:

"All right, Rusty, the academy's safe! It was only in the basement, and it's all out."

Only in the basement! Rusty's heart was heavy as she went slowly downstairs.

"How did it happen, father? Do they know?" she asked.

"Rags and paper round the heating plant, and the janitor dead drunk in the midst of it all."

"Did it—do much damage?"

"Well, yes, Rusty, considerable. By and large, I should say they was more burnt out than they was at the church. Here's hoping I get the job to put it in shape."

"O father," she protested, "don't think of that—so soon!"

"Well, Rusty, to tell the truth, I shouldn't have, only Reuben put me up to it. That was his first thought after 'twas over, and I couldn't help but be pleased to have the boy so thoughtful for me."

"Reuben was there, then?"

"Yes, he must have been there first thing—soon's the fire company. You wouldn't think by his slow speech he was so spry. 'Twas him that saved the janitor. He somehow suspicioned he was in there and had dragged him part way out when they lent a hand—you know old Mason's tolerably heavy."

"Sure," said Rusty, trying to speak lightly. "Well, bed for me."

"O Rusty, you haven't had your supper!" protested her mother. "Do have a bite now with pa. You know he left his."

But Rusty could not eat. She returned to her room to go through the struggle again. She repeated that she certainly did not believe for one instant that Reuben would do any serious

wrong for the sake of anyone, unless it were a case of life and death. Serious wrong! Did she think he would do *any* wrong whatever? Rusty could not answer. If it were wholly and absolutely for some one else, and if the peril or risk were his alone, she thought that possibly he might. But not anything like this!

Several old men, who formed what was known in the village as the Watch Traders' Exchange, sat in the shade of the bank building. They had been watching Tom Aulis paint his fence, but presently their eyes turned in another direction. Far up the hot, dusty street Uncle Nate Bancroft's old white horse Bill hove in sight, drawing an ancient spring wagon loaded with blackberries. When it drew near they greeted Uncle Nate jovially.

Don't b'lieve you could manage it, Nate."

"If you fellers'd think more and talk less, you'd be better off," said Uncle Nate calmly. "Bears come round my back pastur' every year blackb'r'y time, and some of these days some one's goin' to be et up by 'em."

"If you want to practice up hollerin' like a panther, Nate," said George, "jest come right over to my barn. I've heard 'em, and I can tell in a minute when you git it right."

"Le's all go over and set as a sort of jury," said John. "He could practice runnin' on his hands and knees as well as screechin', and George can lend 'im a robe to wear. We'll help 'im git it right down fine."

"The talk I hear round here," said Uncle Nate, as he clucked to old Bill, "reminds me of the wind blowin' across the mouth of an empty bottle."

While the old man was delivering his berries and later while he was driving home, the seed that his joking friends had sown in his mind sprouted and grew. He must do something radical immediately. The Batchums, eight of them, sly and industrious beyond belief, fairly cleaned his berry patch every day. He had caught them repeatedly, and they had promised to keep out, but they broke their promises as easily as they made them.

Uncle Nate had actually caught glimpses of bears in his pasture—small black bears, such as were sometimes seen in that region; but the children had never encountered the animals, and everyone in the village scoffed at the old man's stories.

When Uncle Nate was turning his horse out into the orchard, he caught sight of a red calico dress in a clearing in the pasture. He saw only one child, but he was sure that all the Batchums were there. Hurrying as fast as his rheumatic legs would let him, he went to the barn, climbed up on the high beams and lowered an old milk can down by a rope. Dragging out of it his black goatskin robe, he shook the sprigs of cedar out of it and threw it over his arm.

From the shelter of the doorway he looked warily round. No one was in sight; his wife, Aunt Marilla, had gone to a quilting party at one of the neighbor's. The old man struck out toward the back pasture. When he was halfway there he met four of his cows trotting along the road. They seemed much disturbed; now and then they stopped, looked uneasily behind them and bawled excitedly. Uncle Nate was puzzled by their actions, but decided that the children must have been chasing them.

Half an hour passed before he found the Batchum children, for he had to move cautiously in order to avoid their seeing him before he was ready. At last he heard voices and, peering through the brush, saw the two oldest girls picking busily among his best bushes.

Draping the robe over his back, he tied it round his neck and waist with some sheep twine; then he dropped down on all fours and crawled stiffly toward the Batchums. They had moved on, and he followed along the high bank of the brook; the robe flapped over his eyes, and so he occasionally bumped his head against trees and rocks.

This peculiar method of travel proved tiring, and Uncle Nate decided to quicken his gait a little in order to end the chase; but in his haste he went too near the bank of the brook. It suddenly caved in, and the old man, losing his balance, rolled five or six feet to a little mud flat near the water. He landed almost on top of two black bear cubs!

It was hard to tell whether Uncle Nate or the bears were the more astonished. The cubs were apparently hiding from the girls, and to have this hairy apparition drop down upon them from the sky was alarming.

Uncle Nate rolled over in the mud and sat up. The cubs howled lustily and backed away under some overhanging vines. The old man knew that the mother must be near, and he was wondering which way to run, when he received a stunning cuff on the side of the head. It sent him flat on his face in the soft ooze near the water. The mother bear had arrived!

He sank so deep into the mud that the old

UNCLE NATE'S BEARS

In Two Parts

By Charles A. Hoyt

Part One

DRAWN BY F. STROTHMANN



FOR A MAN OF HIS YEARS UNCLE NATE SHOWED SURPRISING ALACRITY IN THE CRISIS

"Wal, how *be* ye, anyhow, Uncle Nate? Don't seem's if I'd seen ye for a fortnit," said John Bridgeman.

Uncle Nate stopped the old horse. "I don't complain," said he, wiping his brow. "Wouldn't git nothin' out of this crowd but sympathy if I did."

"What's the matter with ye?" asked George Kibbee. "If yer sick, I'll go over and git my drenchin' bottle and fix ye up in a minute."

Ed Shipman grinned. "Better let him do it, Uncle Nate. George's horse medicine's all alike: if it don't do ye any good, it won't hurt ye any."

"I'm sick," admitted Uncle Nate. "But George can't help any. I'm jest sick of them tormented Batchum kids. They been stealin' my blackb'r'ies. I've jest about lived in my back pastur' for a fortnit, and I can't keep 'em out. While I'm pickin' down by the brook, they're over in the slash. When I'm up there, they're somewhere else."

As he finished, Lije and Fred Batchum, uncles of the children who had been under discussion, strolled along, and sat down on the steps of the bank, within hearing. Uncle Nate would have driven on, but the old men continued to ask him questions.

"Why don't you see the bear agin?" asked Ed, with a grin.

"He has," said George. "He's seen it twice this month to my certain knowledge."

"Why don't you see suthin' worse?" said Jed Chamberlain. "Jest hide up there, and when they come after yer berries screech like a panther. I bet that'll cook 'em!"

"Panthers screech just like a child cryin'," said Grandad Marsh, chuckling, "and I

But oh, what a blessing that school was over! She felt that she could not have endured any remark from Mabel Graham on the subject of the fire. By fall, Mabel would have forgotten. Rusty made up her mind that she would not go to Wenham all summer lest she encounter her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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bear could not very well grapple with him, even if she had wished to do so; but she gave him a good bite in the middle of his back.

For a man of his years Uncle Nate showed surprising alacrity in the crisis. Leaving the robe for the bear to worry, he floundered through the brook and, springing up the bank on the other side, climbed the handiest tree—a small white birch.

It was the bear's turn to be astonished. She did not know how to fight a beast that shed its skin so readily, and so she dropped the robe and snarled. After she had eyed the man for a few moments, her cubs came out from their hiding place. The mother, apparently deciding to leave "while her credit was good," as Uncle Nate afterwards said, disappeared rapidly in the brush with the cubs tagging behind.

After waiting a few minutes to be sure that the beast had really gone, Uncle Nate descended. His head ached, and his back smarted where the bear's teeth had scraped him. He was wet and plastered with mud, but otherwise he was not much the worse for the encounter.

He had scraped some of the slime from his clothes and was fishing his torn robe out of the mud with a stick, when a fearful outcry rose some distance away. In a few moments the eight Batchums, with hair flying, came down the bank at a run. They were shouting at the top of their voices, and they passed by on the way to the village with never a look in Uncle Nate's direction.

He gazed reflectively after them. "They've seen the bears, all right!" he muttered to himself. "That makes up a little for bein' cuffed and chewed. Maybe they'll say now there ain't no bears up here!"

Picking up a stout club, in case he should meet the bear again, he at last started for home. It was now so late that he thought he might as well get the rest of his cows, but although he spent an hour in hunting he could find no sign of them. Deciding that the bears had frightened them all home, he started down the road with the wet robe over his arm.

He had not gone far when he met the oldest Batchum girl, accompanied by her two uncles, who carried rifles.

"We was pickin' along when it jumped right out at us, a big, big black one!" the girl was saying excitedly. "And it just growled and growled! I grabbed Annie and we run —"

At that point in the story the Batchums saw Uncle Nate with the black robe over his arm. They stopped in their tracks.

"Does that look any like the bear?" Lije Batchum asked, pointing at the old man.

The girl stared with round eyes at Uncle Nate. "It was a big black one!" she repeated mechanically. "It jumped right out at us!"

"We've found the bear, I guess," Lije broke in angrily. "You old tightwad, you! Bushels of blackb'ries rottin' on the ground, and you playin' bear on the poor kids for pickin' 'em!"

Uncle Nate tried to explain. "You see, it was this way: I—I was carryin' this robe along —"

"What did you have the robe along for?" Fred demanded. "August is a funny time to be wearin' a fur robe."

"I was carryin' this robe along," repeated Uncle Nate with dignity, "when I fell down the bank right on top of a couple of bear cubs."

"What was you doin' with the robe?" Fred demanded again. "Takin' it out to air it?"

"Two bears!" cried Lije. "Make it three or four—it'll sound worse."

Uncle Nate glared at the brothers and went on: "Then the old one run out of the brush —"

"Well, I want to know!" the Batchums cried. "It was three bears, after all!"

"If you fellers would shut up a minute and give me a chance, I could tell you all about it!"

"You don't seem to explain about the robe."

"Why didn't you take some of the little fellers down and gnaw 'em?" Lije put in. "It would 'a' scairt 'em worse!"

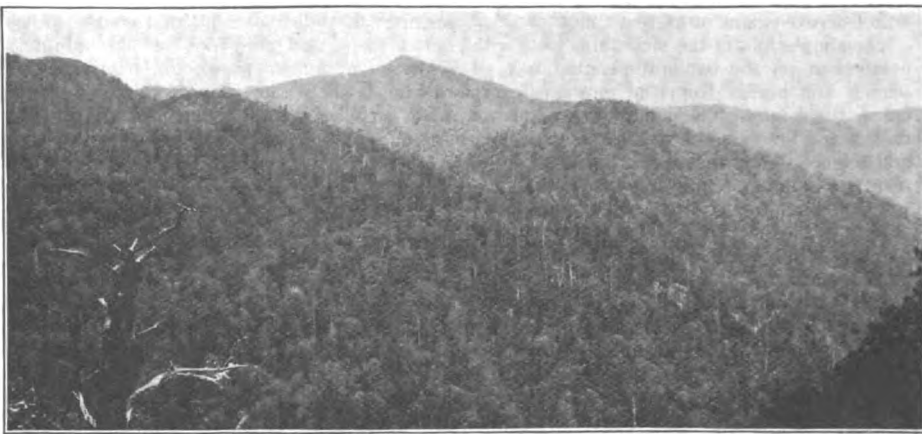
Uncle Nate was getting excited. "The old one got me down and gnawed me!" he shouted. "And then I clum a tree —"

The Batchums laughed uproariously. "We seem to have you up a tree wuss'n the 'old one' did," Lije said. "Yer story's too thin to go with us. Come on, Fred, we've jest about time to git this bear story into the Gazette before it goes to press."

And with that, they both turned and went down the road.

As the old man hurried along behind them his mind was very busy. What would happen when this story reached the Watch Traders' Exchange? Could he ever go to the village and get peaceably out again?

"Here, you fellers!" he cried, trotting a little faster to catch up with them. "Jest go out in the orchard when you go by, and git you a couple of bushels of harvest apples." Then he added, "The kids can jest as well pick blackb'ries up this way as not. I guess there's plenty enough for all of us!"



THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS

MOUNTAIN TREASURE SEEKERS

By Charles Egbert Craddock



An air of mystery broods over the great mountains of eastern Tennessee. So lofty and austere are they, so remote from the world, so lonely and silent, that you readily believe the stories that are told of treasure hidden deep in their almost inaccessible fastnesses.

Deposits of the precious metals have been repeatedly found in the mountains, but never in such quantities as to warrant permanent mining. Each new discovery, however, leads the prospector to believe in further and richer deposits. You can scarcely mention the possibility to one of the simple country folk without bringing a gleam into his eyes. He will tell you of mysterious "mineral fires," which are supposed to hover above precious metals in the earth, and which he says he has seen here and there in the wilderness—his visions, doubtless, as illusory as his hopes often prove to be.

A HORSELOAD OF DOLLARS

ALANDSLIDE revealed interesting evidences of the earliest mining in those mountains—an ancient shaft, remnants of a windlass, tools of curious manufacture and fragments of boards. The treasure seekers are supposed to have been either the explorers of De Soto's expedition, whose quest for gold marked their trail with blood from the Atlantic shores to the Mississippi River, or the later Spanish adventurers who are mentioned by the German traveler, Johannes Lederer.

That the mountains contained treasures in silver as well as of gold was known in colonial times. In 1775 an early historian of the region, James Adair, wrote a quaint account of some "vagrants" who discovered a deposit of great richness, from which they took unknown quantities of almost pure silver, and "milled it into dollars" in the wilderness. At last the authorities captured a "horseload of dollars" on its way from the secret mine to Augusta, Georgia, and so managed to stop the manufacture of that peculiar counterfeit money in which the metal was genuine and the stamp of the government was forged.

From the first, secrecy invariably attended a discovery of treasure in the mountains. About a century ago a certain old man showed evidences of increasing wealth, and the rumor spread that he had found a valuable deposit of almost pure silver. He was seen repeatedly to come out of the wilderness on a journey to the nearest town; he emerged sometimes at one point, sometimes at another, and always his saddlebags were heavily stuffed; but no one ever descried him entering the forests. How and where he reached his cache was then, and still remains, a mystery. Since his day many a person has tried to trace the old man's way from his home to various possible sites of the deposit, but they have never reached the goal.

There is another tradition that a valuable

silver mine, known to the Indians and the early settlers, is situated at a point from which you can see the Tennessee River in three separate windings. In mere curiosity and interest a party of tourists rode on horseback along the connecting balds, as the domes above the tree line of the Great Smoky

range are called. They beheld a multitude of purple, densely wooded mountains, a vast stretch of valley, and the Tennessee River in many a graceful convolution—but never in three distinct windings.

In 1831 the discovery of gold at Coca Creek created great excitement in that region. The ploughshare, the axe and the reaping hook were laid aside. Panning "pay gravel" was a more delightful occupation than digging potatoes or hoeing corn. Agriculture might have become a lost art there had not the golden grains in the sands of the stream dwindled in quantity and then ceased altogether.

Singularly enough, a few years ago gold was found again very near the same place. The discoverer this time was anything except a treasure seeker; it was a hen that pecked up a small nugget of pure gold, which was found in the craw of the fowl when it was being prepared for the table. The circumstance got abroad, and caused an excitement almost as great as the discovery eighty years before had caused.

The mining methods used in the mountains have as a general rule been very primitive; the miners have had little or no machinery and no expert labor. The work is usually carried on in a haphazard manner. For example, some miners were lowering a companion, by means of a windlass and bucket, into a shaft that was eighty feet deep. When the man was near the bottom the rope slipped and fell into the excavation. There the unfortunate miner had to remain while one of the men walked fifteen miles to the nearest town to get another rope.

THE JOKE ON THE PROFESSOR

EVEN more jealously than they hoard their gold and silver do the mountains hoard their treasures of precious stones. A few emeralds are found there and some amethysts; garnets are more plentiful, and so, too, are crystals of many beautiful varieties and of richest tints.

A professor of geology had taken several of his students on a tour of the mountains. One of the boys, the son of a jeweler, had brought with him two or three uncut rubies, in the rough, and with those he proceeded to "salt" a certain spot, as a joke on the professor. The boy and his fellow conspirators contrived that the professor himself should stumble on the discovery by accident, as it were. With what unhalloved joy did they watch the professor's eyes shine, his very spectacles

glow, as he held one of the tiny stones under his microscope.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "this is a genuine ruby."

A murmur, as of interest and amazement, rose from the listening students.

"But," continued the learned man, "I am surprised that you should have known no better than to place it here. The formation does not warrant it. If you have planted any more of these stones, I should advise you to dig them up; they won't grow."

Although the Indians never made any use of gold, they were persistent seekers of the beautiful fresh-water pearls of this region. The Cherokees, whose home was in the Great Smoky Mountains and their outliers immediately to the south and east, had amassed great quantities of those gems. The early Scotch traders of colonial days lament the savages' habit of piercing them with a heated copper spindle, for that reduced their value in the European market.

The fresh-water gems are taken from the pearl-bearing mussel, the *Unio margaritiferos*, and are still sold in the markets of New York and other centres. That notable chronicler of De Soto's march through the Southern country, the "Gentleman of Elvas," describes the vast quantities of those pearls that the soldiers took from the Indians; some of the gems were so magnificent that he believed they must have been taken from royal sepulchres. One of the soldiers, Juan Terron, had six pounds of pearls in a bag, worth six thousand ducats. One day, in a fit of despair of ever quitting the wilderness, he loosed the string of the bag and scattered the pearls far and wide. Repentance followed close on his rashness, but no pearls rewarded his eager search; hence the Spanish proverb—"There are no pearls for Juan Terron."

Dredge boats now take tons of the mussel shells from the river—not for the pearls they occasionally find in them, but for the shells, which are used in manufacturing articles of mother-of-pearl. The mountaineers, however, whom you see sitting at low water by the edge of a stream exploring the shells in a mussel bank are seeking the pearls themselves.

A small boy in the mountains had a little bottle half full of the fruits of his toil. Some of the pearls were misshapen and dull; others were perfect spheres of a fine lustre. When some one told him that he could sell the pearls for a good sum of money at the store in town, the boy replied with characteristic placidity:

"I'd jes' ez lief keep 'em in this hyar leetle bottle."

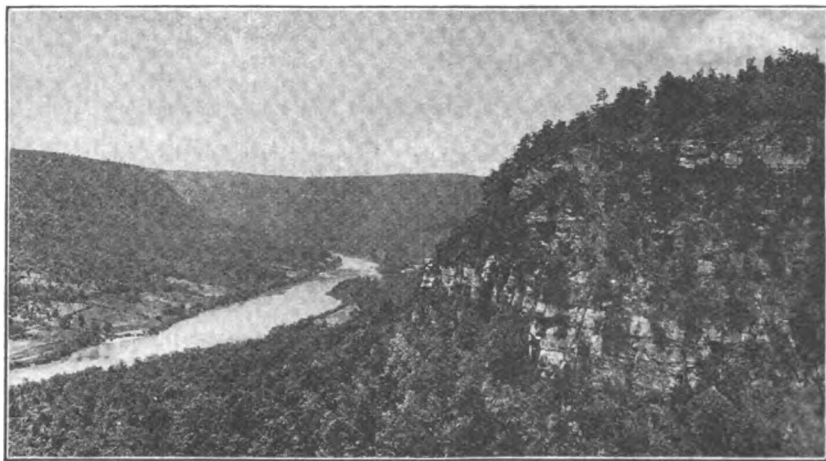
THE SKEPTIC'S PEARLS

ASTRANGER, who doubted that there were pearls in American rivers, recently visited the house of a relative in Tennessee. By way of entertaining him his friends took him out in a skiff on an amateur pearl-fishing expedition. They scooped up a few shells with a rake, and he, still skeptical, proceeded to open one. It contained a large, lustrous pearl, virtually perfect and very valuable. That, however, is a very exceptional instance; myriads of the shells contain nothing except the poor mussel, of no use to anyone except himself.

The Cherokee Indians were reported to possess some precious stones of great size and beauty. James Adair writes that one of those stones, an official possession of the tribe, was said to be a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg. He was disposed to believe that it was only a carbuncle or a garnet, but he had never seen it; for the Indians soon became aware of the pioneers' greed for gems and kept their jewels carefully hidden from view.

The famous ruby is supposed to have been finally buried under the residence of the chief of the tribe, and many a vain search of the place was made in subsequent years. Knowing that the Cherokees buried with the dead their most cherished possessions, the treasure seekers made a thorough search for sepulchres. They rarely succeeded in finding the deep graves of the tribe, but they did make an important discovery by unearthing the prehistoric graves of the so-called pygmy dwellers of Tennessee. The graves, which are only about two feet deep, are constructed of stone slabs and contain the bones of what was apparently a pygmy race. A noted craniologist, Dr. Morton, declared that one of the skulls was that of a child, but why scores of children only should be buried in a cemetery it is hard to say. Other craniologists argued that the wisdom teeth proved that the skeletons were those of adult pygmies. Be that as it may, the relics seem an unsolved riddle of the ages.

Tennessee is peculiarly rich in archaeological relics. The pottery in ancient mounds has proved of great interest to men of science, and now and again those treasure seekers have found something that refutes accepted theories and reveals new truths. For example, the extraordinary syllabic alphabet of the Cherokee nation was supposed to have been invented by the Indian Sequoyah, whose English name was George Guess, about 1820. But a few years ago an agent of the Smithsonian



OVERLOOKING THE TENNESSEE RIVER

Institution exhumed from a mound in Tennessee, under the head of which was a stone rudely engraved with characters of this Cherokee alphabet. That suggested the possibility that this strange alphabet, instead of being a comparatively recent invention, may be a fragment of a forgotten literature. That theory sustains the Cherokee tradition that ages ago the tribe had Scriptures, which for their sins they had lost.

Almost every museum has specimens from Tennessee. In Big Bone Cave was found the complete skeleton of a mastodon, and many great bones have been unearthed in saline quagmires. The pottery and figurines are usually taken from mounds, and the exquisitely wrought discoid chungke stones; but I found a small chungke stone while walking along a path made of gravel taken from a

river bed. Chungke was the characteristic athletic Cherokee game of ancient times.

The simple folk of the mountains look with amazement on the explorations that men of science and agents from the museums carry on in their land. The mountaineers do not understand the value of such labor to history and science. They regard the learned gentlemen as absolutely crazed, or, to use their expression, "tee-totally tetch'd in the head."

Iron pyrites, or "fool's gold," has brought many a bitter disappointment in Tennessee. It is painful to think how often the hearthstone of a mountain cabin has been the scene of a tragic disillusion when a glittering mass of the stuff, placed on a red-hot shovel, has burned easily and thus put an end to the dreams of the treasure seeker.

Singularly enough, the women of a mountain

family are immune from the fever of treasure seeking; they do not think that gold is to be found there, and they do not like mining. Many an optimistic prospector, triumphantly rushing home to show a piece of rock aglitter with particles of metal, has had his enthusiasm rudely checked. His wife surveys the rock critically as he declares:

"Thar's a power of silver in that thar rock."
"All 'cept what's lackin'," she draws sardonically.

Doubtless at some future day money, that motive power of machinery, will flow into these sequestered regions and rifle the treasures now held fast in the secret hiding places of the ranges. Meanwhile, the mountains stand austere and silent, and the simple treasure seeker scans as best he may the signs of the crags and tries to read the riddle of the rocks.

"Nick," said Agatha, "do you happen to have any old spark plugs?"

"Plenty of 'em." The boy brought out a box from a tool house. "Bub collects what folks throw away. Help yourself."

She selected one gravely. "Thank you. Don't mention it, will you? I've a reason that I can't explain."

"They can search me," said the boy.
A minute after Agatha had vanished, the gray car also slid out of the village.

Sitting slim and straight behind the wheel, the girl drove rapidly. The Kenvilles' place was a mile or so beyond the Tallants' in Cedarhurst. Cars passed her going in either direction. Under the whirl of their passing she listened vainly for the purr of the high-powered motor behind her. Had the gray car given up the chase or was it still following, but farther in the rear to avoid suspicion?

The roadster whirled into the Cedarhurst road, sped on smoothly for a mile or more and then stopped with a jerk before the Tallants' gateway. No motor cars were in sight. As she jumped out, she noticed that beyond the hedge a game of tennis was in progress. Throwing up the hood, she bent anxiously over the mechanism within. Her hands worked swiftly at the wires. Stepping back to the tool kit, she picked up a spark-plug wrench and two small black-and-white objects that she dropped into the pocket of her skirt; then she bent again over the open hood. The wrench gripped and twisted; with her ears alert for sounds from the road, the girl frantically struggled.

She was still bending over the hood, with a blackened plug in her hands, when the gray touring car appeared. It slowed up hesitatingly and paused, still purring.

"Anything wrong?" asked the man at the wheel.

Agatha lifted guileless eyes. "This spark plug is no good."

The man with goggles ran the gray car to one side of the road and jumped out. "Perhaps I can help you."

"Oh, thank you!" She relinquished her tools readily. "I ought to be able to run home without replacing this, but I think something is wrong with the ignition, too."

The chauffeur of the gray car made a rapid examination. "Your main wire's loose. We can tighten it in a couple of minutes. Have you another spark plug?"

Agatha moved toward the kit. "Fritz always keeps extra ones in the car." She hunted for a minute, and then turned helplessly back to the man in goggles. "He always does," she reiterated.

The chauffeur joined her. "None here," he reported after a brief search.

"Isn't that strange!" said Agatha. "Fritz always—" She lifted her eyes to the open gates. "The Tallants have a roadster of this make. Perhaps they can lend me a spark plug." She started toward the driveway. At that moment the tennis players, attracted by the car in distress, pushed through the hedge. Rackets in hand, they emerged, a girl and a man, tall, dark, with a long, almost imperceptibly hooked nose. Agatha's heart leaped joyfully.

"Good morning, Bess!" Thank goodness, her voice did not tremble! "Have you a spark plug lying round loose? This one is no good, and my extras are not in the tool kit."

In one full-toned breath, good-natured Bess Tallant reassured her friend and presented her companion.

"How do you do, Mr. Brent?" said Agatha. "I am sorry to have interrupted your game. No, Bess, I really can't stop. I am going on to Ruth Kenville's and then to the tournament at the club."

"We're going over this afternoon. Martin knows where the spark plugs are, Mr. Brent." Agatha could have cried, but she did not. The dark man hastened up the drive and the girls strolled over to the disabled car. The chauffeur was tightening the wires.

"I'll wait and put it in for you," he suggested.

"Oh, thank you!" said Agatha. "You're sure it won't delay you too much?"

Why could he not take himself out of the way!

"Not at all," said the chauffeur.

Agatha's hands felt dry and her mouth parched. It astonished her to hear herself laugh. The words that slipped from her tongue sounded strange in her ears; but apparently Bess noticed nothing amiss. Must she fail, after all, Agatha wondered? She seemed to hear her father saying, "Something bigger than politics, daughter." She squared her slender shoulders. "Steady!" she said to herself. "Steady!"

With smiling, careless thanks she turned to John Brent as he came up with the spark plugs. Martin, who accompanied him, was evidently in a hurry. Agatha thought rapidly. Her mission was a failure if it were suspected that she had a mission. Therefore she dared not get rid of the chauffeur; he would at once jump to the conclusion that she was a messenger. Yet how under his eyes could she deliver her letter? Her glance fell on the open tool kit. It was a chance, but the only one.

"Martin," she said, "I can see you have a

DRAWN BY C. M. DELVEA



BEHIND HER SHE AGAIN HEARD THE SMOOTH WHIR OF A CAR. WITHOUT LOOKING ROUND SHE DECIDED TO TAKE NO CHANCES

AGATHA'S ERRAND By Beth B. Gilchrist



WITH a little sigh Agatha Hunt closed her book. The old brave days were uncontestedly gone, unless you lived across the water. Agatha had read of girls who did brave things over there, girls who defended their homes and saved men's lives, just as she had read of such girls in

America half a century and more ago; but here to-day a girl had no chance, thought Agatha, to do anything that required nerve. She had no chance to discover the stuff of which she was made, no chance to find out how she would act in a crisis, no chance to do any of the things that she dreamed of.

John, entering the room, interrupted the train of Agatha's regrets.

"Your father says will you step up to the study for a minute, miss."

A minute later, with the light of yearning still on her face, Agatha crossed the threshold of her father's study. Benjamin Hunt, one of the President's Cabinet officers, sat by a long table covered with piles of papers. His bandaged left foot was extended before him on a chair. His stiff, upstanding hair, beloved of cartoonists, was in its stiffest and most up-standing mood, kept so by his restless hand. With his own hand Secretary Hunt was writing a letter—he was signing his name on the last of several sheets. Agatha noticed that the stenographers were absent.

"Do an errand for me, will you, Aggie?" said her father, as he reached for an envelope.

"Gladly," said Agatha.

The secretary put the folded sheets into the envelope and handed it to her.

"There's a young man staying with the Tallants in Cedarhurst, named John Brent. I want to get a message to him privately. I don't want to send for him, and I don't want to telegraph or telephone to him. I don't want to mail him a letter. A dozen reporters and some other fellows have been watching this place and Cedarhurst for four days to detect any signs of communication between us. Should they see any such signs, they would publish it broadcast that a certain relationship has been established, which we hope will be established some day, but which it isn't as yet advisable to post on the billboards. If I weren't tied by the leg to this house, I'd fix 'em. What I want you to do is to put that letter into Brent's hands when no one's looking and without giving anyone reason to think that you have acted as a messenger. Can you do it?"

"I'll try." Agatha slipped the envelope into the pocket of her white linen skirt and rose quietly. "Politics, dad?"

"A little bigger than politics, Aggie. John Brent is a tall, dark fellow; walks like a

soldier; broke his nose when he was a boy, and it has never been quite straight since. See that he gets the letter sometime to-day. He leaves Cedarhurst to-morrow morning at eight. Good luck, daughter."

Agatha's blood quickened as she closed the door of the study behind her. She ordered the roadster to be ready, and then went to her room and pinned on a white felt hat. Bess Tallant was a friend of hers. She would go to see Bess, and trust to the inspiration of the moment when she got there.

"I shall not need you to-day, Fritz," she said to the chauffeur. "I'll drive myself."

As the roadster shot through the gate and took the road toward the village, Agatha saw out of the tail of her eye a touring car turn into the broad macadam highway behind her. She slowed up a little to let the big car pass, but it failed to take the opportunity offered. Thinking hard of her problem, the girl drove on. Unobserved to get speech with a man whom she did not know, and to hand him a letter—there it was in a nutshell. She began to see that it would not be easy. If Bess Tallant was at home, Agatha could take her into her confidence and perhaps get private speech with John Brent. But Bess might unwittingly reveal the secret; no, she could not tell Bess. Agatha wrinkled her brows in perplexity.

As she turned a corner she became aware that the touring car was still behind her. It was strange that the high-powered car should continue to give her the lead. Agatha turned another corner, then two more with deliberate intent. The touring car turned them also. Agatha wondered whether she was being followed.

The suspicion set a thrill of excitement pulsing in the girl's brain—for a moment only. Then the reaction from the thrill caught her. It was ridiculous. Such a thing might happen to a girl in a book perhaps, but not to Agatha Hunt on a New England road that she had known since childhood.

She stopped at a small brown house set close to the road, jumped out and made her way to the side door. As she knocked, the gray touring car rolled smoothly past. There were two men in it. The one at the wheel wore goggles and no hat. The other had a gray visored cap and a linen duster.

"Ask Mrs. Grace to send my waists Friday, please," Agatha said to the child who answered her knock. "I find I shall need them before Saturday."

Climbing into the roadster, she swung through dusty byways into the state road. Behind her she again heard the smooth whirl of a car. Without looking round she decided to take no chances; when she came to the Cedarhurst turn she passed it without swerving and

held straight on to the village. In front of Fiske's store, which was also the post office, her prudence reaped its reward. As she got out of the roadster the gray car slid to the curb in front of the fish market.

Of course there was no mail; the bags for the secretary's house had gone only an hour before. The little seaside village was not disturbed by many trains. Agatha purchased post cards and the stamps to mail them and consumed several minutes in writing mechanical messages with a spluttering store pen. Meanwhile she ransacked her wits for a way of escape.

The man in the linen duster and gray cap entered the store and called loudly for letters. There were none for him, and he bought a newspaper and buried his nose in its pages. Agatha had a feeling that he was listening when she purchased a squat blue pitcher and two blue cups—"for picnics," she told Mrs. Fiske. Her spirit rose; should her father's daughter be worsted by two inquisitive men in a touring car?

"Oh, and I nearly forgot, a pound of your big flat peppermints, please. Father is so fond of them. He always asks me when I come home from the village whether I have brought him some of Mrs. Fiske's peppermints."

The man in the gray cap pocketed his newspaper and went out. He would wait, no doubt, by the gray car to take up the trail again. An imp of perversity entered into Agatha. She decided that she was thirsty.

At Jordan's drug store the little tables shone smooth and round. Agatha ordered a chocolate sundae and sat down by the window. A minute later three girls entered and, following them, the chauffeur of the gray car. Aloof in her seat by the window, Agatha leisurely ate her mound of cream. When she stood up she knew exactly what she was going to do. To be sure, there were gaps in her plan,—gaps that waited on other persons' actions,—but the main outline was complete.

As she gathered up her driving gloves she bowed and smiled at the three girls. They responded eagerly.

"Are you going to the Country Club this morning?" one of them asked. "The tennis tournament begins to-day, you know."

"I'll look in on my way home." Agatha's clear, soft voice carried the words distinctly. "I had a few errands in the village and I have to run out to Ruth Kenville's now, or I'd give you a lift to the club."

Agatha took her seat in the roadster beside the peppermints and the pitcher, well content. She did not so much as glance at the gray car when she passed it. At an old shingled house smothered in ivy she stopped, and hastened on foot to the rear of the building. A boy looked up from the automobile that he was tinkering.

hundred things to do at this minute. This gentleman says he is in no hurry."

The chauffeur of the gray car took the spark plugs and set to work. Agatha stood by, ready, as she said, "to hand him things." The other two also stood by, and watched; Agatha had counted rightly on the combined charm of disabled machinery and Bess's hospitality to hold them. She went to the tool kit and, leaning over with her back to the watchful gray-capped man in the touring car, selected a hammer. As she did so, she slipped the letter from her pocket into the kit. The name on its white surface stared up at her.

Agatha strolled back to the chauffeur. "Oh," she exclaimed, with a little start, "I ought to have brought the screw driver!"

"Let me get it," said Mr. Brent.

"How do you know just exactly which tools he's going to want?" Bess asked.

Agatha laughed nervously. "I know which I'd want myself, Bess." Her eyes were on John Brent, who returned imperturbable.

"I found a number of other things, but not the screw driver." He looked at the girl keenly.

"We have the screw driver here, after all. You will think me very stupid."

"On the contrary," said John Brent, bowing. The chauffeur straightened up, and Agatha thanked him politely. In his hearing she refused Bess's eager invitation to stay to luncheon; then she drove on to Ruth Kenville's.

"John Brent's visit at Cedarhurst has occasioned considerable gossip in certain quarters,"

remarked a metropolitan newspaper two mornings later. "Those of our contemporaries who have been looking for confirmation of the rumor that the government has bought his patents would seem to have been barking up the wrong gum tree. Persons in a position to know state that at the hour Brent left Cedarhurst no word had passed between him and Secretary Hunt. We regret that the government was not sufficiently farsighted."

The secretary chuckled as he read. "Pretty good, Aggie, my girl. Pretty good. Under the fellows' very eyes, too." He surveyed her slender figure. "You don't look bulky enough to be able to secrete three spark plugs."

"Oh, I put them in my bag as soon as I got the one out of the engine. It was a white embroidered bag and it lay in plain sight all the time on the floor of the car."

The secretary pulled his daughter down on the arm of his chair and kissed her. "I'm proud of you, Aggie. What you did took nerve—and brains. You see, my girl,—I can trust you to keep this to yourself,—there were some fellows who wanted those patents mighty bad, but we decided that your Uncle Samuel needed 'em. So he got 'em. And your Uncle Samuel's business can't always be spread on the front page of the newspapers for every Siamese, let us say, to read. That's why we got 'em on the quiet. Understand?"

Agatha's face glowed. "Then what I did really mattered?" she exclaimed joyfully.

"I should say it did," said her father.

Once I looked back quickly, and I certainly saw something, a sort of shadow, slip away through the laurels."

"A bear? A man?"

"Couldn't say. If it was a man, he was stooping low."

"Maybe only a razorback," Ellis suggested.

"Who could be spying on us up here?"

"I dare say it was nothing," Tom admitted.

"Only it gave me a queer feeling, that's all."

His uneasiness spread to his cousin, and by common accord when they went to bed that night, they built up the fire brightly and laid the loaded gun beside them. After a chilly, drizzling night morning came. Nothing had disturbed them, and in the clear daylight they felt a little ashamed of their nervousness.

"It was all your weird talk about stealthy shadows in the bushes," Ellis declared.

"Probably all you saw was a rabbit."

"Enough said! I'm not going to rack my imagination about it any more."

Ellis went down to the creek to catch fish for breakfast; but in a few minutes he came hurrying back.

"The fishing tackle's gone!" he cried.

"Lost?" inquired Tom.

"Well, I left it by the creek last night, for I knew I'd want it again this morning. I had cut an especially good pole, and I left it sticking in the bank, with the line wound on it. It's clean gone."

"It must have fallen into the water," said Tom, and they both went back and began to search for it.

They soon found the deep hole where Ellis had planted the rod in the earth, but although they searched far downstream they got no trace of the missing tackle. Ellis was sure that it could not have fallen into the water; but there was no track of beast or man on the gravelly shores.

Fortunately, they had more hooks and lines, and they quickly rigged a fresh outfit; but the incident revived their uneasiness, and in searching for crystals that day they kept together, and did not go very far from camp.

That afternoon they were encouraged by finding three very fine amethysts, and they kept at work until after sunset. It was quite dark by the time they sat down to eat. They had hardly taken a mouthful when there was

"We'll make some more coffee—in the kettle," said Tom. "I reckon that pot's gone."

"But where has it gone?" demanded Ellis uneasily.

"Can't guess. None of the mountain people would steal a pot of coffee off the fire. And there aren't any tramps here."

They made more coffee, and with eyes and ears alert finished their supper. It was disconcerting to think of the mysterious prowler, perhaps still within a few rods of the camp, and neither of the boys felt much disposed to sleep; but as the evening wore on quietly they became drowsy. Tom volunteered to stay awake and watch for a few hours, and Ellis, creeping into the tent, rolled up in his blankets.

Tom sat against a tree with the shotgun across his knees, and remained awake until midnight without hearing any suspicious sound. He dozed a little after that, roused himself, and then dozed again; he must have slept a long time, for when he woke he was surprised to see the sky brightening. Everything seemed to be all right in camp, and so, with a sleepy glance round, he crept into the blankets beside his cousin and fell sound asleep.

But when the boys turned out a few hours later they were horrified to find that a large piece of salt pork was missing from the stores piled beside the tent.

"Almost the last of our meat, too!" cried Ellis indignantly. "What sort of thief have we got on our trail?"

"Well, I never heard of anything like this before," said Tom. "The mountaineers up here are honest as the day. I think we'd better not stay here much longer, or we'll lose all we've got."

"And meanwhile we must keep a real watch at night, and one of us must always stay round camp in the daytime," said Ellis.

So that day Ellis searched for crystals alone, while Tom guarded the camp. They saw no sign of the mysterious robber, and that night nothing was stolen from their equipment or supplies. Perhaps the reason was that they took turns in standing guard and kept careful watch from sunset to sunrise.

Ellis went out again in the morning, and came back at noon with two good crystals and a beautiful lump of agate. But he found Tom wild with exasperation. Tom had gone down the stream to fish. He was absent less than half an hour, and not once out of sight of camp, but on his return he found the shotgun and a box of shells gone from the tent. It was a very handsome and valuable weapon, which his father had given him on his sixteenth birthday. Tom prized it, and would rather have lost anything else, even their whole hard-won collection of crystals.

"I'm going to catch that fellow and make him give back what he's stolen!" he cried.

"But how'll we do it? He's armed, and we've got nothing except the hatchet. Besides, we can never lay eyes on him."

"We'll set a trap," said Tom. "I'm going to have him, if I have to stay here all summer."

While they hurriedly prepared dinner they discussed various methods of trapping the plunderer. Unless they could recover their gun or some of their supplies they ran a serious risk of starving.

"Grub seems to be what he mainly wants," said Tom. "We'll bait our snare with eatables, lie low, and jump on him when he comes in to get the bait."

At last they agreed on a plan. After dinner Ellis fried a fresh pan of pork, brought out the sack of corn meal into sight, and left a tin cup of coffee temptingly by the fire. Then they left the camp leisurely, singing and whistling, went down the creek for about a quarter of a mile and, hiding in a thicket, watched their back trail for some minutes.

There was no sign that they had been followed. Tom had brought the hatchet with him, and he cut a heavy oak bludgeon as a weapon for Ellis. Then the boys turned

back in a wide circle and, keeping always close under cover, approached the camp again. They crawled on their stomachs to a point about twenty feet behind the tent, and there, lying flat and grasping their weapons, waited.

The food by the fire had not been touched. For a long time all was quiet. A gray squirrel scampered down a tree and ran to pick up the crumbs. Tom suddenly nudged his cousin and nodded toward a spot about a hundred yards to the east. He imagined that he had seen something stir in the cover. A number of jays near the place began to scold loudly.

Nearly an hour passed and nothing happened. The boys were becoming cramped and stiff. Tom was beginning to think that his eyes had deceived him, when suddenly the boys started simultaneously.

Not more than twenty yards away a shadow-like form had certainly slipped from one thicket to another.

Grasping their weapons, the boys waited tensely, ready to spring up. But another full ten minutes elapsed before anything happened; then, without sound or other warning, a figure slipped out of the underbrush close to them—the wildest figure that they had ever seen.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock
In Eight Chapters Chapter Three

WHILE Tom bent forward to look, Ellis carefully opened his clenched hand. In it lay two tiny pale yellow flakes that looked almost like shreds of paper.

"Gold? Not likely!" Tom muttered. "Probably pyrites."

Taking one of the flakes carefully on his thumb nail, he tested it with the point of his knife. Pyrites, or "fool's gold," is brittle; but this yellow scrap bent and parted under the knife. It was soft and metallic. Tom scrutinized it through his pocket magnifier.

"I do believe it is gold; we'll test it in the camp fire to-night. Where did you find it?"

"Not far! Come along!" And as they hurried by the bank, Ellis described his discovery. "I hadn't found any crystals, and it struck me that a good way would be to wash out the gravel, as the gold miners do. I got a pan from camp, and at about the tenth painful I saw those yellow flakes at the bottom."

"Maybe our fortunes are made!" Tom cried. "We'll prospect and stake out claims. What are crystals to this?"

They came presently to the place where Ellis had dropped the tin pan, and Tom at once began feverishly to wash out gravel. The first three or four panfuls gave no result. Then he found two small amethysts, which he thrust into his pocket with an exclamation of disgust. But a few minutes later he uttered a cry of triumph. At the bottom of the pan in the sand lay a tiny yellow flake.

All the rest of that day with excited enthusiasm they washed for gold. When the sun went down they were wet, muddy and tired; but although they had found no more of the "dust," they were far from being discouraged. While they prepared supper their talk was all of gold and fortune, and they lay awake and talked about it until late in the night.

With early morning they were at their task again. All that day they waded in the creek—Ellis with the pan, and Tom with the camp kettle, which made a rather clumsy implement for washing gold; but no more of the precious flakes rewarded their efforts. That evening they were not so exuberant; in fact, they were both a little ill-tempered. Nevertheless, the next morning they set to work again; this time they followed the creek in different directions.

Tom washed gravel industriously until about eleven o'clock without finding anything; then he sat wearily down on the bank. After a while he rose and went in search of his cousin.

He found him ankle-deep in the water, and after a glance at his face knew that he, too, had labored without result.

"Ellis," said Tom, "drop it. We've got all the gold there is."

Ellis straightened himself wearily.

"We're simply wasting time," Tom continued. "I reckon all the gold we've found is worth about twenty-five cents, and we might work for a month and not find any more. Let's get over our gold fever."

"Maybe you're right," Ellis admitted. "I've

been getting rather sick of the job myself."

"We'll get back to business—to crystals, that is. And I think we've worked this creek pretty thoroughly. We'd better move higher up."

"All right," said Ellis. "It's disappointing, but after all it's a kind of relief. However, there certainly is gold in these creeks."

DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS



NOT MORE THAN TWENTY YARDS AWAY A SHADOW-LIKE FORM HAD CERTAINLY SLIPPED FROM ONE THICKET TO ANOTHER

"But not enough to pay for panning it out. Besides, we're not making enough progress with our crystals. At this rate we'll never get enough for the map."

The next ten days or so the boys passed in hard work. Every two or three days they moved a few miles, but their luck was bad and they found few crystals. The country had grown much rougher; they had to travel now along slopes of loose rock and fight their way through tangles of small oak, laurel and mountain shrubbery. To add to their hardships, their rations were running low.

But in spite of their hard work they had not yet found half the crystals required for the railway map. Tom was becoming uneasy. It was almost the middle of August, and the stones were to be delivered early in September.

One evening, after a hard day's work in loose gravel, Tom came in looking disturbed. He said nothing until after supper; then he asked, with some hesitation:

"Have you felt anything queer round here, Ellis? As if some one or some thing were prowling about?"

"Not a bit of it. Have you?"

"Well, to-day when I was out alone I had a feeling that some one was watching me.

a sudden stamping and scurrying in the shrubbery where the mule was tethered.

"Something's wrong! Peter's loose!" cried Ellis, as they both rushed for the place.

The mule was loose indeed, and had run several rods down the creek, as if he had been badly frightened; but he let them catch him without much difficulty, and they led him back and tethered him again; they could not make out how he had slipped his rope.

"Where's the coffee?" Tom exclaimed, when they returned to finish their interrupted meal.

They had left the pot full of coffee on the hot ashes at the edge of the fire; it had vanished.

"Some one's been here!" Ellis exclaimed, catching up the gun.

"Hold on!" said Tom quickly. "It must be some one needing it—some one starving—lost!"

Stepping forward, he put his hands to his mouth and gave a long, resonant call.

"Hello-o-o!" he shouted. "Come back with that coffee! We'll give you more!"

The echoes answered from the hills, but nothing else.

Again and again he called, but there was no answer. The boys looked at each other.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN



DR. WALTER JAMES DODD

FACT AND COMMENT

WHEN a man loses his temper he is sure to find his tempter.

You know your Neighbor's Wish beyond a doubt:
His Hedge, however low, means, "Please Keep Out!"

THE bane of the shoe man is the people who wish to fit, not their feet, but their pride.

WESTERN hunters who have despised the coyote as a worthless creature, to be killed if the sheep are to be protected, now find that a dead coyote is worth more than a live sheep. They are getting eight dollars or more for each coyote pelt. The tough hide and warm fur make coyote skins especially valuable for clothing for the soldiers in the trenches in Europe.

IT is now a hundred years since gas was first used for illumination in this country, and this is supposed to be "the age of electricity"; yet the amount of gas consumed is still increasing. There has indeed been a falling off in the amount used for lighting, but a great gain in the amount used for fuel. This is not only the age of electricity but also the age of the gas-burning cookstove.

SOME persons have accused the presidents of our great railways of not understanding the work and the problems of the men at the other end of the pay roll; but if they do not, it is because they have short memories. Of ten railway presidents who recently met in a conference, three began as clerks, three as rod-men with construction gangs, two as section hands, one as a telegrapher and one as an office boy.

THE Companion has mentioned several notable instances in which successive generations of the same family, or in which many brothers, have served in the Christian ministry. A reader reminds us that such cases are not limited to the servants of any one faith. He calls attention to the seven children of Patrick Hickey and his wife—the five sons all priests in the archdiocese of Cincinnati, and the two daughters Sisters in the order of Notre Dame.

WE have all been aware that many young Americans have gone to Europe to take part in the war, but few of us were prepared for the figures that a Paris correspondent recently compiled. They show that about fifty thousand of our fellow citizens have enlisted in the ranks of the Allies, and that about four fifths of that number are now under Gen. Haig in France. The total is larger than the number of Americans who were engaged in actual hostilities in the war with Spain.

THERE are few needs created by the great war that some benevolent person has not undertaken to meet. The following advertisement, which we take from the London Times, reveals a real lover of animals, and has, moreover, a pleasant touch of humor:

DOGS OF WAR.—"Togo," a black spaniel, appeals to all dogs who are "sports" to help the Dogs of the brave Belgian Army, who drag the machine guns and do outpost duty. Naturalized Dachshunds and Cats can lend a paw.—"Togo," Ingham Manor, Statham.

THE horse-meat shops in New York City have either failed outright or been but indifferently successful. Why? Horseflesh has long been a staple article of food in Paris, Berlin and other cities of Europe, and in nutritious quality, in flavor and in cleanliness it is at least comparable to other meats that are everywhere regarded as fit for food. It may be that our prejudice has its roots in our appreciation of the horse as the best friend of man, and in a consequent feeling that hippophagy is something akin to cannibalism; but more probably it is just prejudice, of the sort that makes it

impossible for some people to eat muskrat, porcupine, eels, or frogs' legs, although all are wholesome and of good flavor.

GIVING CARRANZA HIS CHANCE

WHILE the United States was moving swiftly toward the break with Germany it was taking the necessary steps to reestablish complete amity between itself and the government of Mexico. Whether or not the Mexican government is yet worthy of confidence and respect, the action was wise; no nation can afford to have more than one international crisis on its hands at once.

When Gen. Pershing's "punitive expedition" came home and Mr. Fletcher was instructed to take up his post of ambassador in Mexico City, we came to the end of an unusual episode in our diplomatic history. The episode began four years ago, when President Wilson refused to recognize Huerta as the ruler of Mexico, because he held him responsible for the murder of Madero; it ends with the recognition of Carranza, who is the inheritor of the Madero tradition.

Throughout those four years President Wilson has been guided in his course by an ideal; but it is an ideal that is unusual among statesmen and that is understood or appreciated by only a part of his own countrymen, and by almost no one outside America. Most Presidents would have set themselves first of all to protecting all American life and property in Mexico, and next to helping or to forcing Mexico to restore order within its boundaries. Mr. Wilson has tried to prevent the country from falling into the hands of the exploiter, and to give its own people the chance to decide in their own way and in their own time what sort of government they want to have. In doing so, he has more than once exposed himself to the charge of neglecting legitimate American interests in Mexico, and of pursuing a weak and complaisant policy toward revolutionaries who were destroying the prosperity and the honor of their country. More than once, too, he has been reminded that only the preoccupation of Europe with the war has permitted him to carry out his policy undisturbed; in ordinary circumstances England and France and Germany would have had at least a finger apiece in the Mexican pie long ago.

But the President has persisted. Satisfied that Carranza represents the will of the Mexican people, he recognizes him, although he has found him a disobliging and intractable person to deal with. Now we are to see whether the Wilson policy pursued attainable ideals. Will Carranza succeed in establishing a stable government, or will he shortly go down before some rebel like Villa or some traitor in his own party, in another paroxysm of bloodshed? And if peace and good order return to Mexico, has our patient forbearance gained us its good will or lost us its respect?

We dare not be too hopeful. But we shall all wish Señor Carranza good luck with his opportunity. Perhaps he will prove himself a wiser and a stronger man than he seems at this distance to be. That will mean several years of peace between the two countries, and perhaps the beginning of a better and more sympathetic understanding.

THE OTHER NEUTRALS

IF President Wilson really expected the other neutral nations to follow the example of the United States in breaking off relations with Germany, he was disappointed. In all of those countries there was a great deal of popular sympathy with our course, and almost every government has protested strongly against the German view of the legality of unrestricted submarine warfare against merchant ships. But in this as in other crises of the war the special circumstances that affect the different neutral nations have unfortunately made it impossible for them to act together.

Holland, Denmark and Switzerland all lie open to invasion from Germany and naturally hesitate to take a step that might bring upon them at once all the horrors of modern warfare. Switzerland of course has a very numerous population of German blood and, since it has no seacoast and no merchant navy, is less affected than other countries by the German edict. In Holland there is a court party led by the Prince Consort, who is a German, that is friendly to Germany, and another party that has found trade with Germany so profitable that it hopes for closer relations with the empire instead of a diplomatic break. Sweden is still so hostile to Russia that it hesitates to make common cause with an alliance that includes that country. Norway, which has

suffered from the submarines more than any other neutral, might be glad to do more than protest, but it has agreed to act in concert with Sweden and Denmark.

In Spain and in the South American republics there is real sympathy not only with the United States but with the Entente Powers. Spain and Brazil have made the most outspoken protests against the submarine edict; and if events bring any of the neutrals to our side, they are likely to be the first.

It is gratifying to observe that, although the governments of the smaller nations have only partly followed our lead, public opinion generally approves it. No great newspaper in any of the neutral countries thinks we acted unwisely; the only criticism we hear is that we ought to have taken our present stand earlier in the war. That our course was not without immediate moral effect is shown by the haste with which Germany offered concessions to Spain and Holland, which were the countries most likely to carry their dislike of the submarine order beyond the point of protest.

MAKING OTHERS WORK

MAKING other people work seems easy enough. We all know the parasite type, which never works when work can be avoided, and which relies on others for food and drink and clothes and amusement and even for its thoughts.

Such shirking is not what we mean to discuss; we speak of the faculty of using the labor of others for some common end, of directing it, of coordinating it so that there shall be no haste, no waste, and the maximum of achievement. Such direction often requires colossal labor. It is a far rarer gift than the ability to labor with your own muscles. Indeed, it is one of the rarest of gifts, and the freakishness of its distribution makes you feel more than almost anything else that all men are not born equal. You meet every day hard-working people who cannot manage others, who do not discern the aptitudes of others, who do not trust others, who persist in attending to every little detail of great tasks in person. So the great tasks often remain undone.

This executive faculty of getting the very best out of others is of course most appreciated in men who fill great positions in armies or in nations, where the chief can only map out the large lines of an enterprise and must leave all detail to subordinates in their respective degrees; but precisely the same faculty appears in the housekeeper who has perhaps one maid to direct, perhaps merely her own daughter. Lack of that faculty is one of the chief causes of the servant problem.

The gift of domestic management, as of all management, is inborn, but to a large extent it can be learned, and certain simple rules are of great importance. First, when you give orders, see that they are obeyed. That in itself implies that orders should not be ill-considered, or confused, or conflicting. Bid no one to do what cannot be done. Second, put yourself in the place of those under you. Napoleon was walking with a lady in Saint Helena, and they met a man carrying a heavy load who obliged them to turn out of the path. The lady was indignant. "Consider the burden, madam," said the great emperor. If you at all times consider the burden, you will find your servants glad to give you their best. Third, learn system. Work thoroughly planned is half done. It is amazing how a task is lightened when you see the end of it and its relation to other tasks. And the beginning of system for others is to understand its working for yourself.

The thorough comprehension and application of these rules form a large part of housekeeping, which is an art, and which can be learned, like other arts. Do not let your girls neglect this elementary training while they are practicing the finer graces of social life.

A HERO OF PEACE

THE X ray, which Röntgen twenty years ago introduced to the world, has become familiar through actual experience to many persons who have watched the doctor use it in searching their anatomy up and down for a hidden cause of ailment. With its aid the physician nowadays frequently traces rheumatism to the teeth and indigestion to the appendix, and as a matter of course he uses it to make sure that he has set a broken bone correctly. Latest discovery of all: the X ray now seems to reveal a certain healing property that renders unnecessary some of the most serious surgical operations. Evidently we have still a great deal to learn about it.

The layman who sees a tremendous force

such as the X ray harnessed for service marvels at the ingenuity of man, but he seldom realizes the danger that attends its use. He knows that he himself is protected; but his imagination does not take in the tremendous risks to which everyone who experiments inevitably exposes himself. In the early days of the X ray no one guessed its destructive effect on human tissue; if the Röntgenologists of to-day are able to practice their profession in safety, it is because their predecessors risked and sometimes lost their lives.

One of the most distinguished of the X-ray pioneers was Walter James Dodd, who was photographer at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston when, in 1895, Röntgen gave to the world his discovery of the X ray and of its probable diagnostic value in connection with the human body. With characteristic zest Dr. Dodd threw himself into the work of using and experimenting with the new agent. A year later he had to be treated for burns; in another year his wounds had suffered a cancerous change that made necessary an operation. From that time until his recent death he submitted to ether more than fifty times; he lost most of his fingers, suffered terrible pain, and died at the age of forty-seven, long after he and others like him had discovered how to render the rays harmless.

His pluck and complete devotion to his work were beyond praise; in 1915, as soon as he was up from his latest operation, he went abroad and rendered splendid X-ray service in the British field hospital. His cheeriness, humor and tenderness won him the love of everyone who knew him. To the well he was an inspiration; to the sick and unfortunate he was a ministering angel. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.

DEMOCRACY IN THE EAST

IN the hurry of great events that more immediately concern us we have paid little attention to the parliamentary crisis in far-away Japan, although what has been going on there is well worth watching. The Emperor has dissolved the Diet because it would not support the Terauchi ministry, which was put into power by imperial fiat and which has again and again asserted its responsibility, not to the Diet, but to the Emperor alone. This is not the first time that constitutionalists and imperialists have clashed in Japan, but it is the first time that some peaceful way has not been found out of the difficulty. It will be interesting to see what sort of parliament the new elections produce. If the constitutionalists control it, their victory will be a landmark in the history of Japan, where, until lately, the Mikado has been revered as a god, whose will it would be impious for the elected representatives of the people to question.

As the Napoleonic wars, provoked in the first instance by the aggressions of a triumphant French democracy, ended at last in the victory of reaction over Europe, so the present war, which was urged on by a military autocracy, bids fair to result in a world-wide movement toward greater popular control of government. In Russia the Duma, despised and neglected before the war, has asserted itself more than once against the bureaucracy and even against the Czar himself. No one who has observed the march of events there doubts that great political changes, whether peacefully or violently brought about, are in store for Russia. In Germany the government has several times made real concessions to the representatives of the people in the Reichstag, and has promised still others after the war. No German Emperor will ever again exercise the personal dominion that William II has enjoyed. And now Japan, where even the idea of democracy was unheard of until a generation ago, demands a government responsive to the will of the people.

It is reassuring also to see that Japan is not united in support of the policy of aggression toward China and the United States, with which Terauchi and his cabinet have been credited. We have never believed that all Japanese are jingoes; the crisis through which the nation is passing proves that there is a strong party that is more interested in building up a democracy in Japan than in treading on the toes of its neighbors, east or west.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—On February 16 the Senate passed the Post-Office appropriation bill, after inserting a provision that makes it a crime to ship liquor into states that prohibit

its manufacture and sale, and another that forbids the circulation of newspapers that contain liquor advertisements in states where such advertisements are forbidden by law. — The proposed prohibitory amendment to the Constitution of the United States was favorably reported to the House. — The Senate passed the espionage bill, putting into the hands of the President extraordinary powers for suppressing conspiracies and punishing alien spies. — The Senate considered the naval bill, carrying appropriations of nearly half a billion dollars, and the Commerce Committee reported a bill authorizing the government to take over merchant ships in case of war. On February 22 the House passed the army appropriation bill. — The bill that gives United States citizenship to Porto Ricans and establishes a form of independent civil government in the island passed the Senate on February 20. — The Rules Committee of the House finished the "leak" investigation; it had got no information of real significance.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The Ohio Legislature passed the bill giving women the right to vote for presidential electors, and Gov. Cox signed it. Ohio is the thirteenth state to give women the vote, although, like Illinois, it has not yet permitted them to vote for state officers. A change in the constitution of the state is necessary for that.

THE PAPER SITUATION.—On February 16 the news-print paper manufacturers suggested to the Federal Trade Commission that it fix a reasonable maximum price for paper to rule for six months, beginning this month. The offer grew out of the manufacturers' belief that the President would otherwise recommend Congress to consider the issue between the manufacturers and the newspapers at a special session. — In New York a special grand jury began an investigation into the causes for the high price of print paper.

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.—The events of the week did not visibly bring the two countries any nearer to war, although there was the greatest activity in both war and navy departments in preparing for whatever might happen. The State Department, on learning definitely that the seventy-two American sailors brought into Germany by the prize ship Yarrowdale were still detained there, sent, through the Spanish ambassador at Berlin, a demand that they be released at once. — There was a further congestion of freight at New York and other ports, for a good many vessels, among them those of the American line, would not sail unless they were permitted to carry guns with which to protect themselves against submarines. Up to the closing of this record the government had not given the necessary permission. The railway presidents met in New York and agreed on plans that were expected to relieve the situation by stopping the rail shipment of goods for export. — In court proceedings in Boston, the captain of the Kronprinzessin Cecilie, which is under a libel order from the Federal Court, pending a civil suit against its owners, testified that he had ordered the machinery of the ship to be disabled under orders from the German Embassy at Washington.

FOOD RIOTS.—The rapidly increasing prices of food, owing to the large exports of stocks, the small crops of last summer and the difficulties of transportation, have led to a rather serious situation in many large cities. In New York there was a demonstration by the women of the East Side that might be called a riot, in protest against the high prices of the necessities of life.

MEXICO.—Mr. Fletcher, the American ambassador, was cordially received at Queretaro, which he reached on February 18. — A raiding party of Mexicans, supposed to be attached to the Villista forces of Gen. Salazar, killed three Americans near Hachita, New Mexico. It is not certain on which side of the border the men were killed.

RECENT DEATHS.—On February 18, Carolus Duran, the French portrait painter, aged 79. — On February 19, Maj. Gen. Frederick Funston, aged 51.

CUBA.—The events of the week indicated that the government would be able to suppress the revolution without the necessity of intervention by the United States. A lively battle was fought about seventeen miles from Havana, in which the rebel forces were dispersed. Government troops also took Sancti Spiritus and Ciego de Avila, inflicting heavy losses on the rebels in both cases. The revolutionaries, who are under the direction of former President Gomez, were still in control of Santiago and much of the eastern end of the

island. Several United States war vessels were in near-by waters, but they did not enter the Cuban harbors. The United States government has made it clear that it will not recognize any government established by unconstitutional means.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From February 15 to February 21)

The third week of unrestricted submarine warfare did not show any sensational results. About forty ships in all were sunk, according to reports from Lloyds. Berlin reported the sinking of several others in the Mediterranean, including one Italian transport "crowded with troops." The total tonnage sunk between February 1 and February 21 was about 300,000, which is about half what German officials declared their submarines could do, and little, if any, more than the under-sea boats were sinking before the famous order of January 31 was issued. Nevertheless, the loss is serious enough, and, unless it can be further diminished by the protective activities of the British navy, will amount to twice the new tonnage that the British shipyards can supply.

Berlin declared that one submarine had sunk an auxiliary cruiser of 20,000 tons, two transport steamers of 13,600 tons each, and another of 4600 tons. The vessels were not named, and the report was not confirmed from other sources.

There are no statements from London about the number of submarines sunk or captured. One circumstantial, although quite unofficial, report puts the number at 187. The French liner Guyane, which arrived at New York on February 19, reported that it had sunk a submarine in the Bay of Biscay.

In spite of the wintry weather there was a good deal of activity on the French front. The



AN ITALIAN MINE-LAYER AT WORK

British along the Ancre made one really important thrust at the Germans near Miraumont and almost took the village. They pushed the German line back more than half a mile along a front a mile and a half long. They also made lively attacks in the vicinity of Lille.

There was steady and heavy cannonading at Verdun. In Champagne the Germans attacked and drove the French out of a mile and a half of trenches near Ripont, and took nearly a thousand prisoners. Both sides are ready to enter on a great campaign as soon as the spring comes in earnest. Which army will first take the offensive we cannot tell.

The only other region in which real fighting occurred was in far-off Mesopotamia. There the British still hammered at the Turkish front near Kut el Amara, but, although they took the famous Sannayyat positions once, they were driven out again. The British reported taking two thousand prisoners.

The German government changed its mind about sending all American relief agents out of Belgium. For the present such agents may remain on the same terms as heretofore.

The United States government instructed Mr. Pensfield, the ambassador at Vienna, to request the Austro-Hungarian government to define finally its attitude concerning submarine warfare. If, as is probable, it supports the German edict, a break with this country can hardly be avoided.

Berlin heard that a tremendous explosion occurred in an ammunition factory near Archangel in Russia, and put the death roll at 1500.

Great Britain announced that Halifax would be made an examining port for neutral vessels crossing the Atlantic, in order to avoid taking them into Kirkwall or Falmouth, where they would be especially liable to attack by German submarines. That plan will permit the Dutch and Scandinavian ships to avoid the submarine zone altogether.

The new British war loan has resulted, according to London dispatches, in the subscription of more than \$3,500,000,000 exclusive of the bank subscriptions. The number of individual subscribers was much larger than in the case of any previous loan.

The statements in this advertisement referring to performances of Hudson Super-Sixes in certified trials and in competition are approved as to facts

Richard Kennerdell
Chairman Contest Board American Automobile Association.

The Long-Life Record HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Will Hold First Place Forever We Believe

One year of the Super-Six seems to mark it the permanent leading type. Many other sensations had their day and departed. But the Super-Six gains prestige every month. And it comes too close to a perfect motor to ever be far excelled.

For your own sake, don't get a wrong conception of the Hudson Super-Six.

It is a Six, but not like other Sixes. This basic invention, controlled by our patents, added 80 per cent to our six-type efficiency.

It does, in a better, simpler way, what we attempted in our Eights and Twelves. For we built those types for testing, as did others, when the seeming trend was that way.

This Problem Solved

The Super-Six gets its wondrous power, speed and endurance by minimizing friction.

That's what every type attempted. That's why men once thought that V-types would supersede the Six. Vibration causes friction, and friction causes wear. And the type which brings vibration lowest will hold first place forever, just as now.

The Super-Six is that type. Every block test proves it. And a hundred road records confirm it. It now holds every worth-while record of endurance and speed for a stock car.

Another Possible Error

Some men still tell Hudson dealers that our records show qualities not wanted. They cannot use such speed, such power. "And other cars are good-enough hill-climbers."

But you must presume we know that.

We have not increased our motor size. We are using a small, light Six—exactly the size we used before this invention. And a size now very common.

The Super-Six principle gets from that size all of this extra

efficiency. It does it by saving friction. Would you have less speed, less power in a motor, because of more friction and wear?

To Double Endurance

The Super-Six was invented to double endurance. That it makes the car a record-breaker is simply incidental.

The records we value most are long distance records. Under sanction of the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association the Super-Six broke the 24-hour stock chassis record by 328 miles. And in the famous non-stock Pike's Peak Hill Climb, sanctioned by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association, a Super-Six Special made the best time through endurance.

A Super-Six Touring Car twice broke the Transcontinental record in one continuous 7,000-mile round trip. All Super-Six speed records have been made because of endurance.

It Offers You This

It offers you a car which, by a hundred records, is the most capable car in the world.

It offers you endurance, far beyond any previous attainment.

It offers you pride of ownership—the feeling that you rule the road. The knowledge that yours is the greatest car in performance that's built.

It offers you beauty and luxury which make the car look its supremacy.

It offers you, in our latest models, a wonderful gasoline saver.

Will you want a car which offers less when you buy a car to keep?



Phaeton, 7-passenger \$1650 Town Car Landulet \$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger 1950 Limousine 2925
Touring Sedan . . . 2175 Limousine Landulet 3025
Town Car \$2925
(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

MARCH

By M.M. Parks

OH, Dear-my-heart, don't call it rain!
'Tis springtime's thrilling drum.
On rooftop and on windowpane
We hear its rousing thrum.
And hark! The shrill wind's bugle call
In chimney tops and trees
Is saying, "Waken, waken, all
Brave blossoms, if you please!
Spring's hosts must take their stand again
'Neath maple, oak and larch,
And end harsh winter's cruel reign.
Attention! Upward, March!"

Oh, Dear-my-heart, 'neath winter's snow
The flowers' sleep is sound.
That's why grim March must bluster so
To fetch them from the ground.
With wild, wild winds that pipe and blow
And loudly beating drum,
'Tis March that says to them, "What ho!
Glad blossom time has come!
Shrink not from skies still dark and drear,
From winds that sting and parch,
But rise and face them without fear.
Attention! Upward, March!"

WHAT SHE COULD

IN a large mining city in California, thirty years ago, lived an invalid. Twice in a single week death had stricken her home; her two children had left her so suddenly that for many years the shock had left her virtually paralyzed. But, although her body was stricken, her mind was clear, and her heart was rich with unselfish love for other persons who suffered and for the children of other homes.

She always had a smile and a kind word for the school children who trooped by her home, and as she sat there in her window day by day there came to her mind the vision of a service that she might do. It was such a simple service that it would have seemed to many persons scarcely worth while. Nevertheless, she asked the children to help, and they responded gladly. On one day of the year, toward Thanksgiving time, each of them was to bring "a stick of wood and a potato," and their collective offering was to be distributed to the poor of the town. In that way "donation day" began.

That happened a third of a century ago. The invalid went away from the mining town not long after she had started the custom, and soon after that was laid away in her grave; yet "donation day" is still an annual event. The children who first brought a stick of wood and a potato have grown up and have children of their own who now are the ones that bring their offerings for the poor. The schools close; the townspeople gather as if on a holiday; the ministers pass in and out among the crowds that line the street, offering their hats in which to receive contributions; and an organization of responsible persons administers the offerings for the whole town. In a recent year the offerings amounted to about four hundred dollars, besides great quantities of food and clothing, enough to provide for the comfort at least during the holiday season of every unfortunate family in the town.

Nor is that all. Four miles away is a neighboring mining town, once the larger of the two, and still the county seat. The rivalry between them has been very sharp at times during these thirty years, but in regard to "donation day" there is harmony. By common agreement the town where the custom started observes the day on the Friday before Thanksgiving and the other town on the Friday before Christmas.

There are few, strangely few, even in the towns where this beautiful custom prevails, who know the story of its origin; but the visitor in Grass Valley and Nevada City, California, will find there such care for the poor and such an outpouring of social fellowship on the part of the whole community as is rarely seen—and all because one woman who had suffered much and who was much circumscribed in her opportunity did what she could.

CONCERNING CLARISSA PAYNE

"WELL, now!" Mrs. Perry's eyes shone with amusement. "Have you heard the story of Clarissa Payne's vanishing?"

"What was it?" Mrs. Osborne asked, with a note in her voice that Mrs. Perry, absorbed in the story, did not notice.

"Why, Clarissa started to vanish her sitting-room floor one day. She began at the outside and vanished in to the centre. About four o'clock Agnes Dresser was passing, and heard Clarissa calling, so she went in. There sat Clarissa on a little island in the middle of her floor. Not only had she no way of getting off her island, but—of course, being Clarissa, she had used the stickiest varnish on the market—her skirt had got caught in it, and there she was, stuck down like a fly on fly paper. She had been sitting there almost an hour, afraid to move for fear of getting in a worse muddle still. Agnes had to get a board to lay across the floor and then fairly pry her off. Did you ever hear anything funnier? It was Clarissa Payne all over."

But Mrs. Osborne was not laughing.

"Paula Perry," she said, "I want to ask you something. I know you well enough to—I don't anyone else. Is Clarissa Payne really—not bright?"

"Why, Ruth Osborne, of course she is bright! She has ways of her own; but then, most people have. What in the world do you mean?"

"I mean this. I've been here three weeks, and in the three weeks I've heard that story of Clarissa Payne eleven times. And every time the one who told it has implied that the incident is typical of Clarissa Payne, till now, to save my life, I can't think of her as having common sense. You don't know how I dread meeting her."

"Dread meeting Clarissa! Why, she's the kindest-hearted soul in the village. Just let anyone be in trouble—"

"Why didn't some one say that before?" Mrs. Osborne cried.

"I think," Mrs. Perry spoke gravely now, "you'd better meet Clarissa as soon as you can. I'm ashamed, Ruth Osborne, for all of us. We didn't realize."

"Of course you didn't," Mrs. Osborne agreed quickly.

But she did not meet Miss Payne at once. On the way home she stopped at old Mrs. Webster's. Mrs. Webster presently spoke of Clarissa Payne.

"Oh—"

"You ought to meet Clarissa," she said. "She's

just a born gardener—the kind that can put a stick into the ground anywhere, and make it grow. She's such a hand for all little things—animals and birds and babies!"

"O Mrs. Webster, you're such a comfort!" Mrs. Osborne cried.

BARGAINING WITH A ZULU CHIEFTAIN

A STORY of the cool daring of Gen. Louis Botha, whose name is so intimately associated with dramatic episodes in the history of South Africa, appears in his biography written by Mr. Harold Spender. It happened one winter when young Botha had taken sheep for pasture across the Drakensberg Mountains and down to the warmer coastal lands, which were still in the grip of the Zulus.

One tranquil day a young native rushed into Botha's camp. He breathlessly warned the young Boer to fly and save his life. Mapelo was "out." The most bloodthirsty of all the ruffianly gangs that were then ravaging Zululand was the well-mounted and well-armed gang of Mapelo. Only an hour or two before, said the native, he had cut the throat of a missionary at the old mission station about six miles from Botha's camp; the native himself had just left the body of the unhappy man lying still warm on his own dining-room table.

Botha had little time to make up his mind, but one thing was clear: he could not desert his sheep. Most of them belonged to his brothers. So he began to prepare to face the raider. Looking at his bandoleer, he found to his dismay that he had only one cartridge left. Scarcely had he discovered the fact when a troop of Zulu horsemen appeared about a quarter of a mile away over a rise of ground in extended order and charged toward the wagon, waving their rifles over their heads and shouting like demons possessed.

Louis Botha rose and very deliberately mounted the box seat of his wagon. He laid his rifle in a conspicuous place next him. Then he proceeded, with an outward calm very foreign to his own inner feelings, to light a match and apply it slowly to his pipe.

Throwing away the match and looking up, he found that the native horsemen had drawn rein in a cloud of dust within a few yards of the front of the wagon. They were halted in a semicircle.

A few seconds of dead silence followed, the natives glancing at Botha and Botha eying them with a steady gaze of surprise. Then Mapelo advanced, and said that his men were very hungry and wanted something to eat. Botha gravely demurred at this stormy way of approach, and coolly bargained with the invader of his peace. At last he agreed to give them one sheep on the strict condition that they should withdraw some distance from his camp and not disturb him again. The condition was accepted; and so ended an incident that Botha has always described as one of the most disturbing in his whole life.

THE POLITE PRISONER

THE author of Tales of the Flying Services gives his readers a fine account of the courtesies of war. The story is of a naval aviator and his first prisoner. Owing to his engine's falling, the aviator had landed in Belgium near a wood toward which the Germans were known to be advancing. He set off to one of the British camps for assistance, and soon returned with a mechanic and a guard of marines. When he got back he was told by some Belgians that there were a number of uhlan in the wood; and so he decided to clear it of the enemy, in order to prevent any sniping while he and the mechanic were working over the machine.

With his dozen or so marines he approached the wood and opened fire. Soon afterwards they caught sight of a uhlan officer and one trooper in full retreat. The marines opened fire and hit the two horses. The trooper's horse fell on him and pinned him down, but the officer jumped clear and began to run. The aviator chased him, firing at him with a revolver. The uhlan replied to his fire as he ran.

Finally the uhlan held up his hands and cried, in perfect English, "Don't shoot! I surrender! I'm an officer!"

Whereupon the aviator lowered his revolver and said, "Oh, that's all right! So am I." The German took off his sword and handed it to the aviator, who offered him a cigarette, and the two strolled back to where the horses were lying.

As they went along the German told how fond he was of his horse and how sorry he was that he had been hit instead of himself, and asked the aviator to be good enough to shoot her, as her leg was broken by a bullet. The aviator said he would rather not, and suggested that the German do it himself.

"But I can't," said the uhlan. "I emptied my revolver at you before I surrendered."

"Well, then, you had better use mine," replied the aviator, calmly handing over his only weapon. The German took it, shot the poor little mare and handed the revolver back.

Afterwards the two strolled back to camp together, chatting amicably. As it turned out, the German knew London well and a great many persons there. Later a friend asked the aviator what they talked about, and he said, "Oh, any old thing, just as we are talking now—what was on at the theatres, and so on."

When they reached camp and the German was being duly handed over to the proper authorities, the aviator offered to return the prisoner's sword.

"Thanks awfully," said the German. "But you see I can't do much with it in prison, and it might be lost. I'd much rather you kept it for me and let me have it when the war is over," and he handed him his card. So the two shook hands and parted the best of friends. And the sword is now in care of the aviator's family, awaiting restoration to its rightful owner when the war ceases.

THRIFT BEFORE BUSINESS

LAST spring the spirit of local enterprise hovered over the village long enough to allow an eloquent salesman to talk Mr. Merrill into placing a small soda fountain in his store. The new "fixings" drew so much petty trade during the summer that the grocer was "nearly flabbergasted," as he described it. The problem of keeping a supply of ice cream always on hand without having some left over to melt was a constant torment, and the rashness with which his customers spent nickels and dimes on their stomachs affronted his sense of economy.

One warm evening a party of ten young summer guests from the hotel stormed the store and ordered

college ices. Mr. Merrill set out a row of glasses rather hesitatingly. Peering over his spectacles, he demanded, "Who's goin' to pay the bill?"

"I am!" answered three youths simultaneously.

The grocer waited until this rivalry had been settled. Then he said, "A hull dollar for ice cream! That's more'n any young feller'd ought to pay. I'll tell ye. I hear some city stores give a five-cent dish with the fancy dressin' on. I might concoct a set of them for ye—that'd be only fifty cents."

While astonishment kept the party silent, he proceeded to arrange tiny pats of frozen cream in several glasses. But a babel of protest broke out before he could add the syrup: "Don't you worry, Mr. Merrill!" "Haven't you got enough ice cream?" and so on. But Mr. Merrill refused to serve the full order until one of the girls suggested that all the boys present "chip in" to raise the dollar.

"There, now," he said triumphantly, "that puts another face on the matter!"

THE TREACHEROUS LILY OF THE NILE

ONE of the very unusual flowers of the world is the lily of the Nile, a member of the Araceae family. It is not uncommon in Egypt, however, where it grows rankly in marshes and stagnant water. But not many people living in other parts of the world have seen the flower; even the best botanists tell little or nothing about it.

Merely to handle the peculiar and treacherous plant is to risk poisoning your skin, and to take any part of it internally would be certain death. A skilled and careful botanist who preserved a specimen that grew in a Los Angeles private garden received a severe headache that lasted for a week.

The bulb at the base of the flower, as large as a croquet ball, is a bowl of rank poison. The food of the plant is not drawn from the water and dank earth in which it roots so much as it is from the insect life lured into its magnificent "parlor" and eaten alive! It is said that the plant actually assimilates mice.

Fortunately, it blooms only once a year. And do not imagine that it is a snow-white lily of purity



THIS LILY OF THE NILE IS TWENTY-EIGHT INCHES HIGH

rising from the black soil. Instead, it has an immense, gorgeously purple enveloping leaf; or spathe, that surrounds a tall club-like spadix as thick as a woman's wrist. The shape of the whole is like that of the little jack-in-the-pulpit that we marveled over in our first nature-study days. The big leaf spreads and crinkles like a wonderful shell of royal purple velvet and shades to red down in the heart of the bloom; and the rigid, upright "club" in the centre is as smooth, as spotted and as repulsive as a snake. Snake-like, too, it sheds its skin when the blooming is over.

But the worst thing about this treacherous lily, aside from its poisonousness, is the horrible odor that rises from it during the first few days of its opening, while it is shaking out a fine black powder—its own satchet, as it were. It is the odor of decayed meat—the lure that doubtless attracts the carrion-feeding insects.

MR. PEASLEE'S PECULIAR BOARDER

"EVER since my wife and I began to keep summer boarders," remarked Caleb Peaslee, "we've tried to give 'em what they wanted, if 'twas anything you could call within the bounds of reason."

Mr. Hyne caressed his chin with the back of his hand and looked at Caleb keenly.

"What you tryin' to get at?" he asked; and then, without waiting to learn, "What kind of a critter is that oldish man that I've noticed round your place lately?" he demanded.

"That's the critter I had in mind when I begun to tell you," Mr. Peaslee replied, "and in some ways he's about the most cur'us boarder we've ever took. We've tried hard to satisfy him, and fr'm what he told us this mornin' I guess we've made out."

"When he fust come," Caleb went on, "he told us that he'd ben born in the country and lived there till he was fifteen year old, and then his folks moved to the city and he'd lived there ever since. He'd never had a chance to get back to the country for's much as a week till this summer, and he wanted to have things as near the way they was when he was a boy as we could make 'em."

"The fust night," Caleb continued, "we put him in a big room in the front part of the main house, with four winders and a good spring bed. Come morning, he didn't c'mplain exactly, but give more or less p'ticulars 'bout the room he used to sleep in when he was a boy; so after breakfast I sot myself to the task of findin' out, if I could, jest what he did want, and when I fin'ly got it through my head I couldn't b'lieve it for a spell, nor my wife, either. What he really wanted, 'cordin' to him, was an open room in the attic, where he could sleep on a hunk bed."

"That was yest'day, and last night he went to sleep up in the attic. You know what a brillin' hot day it was yest'day? Well, I mistrust that attic must have ben a good deal like an oven, and the only way to get any comfort at all would be to open the winders, and they ain't screened. I had an idea that he'd find the mosquitoes full's thick as he'd care 'bout havin' 'em, but I wain't p'pared for anything like his looks when he come downstairs this mornin'. His eyes looked 'sif they was swelled 'bout shut and his hands and neck—well, they was a sight. He had better

grit than I'd ever had to stay there an hour, let alone all night."

"And further'n that," said Caleb, "he stood there in the doorway this mornin', tryin' to grin, and owned up to his mistake in a way that I'd call handsome!"

"For a number of years," he says, "I've ben lookin' for'ard to the time when I could get back to things as I had 'em when I was a boy," she, "and last night I did—good and plenty. I guess," he says, "that I'm like a good many others—I didn't remember the discomforts of boyhood as well as I did the pleasures, but last night brought 'em back to me plain!"

"That hunk bed," he says, kind of hunchin' up his shoulders, "was jest as hard and jest as full of lumps as the one I used to have, and the room was full as hot—I ain't sure but it was a mite hotter," s'he, grinnin' kind of sheepish. "But," he says, "I've got to give up that even when I was a boy I never saw any such mosquitoes. They prob'ly wain't anywhere near as big as doves nor as savage as wolves," he says, "but it seemed to me they was—and wuss'n that!"

"Now," s'he, "I want you both to understand that I ain't complainin' at all. I'm jest satisfied that I've had things as I've ben wantin' to have 'em for a number of years. And now," he says to my wife, sudden-like, "how 'bout that witch-hazel? Ain't that good for insect bites?"

"And that's the way I left him," Caleb concluded, "docterin' up his bites and listenin' to my wife sympathizin' while she told him how comfortable she was goin' to make him in the front room from now on."

HER HONEYMOON FISH

THE bride was a bonnie Highland lassie, born and bred among heather-clad mountains and she was a first-rate angler. The bridegroom was a city man who had found his "sport" and excitement in life on the stock exchange. He had no knowledge of angling beyond a dim idea that anglers sat or reclined on the banks of gently flowing streams with a plentiful supply of provisions beside them the while they patiently waited for a gayly painted float to signal a bite.

Now, says Field, it is usual for a prospective bride to choose where the honeymoon shall be spent, and this bride selected an angling tour to one of her beloved Highland rivers. Arrived on the scene, the bridegroom, having seen his bride fairly started, ensconced himself in the shelter of an overhanging "brae." Beside him he deposited the lunch basket, gaff and landing net, and then, the weather being "saft," hoisted his umbrella. Having made himself quite comfortable, he drew a newspaper from his pocket and was soon deeply absorbed in the latest financial news.

Anon he was roused from his studies by piercing shrieks. His wife must be drowning, he thought; so, leaving all else behind save the umbrella he held, he tore down the riverside in the direction of the sounds. Some two hundred yards off he found his bride—but far from drowning. She stood knee-deep in the river with bending rod, holding a beautiful five-pound grilse, which now, exhausted with its struggles, lay broadside on the surface of the water.

"Give me the gaff—quick!" she cried.

"But, my dear, I didn't bring it."

"Then the landing net."

"I haven't got that. I thought you had tumbled in and were drowning."

"Oh, you stupid! Then scoop the fish out with that silly umbrella."

To do this, it was necessary to descend six feet of precipitous bank and then to wade; but the Londoner was equal to the occasion, and, although an umbrella full of water with a floundering fish in it as well as by no means easy to carry, he successfully bore it to the top of the bank.

"Am I forgiven now?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, dear, quite!"

But just at that moment the umbrella tipped outward, with the result that the angler received a good bucket of water full on her upturned, smiling face, and was completely drenched from head to foot!

A USEFUL TREE

IN a report for the government, United States Consul Yerby, stationed at Dakar, Senegal, describes a wonderful tree, known as the shea, or butter tree. It supplies the natives not only with nuts, which they highly prize, but with a butter that may become an article of commercial importance. It is already exported to Europe, where makers of artificial butter find use for it.

On the nuts that this tree produces there is a soft covering of pulp, which in turn is covered with a smooth skin that comes off easily when the nut ripens. This pulp is sweet and wholesome. Almost two thirds of the nut is vegetable butter. The tree begins to bear when it is fifteen years old and reaches its prime in twenty-five years. Chocolate manufacturers could easily utilize the product. It might also be of use in making candies and soap.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

LITTLE Doris is very polite. The other day she offered her aunt a share of her candy.

"Will you have a sugared almond, Aunt Mary?" she asked sweetly, at the same time tendering the paper bag.

"Thank you, I will," replied her aunt. And as she was particular what she ate, she selected a white one.

"Auntie," said little Doris, "do you know the difference between the pink and the white almonds?"

"No, dear," said auntie with a kindly smile.

"Well, I'll tell you," explained Doris. "They were all pink once, and I sucked all the pink off the white ones. Didn't I do it nicely?"

REAL OPTIMISM

THE following amusing anecdote of former Speaker Cannon's early days appears in Everybody's Magazine: One of my friends, he said, was a struggling physician. Neither fame nor fortune had come to either of us, but we were always hopeful. The hard life told on my friend, however, for he became quite bald while he was still young.

One day I greeted him with a beaming countenance and exclaimed:

"What do you think, Henry? I have just bought an office safe!"

"Then, Joe," said he, with the utmost gravity, "I think I shall buy a hairbrush."



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE RIME OF THE MERRY HEART

By Harlow Wilson

Oh, many have sought but few have found
The treasures of Capt. Kidd,
For a part was buried in the ground,
And a part by the sea is hid.

But the best of all in the pirate's store
Lies hidden, I'll tell you where,
So that when you have read this carefully
You can seek and find it there.

You must follow the coast of Cheerful
Bright
From the first Glad Rock you see;
Then turn to your left—or else to your
right—
Till you come to the Ha-Ha Tree;

Then climb to the Tiptop Laugh, or more,
And cling to the Broadest Grin;
And straight behind you—or else before—
You will see a Chuckle's Fin.

And then beyond the Ha-Ha Tree
You must a journey make,
Until the smiles you smile are three
And the Chuckle's Fin is awake.

Then raise the Fin with fingers three
And toss it into the air,
And where it falls on land or sea
You will find the treasure there;

A treasure rarer than Spanish gold,
And from it you must not part;
Some call it "Fortune," and others "Luck,"
But I call it the "Merry Heart."



A VISIT TO THE SAP ORCHARD

By John Clair Minot

THE sap orchard was a mile from the house—beyond the field and the pasture, and on the other side of the big hill. But what was a mile to Jack and Edna? They had their sleds, the crust was firm, and the March morning was bright. It was Saturday morning, and all the week they had looked ahead to a whole day in the sap orchard, where Uncle Hartley was making maple syrup and maple sugar.

They had planned to get an early start with Uncle Hartley, but he had been gone an hour when they woke up. Aunt Emily filled the lunch boxes, saw that they had scarfs and mittens, and gave them a final pat as they took their sleds and started off.

"Don't get lost!" she called after them. "And be sure to get home before dark!"

"All right!" they shouted back. "Don't worry about us!"

They ran over the crackling crust to the brow of the hill beyond the barn and then leaped on their sleds and fairly flew down the long slope. So it was all the way across the field and the pasture—running and sliding over the smooth, hard surface of the snow. There were a few bare spots on the hills, but in the valleys the snow was still over the tops of the fences. At last they reached the big hill and coasted down the slope toward the woods where the sugarhouse was. They saw the smoke curling above the trees, and knew that Uncle Hartley was busy not far away.

DRAWN BY EDNA S. JONES



A FEW SWEET DROPS TRICKLED FROM THE SPOUTS TO THEIR TONGUES

On the edge of the woods they found the first big maple that had been tapped. It was still so early in the day that the sap had barely begun to drip into the buckets; but they held their mouths under the spouts and felt a few sweet drops trickle to their tongues.

"Isn't it sweet!" cried Edna. "And how wonderful that the spring makes the sap climb from the roots to the trunk and the branches!"

"And there is enough to spare for maple sugar," said Jack. "I think that is the best part of it. Come, let's hurry on to the camp!"

Before they reached the sap house they heard a cheery voice call out:

"Well, well, pretty late for sap-orchard workers to get round, but I've saved a job for you!"

It was Uncle Hartley. He was hauling a sled piled high with buckets to put under trees newly tapped. Of course Jack and Edna rushed eagerly to help him, and by noon he said that he knew they had saved him a thousand steps—or maybe it was a million; anyway, it was enough to give them a right to be very hungry. And how hungry they were when at last they opened their lunch boxes in the little sap

LITTLE BEAR AND THE WOODCHUCK BABIES

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

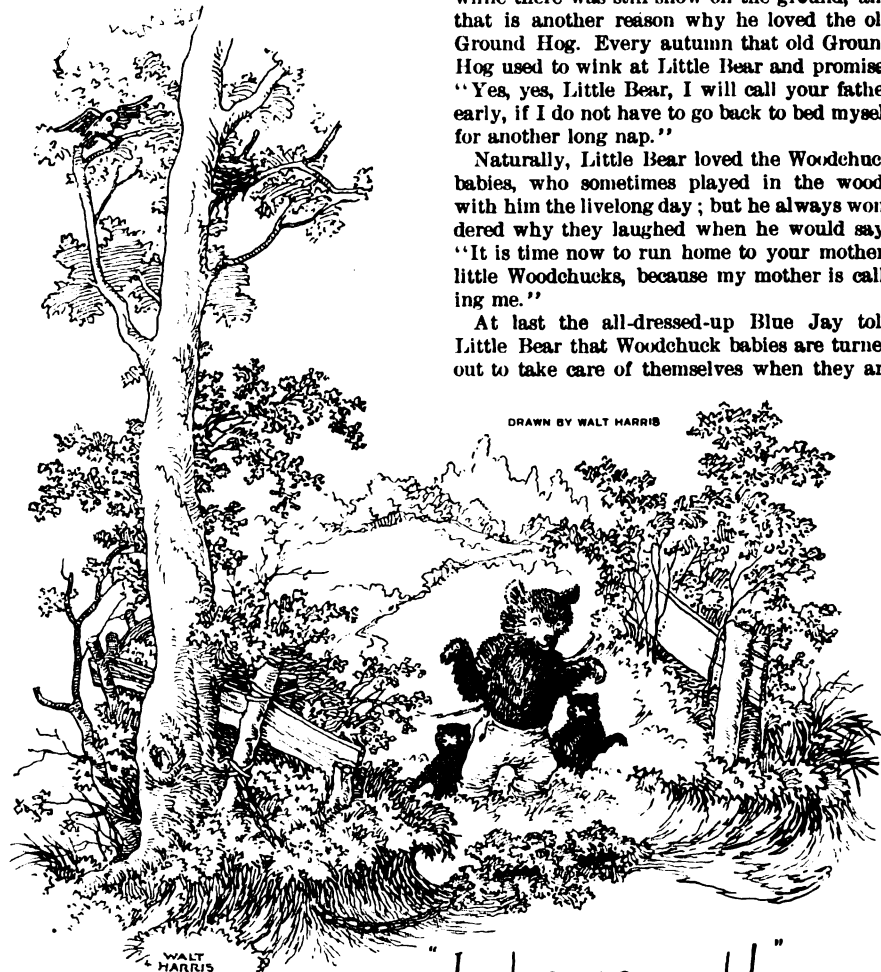
LITTLE BEAR loved the old Ground Hog, whose other name is Woodchuck. The reason why he loved him was because every year, on February 2, Mr. Ground Hog used to wake from his long winter's sleep and

go out for a walk. If he saw his shadow, back to bed he went, to sleep six weeks more; but if he did not see his shadow, he traveled joyfully about to tell the world that spring had come.

Little Bear liked to get up early in the year, while there was still snow on the ground, and that is another reason why he loved the old Ground Hog. Every autumn that old Ground Hog used to wink at Little Bear and promise, "Yes, yes, Little Bear, I will call your father early, if I do not have to go back to bed myself for another long nap."

Naturally, Little Bear loved the Woodchuck babies, who sometimes played in the woods with him the livelong day; but he always wondered why they laughed when he would say, "It is time now to run home to your mother, little Woodchucks, because my mother is calling me."

At last the all-dressed-up Blue Jay told Little Bear that Woodchuck babies are turned out to take care of themselves when they are



DRAWN BY WALT HARRIS

Just a moment!

house, with overturned buckets for seats and table! They were close beside the big fire, where the great pan of sap was bubbling away, and they declared that never before had they eaten in a dining room where the air smelled so good.

During the forenoon the clear, blue skies had turned to dull gray; and once, when they were

laughing, as he piled more wood on the fire. "The storm cannot last long, and we're snug as a bug in a rug."

But somehow Jack and Edna could hardly feel so cheerful over it. Who could know how long such a wild storm might last? And who wanted to be like a bug in a rug, anyway? Coasting on the crust and playing in the sap orchard had been great sport, but it gave them a queer feeling to be shut in a dim little camp, with a great storm roaring through the forest.

"How can we ever get home?" Edna ventured to ask at last.

"Don't worry," said Uncle Hartley. "We shall get home all right, and we're lucky to have such a tight little shelter in the meantime. Even if we have to stay all night, we have enough to eat and we can keep warm. Aunt Emily will know we are safe here; and she can get out through the shed to the barn to feed the stock."

"I think it would be a fine adventure to stay all night," said Jack bravely; but as he spoke the wind howled louder than ever and the force of the storm shook the little sap house until he wondered if it would not be pleasanter to read about such an adventure than to go through it.

The afternoon wore slowly away, but the storm did not slacken. Then it grew so dark outside that the one little window let in no light at all; but there was oil enough in the lantern, the fire roared up the chimney, and they made themselves as comfortable as they could, while Uncle Hartley told stories of his adventures when he was a boy. And what big pieces of maple sugar Jack and Edna ate as they listened!

Suddenly Uncle Hartley stopped in the middle of a story. "The wind has gone down," he said. "I guess the worst of it is over."

When he swung wide the door a great pile of snow tumbled in, but the children shouted when they saw that it was no longer snowing and that the moon was showing its face between the dark clouds that were scudding across the sky.

"Now for home!" cried Uncle Hartley. "No danger now of getting lost in the storm, but it is going to be slow traveling. Leave the sleds here. You climb up on my back, Edna; and you, Jack, follow behind in the tracks that I make."

So they started out. It was indeed slow traveling and they had to stop many times to rest. The newly fallen snow was not damp and heavy, but everywhere it was knee-deep or more; and in places, after they left the woods behind, it was drifted so badly that Uncle

only a few weeks old. Little Bear was feeling distressed over that news, when Father Ground Hog himself came along and explained that it is a custom in the Woodchuck family, and that no harm comes to the little ones if they obey their parents and stay in the woods; but that if they visit farmers' gardens and eat the farmers' beans and peas, they run the risk of being shot or taken in traps or killed by dogs.

"So long as our children stay in the woods or the meadows, and eat grass and clover, they are safe and happy," he said to Little Bear. "You never saw a little Woodchuck crying!"

Little Bear laughed when he remembered that he never had seen a baby Woodchuck crying.

"I'll take care of the Woodchuck babies," he promised their father, "if you will tell me what traps are like, so I can look for them."

"Very well," said Father Woodchuck, "I will tell you how a steel trap works. It lies on the ground like an open book, only it is hidden by grass and leaves. In the middle of the trap is a little platform or pan, and on that pan is placed something good to eat. When the little Woodchuck sees the good thing to eat, he tries to get it, and in doing it he either steps on the pan or presses it down with his nose. That makes the spring shut quickly, and there the little fellow is caught in the trap. He cannot get away by dragging the trap, because it is fastened to a log or a stump by a chain."

The old Woodchuck then walked away slowly; he was laughing to himself, because he did not believe that there was a steel trap in all that ancient wood.

After Little Bear had told his father and mother about his talk with their old friend, he inquired, "What shall I do if I find a trap?"

Father Bear did not suppose that Little Bear would ever find a trap in the forest; so he laughed and said, "Take a long stick, Little Bear, and let the stick step on the pan and get caught. Then the trap cannot catch anything else for a while."

"I will do it," promised Little Bear, "and I will look and look and look for traps, so that the baby Woodchucks will be safe."

"If you ever should find a trap," cautioned Mother Bear, "be careful to stand away from it when you poke the stick on the pan. Do it this way." And Mother Bear, with a broom, did her best to show Little Bear how to spring a trap.

She looked so funny, leaning over, thumping the floor with a broom, that Little Bear forgot to feel sorry for the young Woodchucks. Father Bear laughed, too, and when he laughed of course Mother Bear laughed, and straightway the three had a jolly dance.

The next time Little Bear took the baby Woodchucks to play in his playground, he looked and looked and looked for a trap, because he wished to protect the baby Woodchucks, and sure enough, he found one. That is, he saw a most tempting bit of honeycomb, dripping with honey, lying in the grass. For a second he thought of nothing except the honey, and was about to help himself, when he thought of the baby Woodchucks. What if there should be a trap under it to catch them! So he cried out, "Just a moment!" and held back the baby Woodchucks.

Sure enough, when he poked away the leaves and grass, there was the trap, and there was the chain fastened to a stump! And it was such a big trap that Little Bear did not dare to spring it with a stick; so home he ran for his father and mother to come and show him how it worked.

When Father Bear saw the trap, he looked steadily into the bushes for a moment, and then, before Little Bear had time to wink, away Father Bear went, crashing after something! The next thing Little Bear knew, four big boys were running like deer through the woods, away and away!

When Father Bear came back, out of breath and laughing, he pressed the end of his cane on the spring, and—*clang!* went the trap.

"Little Bear," said Father Bear solemnly, "it is a good thing for you and for us all that you took such good care of the little Woodchucks, because that is a bear trap, and those boys were trying to catch you. But I frightened them so much that they will never venture into your playground again."

Sure enough, they never did. As for the baby Woodchucks, they thanked Little Bear when he taught them how to look out for traps themselves; and then they lived happily for a long time afterwards.

Hartley had to set Edna down and make a way through it as best he could, and then come back for her.

At last they were in the field, and how good it seemed to see the light of the house ahead! When they finally reached the door, Aunt Emily had a warm welcome for them. She first hugged Uncle Hartley, and then she hugged Jack and Edna again and again.

"We didn't mean to break our promise about getting home," said Edna. And all Jack could say was, "My, how much longer that mile was this evening than it was in the morning!"

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The GIRLS' PAGE for MARCH

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

MAKING AND APPLYING DESIGN

II. A Stencil Design for Window Curtains

IN selecting the material for the window curtains that you intend to decorate you must consider the purposes of the curtains and the demands of the medium in which you intend to carry out your design. Presumably you want the curtains to admit as much light as possible; therefore you will not use a heavy material. A soft, fine scrim—the cheaper scrim is too stiff and wiry—satisfies the requirement of admitting light, and also adapts itself admirably to stencil decoration. Other suitable and inexpensive materials are cotton crape, net, and even cheesecloth.

In order to have as much light as possible in the room, use two curtains and let them hang from the top of the window to the sill. Stitch rings to them that you can slip on a rod; then you can have the curtains at the sides of the window, where they will keep out no light, or you can draw them together if you wish.

The daffodil is an admirable motif for a design for window curtains in a girl's room. When you have analyzed the flower as the preceding article, printed in February, suggested, you will notice that its most striking characteristics are its suppleness, its grace of contour and its freshness of color. You must strive, therefore, to suggest those characteristics in your design.

The design for window curtains shown on this page is intended as an example, not necessarily to be copied, but to lead you to create your own design by following the suggestions given in February.

The design here given was carried out in green and yellow on ecru scrim. The curtains themselves were made with a hem four inches deep at the bottom and two and one half inches deep at the top and the sides, and were double hemstitched—with four or more threads drawn—at the bottom and along both sides. The wider border, eight inches high, was put at the bottom of the curtain because it suggests greater weight. Since the entire curtain could be seen from every part of the room, some decoration seemed necessary at the top to correlate the design below and to repeat the two tones. Hence the border five inches high was placed five inches from the top of the curtain.

After allowing for the hems, the space to be filled by each border was twenty-eight and one quarter inches wide. Accordingly, the unit of each was made seven inches wide and was repeated four times.

If you use a fabric of neutral color for material the colors in the design must also be neutral. In the curtains for which this design was planned the green was made grayer than in the real leaf and the yellow less vivid than in the real flower. That is generally a safe rule to follow in rendering a conventional design, for the natural colors, however charming they may be in their normal surroundings, assert themselves a little too emphatically when used in a design.

You will notice in the two borders that illustrate this article a good example of how the character of your design should determine the degree of conventionality with which you must render it. The lower border, suggesting the edging of a flower bed, is more naturalistic than the upper border. In the lower one the flower stands erect and the leaves waver. In the upper border such a suggestion of an upward growth would be undesirable, for the space above it is cut short and so limits ascent. Therefore in the upper border there is no attempt to give the suggestion of growth, and although the same elements are used, they are combined more conventionally; the flower is detached from the stem and the leaves form a running interlacement.

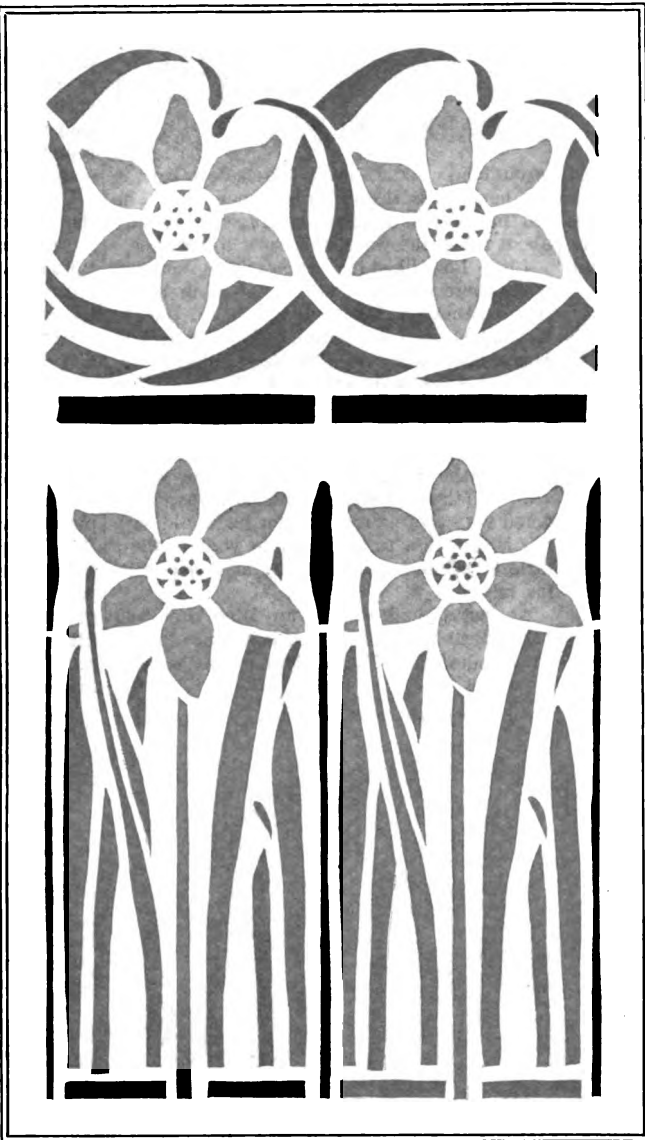
When you have made the design that you wish to use on the curtain you are ready to prepare your stencil. Pin a strip of stencil paper flat on your worktable and lay a sheet of carbon paper face down upon it; then fasten your unit with thumb tacks over the carbon paper, and trace heavily round the outline of the design with a sharp lead pencil or a stiletto. When you have lifted the pattern and the carbon paper from the stencil paper you can cut out the design with a sharp penknife. In cutting, keep the blade of the knife perpendicular, and take care not to haggle or tear the edges.

It is well to repeat the unit at least two and a half times on the stencil, for you will need the half unit as a "key" when you move the stencil forward. The "key" fits over the figure last painted on the fabric.

Artists' oil paint mixed to a creamy consistency with benzine is the best medium to use on wash fabrics; but a dye that comes in large tubes like those in which oil paint comes is best for airy materials that do not have to be laundered. To keep the dye in good condition when not in use, put it away in preserve jars with screw tops. The oil paint you can mix in jelly glasses with tight lids. By pouring a little turpentine over it from time to time you can keep it in the proper state of softness.

Chrome green and chrome yellow are good foundation colors for this kind of work, and they are not expensive. If a color is too bright and you wish to "gray" it, that is, to make it a little duller, add a touch of lampblack. To lighten a color, add flake white.

Curtains that have been stenciled in oil paint and benzine should be laundered in lukewarm suds made from pure soap. Wash them quickly



and do not let them stand long in the tub. Fabrics that have been stenciled in dye should be dry-cleaned.

STRAWBERRIES IN CLAY SOIL

[The second in The Companion series Earning Money at Home]

A GIRL twelve years old who lived on a small farm in the Middle West earned her first dollar by picking ten gallons of blackberries for a traveling huckster. It was hard, hot work, and required three trips into the blazing fields; but the dollar, when it was finally in her hand, looked as big as a wagon wheel. After thinking the matter over, she came to the conclusion that there must be some easier way to turn berries into money—and after a while she found it.

The near-by farmers were making "big money" raising strawberries, but in the clay soil of her home farm early strawberries would hardly grow at all. By questioning her neighbors and studying seed catalogues, she discovered that there is a large, late variety called the Gandy that will grow in clay, especially if the Sharpless, a strong berry of poor flavor, is planted with it for fertilization.

The next step was to find a place for her experiment. The farm was rented out, and only little, undesirable corners—the largest of them not more than half an acre—were at her disposal. But she took what she could get and went to work.

She hired a man to do the ploughing, but all the rest of the work she did herself. Early in the spring she set out her plants, three rows of the Gandy variety to one of the Sharpless, with the rows four feet apart and the plants eighteen inches apart. All the spring and the summer she hoed those rows, although it would be a full year before she could harvest one ripe berry. At least once a week she went over the vines to train the runners back into line, where they would root themselves in to make more plants.

After the first good freeze she covered the ground with a thick mulch of straw. She then had nothing to do until the February thaw, when she spread a commercial fertilizer over the sprouting plants. Later she had the spaces between the rows ploughed out and began the regular fortnightly hoeing.

While the early strawberry growers were rushing their crops to market and reaping their profits, she kept patiently at work. As fast as a grower got through she bargained for his left-over crates and boxes, and when the first berries turned on her rows she was ready. Her crop was not heavy, but each berry was so large that packing was easy. Moreover, the berries were of so fine a flavor that they sold readily at high prices on the now empty market. After paying all expenses, she made between sixty and seventy-five dollars on each half-acre patch. It seemed a fortune to her, and she was elated at the thought that next year the patches would produce a much larger crop.

She decided to can a part of the next year's



THEY SOLD READILY ON THE NOW EMPTY MARKET

white hats, you can blacken with the preparations sold for that purpose by druggists and department stores. Stains can also be had in various colors.

After you have cleansed or recolored the hat, dry it thoroughly; and if it is of chip, Milan or any other smooth straw, press it. Cover the brim with a wet cloth, and continue the pressing with a small iron until the hat is dry. If the brim is rounded, you can keep it in shape by pressing the hat over an inverted pan; the crown can be pressed over a bowl or a mould of hard-packed newspapers.

Black felts and beavers should be thoroughly brushed with the nap, rubbed with a cloth dipped into ammonia water and then steamed. White or gray felts can be cleansed by brushing and sprinkling them with powdered pipe clay or French chalk, which should be left on for some time before it is shaken off. The process should be repeated until the hat is clean. Another method is to rub the hat well with corn meal or stale bread.

Should the shape of the hat be undesirable, you can change it within certain limits. If the hat is of sewed braid, you can rip it apart, cleanse the braid, and sew it to a new wire frame, which should first be covered with milliners' mull or soft crinoline, and bound about the edge with velvet or braid. Tam-o'-shanter crowns of leghorn or Panama can sometimes be turned wrong side out, pressed and redraped.

If the crown of the hat is too low, remove it and sew a band of buckram round the lower edge of the crown. That will raise it to the desired height. Replace the crown on the brim and conceal the buckram with trimming. You can give a suggestion of height to a low crown by covering it with flowers, or widen a narrow crown by arranging the trimming judiciously. It is still easier to make alterations in the brim. To freshen ribbon, first brush it with a piece of old velvet, then lay it right side up on a slab of marble or other smooth surface, soak it thoroughly with water, and rub it with the hand or a wet cloth until all the creases are removed. Let the ribbon stay on the marble until it is perfectly dry, and then peel it off.

You can cleanse velvet, even if it is much soiled, by putting it in a gasoline bath—at a safe distance from any fire or artificial light—and brushing it with another piece of velvet.

After it has been well dried in the open air, steam it to raise the nap. To do that successfully, turn a large, hot iron upside down in a vessel that will hold it flat; then place a thick, very wet cloth over the iron, hold the wrong side of the velvet toward the iron and draw it carefully across the steaming cloth, at the same time brushing the nap with a soft brush in order to take out the creases.

Another way is to dampen the back of the velvet, fasten it on a frame, or have some one hold it for you, and rub an iron over the wrong side. This will cause the steam to pass through the velvet and raise the nap. The effect of mirror velvet can be obtained by dampening the velvet on the back and pressing it on the right side with a moderately hot iron in the direction of the nap.

Artificial flowers that have become faded and soiled can be renovated by trimming the ragged edges of the petals and touching them up with water colors or oil paints mixed with gasoline. The gasoline cleanses, and at the same time serves as a thinning medium for the paint. New, inexpensive flowers, well shaped but not of choice coloring, can also be treated in that way. The petals of the flowers should be reshaped before they are tinted. That can be done by heating the round end

output. In order to get help for that extra work, she took in sewing during the winter. Most of the girls in her neighborhood knew more about housework than about needlework; so she made their dresses and "charged up" her labors, which they were to pay back in canning and other help during the spring, when she herself should be busy looking after the berry patches. In that way she got a start that enabled her, in a surprisingly short time, to build up a successful business.

MAKING OVER HATS

TO girls of limited income, making over hats offers many chances to practice economy. Surprisingly good results in remodeling last season's hat to conform to the prevailing style can often be attained by exercising a little patience and care.

All materials that need renovating should be ripped and carefully brushed, and the threads should be removed. Straw braids can be freshened by brushing them with a piece of velvet or a soft brush dipped in alcohol, and afterwards steaming them over the mouth of a boiling teakettle or over a hot iron on which a wet cloth has been laid. Braids that are made of a composition of silk and glue to represent straw will not stand being steamed, but you can treat them with alcohol.

You can freshen black chip hats by rubbing them with sweet oil or olive oil. Brush horsehair braids with alcohol and then steam them. White straw or chip hats you can restore by rubbing them with soap and water. If the hat is slightly sunburned, bleach it with lemon juice and salt, or oxalic acid and water,—a teaspoonful of the acid to a half pint of cold water,—and then rinse it several times in clear cold water.

Wash leghorn hats with soap and water, and bleach them by rubbing a paste of sulphur and water over them; when they are thoroughly dry, brush off the sulphur. Black hats that have become rusty, and much-discolored

of a hammer and pressing the petals with it over a soft pincushion.

THE WINDOWPANE BIRD HOUSE

THE windowpane nest box is a bird house with the back left open. You fasten it against the windowpane, where you can see the infinite patience and nicety with which the two birds build the nest cup, fibre by fibre, and all the tireless and amazing industry with which they go about the raising of their young.

Of course the more like a real bird home it looks, the better it will suit the birds. For thousands of years bluebirds, wrens and chickadees, tree swallows and woodpeckers have been making and hunting for holes in trees. No wonder they do not know what to make of houses modeled after human houses. Birds are also particular about the size of the houses. They usually like a snug fit. The table below is the result of experiments with some of the more common birds to discover what sizes of entrance holes, what sizes of cavities and what heights from the ground are most satisfactory:

Bird	Cavity	Entrance	Elevation
Bluebird	6 x 4 in.	1 1/2 in.	8-15 feet
Chickadee	10 x 4 in.	1 1/4 in.	10-25 feet
Swallow	6 x 5 in.	1 1/2 in.	8-20 feet
Wren	7 x 5 in.	1 1/4 in.	6-8 feet
Flicker	6 x 4 1/2 in.	3 in.	4-30 feet
Robin	8 x 6 in.(sq.)	Open	4-40 feet

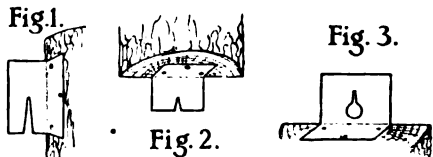
In addition to the birds mentioned in the table the following are known to nest in bird houses:

wood duck, crested flycatcher, purple martin, starling, tufted titmouse, red-headed woodpecker, house finch, sparrow hawk and screech owl. The provision for robins indicated in the table is somewhat problematical—a guess at something that is likely to work very well. They are being driven out of the trees by the omnipresent cat, and are crowding into corners of window ledges, gutter troughs, and all sorts of crannies protected by the unclimbable walls of buildings to secure safe places for their nests. Because birds object to nesting too close to other birds, you must not expect to have two nests on the same side of the house tenanted at the same time. Choose a window where the light is good for photographing, and fasten the bird house on the upper sash, at either the lower or the upper corner, so that you can still open the window.



THE BIRD HOUSE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

The illustrations show the best type of house. The materials are box boards for the frame and bark from the woodpile or post pile for the covering. Of course you must smooth the back so that it will fit nicely against the windowpane. The only need for special directions is in the matter of the hangers that hold the house in place. They are



merely bits of tin bent to a right angle near the middle. One flap is meant to be tacked to the bird house; the other has a narrow slit cut in the lower edge to fit over a brass-headed tack in the window frame. The piece for the side of the house (Fig. 1) should have a notch an inch deep, the piece for the bottom (Fig. 2) a notch only half as deep. When you have attached the two flaps, hold the house in the window and mark with the point of a sharp pencil where the tops of the notches come. Drive two brass-headed tacks at these points, not quite to the heads, and then slide the notches down under the tack heads.

If you wish to hang the house in the top corner of the sash, punch a hole in the hanger large enough for the tack head to slip through, and cut the notch upward from this. (Fig. 3.) A wire loop will serve equally well as a hanger.

Since birds usually build their nests in dark cavities, the more timid pairs may object to a transparent back door. If they show fright or annoyance, pin a piece of cardboard on the inside of the pane. When they grow tame you can take this away to make observations or photographs. As soon as the brood have flown, burn the old nest and scald or bake the house, or treat it with gasoline. If you do a thorough job of housecleaning, the birds may build a second nest in it during the same season.

BULBS TO PLANT IN THE SPRING

MANY amateur gardeners, when they have planted gladioli, caladiums and tuberose, suppose that they have exhausted the list of good bulbs that can properly go into the ground in the spring. But there are several other flowers that are just as easy to grow—such flowers as the dainty montbretias, the gaudy shell flowers and the milk-white Mexican star of Bethlehem.

It is a pity that more people are not acquainted with montbretias, for they are among the most satisfactory of all August and September flowers. The bulbs cost only a few cents each. Plant them early in May and set them in clumps three inches deep or less, according to the size, and four or five inches apart. The flowers are like miniature gladioli, but instead of sending up a single spike each bulb yields a long succession of flowers, all varieties of which last well when cut. Montbretias are not so showy as gladioli, but they are exceptionally cheerful and friendly. In the most northern states it is best to take up the bulbs in the fall and store them in sand, but farther south they will live through the winter if you cover them lightly with leaves.

The shell flower, or tigridia, as it is called in the



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CONTINUING THE GIRLS' PAGE FOR MARCH

catalogues, presents a sharp contrast to the montebretias. It is rather bizarre in appearance, and is useless for cutting; but it is gorgeously handsome—large, and curiously formed, and shows brilliant shades of scarlet, yellow and blue. Each flower lasts for but a day. About four o'clock in the afternoon it collapses; but another is already crowding up to take its place, and so they continue in a long, glorious procession. The bulbs like rich, sandy soil and full exposure to the sun. You must take them up in the fall, and store them in a cool, dry place.

Milla biflora is the catalogue name for the Mexican star of Bethlehem. You may plant the bulbs in May, but it is much better to start them in pots indoors, with their noses just under the surface of the soil. The waxy-white flowers appear before the end of July, and have a curious, frost-like sparkle and a delicious fragrance. They are interesting, too, from the fact that three of the six petals are quite different in form from the other three. From five to ten stalks will come up from one bulb, and if you cut the flowers in the bud they will open in the house and fill the rooms with delicate perfume. Although the *Milla biflora* is not a showy flower, it blooms with certainty and has the further advantage of being inexpensive. You can buy the bulbs for fifty cents a dozen. In the fall you must take the bulbs up and store them.



THE SHELL
FLOWER, OR
TIGRIDIA

Of the little-known spring bulbs, those three may be considered on the whole as the most desirable; but several others are worthy of a place in any garden. The summer hyacinth, *Hyacinthus candicans*, for example, is a luxuriant, free-growing plant that throws up stout, four-foot spikes from which dangle twenty or thirty white bell-like flowers. It is a showy plant for borders, but the bulbs must be stored in winter. In buying new bulbs,—which usually cost five cents apiece,—it is well to avoid those of the so-called jumbo size, for they are likely to decay in the centre after you plant them.

Probably tuberous-rooted begonias are more often grown than most of the bulbous plants named here; but amateur gardeners have never fully appreciated their real value, perhaps because they have the reputation of being rather hard to handle. Yet you can grow them easily enough if you start the tubers in the kitchen in March. Set them singly in pots or in shallow boxes two inches apart. If the only soil available is heavy, mix sand with it. Take care to get the tuber into the soil right side up; you can usually recognize the crown, or top, because it is slightly depressed. Half an inch of soil over the crown is sufficient, and only a little water is needed until growth starts. The first of June is early enough to set the tuberous-rooted begonias in the ground. By that time the beautiful, velvet-like blossoms will have begun to appear. A strong recommendation for these plants is the fact that they are seldom attacked by insects or blight.

The flower is especially desirable for the reason that it thrives best in partly shaded situations that most plants dislike. Almost every garden has corners where it can be used to advantage. It needs an abundance of moisture all the season, and since the bulbs are very tender, you must dig them before the first hard frost. Dry them slowly and store them in sand or chaff for the winter. Take care to select for their cold-weather quarters a dry place of moderate temperature.

There are two lilies that you can plant in the spring—the speciosum lily and the auratum, which is the gold-banded lily of Japan. As they are hardy, you can put them into the ground early and leave them through the winter. Two of the callas also grow well in the garden in summer, and are charming among the shrubbery. One is the spotted-leaf calla, the green leaves of which are covered with white blotches. It bears white flowers with black centres. The other is Elliott's lily, *Richardia Elliottiana*, which has beautiful yellow flowers of the true calla type. You can treat the summer-flowering callas exactly as you do gladioli, and can store them as easily as you store potatoes.

Most garden makers are familiar with gladioli, but many of them make the mistake of planting them all at one time instead of extending the time of planting until the first of July. Put the largest bulbs five inches underground, the smallest, three inches. It is well to remember that they will flourish best in a sandy loam soil. When cutting the flowers use a sharp knife, and let two leaves remain for the proper ripening of the bulb. In the fall, when frost cuts down the tops, dig the bulbs and dry them; store them in sand in a cool, dry, but frost-proof, cellar. If there are numerous little bulbs, break them off and store them in paper bags hung to the cellar beams. They will grow to flowering size in a year or two if you carefully plant them in the spring. When you grow gladioli for cut flowers, plant them in rows and cultivate them like corn; but when you grow them in a bed it is better to sow sweet-alyssum seeds as soon as you have planted the bulbs, for sweet alyssum makes a beautiful white background all summer for the taller and showier blossoms.

Caladium is the book name for that fast-growing and curious plant known to most people as elephant's ear. It is best started indoors, and should not be planted out until all danger of frost has disappeared. Being one of the thirstiest plants known, it must have great quantities of water all summer. If you make a depression two inches deep all round the plant when you set it out you will avoid much waste. At the first hint of frost the caladium must be lifted, dried and stored in a warm cellar.

At one time tuberose were exceedingly popular. They are less often seen now, but many people are fond of them and grow excellent specimens. They are not so easy to grow as most of the flowers mentioned above, for they require a long season and often do not start to bloom until frosts are at hand. It is best to start them in the house in March, to give them a sunny spot in the garden when you plant them in June, and to use only the single varieties. Moreover, it is of supreme importance to obtain large-sized bulbs, for small bulbs will not bloom during the first season. The bulbs that have bloomed will not flower a second time. When you dig them, however, you will find that they are surrounded by many bulblets that will grow into flowering bulbs in two or three summers. But it hardly pays to keep them when you can buy large flowering bulbs for about thirty cents a dozen.



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The BOYS' PAGE for MARCH

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

BATTING

[This is the first of two articles on baseball that The Companion will offer to readers of the Boys' Page this spring. Base Running will appear in the Boys' Page for May.]

WITH some players batting seems to come by a sort of instinct—they bat well without paying special attention to form. With others it is the one part of the game that they seem incapable of mastering. You always have the consolation of knowing that care and practice will do much to remedy your faults and to increase your chances of hitting the ball safely.

A good bat is usually the thing that a ball player values most highly. He is more fond of it than a golfer of his pet driver. He knows every grain and mark of it; he handles it with almost as much affection as he would if it were a living thing. It is sound and straight-grained, with no paint or stain to mar the beauty of the wood. Its perfect balance makes it seem light in his hands, but there is a solidity about it that brings to his mind the sharp smack of the ball and the swift flight of a clean hit.

The way to become a good hitter is to bat every time you can get the opportunity. Any boy who will throw a ball for you to tap back to him is your friend. Constantly practice getting the bat back, coming through with even swing and step, and keeping the bat parallel to the ground. If you have a good eye and plenty of nerve, and acquire the habit of even, clean swinging and of meeting the ball well in front at the finish of the stroke, you are on the road to success as a hitter.



AN EASY SIDE-ON STAND

SWINGING THE BAT

It is impossible to insist too much on the matter of even swinging, with the bat parallel to the ground. It makes all the difference between lining a ball out and hacking and chopping or popping up flies. On the forward stroke the bat should come round with a steady swing, not with any nervous haste or stiff slowness.

To get the freest swing, hold your bat well toward the end with the hands close together. Some players prefer to "choke" the bat a little,—that is, to hold it short,—and some like to keep their hands somewhat apart; but those methods are generally a sign of some weakness of which a clever pitcher will take advantage. In any event, a good firm grip on the bat is absolutely essential; a ball rebounds poorly from a loosely held bat. You will get the best grip by having the palms of your hands exactly opposite each other, or rather in parallel planes. The forward hand on the bat ought to be well underneath, an excellent deterrent from the practice of "swinging in circles."

On assuming a position at bat, a young player generally manages to get his left elbow up in the air and his right shoulder about six inches below his left. That is bad form. Perhaps he can bat a low ball from that position effectively enough, but he cannot touch a shoulder ball, for the bat will always swing under the ball. Besides, anything that he bats from that position except a low ball will probably go up into the air rather than out straight or along the ground. The proper position is a natural one with the shoulders almost even in height. Slightly face the pitcher, so that you have him plainly in view and are not striving to get a glimpse of him out of the corner of your eye over your shoulder. Keep your weight slightly more on the right foot at first, and shift it to the left as you make the forward swing and step. But the weight must be on the toes, not on the heels. A man is never more unstable and helpless than when he is trying to balance on his heels; he is ready for nothing except an accident.

About the question of keeping your feet together or apart there is not much to be said. Whichever way feels the better is the right way. Much more debatable is the question whether to face the pitcher completely or to stand with the side somewhat toward him.

HOW TO STAND

The argument for facing the pitcher is that you can watch him easily from that position; that if you are "foot shy," you will have no inclination to pull farther away, but will rather desire to step into the ball; and that it gives you a better reach for outside and curve balls. The fault of it is that it carries a strong temptation to offer at close balls, and that you cannot hit inside curve balls with nearly so much drive as you can from the other stand. The argument for standing with your side toward the pitcher is that, if you do not fall away and if you watch the ball all the way up, you have a freer swing and a better drive than when facing the pitcher. Close balls do not tempt you so much, and you can meet inside balls better, because it is easy to pull back a little from the plate.

Some coaches lay rather too much stress on the fault of stepping away. The attention should be given to balance. If your balance is forward, you can hit a near ball better by stepping away than you can by stepping straight forward. The trouble is that it is easy to form the habit of always stepping away, of getting on the heels and off the balance. If you seem to be hopelessly "foot shy," try facing the pitcher for a time. If you are not, then the most efficient form for you is an easy, natural side-on stand slightly facing the pitcher.

A short step forward generally accompanies the swing or even anticipates it. Some batters do not step at all, but, beginning with the feet



A VIGOROUS SWING PARALLEL TO THE GROUND

somewhat apart, they merely shift their weight to the foot that is in front. Whichever method you adopt, you should make the aggressive forward motion on every ball pitched,—unless you have to dodge it,—so that you are constantly ready to hit. If, on stepping forward, you decide that the ball is too close, retreat by withdrawing the foot that is behind, and leaving in place the foot that is in front. That brings the body quite away from the pitch, and is a much quicker and less dangerous way of getting back than by pulling away with the front foot. The form with practice becomes quite simple and easy.

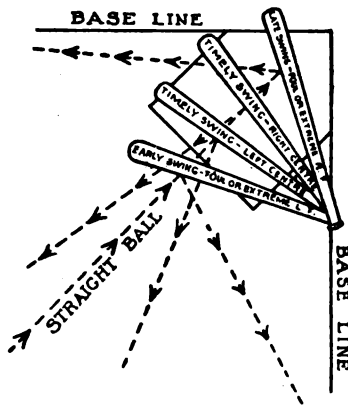
STEPPING FORWARD

One of the commonest faults is stepping too far forward. That brings the body so low that it becomes virtually impossible to hit a shoulder ball. A moderately short step is best: straight forward if the ball is coming over the plate; a little back if it is inside; somewhat across if it is on the outside of the plate. Remember to be on the offensive all the time.

Standing forward or opposite or behind the plate in the batter's box is a matter of personal liking. If a batter is a confirmed right-field hitter, he should try standing farther back toward the catcher. Some batters watch curves better from the back of the box; others like to hit a curve before it has more than begun to break. The best plan is to experiment until you discover the position that suits you best.

Good form alone does not make a batting average. To get hits you must acquire the faculty of "picking out the good ones." Of course that part of batting is largely a matter of an accurate eye, but there are other matters

worth considering. The intentions of the pitcher are important. You should try to discover what is in his mind. In the first place a pitcher is trying to give you more strikes than balls, "to keep out of the hole." With that in mind he tries generally to get the first ball somewhere over the plate. He wants a strike. It is a good thing to be fully prepared for the first ball pitched. You must remember, however, that when there is a man on base, a pitcher is likely to "waste" the first one if he suspects a steal or the "hit-and-run" play. But once he is "in the hole,"—with more balls called than strikes,—he has to make every effort to get even again. The great rule of all hitting is: *Get the pitcher into the hole and then hit the ball.* When



THE POSITION OF YOUR BAT WHEN IT HITS THE BALL DETERMINES THE LINE OF FLIGHT

two balls and no strikes have been called, you can be pretty sure that the pitcher will try to put the next one over the plate. There are very few pitchers with control enough to "waste" three balls.

OUTGUESSING THE PITCHER

Then there is the game of outguessing the pitcher—of making up your mind just what kind of ball he is going to throw. In some ways that is a dangerous game, but it is often worth while to guess once. If some time before a batter has shown a weakness, it is a fair presumption that the pitcher remembers it. If you have made a clean strike on a shoulder ball, you have reason to expect that ball will be thrown to you again. If you can hit that sort of ball when you know it is coming, it is a good plan, for once at least, to expect it and prepare to meet it. It is even a trick with some batters to swing wildly at the first ball pitched, then to get set and hit the second one of the same sort. That is outguessing the pitcher.

Putting the ball dead to the ground in the infield for the purpose of "sacrificing" a runner forward a base, or even for the purpose of making a hit, has come to be one of the most useful forms of batting. There are three standard bunts: getting the ball thirty feet down either the first- or the third-base line, and making the "long bunt" between the first baseman and the pitcher, which both may attempt to field, and thereby leave first base to be covered, if at all, by the second baseman. Probably the "short bunt" down the third-base line is best for the purpose of making a hit. The first-base bunt is generally best for "sacrificing" and always best on the "squeeze play."

The right way to make the bunt is to run the forward hand out on the bat, holding the handle loosely with the thumb and forefinger of the other hand, and giving way slightly with the forward hand as you meet the ball. That deadens the rebound so that the ball rolls only a short distance. The trick is, of course, to get the ball on the ground within base lines a desired distance from the plate. One help to that end is getting



STARTING THE SWING

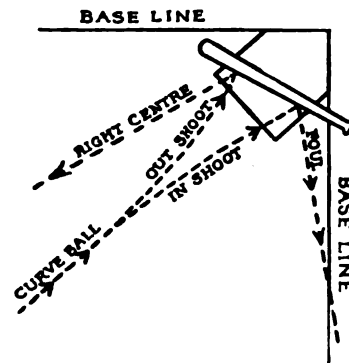
at the start and arms extended; then you will not find bunting the hardest part of baseball to master.

When it is essential to hit a ball to the ground, as in the case of the "squeeze play," there is one trick in bunting that is worth a great deal. It is called "putting a hand on it." You compress the forward hand as much as possible behind the bat, and then make believe that you are trying to put that hand on the pitch. Of course any ball player can put his hand on any ball thrown near him, and he can certainly put the bat on it if he employs this method. The danger is that a glancing blow from the bat may hit the hand, but it is much less than might be supposed. Try it in practice on slow pitching for a starter. It requires nerve to execute the play against speed pitching, but it is a sure method if you will conscientiously carry out your part.

HITTING A SWIFT BALL

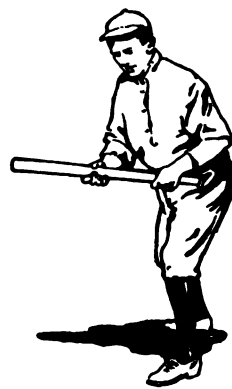
Hitting very swift balls is one of the hardest problems that a batter has to solve. Some coaches advise taking a light bat that you can swing more quickly, but many others believe that it is better to take a heavy bat, hold it short and tap the ball. It is surprising how much of a rebound a swiftly pitched ball takes from a good, solid bat. It is generally quite enough to carry over the infield even if the ball is no more than blocked. The trouble with trying to hit very fast pitching is that the general tendency is toward hitting harder the more swiftly the ball comes. *That is a mistake.* Swift pitching ought to be met, not hit at.

"Working" a base on balls is one of the best things that a batter can do. With no one on bases it is as good as a hit, and at any time nothing is



more disconcerting to a pitcher than the knowledge that he is pitching to a man who will offer at no balls that are not strikes. No player becomes a great batter until he has learned how to wait as well as how to hit, for of course the pitcher is constantly trying to entice him to strike at bad balls. The way to learn to be a good waiter is to watch every ball coolly; make a mental note of what any ball looked like that was called by the umpire *different from what you supposed it to be*. It is not merely by waiting that you learn to be a good waiter; it is by educating your judgment and by reducing to a minimum the number of balls that you cannot judge.

Place hitting is a step beyond the ordinary ball player, but it is interesting and enlightening to know the theory of how a ball travels when hit. The law is that a ball will leave the bat according to the angle at which it hit the bat. If you have been studying physics recently, you will remember that the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection. If the bat meets the ball at right angles to the line of pitch, a straight ball goes to centre field, an outcurve to left field, and an inshoot to right field. It does not always happen, of course, that ball and bat meet at a right angle. On a fast, outside corner ball, for example, the head of the bat is not usually swung round quickly enough to form a right angle with the line of the pitch. The angle of incidence is a little less than a right angle, and the ball goes toward right field. The opposite is often the case with an inside ball; it goes to left field instead of to centre; it is said to be "pulled" round. The chances on the curves are about what we might expect. An outcurve that is well met is likely to go to left field and an inshoot to right. An outside straight ball can be hit to right field; a close, straight ball to left field. Beyond that it is a matter of whether the hands are farther forward than the head of the bat, or the head of the bat farther forward than the hands. No one can really "pull" a ball round. It is all a matter of the angle at which the ball meets the bat. Batting is the heroics of baseball. It is what the



THE BUNT

grand stand cheers and the players talk about, for it is the important part of the offense. Games cannot be won consistently unless the team can bat.

Send your baseball questions to the Editor of the Boys' Page.

CUTTING SECTIONS

[This is the third of a group of articles on the microscope. The first, *A Boy's Microscope*, appeared in the Boys' Page for January; the second, *The Care of a Microscope*, appeared in the Boys' Page for February.]

IN order to examine the internal structure of plants and animals by far the best way in most cases is to cut very thin slices from the material and study them. By cutting first a section across the stem of a plant and then one lengthwise and looking at them under the microscope, a much clearer idea of the cell forms and relations can be obtained than by simply poking the tissues apart. Most animal tissue requires much preparation before it can be properly sectioned, but it will pay to try a few things, such as meat, the thick cuticle in the palm of the hand, and so forth. From many parts of plants it is possible without previous preparation to make sections that when stained are both beautiful and instructive.

Something can be done merely by holding the specimen in one hand and cutting off a slice with a very sharp knife or an old razor. An idea of the structure can be gained in that way, but a little

THE QUICK START OF THE LEFT-HANDED BUNTER



time spent in making a holder and a proper knife will be repaid a hundredfold by the much thinner and cleaner sections that will result.

What is needed is to have some of the material held firmly, yet not distorted; to be able to raise it evenly a very small distance between each two cuts, and to have it protrude from a smooth, hard surface along which the knife will slide smoothly.

First, get a piece of one-inch iron pipe, clean inside, and six inches long. It will cost only a few cents. If you cannot get it, lead pipe or a piece of bamboo fish pole cut from between the joints will do. Next, get a three-inch square piece of hard wood, such as oak, an inch or an inch and a half thick. In the exact centre bore a hole just large enough to allow one end of the pipe to be crowded into it under considerable force. The pipe should be pushed through until the end of it is just flush with the other side; if the hole is bored carefully, the pipe should be very firm and tight and the end of it exactly square with the surface of the wood. If the hole is wet with good glue, the firmness will be greater.

Two pieces of glass, one inch by three inches,—the regular glass slips used with the microscope are just right,—should be countersunk in the wood on the side opposite to that from which the pipe protrudes, one on each side of the hole, parallel to each other and the edges of the block. They should lie flat, and the surface of one should be just even with that of the other. They should be countersunk enough to allow a knife passed along both together just to miss the end of the pipe in the hole.

By adding a large bolt and a nut the instrument can now be made almost as serviceable as those instruments that sell for six dollars. The nut should be fastened by solder or other means to the free end of the pipe. The threads of both nut and bolt should be cleaned and greased.

A round piece of wood two to four inches long is fitted snugly into the pipe above the nut, so that when the bolt is screwed into the nut everything in the cavity above the sliding piece of wood is lifted a little higher with every turn of the bolt.

Material can be held in a split stick placed in the pipe, or between pieces of elder pith or even carrot, if the combination fills the pipe snugly; the arrangement will depend on the nature of the material. But both object and knife should be thoroughly wet when the attempt is made to cut them. Pieces of large succulent stems or of vegetables can be sectioned from pieces that fill the end of the pipe.

The knife is important. It should be flat on the under side, and should slide along the glass runways with the back raised a little. The old-fashioned heavy razor works well, but the modern hollow-ground razor is useless. The finest sections can be cut with a blade from a safety razor—one of the kind that is thin and flat and has no back. The blade should be mounted at a slight angle between two strips of wood, so as to leave the upper surface mostly uncovered. The edge of the knife should be straight, not curved. A handy boy can make good sections with a pocketknife if he flattens one side of the blade clear to the edge and grinds the edge straight and thin.

The finer the material the thinner must be the section; but experience is the best teacher as to that.

Sections of the stems of different plants show up well, and in most herbaceous specimens the wonderfully diverse hairs can be seen. Twigs need a strong support and a stiff knife. Fine sections of ordinary woods—pine, cedar, chestnut, and so forth—can be cut if the wood is taken from boiling water and cut immediately. Buds, roots,



Don't Monkey With the Buzz-Saw

and don't experiment with an unreliable brake. It is dangerous business. Experienced cyclists for the past sixteen years have given consideration to only one brake—the

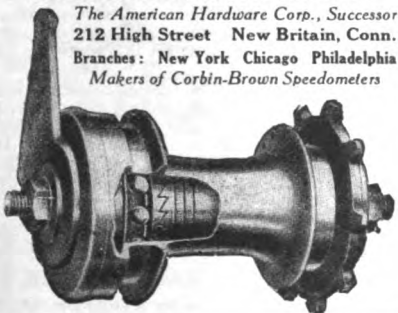


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CONTINUING THE BOYS' PAGE FOR MARCH

leaves (squeezed between two pieces of pith), vegetables, seeds, the ovaries, anthers and pistils of flowers, and seaweed offer an endless variety of material. Staining helps wonderfully in getting a vivid picture.

NESTING BOXES FOR WOOD-PECKERS

HOW to entice woodpeckers into artificial nesting boxes and thus to bring them within the range of daily observation has puzzled many a lover of birds. A naturalist has solved the problem by taking account of the fact that in building their nests woodpeckers, unlike most other birds, do not use extraneous material, such as straw, twigs or grass, but content themselves with the chips that they make in digging their way into a decayed tree or post.

Using only old and weather-beaten lumber, the naturalist made a box about six inches wide and two and one half feet long. Near the top he cut a small entrance hole, and in the bottom, as the nearest imitation of the tiny chips made by the birds, he put several inches of ground cork of the kind used for packing grapes. The first nest attracted a pair of red-headed woodpeckers, and later nests were occupied by other varieties of woodpeckers and by sparrow hawks and screech owls.

It is important to use old lumber and to leave no cracks in the box, so that the only light that enters shall come in at the round hole near the top. It is also important that the hole be neither too large nor too small. The study of natural nests is the best guide to the proper size.



The Venizelos Stamps.—When the former premier of Greece, M. Venizelos, dissatisfied with the policy of his country in regard to the European war, withdrew with his sympathizers to the island of Crete and there set up a revolutionary government, philatelists confidently expected that new postage stamps would not be long in appearing. Their expectations have now been fulfilled. The stamps of the provisional movement are of twelve values—the lowest, one lepton, and the highest, twenty-five drachmas. Iris, the mythological Greek divinity who personifies the rainbow, appears as the chief figure of the design, and the inscription contains the word, "Hellas," meaning Greece, together with Greek characters that spell the words, "provisional government." The stamps are extremely interesting to collectors, and it is not improbable that future events will greatly increase their philatelic value.



A KITE PARACHUTE

ANY boy who can make and fly a kite can send up all the parachutes he has the patience to make.

In order to soar steady and far, the parachute must be well-balanced and made to exact proportions. Take a piece of newspaper about two feet

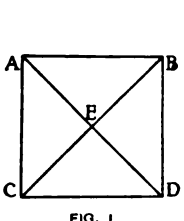


FIG. 1

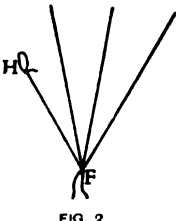


FIG. 2

square, fold and crease it one way diagonally, then unfold it and crease it the other way, as in Fig. 1. Next take two white-twine strings of equal length, each about six inches longer than twice the diagonal A D in Fig. 1, and tie them together at their middle with another piece of twine about eight inches long, as in Fig. 2 at F. At each of the four ends tie a slipknot, as at H, and make sure that the ends of the string left over are the same on each knot. Pinch the corners of the paper and pull a knot tight over each corner, as in Fig. 3. Tie a small weight—such as a nail or a stone—to the single string just below F, then spread the parachute out in your hands and let it fall. If the weight is too heavy, the parachute will drop too fast; if too light, the paper will tip over and

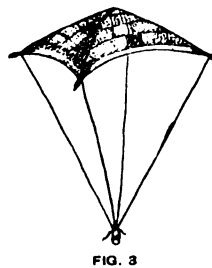


FIG. 3

not stay open. The weight should be just heavy enough to keep the parachute steady. Bend a pin and stick it through the middle of a half-inch square of cardboard. Then stick the pin through the centre of the parachute, E, Fig. 1, with the cardboard on the under side of the paper and the hook of the pin above.

Now you are ready to fly your kite. To have sufficient lifting power it should be at least thirty inches tall. Be sure that there are no knots in the string to keep the parachute from climbing. Choose a day with a moderate breeze, and get your kite up as high as you can. Have some one else take the folded parachute, put his arm over the kite string, and slowly bear it down for about fifty feet. Then let him hook the pin over the string and, still keeping his arm over the string, walk carefully back to you. At that height the wind will soon catch the parachute and carry it up the string.

When it nears the kite, with the end of the string in your hand run very fast about thirty feet toward the kite, which, in consequence, will drop a little. The parachute will spread and lift itself off the string. Do not jerk the string, or the parachute may swing and tangle. Be sure that the pin is not bent too much; if it is, the parachute cannot get away, and will slide into the kite and wreck it. A few trials will show how to set it free.

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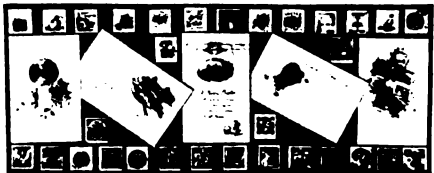
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The FAMILY PAGE for MARCH

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

WILD GARDENS

MANY lovers of flowers have beautiful gardens in which they grow rare plants, often at an extravagant price in time and money, without knowing that they could have just as much beauty without continuous labor and at a very small cost. There are bits of land both in small dooryards and in extensive gardens that careful cultivation cannot easily reach—fence corners, half-shaded spots that tempt indigenous blackberry vines to spring and choke the grass, rough places where some stubborn old geological fact insists upon showing its scars and will not disappear. All that they need to transform them into beauty spots is a patch of vegetable court-plaster in the shape of some hardy perennial or tuberous-rooted flower or branching wild rose vine.

If liberally planted and then let alone, such places will fringe themselves out into the surroundings in softened lines; and once and probably twice in the summer, when they flower or put on interesting autumn tints, they will exhibit themselves in colors that will put a carefully tended garden to shame.

It is liberality of planting that makes such places beautiful. A flush of pink lying like a sunset cloud on the contrasting green of the lawn, or breadths of blue or purple threading the grass like sky-reflecting streams are always exciting and interesting; yet those effects can be produced by clustering masses of moss pink or hardy phlox, thickly planted and left to their own devices, and by thickly growing stalks of the single half-wild blue larkspur.

Many plants will thrive in that sort of vagabondage, for the hoe is to the garden what the rod is in the hand of the schoolmaster. Some plants do best where they can shoulder one another and grow tumultuously without ever being called to order or restrained.

The first necessity of "wilderness" planting is to select only such roots as will not resent the encroachment of other plants, and the only way to know which they are is to watch their conduct for several years. All the wild asters and the free-flowering roadside plants are exempt from trial. We know that they will live under hard conditions; they are virtually beyond the reach of competition. So also are the fence growers; you need only plant them in sufficient quantities in any wild or neglected land, and refrain from curtailing their borders with plough and hoe, and they will grow in wild masses that will make you hold your breath with wonder at their beauty.

Many beautiful indigenous tribes that have been scared away from native haunts by energetic farming can be won back to the haunts of men. Some of them are already so scarce that you will not be able to plant them in large quantities, but it is always a joy to get even one or two and place them where you can behold the possible increase. You can move most of them safely even when they



BLOODROOT IS READY TO RESPOND TO ENCOURAGEMENT

are in flower if you take the precaution to dig up enough earth with them so that you do not disturb their roots.

Among the precious plants that respond readily to encouragement are the moccasin flower, both the yellow and the pink; the fringed orchid, white, buff and lavender; the scarlet wood lily and the fringed gentian. Flower lovers know all of them and seek them in unfrequented places, yet they will grow under your very eyes if you will only plant them.

But do not seek always for the rare flowers. Who does not know the butterfly weed and the gay and bold Black-eyed Susan and the fragrant bouncing Bet? All of these roadside plants will rejoice greatly at being transplanted to dustless grounds.

Others that are waiting for a chance to beautify your grounds are the scarlet lobelia, the Indian balm, the meadow lily, the meadow rue, the hepatica, the bloodroot, the wild phlox, the cardinal flower, the columbine, the wild aster, the liliatris, the jack-in-the-pulpit, the violet; and among shrubs, the white elder, the dogwood, the shadbush, the wild azalea, the pink and the white, the laurel and the already domesticated rhododendron. Some of those plants may not grow in your neighborhood, but if you live in a fertile region you will find their places taken by other flowers and shrubs that are no less ready to make friends with man.

The reverse of persuading the wild flowers to grow on lawns and in gardens is to return some of the lost tribes to their native haunts—to set free domestic plants and garden favorites and give them leave to increase, which is a privilege that the ordinary garden denies. The list of such plants is almost endless. All the bulbs, except a few that belong to the lily tribe, will do well in grass or wild land. Narcissuses, including the daffodil varieties, hyacinths—although they will probably revert to their primitive single state—and virtually all of the smaller bulbs can be so restored to nature. The four varieties of tuberous-rooted lilies also grow in wild land as persistently as in the garden. The most fragrant lemon, or golden, day lily never grows better than in "wilderness" corners, and the less-esteemed orange, or red, day lily makes haste to overgrow its borders. The blue day lily threads its roots through the sandiest and most gravelly soil; and even the white day lily, with its imposing, tropical-looking green leaves, takes kindly to the "wilderness." Many of the perennial phloxes are perfectly able to take care of themselves; so, too, are the blue, white and pink single larkspurs.



WILD PHLOX IS UNRIVALED FOR SHADY SPOTS IN THE HOME GARDEN

That is only a beginning of the list, which you can increase almost unerringly by choosing the hardiest and most persistent of perennials.

The interest of the thing, the excitement and triumph, is in discovering "wilderness" traits in some hitherto untended flower, in finding that some queen of the garden is pleased to reign as a gypsy queen. The bulbs and the lilies are of the spring and early summer, but the beautiful purple and lavender and white asters come into bloom in August and September; so all through the season you can be sure of one or another effect of color and growth. Ferns of all sorts, from the lady fern to the tall ostrich fern, are in place in the wild garden, but they must have the shadiest and most secluded places.

The important thing is to look upon the outlying corners, not as gardens for the care of which you are responsible, but as thickets, or as playgrounds of nature, where all sorts of experiments may be made and failures do not count, where the plant and not the gardener is the lawgiver, where seed may be sown broadcast and without limit, where neglect is the rule and success the unearned reward.

THE BEDTIME BUGBEAR

SITTING in front of the open fire, Mr. and Mrs. Creswell were chatting with their neighbor, Mr. Warthin. At the other end of the room a boy and a girl were playing dominoes. Mrs. Creswell looked toward them frequently as if she were watching the progress of the game.

"It's ten minutes to eight, children," she finally announced.

"All right, mother," answered the girl to the sound of shuffling dominoes.

"You'll have time for one more game, but only one more to-night," Mrs. Creswell added quietly.

It was two or three minutes after eight when the boy exclaimed, "I won the rubber, mother!"

Without further discussion the children put away the dominoes, said good night, and started upstairs amicably discussing the game.

"Do your children always go to bed as pleasantly as that?" asked Mr. Warthin.

"Usually, if I am wise enough to do my part," answered Mrs. Creswell.

"Your part? What did you have to do with it?"

"Didn't you hear me tell them when it was ten minutes to eight?"

"Yes, but —"

"That was my ounce of prevention to save a pound of cure."

"I don't see yet," said the mystified neighbor.

"Haven't you noticed," suggested Mr. Creswell, who was proud of his wife's methods, "that it is human nature to be an Oliver Twist? If we like a thing, we always 'want more,' and make a fuss if we can't have a second helping."

"Children are pretty sure to make the fuss," said Mrs. Creswell, "unless they are prepared for the worst. I have learned to watch the clock and to warn the children of any approaching unpleasantness like bedtime. I haven't forgotten how I hated to be dragged off in the midst of an entertaining story or game when I wasn't at all sleepy. I try to tell my children when the 'once more' will be the last. That prepares them, and usually—although of course not always—they go pleasantly, as they did to-night."

"That sounds like good sense," said Mr. Warthin to himself. "I wonder if there's really anything in it."

The next night a small sample of bedlam let loose in his own home compelled him to think of the matter again.

"I told you children at eight o'clock to put your playthings right away and go straight to bed, and it's nearly half past now," Mrs. Warthin's voice was nervous and full of irritation.

"Just let me finish this one dress, mother!" pleaded Lucy. "It won't take but a minute." She hastily spread with paste the pink-tissue ruffle for a paper doll's dress.

"No, you ought to be in bed and asleep this minute," As Mrs. Warthin spoke, she put out her hand and disarranged the irregular blocks in front of Belle.

"There, you've muddled my picture puzzle all up!" cried Belle. "I had it almost done, too!"

The mother paid no attention to the protest, but tumbled the blocks into the box. Reaching forcibly hands toward Lucy's pink treasure, she insisted upon taking immediate possession of it.

Lucy sullenly handed over the unfinished garment, and slipped slowly out of her chair, banging boxes and scissors noisily.

Mrs. Warthin hurried

the little girls upstairs. Lucy whimpered all the way and brought her foot down on each step with a stamp. Belle cried at the top of her voice, wailing between sobs, "I didn't want my picture puzzle spoiled! I didn't want my picture puzzle spoiled!"

"The hardest thing I do all day is to get those children to bed!" exclaimed Mrs. Warthin, as she returned to the sitting room and dropped wearily into a chair. "They are never ready when the time comes, and I always have to drag them off by main strength. If I didn't say a word about going to bed until ten o'clock, they would always want to sit up just a little longer."

Then Mr. Warthin told her about the method of dealing with the problem that he had seen their neighbors employ.

"That sounds as if it might be a sensible plan," said the perplexed mother. "I'm going to try it to-morrow."

DOES IT PAY TO MEND?

THREE years ago a woman who was addicted to overcareful and continual darnings and patchings of her clothes began to realize that instead of being thrifty she was probably wasting time. Like many other women, once she began to mend she never knew when to stop, for a misguided conscience nagged her into going on and on as long as there was a hole or a thin place in sight. The idea came to her of trying to copy the methods of the efficiency experts. She decided, therefore, to "standardize" her mending.

First, she made a list of the garments in common use that needed most frequent repairing; then she estimated the length of time each article could be worn without need of repair, and the average yearly cost. Following is a copy of the list, revised after three years' experience; but as no two women's experiences would furnish statistics that would be exactly alike, the list is given merely for illustration:

Garments in Common Use	Original Cost	Length of Wear	Average Yearly Cost
Apron, kitchen overall	\$.60	18 mos.	\$.40
Apron, "tea"	.50	24 "	.25
Combination garment, muslin	.50	8 "	.75
Corsets	3.50	12 "	3.50
House dress, wash	5.00	12 "	5.00
Kimono	2.50	24 "	1.25
Nightgown, muslin	1.00	8 "	1.50
Nightgown, flannelette	1.50	8 "	2.25
Petticoat, muslin	1.00	12 "	1.00
Stockings, lisle or balbriggan	.35	1 "	4.20
Stockings, cashmere	.50	1 "	6.00
Union suit, summer	.50	6 "	1.00
Union suit, winter	2.00	6 "	4.00
Waist, lingerie	1.50	6 "	3.00

As a guide to mending, such a list will serve in the following way: You will see that the "life expectancy," so to speak, of a kitchen apron is eighteen months, and its average yearly cost is forty cents. If by one hour of mending you can lengthen the life of the apron six months, you have spent the hour well, provided that you could not earn more during the time by doing something else. But if by an hour of mending you can lengthen the life of the apron only one month, even if you estimate your time as worth only six cents an hour, you are paying more for the apron than it cost in the first place.

It may sometimes be necessary to take that course, just as it is sometimes necessary to borrow money at a high rate of interest, but it is false economy to do it unless there is no other way.

MARTYNIAS FOR PICKLES

SOME catalogues class the martynia among the flowers, others put it among the vegetables. It is quite at home in either place, for its gloxinia-like blossoms are very delicate and pretty, and the fruit into which they turn is unsurpassed for pickles. Comparatively few people know the martynia at all, and most of those who are familiar with it grow it for its floral beauty alone; they are not aware of what good pickles it makes. Yet it is easier to grow than the cucumber, and will thrive anywhere.

Of late years it has been almost impossible to grow cucumbers in some regions because of the blight; but with the martynia to fall back upon no one need be without pickles, for no diseases or pests seem to bother the plant—an immunity that is perhaps owing to the fact that it gives off rather an unpleasant odor when touched. The fruit has an odd-shaped hook at one end; in South America, where the plant grows wild, the hook catches into the hair of passing animals, which thus help to distribute the seeds.

The martynia fruit cannot be eaten raw, as cucumbers are, but can be preserved for pickles in exactly the same way. Choose specimens from one half to three quarters grown and wash them thoroughly before you use them. The seeds, which cost only five cents a package,

may be sown in the open ground in April. When the seedlings are well started, transplant them so that the plants stand two feet apart. Half a dozen martynias set in the flower garden will add to the beauty of your floral display, and after the flowers are gone you can pull the plants up. Two dozen martynias in the vegetable garden should bear sufficient fruit to supply the average family with all the pickles it can use.

BROWNIES

BROWNIES make pleasing favors for children's parties, because at the feast the children can eat them with enjoyment and with no ill effects. For each brownie you will need two large and two small almonds, two figs, eight raisins and one marshmallow, with four pieces of fine, stiff wire, and two pieces of stiff cardboard two and one half inches square, covered with brown crepe paper.

To make the base, put two of the wires through one piece of cardboard and turn back the ends; glue the other cardboard to the back of the first.

Push each of the wires through the large end of an almond, and string two raisins on each wire; that makes the legs and feet. Cut a fig in two so that the piece nearest the stem shall be one third the size of the other. Push the two wires through the larger piece with the cut edge uppermost; then pull on a whole fig.

Make the arms by fastening a small almond to the end of each of the other two wires, and then running each wire through two raisins. Join the two arms to the shoulders with the wires, and run them up through the fig so that the free ends shall come well toward the centre. If you remember that this process is merely to place the brownie's arms properly, you will find it much easier than it sounds.

A marshmallow forms the head, and the remaining third of the fig, with the stem end up, makes the hat. With melted chocolate you can paint eyes, nose, mouth and hair on the white marshmallow.

If the brownies are to be seated, make the legs according to the directions here given for making the arms; run the wires into the cardboard, and up into the fig to fasten the body to the base. Do the rest of the work in the same way as for standing brownies. You can adjust the arms to suit your fancy, and hang a place card upon them.

A HOMEMADE BABY TENDER

A USEFUL baby tender for a child over eight months old is a strong dry-goods box four feet long, two feet deep and two feet wide. Pad the edges and the bottom, and cover the whole box with bright cretonne. Put casters under each corner, so that the box can be moved to the veranda in warm weather. For winter use nail legs a foot high to the corners. The elevation will lessen the danger from drafts, and will enable the child to look out of the window.

THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America and Europe, and are fully tested.

BAKED SWEET POTATOES (a Florida receipt).—Boil five good-sized sweet potatoes until they are tender. Peel and slice them lengthwise. Put into a baking dish a layer of potatoes sprinkled freely with brown sugar and a little cinnamon and dotted with butter, then another layer of potatoes, and so on until the dish is filled. Pour over all a gill of hot water. Bake the potatoes in the oven, basting them frequently until they are thoroughly cooked; then let them brown slightly.

ULJAT ISKANDARANEYYAT (Alexandrian Omelet).—Mash well in a mortar one half pound of onions and a small bundle of parsley. Squeeze out the juice. Mince fine one pound of lean mutton, season it with salt and pepper, and fry it a little with a finely cut onion. Beat twelve eggs, add the half-fried meat and the squeezed onion and parsley, and beat all the ingredients together. Put a little butter in a large frying pan, add the mixture, and bake it well on the upper shelf of the oven. The best results are obtained when the omelet covers the bottom of the frying pan to a depth of about half an inch.

BAKESTONE CAKES.—Sift together three cupsful of oatmeal and one cupful of white flour with a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add three cupsful of scalding milk, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and one of sugar. Mix all the ingredients with a spoon until they form a soft dough; roll the dough into a thin sheet without touching it with your hands, cut it into cakes with a biscuit cutter, and bake them for about fifteen minutes on heated bricks over the fire. Butter and serve them very hot. They should be brown underneath, but not darker than a pale yellow on top.

BAKED ONIONS WITH LEMON JUICE.—For this novelty, the large Spanish or Bermuda onions give the best results. Peel the onions under cold water, and there will be no trouble about the eyes smarting and very little odor left on the hands. Butter a baking dish, and put four onions allow two tablespoonfuls each of lemon juice and melted butter. Add a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper to each onion and bake the whole in a hot oven, being careful not to let the onions scorch. Baste them frequently with the lemon juice and butter, and add a little more if necessary until the onions are done, which can be determined by trying them with a cooking fork.

SCOTCH COCKALEEKIE.—Cut the white part of six leeks, one stalk of celery and one onion into thin strips about an inch long. Put them into a saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter. Cook them slowly and stir them occasionally. When they have cooked about ten minutes, pour two quarts of chicken stock over them, and when the mixture reaches the boiling point skim it well. Then add a pint of potatoes cut to the size and shape of a dime, and one quarter cupful of rice. Let the whole boil until the solids are tender. Add half the breast of a fowl cut into strips. Season the soup with salt and pepper, and add prunes previously cooked, pitted and cut into small bits.



HEPATICAS THRIVE IN THE "WILDERNESS" GARDEN



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MUSHROOMS

WE sometimes hear the complaint that by neglecting to use the mushrooms that grow wild in the woods and the fields Americans are wasting an important food. The would-be economists tell us that it is easy to distinguish the edible from the poisonous varieties, and urge us not to despise this food supply, which, like the manna of old, comes overnight and asks only to be plucked and eaten. They sometimes attempt to show that in nutritive value a pound of mushrooms is equal to a pound of beefsteak. That is an exaggeration that the chemist easily disproves.

As a matter of fact mushrooms contain no more nourishment than any other of the green vegetables, and do contain as much or more indigestible material. Protein, which is the muscle-building and waste-repairing element of food, contains nitrogen; and so food analysts formerly assumed that they could estimate the protein content of any food by the amount of nitrogen it contained. That is how the mistake came about. Mushrooms contain, it is true, a considerable proportion of nitrogen, but so do crab shells.

Some of the nitrogenous constituents of mushrooms, furthermore, are substances related to protein, but readily converted through putrefactive changes within or without the body into active poisons. The amount of actual utilizable protein is perhaps as much as is contained in cabbage or in other greens, but scarcely more.

A good mushroom, properly cooked, is a very luscious morsel and as such is a welcome addition to the dietary. If you are absolutely sure that the variety that grows on your lawn or in the neighboring fields is of the edible kind, by all means cook it and eat it; it will do you good and start the secretion of the gastric juice by reason of its palatability. But if you have the least doubt of the innocuousness of the growth—and many poisonous kinds look attractively innocent—you had better leave it alone; the risk is too great and the possible gain in nutriment is too slight.

THINGS AS THEY ARE

"YOU know," Clotilda gave warning, "I say dreadful things sometimes."

"I think I can stand the shock," Miss Sheldon replied. "Are you wanting to say some dreadful things just now?"

"That's just it," Clotilda replied, lifting her brows perplexedly. "I never want to say dreadful things. They never sound dreadful at all to me—only to other people. I'm just trying to say things the way they are."

"That," Miss Sheldon responded, "is about the most difficult thing in life, Clotilda."

"It is?" Clotilda's voice was full of amazement. "Why, I think it's easy—if only people would let me."

"I'll let you. At least, I won't be shocked. What did you want to tell me, Clotilda?"

"Well," said Clotilda, settling into a confidential attitude, "there's Miss Raeburn. She looked so sweet, but she doesn't do anything except that everlasting crocheting—balls and dolls and such things—for church fairs, I suppose. Think of being in mountains like these and seeing nothing except work! She never goes on any trip anywhere."

Clotilda paused a second for Miss Sheldon to make some comment, but no comment came, and so she went on to the next thing:

"Then there's Beatrice Pemberton—I heard that she was so artistic, but the clothes she wears! Why, Miss Sheldon, they are awful. They don't match—the colors—and they don't suit her in the least. Some of them are fussy and frilly. No one could be really artistic and wear such clothes—you needn't tell me!"

"Clotilda," Miss Sheldon said, "did you ever think it would be fun to be a detective?"

"Didn't I—just!" Clotilda responded. "How did you guess, Miss Sheldon?"

"It wasn't guessing—it was suggesting. Why don't you do a little detective work for yourself—discover why Miss Raeburn sees nothing except wools and Beatrice Pemberton wears frilly clothes?"

"I wonder what's up?" Clotilda remarked reflectively to the landscape. "But I'll try—it will be fun."

Two days later Clotilda rushed in—Clotilda all penitence and humility.

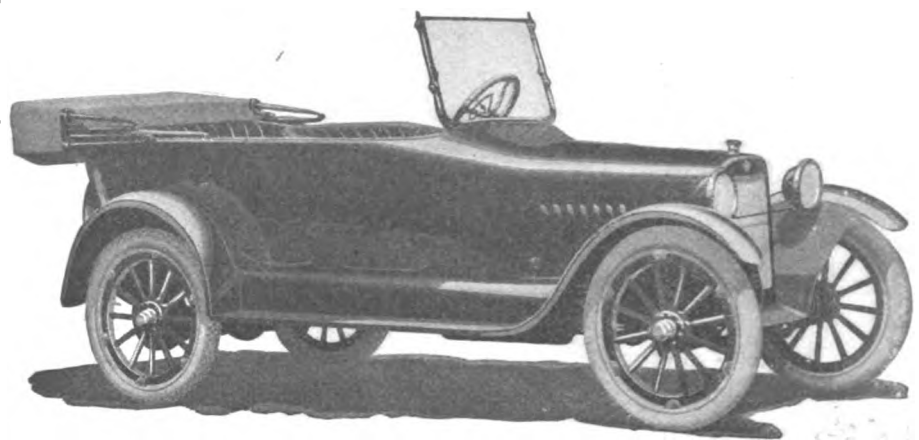
"Miss Sheldon, wasn't I just horrid! Why do I jump at things so, never waiting to find out? Miss Raeburn, with that spinal trouble and never a word about it! And sending boxes and boxes of Christmas presents to poor little schools and places!"

"Did you find out why Beatrice Pemberton likes 'frilly' clothes when they don't suit her?"

"She doesn't—she hates them. She wears them because a cousin sends them to her, and she's putting a little sister through college. Miss Sheldon, I feel just about one inch high."

Miss Sheldon smiled—it was a smile that was full of understanding, and it comforted Clotilda.

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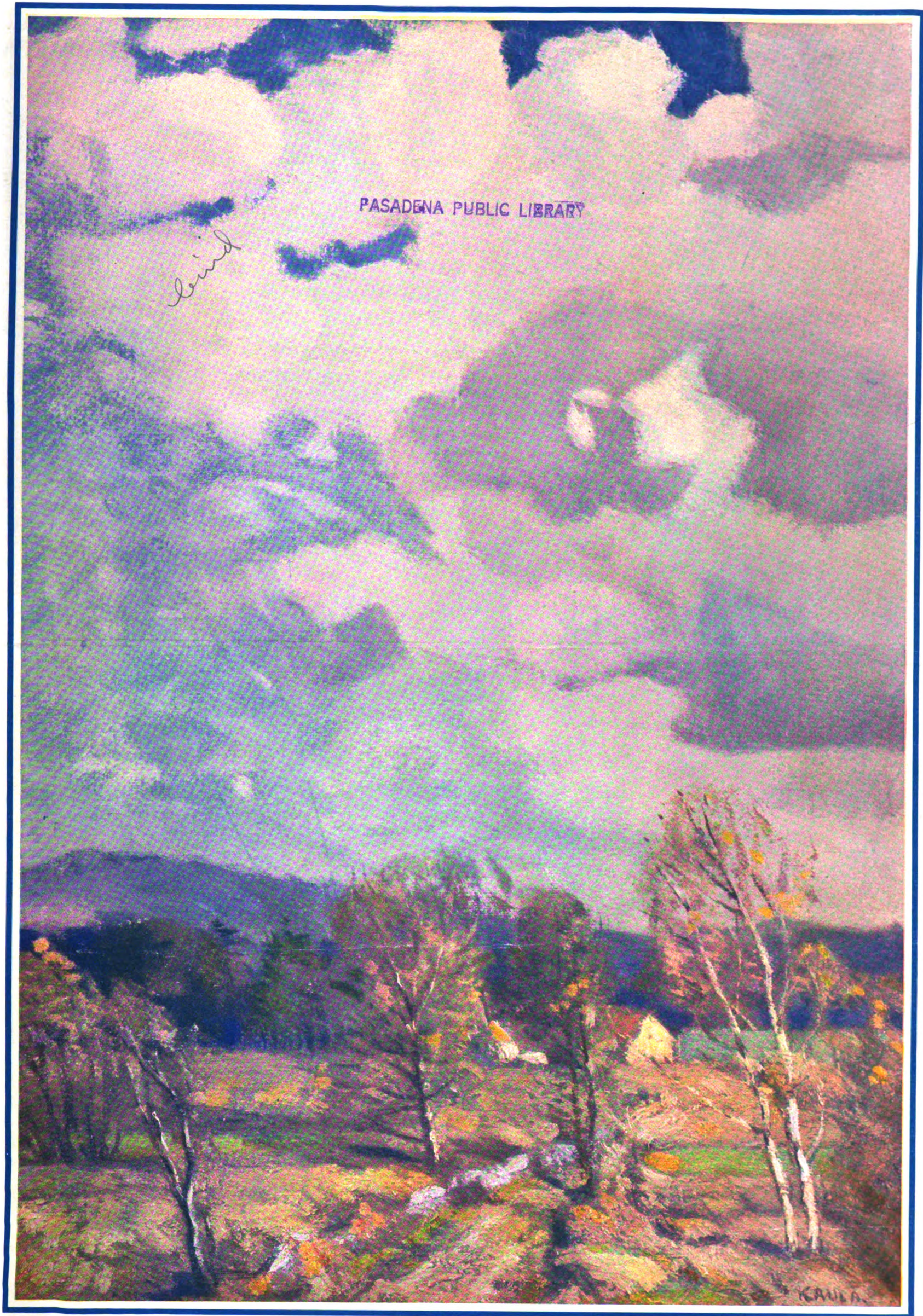
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DRAWINGS BY CHASE EMERSON

MABEL'S EYES SEEMED TO START FROM HER HEAD.
"WHY, RUSTY MILLER!" SHE EXCLAIMED

REUBEN'S PORTION

By Joslyn Gray
In Ten Chapters
Chapter Five

in repair. And compared with anything that he had ever known, the salary was munificent; it would make his family truly comfortable.

At Reuben's suggestion he moved into South Hollow, so that he could be near his work. He found a pleasant little house opposite the grammar school, and there he established his family before the opening of the schools in September.

A new life seemed to have dawned for them. Coming into another district was to them like moving into the village as strangers. Rusty insisted upon new clothes for her mother, and even induced her to go to church and to the store and, after much persuasion, to return the visits of neighbors.

But Rusty's own contentment was threatened. The question of her return

to Miss Penny's for the school year came up. Miss Penny declared that she needed her and could not do without her; and the girl herself was determined to go back. But her mother pleaded that her own home was now quite as near the academy as Miss Penny's; and her father declared he guessed he could support his daughter—the only one he had left. And then he sighed and a shadow clouded his wife's brow.

They had both believed when Anna had left home that her running away had been due to sheer wickedness. In the light of the new conditions they realized how barren the old life must have been to a girl of Anna's lively temperament, and they felt that she had not been so much to blame, after all.

But now that they were in their new home, they could not understand why Rusty should think of going to Miss Penny's. Rusty herself felt secretly that she had a right to choose. She had stayed at home summers and weekends and had put things into such good running order that her family could do without her perfectly well. Being so near, she could drop in every day, and if they insisted she could continue to come home to stay over Sunday. She could not help preferring to live at Miss Penny's; she told herself that during her last year at the academy she ought to have the quieter home, where she could study to better advantage. She certainly should never get that scholarship away from Mabel Graham if she stayed at home.

As it came about, the question was settled in a quite unforeseen manner. And although Rusty never knew it, it was she herself that set in motion the forces that brought about the decision.

Just before they moved into the new house she went over to Wenham one afternoon to do some shopping, with more money in her pocket-book than she had ever had there before. She bought a hat to go with her mother's new suit, shirts for her father, blouses and ties for the boys and curtains for the front room.

For herself she had only shoes to buy. The cousin in New York continued to supply her with other clothes. Rusty had lately written at her father's behest that in view of their improved circumstances she need not send anything more; but the cousin had answered that the sending of the box three times a year gave her so much pleasure that she begged to be allowed to continue as usual.

When she had made all her other purchases, Rusty sought the shoe department of the store,

large shop of Wenham. As she was passing through the section where drapery was sold, she noticed a piece of shimmering silk. It was soft and lustrous, and of a beautiful shade of creamy yellow, between opal and fawn color. Rusty stopped spellbound before it.

Taking an end of the silk, she held it surreptitiously against her face and glanced in the mirror opposite. It was truly becoming.

"Two dollars and a quarter a yard, madam, and a yard wide," said the clerk. "And you know nineteen or twenty inches is the usual width of silk."

Rusty fairly gasped at the price; but the address "madam" steadied her, and she remarked casually that it seemed to be a good firm piece.

"Can't I sell you a dress pattern?" urged the clerk.

"With low neck and short sleeves and such wide material it wouldn't take much to make a handsome evening dress for such a slim young lady as you."

"Oh, no, thank you, not to-day!" said Rusty hastily, and passed on.

Low neck and short sleeves! An evening gown! On a sudden Rusty's old longing to go to parties, to be vivacious, rushed over her overwhelmingly. She had never in her life had a really festive gown.

Thus preoccupied, she gave only perfunctory attention to purchasing the shoes, and at last decided on a pair of pumps, although she knew that she ought to buy boots; but she told herself that pumps were cheaper as well as prettier, and that she should buy boots later with her own money that she should earn at Miss Penny's. She was certainly going back to Miss Penny's; she did not care what anyone said! She had to go back, because of the scholarship. From the scholarship her mind darted back to the yellow silk.

If she should get the scholarship and go to college in another year, she should have to have an evening dress. She decided in that event to get just this kind of silk and exactly this shade. She had a vision of herself receiving the prize on graduation day and rushing over here the next morning to buy the silk. The clerk handed her the change, but she did not count it, for a terrible thought had flashed into her mind. She should reach the silk counter on that morning after graduation only to find the silk gone—"sold out long ago, madam." Of course beautiful stuff like that, a yard wide, would be sold within a fortnight. She went back to look at it again, half hoping that it might not look so attractive; but it seemed only the more enchanting.

"It seems just your color, doesn't it?" said the clerk.

"How much—do you suppose five yards would make a dress?" Rusty inquired.

"Well, now, let me see. No sleeves at all—waist draped so—you might just make out. But skirts are to be fuller this fall, and a dress like this you'd wear forever, almost. I should advise six yards myself."

"How do you do, Rusty?" said a voice behind her. Rusty turned to see Mabel Graham.

"Oh, hello, Mabel!" she said coldly.

"Coming back to school?"

"Pa wants me to," said Mabel, "and my aunt and uncle enjoy a young person about the house; so I suppose I shall. And then, being so far ahead on the scholarship, it wouldn't be



SHE SPOKE SO SHARPLY THAT A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER WHO WAS GOING THROUGH THE STORE STOPPED

hardly fair to back out now. I don't believe Mr. Phillips or Miss Gilbert would like it."

"I dare say," remarked Rusty loftily, and turned to the counter.

"Pretty silk," Mabel remarked. "But, my! isn't it dear? Two dollars and a quarter a yard! Maybe you're only looking for samples? I know a girl that's made one of those silk quilts with little puffed squares stuffed with cotton wool and sachet powder just out of samples."

"I don't go in for that sort of thing, thank you, Mabel," Rusty answered. Then, turning to the clerk, she said grandly, "Give me six yards, please."

Mabel's eyes seemed to start from her head. "Why, Rusty Miller!" she exclaimed.

She spoke so sharply that a commercial traveler who was going through the store stopped and looked at the two girls—the one slim, intense, with a sort of poised look about her; the other large and stolid.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't have an evening dress, Mabel?" Rusty demanded.

"Oh, no, Rusty, of course not, if you can afford it," Mabel admitted, edging back, "though I shouldn't suppose your father could pay that much a yard for silk, working in a shop. But like as not you saved it yourself. Miss Penny must pay pretty good wages, for Reuben Cartwright dresses like a dude."

"I don't have to spend my earnings for clothes; I use them for pin money," responded Rusty with a superior air, although she did not know exactly what pin money meant. "My father is anxious for me to have what I want, and I shall need an evening dress for college."

The last words were scarcely out of her mouth when she regretted them; but she could not take them back.

"Why, Rusty Miller!" Mabel exclaimed, shocked almost beyond expression. "If you haven't got cheek, talking about college in that grand way! Is your pa going to send you?"

During the long walk home Rusty had the grace to be ashamed of this altercation with a schoolmate in a public place. She seemed to have a vague vision of a stout man with a hand satchel looking on with twinkling eyes. Mabel had begun it, indeed, but Rusty realized that she ought not to have allowed herself to be drawn into it, and of all things she should not have bragged about going to college.

But long before she had reached home she had forgotten that in the feeling of blank depression that had suddenly seized upon her. Something very heavy seemed to be dragging her down. It could not be about the silk. Her

heart should be light about that; for really she had got a bargain, and if she went to college she should be that much in; and then, having it, she would certainly try much harder for the scholarship. She even decided that she would try her level best every single day; and if she did that everyone said she could beat Mabel. Besides, in a sense it was not her father's money that she had spent. She had bought her own shoes and stockings and gloves with the money that she got from Miss Penny. She had been wholly within her rights when she was shopping for the family to spend thirteen dollars and a half for herself.

Thirteen dollars and fifty cents! It seemed to her an enormous sum. And, she asked herself, if she felt wholly justified about the purchase, why was she not ready to show it at home? She was carrying this package instead of having it sent with the others, and she had not once thought of showing it to her mother; indeed, she had already prepared a speech about spending thirteen dollars and a half for things she needed, and she hoped her father would misinterpret her words.

Should she show Reuben the dress? Reuben would like the color; he was very observant for a boy. Still, he would not understand. Being so old and sedate, he would not dream of a girl, a country girl,—when all was said, a red-haired country girl,—wanting a party dress for no good reason, and spending enough on it to get her father a winter overcoat or a stove for the sitting room of the new house.

No, Reuben should not see it until she wore it, and goodness only knew when that would be. She did not know how she should ever get the dress made, and after that it would take a

great deal of courage to "spring it" on people. As she kicked open the gate, Rusty wished that she had not bought the stuff at all. If it had not been for that hateful Mabel Graham, she believed she never should have done so.

Her mother met her at the door with smiling face. It was a new experience to see Mrs. Miller eager about anything. Rusty's heart sank.

"O Rusty, did you get my hat?" she cried. "And what's in your bundle?"

"Yes, mother, I found a beauty with just a touch of blue. It will come to-morrow, and—oh, this is a secret. You'll know sometime!" Rusty answered, trying to smile mysteriously, but failing dismally; for even as she spoke, she realized that she was trying to deceive her mother.

"Poor child, you're all tired out!" said her mother, as Rusty threw down her hat. "Didn't you get a lift?"

"Not coming back. But I rode all the way over from the bridge. I'll come down in just a few minutes and tell you about the things."

She went to her room and hid the box between some comfortables on the shelf of the clothespress. Then she sat down on the edge of the bed and stared before her in dumb misery, forgetful of all else until she was startled by the call to supper.

Two days followed, two days of wretchedness. On the third day Rusty made a secret journey to Wenham, carrying the silk; but she returned with it, for the people at the store would not take the purchase back. When Rusty went to bed that night, she almost felt that she should never rise from it again. It really seemed to her as if her heart were broken.

TO BE CONTINUED.

UNCLE NATE'S BEARS

By Charles A. Hoyt

In Two Parts

Part Two

WHEN the Batchums crawled under the fence and took a short cut across the field to the village road, Uncle Nate was several rods behind them. Leaning on the top rail, he sadly watched them pass out of sight; then he wearily shouldered his wet robe and trudged on toward his house.

His cows all stood at the bars, bawling, pawing the dirt and horn-ing the ground. When they saw the robe their eyes bulged and they trembled. Two tried to jump the bars, broke them down and ran to the stable. The rest pushed through the opening; some circled the barn-yard, and three dashed through the little gate and over Aunt Marilla's flower beds.

Uncle Nate was disgusted. Even the cows mistook him for a bear. He dropped the robe behind a big stone, and after much running got the excited beasts into the barn and started to milk them. Usually Uncle Nate had no trouble with them, but that night he received three or four kicks, and lost part of a pail of milk.

Aunt Marilla, who had just returned from the quilting bee, had supper ready when he came in.

"Well, of all the sights!" she exclaimed. "Go right up and change them clothes! Hurry now, because I've got a pandowdy for supper, and it'll get soggy if it sets."

As Uncle Nate changed his clothes there was a ray of hope in his heart. Perhaps the Batchums would keep their mouths shut about the affair; perhaps shame that the children had been caught stealing berries would seal the uncles' lips. The more he thought about the matter the brighter the outlook seemed to him. Indeed, at supper he was very cheerful, and ate fully half of the pandowdy, joked Aunt Marilla about the "hen party," and otherwise conducted himself in his usual manner. When he pushed away his empty plate and leaned back in his chair, Aunt Marilla, out of the fullness of her experience, knew that the time had come to find out things.

"I saw them Batchums when they come up this way, and I saw 'em when they come back," she said calmly. "They stopped in to Mis' Beman's—where the quiltin' was—and told the whole thing."

Uncle Nate's jaw dropped. The worst had happened! More people knew the bear story already than if it had been printed in the Gazette.

Aunt Marilla laughed. "I was mad," she said; "but I couldn't help laughin' after all. What if some one had been up there huntin' and had shot ye? There's most allus some one foolin' round those woods with a gun."

Nervously wiping his brow, Uncle Nate hurried to explain; but he unwisely neglected to mention the robe.

"Let's see," Aunt Marilla said, eying him

DRAWN BY F. STROTHMANN



CLOSING HIS LIPS IN A HARD LINE, HE LOOKED ROUND FOR THE VERDICT

narrowly. "They said something about a robe. What were ye doin' with a robe, I'd —"

"Yes," he said hastily, "I had it along, plannin' to scare the little tikes out of there."

"Well," she said, after a moment, "I ain't never caught ye lyin' to me yet, and I don't b'lieve you'll begin now. The Batchums told the whole thing to all them women down to the quiltin', and they don't think there's any bears up there at all. Of all the screechin' and laughin' you ever heard —"

Uncle Nate got up and went out to the barn. His heart was full. Aunt Marilla's surprising lack of interest when he told of his desperate encounter with the bear showed only too plainly that she accepted his story with some mental reservations.

The next day was Uncle Nate's day for going down to the creamery at the village. Although he admitted to Aunt Marilla that he dreaded the trip, he hitched old Bill up and set out bravely. As he passed the bank building the members of the Watch Traders' Exchange were all in their accustomed places. They hailed him loudly.

"Hi, there!"

"Wait a minute; your ticket gives you a stop-over, don't it?"

"It's against the law to drive a hoss more'n twelve hours without feed or water!"

Those and other remarks stopped him. George Kibbee cleared his throat with a

fearful growl. "My throat's all closed up this mornin'!" he said.

Uncle Nate flushed slightly. "Looks as if it would thaw before noon," he remarked, wiping his face with a red cotton handkerchief.

Grandad Marsh winked at Jed Chamberlain. "What kind of an animal ye goin' to be next time?" he inquired. "You can't fool 'em but once with the same critter."

"It would be less trouble if you was to git some of these big Teddy bears the kids have," Bert Howieson declared, "and stand 'em round up there in the berry patch."

Uncle Nate knew better than to lose his temper.

"Oh, there's bears enough up there," he said easily. "You don't need any stuffed ones. One of these days they'll stuff themselves on some of these kids round here."

"Come over and set in the shade, Nate, and tell us all about it," said John Bridgeman. "There's so many stories goin' round we don't know what to b'lieve."

Uncle Nate climbed heavily over the wheel and sat down on a bench. The drenching in the brook and his exertions of the day before had left him rather stiff.

"I see that whole passel of kids goin' into the berry patch," he began, "and I went up there, figgerin' on runnin' of 'em out for fear of their gettin' into trouble, when what should I do but blunder right onto the old bear and her two cubs that's been stayin' up there all summer. The bank caved off with me and I fell right down amongst 'em!"

"I vow, I never heard of bears runnin' a bank before!" drawled Bert. "You made a sort of a run on 'em then, did ye?"

Uncle Nate went on impatiently: "The old one grabbed at my back, but didn't get a good holt, and pulled —"

"The robe off yer back?" asked Grandad Marsh, while the others chuckled.

George Kibbee slapped his knee. "I got a plush robe you can have, Nate; it's got one of these yaller tigers with his mouth wide open wove in the linin'."

Uncle Nate turned a fiery red. "She pulled my co't off!" he said firmly. "And I clumb a

he got along very well until he arrived at the creamery. There, however, he received a hilarious greeting.

"Hello, Nate!" one of the men called, with a silly grin. "How's the bears?"

Jim Shepard dragged Uncle Nate's can inside and weighed it. "Barely sixty pounds!" he said, with a snicker.

They all guffawed.

Uncle Nate hopped into his wagon with his empty can without waiting for any buttermilk.

"Hee!" called Jim Shepard. "Don't you want any swill? Has the bears et up all your pigs?"

Uncle Nate did not stop and did not trust himself to speak; he merely waved his hand, with his face set straight ahead. No one else hailed him, but everyone smiled as he passed. Although he had several errands at various places, he went directly home. Aunt Marilla had to come down later and do her own errands.

"I declare for't," said she, when she got home again, "I never see such a place! The whole village is yellin' and laughin' over that fool business! Everywhere I went it was just the same. I shan't go near the place again for a month."

Aunt Marilla kept her word. Uncle Nate, however, had to go to the village frequently on various matters of business; and each time he had to run the gantlet of hilarious growls from boys on the street, tiresome bantering from his friends of the Watch Traders' Exchange and gibes in general from everyone in sight.

By the time winter set in, however, the joke had been partly forgotten and partly worn out, for Uncle Nate was always careful not to show temper, and tried to give his tormentors as good as they sent. By spring his trips to the village were usually peaceful.

When Uncle Nate saw the first crow, he thought of his maple orchard in the back pasture. It was time to get the sugar tools ready for the spring run of sap. The next morning he hitched his team of Morgan colts to the bobsled and by noon had broken out the road to the sugarhouse.

He drove round on the south side of the building, where it was warm in the sun, tied the horses to a sapling and gave them their dinner. The wooden ox sled, with the large tub that he used for gathering sap bolted to it, stood beside the house close to the horses, almost completely covered by a huge drift of snow. The tub was round, perhaps four feet across the top, and five feet high; it was strongly made, and the top was covered, except for a hole about eighteen inches square in the centre. The heavy cover that fitted over the hole and that kept the sap from spilling out as the rig was drawn along the rough roads through the woods was leaning against the wall inside the sugarhouse.

The colts were eating quietly enough, when suddenly they began to tremble and to snort. Uncle Nate ran out of the sugarhouse, where he was eating his own dinner, and caught their heads. They were looking toward the sap tub and sniffing at it. When he had tied them to another tree he went to the tub to investigate. From the opening in the top, half covered with snow, a faint curl of steam was rising; and as he leaned forward he caught a strong odor of animals.

The truth burst upon him! His troublesome bears had made their winter nest and had hibernated in his gathering tub! Peering cautiously into the tub, he could see a

mass of grass and weeds that the beasts had carried in, but nothing else. A grin of delight spread over his face, and running into the sugarhouse, he brought out the cover and quickly fastened it into place.

After boring some holes in it with a bit to give the captives air, he dug the snow away from the sled and hitched on the colts. They were very nervous, but he got home without accident, and backed the sled under the barn. Muffled growls came from inside the tub, but otherwise everything was quiet.

Uncle Nate did not say a word to anyone about his catch, not even to Aunt Marilla; but he smiled and chuckled so many times at the supper table that finally she asked:

"What you grinnin' like a Cheesy cat for, anyway?"

Uncle Nate, remembering her skeptical attitude when he had most needed her sympathy, had decided to tell her nothing at present; but every time he thought of the surprise he would spring on Grandad Marsh, George Kibbee, John Bridgeman and all the rest of the crew who had been making his life miserable, he chuckled aloud. He would hire a strong box stall in the livery stable—that was what he would do! He would dump his bears into it, and then call the whole outfit to come and look them over. They should see who laughed best then!

The next day was town-meeting day, and clear and warm. Uncle Nate did his chores

tree! All three of 'em took to the brush, and in a few minutes they tackled the kids; and that's all they be of it."

Closing his lips in a hard line, he looked round for the verdict.

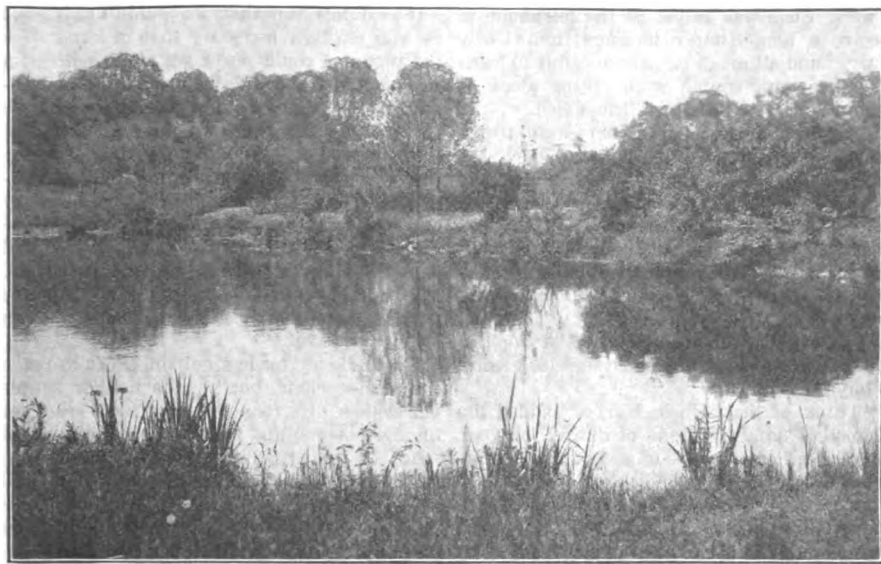
"Long when I was twenty year old and upwards," said grandad, "I usta go up in the north woods in Maine every winter, loggin'. They usta be lots of them black bears up there, gritty little tarnals they was, too. You say this one took jest one bite at ye?"

"Yes," said Nate eagerly, hoping that here was some corroboration to his story. "Jest one grab in the middle of my back."

"An old she-bear with cubs," grandad went on meditatively. "Had ye down, took jest one bite at ye, didn't leave any marks on ye, and then let ye go!" He got up, walked away a few steps, and then came back. "All I got to say is—if any bear I ever see hed me in 'er mouth like you tell, I shouldn't be here tellin' of it."

Uncle Nate's breath grew short, and he had to blow his nose violently to keep tears of rage from running down his cheeks. "Well, I got to d'liver that cream before it sours out there in the hot sun," he said in an even voice, as he got up. Climbing into the wagon, he woke the old horse and pulled on the lines. As he moved off he sent one parting shot at the enemy: "All I got to say is—the tracks is up there in the mud for anyone to see that wants to go up there and look."

Only a few persons were on the street; so



A BEAUTIFUL CORNER OF THE ARBORETUM IN EARLY SPRING



A STRANGER MIGHT WELL BELIEVE THAT HE WAS IN A BIT OF NATIVE NEW ENGLAND

A GARDEN OF TREES

By Charles S. Sargent
Director of the Arnold Arboretum

IN order to increase the general knowledge about trees and thus to stimulate love for them, Harvard University about forty years ago established a garden. The gift of a substantial sum of money by the will of a New Bedford merchant, James Arnold, made the garden possible. The Arnold Arboretum, as it is called, is the only scientific garden in the world exclusively devoted to trees; it is a department of Harvard University and is situated in Jamaica Plain and West Roxbury, suburbs of Boston.

The university made an agreement with the City of Boston, whereby the city agreed to add certain parcels of land necessary for the proper development of the garden, to build and maintain the roads and paths needed to make it accessible to the public, to protect it by its police, and to assume all taxes that might be laid on the property during the life of the contract, which was made for a thousand years. In return the university agreed that the Arboretum should be open to the public from sunrise to sunset for a thousand years.

Here, then, is a garden controlled by a great university, with a life of at least ten centuries assured to it in its present location. Such a term of life offers unprecedented opportunities for making the garden complete and useful. What those centuries may bring to the garden no one can foretell, but it is safe to predict that under the direction of the university it will be wisely managed.

In the short period that has passed since the Arboretum was established, its directors have been engaged in gathering information about trees, in collecting, raising and planting trees and shrubs, in forming a library of books, in establishing a herbarium of dried specimens of woody plants, and in publishing the results of the investigations and explorations of its members.

From its earliest days the Arboretum has been active in exploration. In gathering material and information its officers and agents have traveled over much of the surface of the earth. North America was the first field for explorers from the Arboretum; then Japan, China and eastern Siberia, for in eastern Asia grow the greatest number of the exotic trees and shrubs that may be expected to prove useful in the parks, gardens and forests of our northeastern states. The explorations in some of the least-known parts of China, on the borders of Tibet, were especially successful, for they gave to the gardens of America and Europe many beautiful trees and other plants.

The Arboretum as now organized consists of a museum of living trees and shrubs and a laboratory of research. Under the terms of the will of James Arnold the university must grow a specimen of every tree and shrub that will thrive in the climate of Massachusetts. That condition made necessary the explorations that the Arboretum has undertaken; for at the time the garden was established comparatively little

was known about the trees even of the United States. Only a few plants had then reached the United States and Europe from Japan, northern China and Siberia, and no botanist had penetrated the mountain wilderness of western China, which we now know possesses a flora richer in the number and variety of its trees and its shrubs than any other region outside the tropics.

The museum of living plants occupies two hundred and twenty acres of meadow, hill and valley. The trees in this outdoor museum are arranged by groups of species,—genera,—and the genera, as far as it has been found practicable, have been planted according to their botanical relationships into larger groups called families. The student therefore finds all the different forms of oak trees in one group, the maples in another, the pines in another, and so on; so that it is easy to compare related species that are able to grow in the New England climate. To show the habits of important North American trees under different conditions a number of specimens are planted close together in a group, and, at a distance great enough to allow its branches to develop freely, a single representative of the species is planted. Moreover, a member of each species of the trees in the museum stands near a drive, so that visitors, in passing along the Arboretum roads, may obtain a general idea of the groups of trees hardy in Massachusetts and of their relations to one another. Grass-covered paths give access to all parts of the garden and make it easy for the visitor to examine the collections. In no other museum of living plants are the collections arranged more conveniently for study and

observation, and in few public gardens are the plants so systematically and clearly labeled.

In this museum there is the largest collection of trees and shrubs in the United States, and perhaps the largest collection in the world of the woody plants of the north temperate zone. By the Arboretum explorations and by the exchanges that are carried on with other public institutions and with lovers of plants in all parts of the world, the collections are constantly increasing.

Beauty is a powerful influence in a garden devoted to study, for beauty—the beauty of fitness and of natural arrangement—first attracts and then holds the attention of the visitor, who, once his interest is roused, instinctively becomes a student. Fortunately, the exceptional topography of the ground makes the Arboretum, with its broad meadows, its high hills separated by narrow valleys, its Bussey Brook rippling at the base of high cliffs of rock covered by a dense growth of native hemlock trees, one of the most beautiful public gardens in the world. From the tops of its three high hills you can see Boston Harbor, the whole range of the Blue Hills and the domes and spires of Boston and Cambridge.

In arranging the museum of living plants, every effort has been made to do the work in such a way that the natural appearance of the native woods and of the individual native trees shall be as little changed as possible. A stranger driving through the Arboretum for the first time might well believe that he was in a bit of native New England and not in one of the great botanical collections of the world. That fortunate union of beauty with science is one of the characteristics that make the Boston

garden of trees different from other botanical gardens, and the one that led a foreign visitor who had seen the gardens of many countries and who had come to the Arboretum to study its collections to say, "To one who enters the Arboretum for the first time the most striking impression received is its great beauty of landscape."

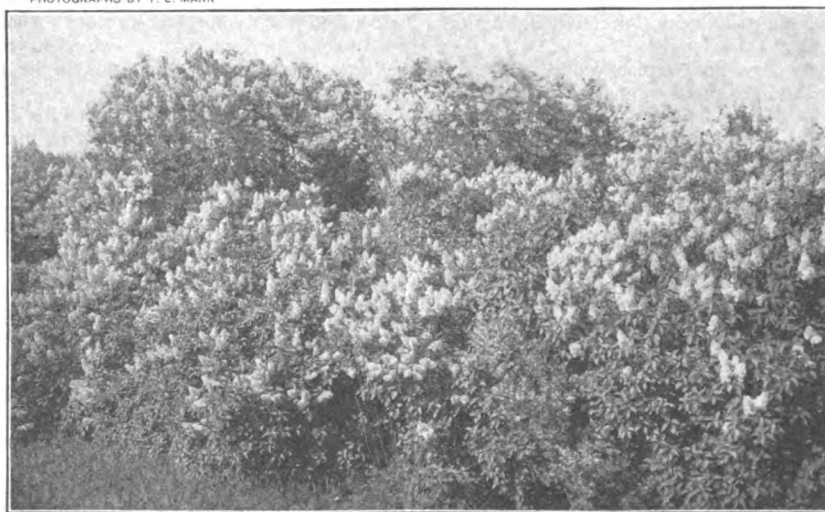
To the lover of birds the Arboretum offers exceptional opportunities. Its varied natural features, combined with favorable conditions of food supply and protection, have proved very attractive to native birds. Some fifty species have bred there during the last twenty years, and only a few of them have left the Arboretum. The persistent warfare on the gypsy moth, the elm-tree beetle and other insects by spraying has doubtless had its effect in diminishing the number of birds in the garden; yet during the course of a year you can see probably as many as one hundred species.

The list includes many of our most beautiful birds of song or plumage, such as the song thrush, veery, rose-breasted grosbeak, thrasher, oriole, bluebird, wood pewee, indigo bird, redstart and several warblers. You can occasionally see the ruffed grouse, and a flock of quails has maintained its numbers for many years. The ring-necked pheasant is increasing, and late in the summer the green heron, the night heron and sometimes even the great blue heron visit the ponds. Of the rarer birds of eastern Massachusetts the yellow-breasted chat and Brewster's warbler have nested there, and the solitary mockingbird that during the summer of 1915 delighted visitors to the Arboretum with its song is still living in the garden.

In the spring and sometimes in the fall the Arboretum gives instruction about trees. It publishes a guide that leads the visitor to all the points of interest and to all the principal collections. It also issues weekly in the spring and fall bulletins that contain much information about the flowering and the ripening of the fruit of rare and other interesting plants. Those are sent to all applicants for a nominal price, which pays for the cost of printing and postage.

For the man or woman who has a garden and wishes to improve it, for the professional landscape gardener, for the nurseryman anxious to keep up with the times, and for the working gardener a weekly visit to the Arboretum from April to December is not too much if he wishes to get the greatest good from the Arboretum. There are many seasons of the year that attract to the garden the general public—the people who can admire but who do not wish to learn. When, late in May, the cherry trees of Japan are covered with pink and white flowers, or when, a few days later, the great collections of crab apples and lilacs bloom, or when, in early October, the trees and shrubs of China and Japan compete with their American rivals in the variety and splendor of their fall dress, the Garden of Trees is truly a place of supreme beauty.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. E. MARR



THE GREAT LILAC BLOOM IN MAY

early, and then hitched the colts to the heavy sled. Aunt Marilla was astonished.

"What on earth you haulin' that great thing down to the village for?" she asked impatiently. "I was plannin' to ride down with ye. You don't s'pose I'll ride on that thing, do ye?"

Without a word of explanation he hitched the old horse to the sleigh for her. Then, with his wife following close behind, he started down the hill.

He stopped by the watering trough in the centre of the square. The street was full of men; farmers from all over town stood on the corners and along the curb; and because his colts were fine animals, several of the men came out to look them over. After a while George Kibbee, Grandad Marsh, John Bridgeman and Bert Howieson came out of the livery-stable office.

They had not teased Uncle Nate for a long while, but the sight of their natural prey with a crowd standing round was too much for them. They went eagerly out to the horse trough.

"Gosh!" said Bert, with a wink at the crowd. "I'm glad you come to-day, Uncle Nate, to vote for puttin' a bounty on bears. They're makin' all kinds of trouble round lately."

"All right," Uncle Nate said smilingly. "I've got two or three here to c'lect on, jest as soon as it's voted."

"Good boy!" said George Kibbee. "How many ye got—a tubful?" And before Nate realized what the other was going to do, George turned the cleat that held the cover in place, lifted the cover and looked in. A fierce growl greeted him, and the muzzle of a thoroughly angry black bear was thrust into his face. With

a frightened yell, George sprang back, lost his balance, and sprawled on the ground.

The brute climbed out of the tub, stood on the top a moment blinking in the bright sunlight, and then leaped down beside him. George rolled over two or three times and scrambled to his feet; trustworthy witnesses testify that he ran the hundred yards or so to the livery stable at the speed of a college sprinter.

Bert Howieson was fat and not very swift, but everyone he bumped into agreed that he was an exceedingly strong runner, and that nothing except a brick wall would have stopped him. Grandad Marsh carried a Minié ball in his leg as a souvenir of Gettysburg and could not run; John Bridgeman had been in the same regiment, and he bravely stood by his comrade. They had their canes in both hands,

and the light of battle was in their eyes; but the fearsome beast never looked at them, and they were not called into action.

The crowd scattered in panic. Never before was seen such excitement in Hartwick! Women—including Aunt Marilla—screamed, boys ran and hooted, dogs barked, and doors were almost torn off their hinges as the shrieking crowd rushed to safety.

As Uncle Nate frantically banged the cover down in order to keep in another bear that was trying to get out, his colts gave a frightened glance behind them, and promptly showed their best speed up the road. They ran into the mill yard, broke the tongue of the sled against a log pile, snarled themselves up in the harness and fell down.

Meanwhile the bewildered bear galloped up

the street, collecting dogs at every jump, until she met an ox team dragging a load of wood. The dogs were crowding her so hard that she jumped to the top of the load to escape them.

The cattle gave a frightened bellow, ran down a bank and tipped the load over. Thrown to the ground, the harassed bear took refuge under the gristmill, where, with her back to the corner, she did the village a good service by ridding it of half a dozen worthless curs. After that, she escaped to the woods.

The populace emerged from shelter. Willing

hands helped Uncle Nate take care of his colts; even the members of the Watch Traders' Exchange came forth to lend their aid.

"Say, Nate, you got one or two of them critters left in that tub, ain't you?" asked George Kibbee in a voice that was full of respect. "What you goin' to do with 'em?"

"Well," said Uncle Nate, looking at the assembled Watch Traders with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, "unless some menagerie should happen to want 'em, I cal'late I'll rig up a cage close by, so's to sort o' remind you fellers that bears is bears."

a week Elsie was called to the telephone to receive a long-distance message from Uncle Harry; and although it was ostensibly to learn how the young couple were getting along, it was in reality to hear his gift extolled.

Elsie's replies were marvels of pleasant truthfulness. For four weeks she said much the same thing, praising the carvings and the finish of the table, and quoting the exclamations it drew from her friends. The fifth week she added laughingly that a certain Mrs. Trim, who lived in a big suburban house, was a covetous admirer of the table. The sixth week she spoke of Mrs. Trim again. Mrs. Trim had said that if the time ever came when the Hal Streets wished to sell that table she stood ready to buy it.

"Think of that, Uncle Harry!" added the "bunch of fluff." "Think of our selling your wedding gift as a piece of secondhand furniture!"

Two days after that, Elsie wrote a note to Uncle Harry insisting that he fulfill his promise and visit them for a few days.

"The couch bed in the living room," she wrote, "is exceptionally easy and quite broad, and you can make a convenient dressing room of the bathroom. As for my cooking—Hal's additional five pounds in the last six weeks doesn't give it a black eye, does it? We shall expect you Tuesday without fail."

—if we didn't have that, we couldn't have you! So you see how necessary that is. And then the piano—I could never get along without a piano. And Hal couldn't pass an evening without his music box. And the chairs—here's three of us now, and we must allow for at least two callers. And there's no other furniture except your beautiful, great big table!"

Uncle Harry followed the argument carefully and found that he could not dispute it. Still — Elsie, being supple and slender, dodged and bent her cheerful way to the front windows. "Over here, uncle," she explained, "we have put the easiest chair for you, where you can watch the street."

Uncle Harry made a gallant effort to reach the easiest chair, but he was neither supple nor slender. He required margins of space for his movements, and there were no margins of space in the little room. He hit his knee a resounding whack on the first dragon's head and, smothering a groan, tried to wedge his bulk between the table and a chair; but neither piece of furniture yielded, and so, stifling another groan, he painfully lifted his knee, stepped over the chair, ran against the second dragon's head, and at last sank into the chair beside the window. It was so closely hemmed in that he had to be careful lest he put his elbow through a pane of glass on one side or hit a dragon's head on the other.

Then Hal came, breezy and hearty, and unaffectedly glad to see his favorite uncle. The two shook hands with arms stretched across two chairs and one corner of the table. After that ceremony, Hal thumped the table and exclaimed warmly:

"The only piece of solid mahogany I expect to own until I get to be the vice president of the First National!"

Uncle Harry looked pleased and then perplexed, writhed in his limited quarters, took in his elbows awkwardly and assented. Hal departed to the kitchen to help Elsie get dinner. As soon as Hal had gone, Uncle Harry peered cunningly under the table, over it and round it. He was seeking a safe way out of his corner.

"Huh!" he muttered at last in triumph. He had discovered a lane that by skillful manipulation could be made a little wider.

With puffings and blowings, he moved the heavy table over against the music box. In yielding to his struggles it ruffled up the edge of the rug, and when Hal came to call his guest to dinner the guest caught his toe on the ruffle and plunged into his nephew's arms.

"Drat that ta-carpet!" he growled, as he regained the perpendicular and followed Hal to the dining room.

The dinner was delicious, and under its influence his spirits rose slightly; but they were unable to attain the heights of his hilarious nephew.

"You leave the dishes for me to clear away, Elsie," Hal directed, as they rose from their chairs. "You go and put our new funny record on the phonograph. That'll make uncle hold his sides; it's a good digester."

There was a look of gloomy apprehension on Uncle Harry's face as he followed, watching his feet cautiously, and warning Elsie to look out for that "kicked-up carpet."

"That will be smoothed down as soon as we move the table," Elsie replied. "We shall have to get it away from the music box over against the chairs again,—you pull and I'll push,—that way. Isn't it solid and heavy, though,—a fine piece of wood,—I don't wonder that Lora Trim wants it. O dear! Leave yourself room to get out—that's it."

As soon as Hal came in he demanded a song by a visible singer; but in order to let Elsie reach the piano, the men had to pull and push the table against the couch. This effectively blocked the passage to the easy-chairs beside the windows, and Uncle Harry sat uncomfortably on a straight-backed chair in the doorway, while his nephew stood beside the piano and added a good bass to Elsie's soprano.

Bedtime came, and Elsie disappeared, leaving the two men to wrestle with further difficulties. The problem was to clear a space large enough to allow the couch bed to be unfolded. Harry the younger was gay and talkative, and Harry the older abnormally silent.

"The way to do," said the younger briskly, "is to put every chair out into the hall and push the table against the front windows. Those are Elsie's orders. She's the best Al manager you ever saw!"

The elder grunted an assent, while the younger dropped on his hands and knees and crawled under the table to the windows. There he turned the chairs over on their sides and pushed them under the table as far as he could reach. With difficulty Uncle Harry bent his corpulent figure, pulled the chairs out and carried them into the hall; in performing these duties he got very red in the face.

"Here you are!" cried Hal with great glee, as he blocked the windows with the table and unfolded the bed. "Now, all you'll have

MANAGEMENT A 1

By Alice Louise Lee

UNCLE Harry Street blew a great blast on a large handkerchief and advanced with ponderous ceremony to greet the bride. He gazed with a comical mixture of pleasure and disapproval on the shimmering white clouds out of which her face shone happily. This first glimpse of his nephew's bride gratified his aesthetic sense but offended his business sense; and in Uncle Harry the business sense predominated strongly. He shook her small hand up and down until it ached and informed her portentously that on Hal's present salary life would not be all honeymoon. Then he backed on the patent-leather toes of the best man and ploughed his way to the library, asking himself audibly how that "bunch of fluff" was going to manage on Hal's salary.

In the library his business sense was further outraged. With his large feet planted far apart, he glanced about him and frowned; then he spoke in his booming voice. Uncle Harry was large in body, action and sound.

"Just what I expected to find." He addressed the other relatives, who stood round admiring one another's gifts. "Now, why can't people use the same sound management in giving presents to a young couple that they use in their business? I knew you folks would give 'em such truck as this—things that will wear out or tarnish or break! I got 'em a wedding present in the city, and had it sent right up to their flat. The janitor is going to see to putting it in. I just went into a furniture store and picked out a clerk that looked as if he understood his business. I said to him, 'I've got a nephew that's going to be married next week, and I want to get him a piece of furniture that'll last a lifetime.' And he said that a library table would fill that bill—a handsome library table. That struck me as sound sense, and I told him to trot one out."

Here Uncle Harry blew another blast. His blasts were merely loud punctuation points for his words.

"He showed me one right away that suited. It cost me exactly one hundred and fifty dollars cash!" Uncle Harry was generous and not at all averse to having everyone know it. He cast a belittling glance on the array of silver, glass and linen, and waved his handkerchief over them as if it were a wand.

"Why, it's big enough to hold all these things and as many more. As I told the clerk, when your namesake is gettin' married you get 'em a present re-gardless of the cost, but you use sense in getting it."

Here Uncle Harry slapped his trousers pockets with a great bang and moved on to the dining room to inform the remaining relatives of his gift "re-gardless."

On the train that bore the bride and groom directly to the city, where the groom presided in the cage of the receiving teller of the First National Bank, the "bunch of fluff" sighed and shook her head.

"Think of it, Hal! One hundred and fifty dollars in a library table! That's almost as much as we've spent on the other furnishings! If only —" She paused.

"Might as well finish it, Elsie," said Hal, laughing. "If only he had given us the money and let us buy our own table, it would probably be more suitable for the apartment."

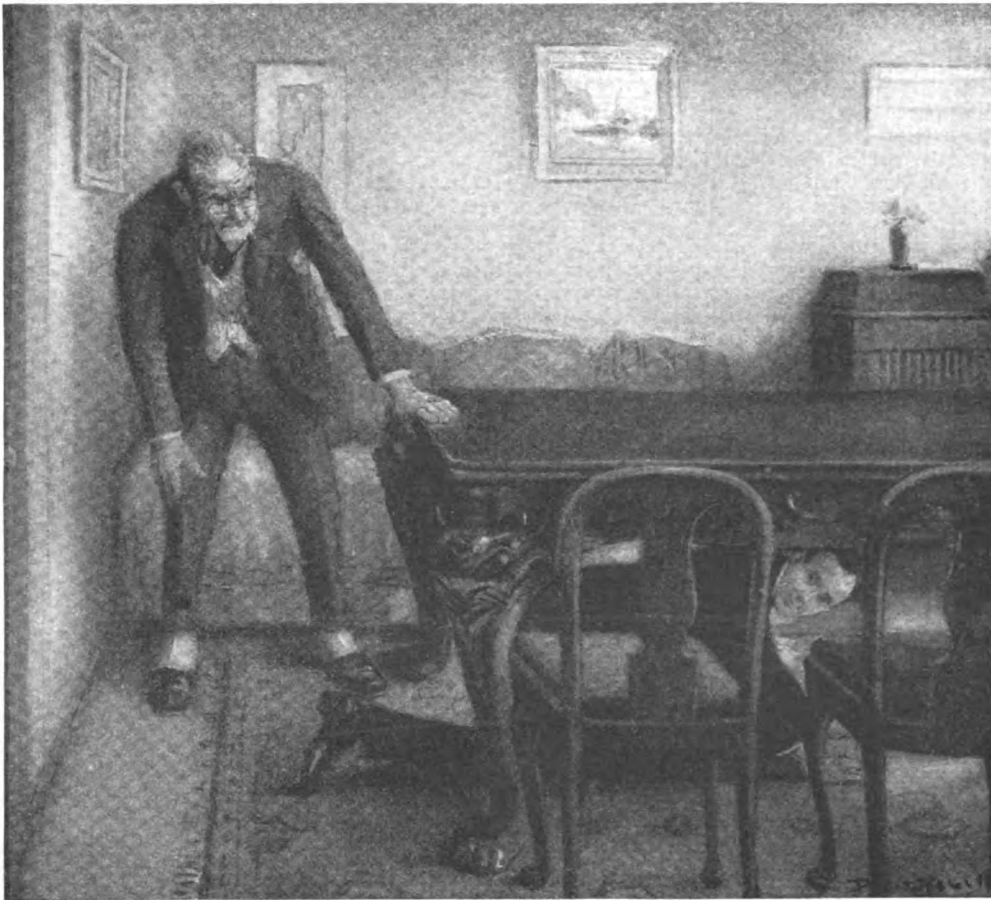
They had prepared the apartment for immediate occupancy. There was a tiny living room, a bedroom, a bath, a dining room and a kitchen. The living room Elsie remembered with joy. It had a pretty wall paper, with a modest rug to harmonize with it, a few comfortable chairs, a phonograph, which Hal had long had, a piano, which came from Elsie's home, and a soft, comfortable couch that might, in a twinkling, be transformed into a bed for a guest.

"Why, Hal," exclaimed the bride in perplexity, after that mental review, "there's no room for a library table, little or big!"

But whether there was room for it or not, there it was, and there they found it when they

unlocked the apartment. It filled the eye—likewise the living room. In order to get it in, the janitor had been obliged to take the phonograph and all the chairs out. The beautiful mahogany top stretched abroad like the wastes of Sahara. Hal and Elsie regarded it and each other with tears of laughter in their eyes.

DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL



THE ELDER GRUNTED AN ASSENT, WHILE THE YOUNGER . . CRAWLED UNDER THE TABLE TO THE WINDOWS

"Peary would find the Polar Sea easy navigating after this room," declared Hal ruefully. "Look at those legs!"

They curved outward beyond the top of the table, and the curves supported dragons' heads that grinned fiendishly in anticipation of the shins they would skillfully bark, the dresses they would be privileged to rip, and the chairs they would delight in scratching.

Before Elsie could respond, the telephone bell summoned Hal to the hall. From her place behind the white elephant of mahogany, she heard her husband say, "So it's you, Uncle Harry! Yes, the train was on time and we're here. Yes, we found it. Why-ee, like it? Well, I'll call Elsie. A woman knows —"

Elsie was already on her way. She crowded carefully between the table and the couch and took the receiver from Hal's limp hand. There was a peculiar light in her eyes, but her voice was pleasant as she greeted her new uncle.

"I have never seen such beautiful carving on a table," she began sweetly. That was all she had a chance to say. Uncle Harry found great pleasure and profit in the sound of his own big voice.

"I'll drop round one of these days," he ended, "and see it for myself in its new home. There's nothing like using a little business management in selecting wedding presents."

For six weeks life flowed on happily in the tiny flat and as smoothly as the library table would allow. Elsie managed to squeeze two chairs between it and the front windows. The others were left in the hall. The phonograph was crowded into the kitchen against the stationary tubs. Once a day regularly Hal asked in exasperation what they were going to do "with that confounded table!" Once a day regularly Elsie answered mysteriously that in the near future Uncle Harry would himself attend to disposing of his highly prized gift.

That is, the gift was prized highly by the donor. In fact, it grew in value. At least once

After she had signed the letter, she hesitated, smiled and added a postscript: "Another good reason for your coming—we wish you to see your beautiful library table in its new home."

After Uncle Harry had telephoned his intention to make the visit and had set its limit at a week, Elsie gave Hal a few instructions, which made him beat his knees in an outburst of hilarity.

Tuesday Elsie met Uncle Harry at the ferry and escorted him to the tiny flat. On the way she appeased him with an account of the finances of her housekeeping. She had not spent all of her allowance for household expenses. Uncle Harry actually listened and expanded in deep breaths of satisfaction.

"I didn't think it," he boomed, "but I believe you have some idea of good management! That's what I believe in—horse sense in spending money as well as in making it."

When they reached the flat, Uncle Harry hung up his hat and topcoat in the hall and then followed Elsie to the living room. The hall was cleared of chairs. They had been restored to the living room, where they hugged the wall in company with the piano, and with the phonograph, which had been brought in from the kitchen. In the doorway Elsie paused and pointed.

"There it is, Uncle Harry. The carving on that table impresses me more every day." She was glad that Hal was not present to hear the truthful, but ambiguous, statement. "Mrs. Trim thinks it's the most beautiful table she ever saw. She's the one, you know, who envies us its possession."

Uncle Harry looked about him blankly and cleared his throat. Then, pending speech, he blew a great introductory blast. "Huh!" he finally exclaimed. "What a lot of furniture you've got crowded in here!"

Elsie looked up in pained surprise. "Too much furniture, uncle? Please tell me how we could get along with less. There's the couch

to do is to stay put in bed until daylight. If you go to moving round —"

Uncle Harry wiped a gathering dampness from his forehead and fixed an apprehensive eye on a dragon's head alarmingly near the head of the couch. "I'm likely to thrash round considerably in a strange bed," he declared, "and throw out my arms."

Hal scratched his head. Then he said, "I'll ask Elsie; she'll know what to do." In a moment he was back, beaming. "She says to make the foot of the couch its head, and that will put a lot of space between your head and the dragon's."

Uncle Harry wiped his brow again. "But what about fresh air?" he asked in a strangled voice. "I always sleep with my windows open, and how can I get to the windows?"

"Oh, that's easy!" Hal exclaimed with exasperating cheerfulness. "You'll get used to navigating round this table before the week is up, but I'll open the windows for you tonight."

Casting himself on the table, he wriggled across it on his stomach, opened the windows and wriggled back again. His uncle was not yet ready to have them opened, but he did

not remonstrate, for he knew that the feat of reaching them was far beyond his ability.

At last, with chattering teeth, he crept under the covers of the couch. Changing his head to the foot of the couch brought it into the icy December draft between the windows and the hall doorway, but, knowing that the dragon's nose was reaching out cunningly to bump him at the other end of his bed, he piled the pillows over his head and suffered in silence.

Once only he groaned, "A week of this!" and then subsided.

Not being able to sleep, he thought.

The following morning, when he appeared at the breakfast table with a large handkerchief in one hand, his niece asked him solicitously how he had slept.

"Kerchew!" sneezed Uncle Harry, flourishing the handkerchief. "Kerchew! Where does that Mrs. Vrim live who wants that table? Can we get it to her this morning? That confounded clerk down at the furniture store didn't have an atom of sense when he sold that table to me! It shows mighty poor management in a firm to keep such an addle-brained clerk! Ker-chew! Where did you say that Mrs. Sim lives?"

It looked dark and forbidding. They felt certain that they had run the thief to his lair at last, but neither of them felt disposed to enter after him.

"Come out!" Tom cried, standing back from the hole. "We won't hurt you. All we want is our gun."

No answer came from the cave.

"Don't be skeered!" Tom continued, dropping into dialect, with the idea of making himself more intelligible. "We-uns is friends. We ain't lookin' for no trouble. Come on out."

Still no answer.

"Possibly he isn't there, after all," Tom suggested. "I believe I'll just —"

"You're not going in there?" Ellis expostulated. "Why, he'll get you, sure!"

But, gripping his hatchet, Tom started for the narrow entrance. To Ellis it looked like madness; but he would not let his cousin go alone, and followed him into the hole. For two or three feet they stumbled over split rocks; apparently they were going down a slight slope. Then the space widened round them. There was a faint, stale odor of smoke; the air was damp, as in a cellar.

"Who's in here?" cried Tom in rather a strained voice, and at the same moment he struck a match.

As the tiny flame flickered and grew they saw that they were in a roughly rounded cavern, about ten feet wide and fourteen feet long; it was eight feet or so high at the entrance, rose higher in the centre, and sank rapidly at the rear. The walls of cracked rock were blackened with smoke, and at two or three points the roots of trees penetrated the roof. The floor was irregular, but the occupant had cleared it of rubbish. The wild man was nowhere in sight.

"Missed him again!" said Ellis, as the match went out. "That's the most elusive fellow I ever saw; but this is his house, all right. Come outside and we'll get some wood for torches."

Near the mouth of the cave they found some fat pine, and presently they were back in the cavern again gazing round by the flaring, smoky light of their torches. In a niche at one side were the remains of a fire, with a large pile of broken wood on one side of it. On the other side Tom triumphantly picked up the

great, rough candles made of beeswax. Evidently the man had robbed a bee tree.

"It looks as if he'd been living here for a year," said Ellis, as they inspected the cave. "What kind of man do you suppose he is? An escaped lunatic?"

"A very clever lunatic, I should think," said Tom. "He may be slightly off his head, but I suspect that he has some good reason for wanting to keep away from people. I'd like to know where he is now."

"Outside, maybe, waiting for us to come out," Ellis suggested.

It was a disconcerting thought. The boys listened intently, but heard no sound. After a little while Ellis began to walk round the cave again.

"He's got some fine skins," he remarked. "Wonder how he killed these deer. That rifle hasn't been fired for a long time."

"I suppose his ammunition gave out. What puzzles me is how he has lived since."

"I suppose he went down to the settlements to steal. Camping parties aren't plentiful enough here for him to live on them. That was why he tried to make the most of us."

While Ellis talked he was examining a deer hide that hung on the wall at the rear of the place. As he pulled at it, it came down suddenly from its pegs, and both boys gave an exclamation of surprise. Behind it was an opening, a sort of burrow three feet in diameter, running back into the earth.

"Here's his back door!" Ellis cried. "This is how he got away!"

"Surely not," said Tom, peering cautiously into the dark hole. "This doesn't lead out. This seems to run straight back into the mountain. This must be his last hiding place, and very likely he's in there now."

"You wouldn't crawl in there after him?"

"You bet I wouldn't. There may be still another big cave farther back. These mountains are all honeycombed with caves. Some people say that you could travel all through Tennessee and Kentucky underground if you only knew the way."

When he thrust his torch into the hole, they saw a long, narrow, dark passage just large enough for a man to creep through on all fours.

"I reckon he's there," said Tom, and then shouted, "Come along out, now! You hear me? We're not going to hurt you."

No answer came from within.

"I reckon there's nothing to do," said Tom, "except to sit down here and wait till he comes out. He's bound to come out sooner or later, and I'm determined to have that gun back."

"He might not come out for days. He may have grub in there," said Ellis.

"Well, we can stick it out as long as he can," said Tom obstinately.

So the boys sat down in the gloom of the cave and prepared for a siege. The time passed slowly; at first they were tense with expectation, but they soon grew weary. Night would fall presently. One of them would have to go down to camp to care for Peter; and they would need food from camp, too, unless they contented themselves with the pork and nuts in the cave.

"Did you notice," Tom asked, after they had been on guard for what seemed a long time, "that the fellow had a bunch of ginseng in his hand when he came into camp? I've been wondering ever since what he brought it for. Do you think that he might have intended to pay us with it for what he stole?"

"Maybe he isn't so bad as he looks," said Ellis.

"No one could possibly be so bad as that fellow looks. Let's hope he's a good deal better. Listen! What on earth was that?"

"An earthquake!" cried Ellis wildly, jumping up.

A dull, heavy reverberation had suddenly filled the close air of the cavern. They could not tell from where the sound came or what had made it; but a moment later a second muffled explosion sounded, and this time they knew that it had come from the burrow at the rear of the cave.

"It's my gun!" cried Tom. "He's fired both barrels."

"What for? What could he shoot at?"

"Don't know. It may have been a signal. Listen!"

They listened with suppressed breath. After a few seconds, they heard a faint shout that seemed to come from the very bowels of the earth. Again came the long-drawn cry. Was it some one calling "Help!"

"Something's happened to him! He's fallen into a hole or something!" Tom exclaimed.

"We ought to go in and get him out."

"Crawl into that hole?" said Ellis. "Maybe he's only trying to trap us."

"I don't believe so. He's in some fix and wants help."

The boys stood irresolute. Another halloo came out of the burrow.

"I'm going to risk it," said Tom, lighting a fresh torch and gathering up several extra pieces of the fat pine that they had brought into the cave. "I'll go first. Keep close behind me, and be ready to light a match if the torch goes out or to grab my legs in case I tumble into anything."

With that, he got down on his hands and knees and crawled resolutely into the dark burrow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock

In Eight Chapters Chapter Four 2



THE figure that Tom and Ellis gazed at in astonishment was that of an elderly man, tall, gaunt and muscular, dressed in an indescribable assortment of rags. Black, grizzled hair hung down over his shoulders; a beard hid much of his face, which seemed as dark as an Indian's. His arms were bare to the shoulder; his legs were swathed in sacking, and his feet were bound in rude deer-hide moccasins; in his hand he carried the stolen shotgun. Casting keen, quick glances about him like a wild animal, he advanced with a springy step toward the camp fire.

As the man came nearer, Tom noticed that he carried in his left hand a large bunch of roots that were unmistakably ginseng; but he scarcely marveled at that, for the man's whole appearance had completely amazed him. In fact, the boys lay almost paralyzed until the stranger had nearly reached the fire. Then Tom, gathering his wits, leaped to his feet.

"Halt! Drop that gun!" he shouted boldly. He half expected to be answered by a shot. But with a strange, startled cry the wild man dropped the roots and sprang away, still carrying the gun.

"After him! Run him down!" Tom shouted.

The boys were for an instant almost at his heels; then he quickly left them behind. They were good runners, but the thief went with the speed of a frightened deer. They soon lost sight of him, but for some time they could follow him by the noise he made in crashing through the undergrowth.

"Keep it up! Don't let him get away, for goodness' sake!" Tom cried.

But in a few minutes he had passed even out of hearing. Trying to find some trace of him, the boys rushed this way and that.

"He was heading up the creek!" Tom said. "See if he crossed it!"

Back to the stream they ran and traced its course upward. Sure enough, within half a mile they found footprints of wet moccasins on the stones. They were not experienced enough in woodcraft to follow the trail far, but they dashed ahead in what they thought was the right direction. The man seemed to have been heading up the slope of the mountain. The thickets of small pine and oak grew sparser.

"There he goes!" Ellis shouted suddenly, and Tom was just in time to see a crouching figure slip across an open space and vanish behind a thicket of pines.

Up the hill they dashed, but when they reached the woods the man had gone; although they circled round and round the place for nearly an hour, they could find no trace of him.

"I'm afraid we've seen the last of your gun, Tom," said Ellis.

"It'll be another two weeks before I say that," Tom declared.

They wandered over the mountain side for two hours and climbed nearly to the top of the ridge. Down in the valley they could make out a white spot that they knew was their tent; a pale thread of smoke was rising from the low fire. In another faint spot of white that moved slowly they recognized Peter, the mule, peacefully grazing.

"Suppose he went down there and ran off with the mule!" suggested Ellis.

"I don't believe he's thinking of anything now except to keep out of sight," Tom replied.

They both had to admit that the thief was doing that most successfully. But a little later Tom made a discovery that gave them some hope. The bed of a spring that bubbled out of the mountain had been scooped out, evidently

by human hands. The earth round it was trodden hard, and a trail led away from it.

"Here's his watering place!" cried Tom exultantly. "He's got a camp probably or a cabin not far away, and it'll be queer if we can't find it."

For a hundred yards or so they followed the trail until they lost it in a space of gravel and cactus. The boys went on, however, in the direction that the trail had been leading, and within two or three hundred yards came round the corner of a rocky bluff. A jungle of small saplings grew against it, and creepers and

DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS



"HERE'S HIS BACK DOOR!" ELLIS CRIED. "THIS IS HOW HE GOT AWAY!"

laurel masked the face of the rock; but footprints and broken twigs showed that some one had frequently pushed his way through the branches.

"No place for a camp in there!" muttered Tom, as he cautiously reconnoitred.

The place was excellent for an ambush, and the boys held warily back for a little while; but at last Tom ventured to push aside the pine boughs and to force his way into the thicket. No man lay hidden there.

The boys were about to turn back, when Ellis uttered a cry of surprise. He had parted the creepers and uncovered a great, dark cleft in the face of the bluff, screened by the foliage.

"A cave!" cried Tom. "I ought to have thought of that before."

When they examined the creepers closely, they saw that the vines had been loosened so that a man could enter the cave without tearing them away. The dark opening was half as big as an ordinary door but much narrower, and

stolen coffeepot. A battered frying pan and a small kettle were the only other cooking utensils in sight; it was small wonder that the cave dweller had felt the need of more.

A wooden trough, hollowed out by fire, held several gallons of water. Another trough was half filled with walnuts and beechnuts. From the floor Ellis seized the lump of pork that they had lost, or rather the remains of it, for the thief had devoured more than half of it.

"Now if I could only find the gun, I'd go away and let him alone," Tom remarked.

The shotgun was not in the cave; the thief doubtless was still carrying it. But an old repeating rifle, battered and rusted as if it had not been used for years, stood against the rock. Opposite the fireplace was the man's bed—a pile of twigs covered with two deer hides and several raccoon skins.

Another deerskin or two hung upon the walls; three log troughs were filled with miscellaneous rubbish, and in one corner were several



SPRING

W'en small sheep is fir' comin' out on
de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir
back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play
wit' each oder,
An' jump all de tam jus' de sam' dey
was crack—
An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is
over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on
de race
Wit' de two-year-ole helfer, dat's purty
soon lef' her;
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de
place!

From The Habitant, by W. H. Drummond.

FACT AND COMMENT

THE man who does no more than he is paid for will never get paid for any more than he does.

He won Success. They said his Luck prevailed.
Yet, oh, how often he had Tried and Failed!

IN the journey of life it is not always the magnificent distances that count. The most wonderful road ever traveled lay straight and steep between a manger and a near-by hill.

INTERNATIONAL trade is always disclosing something fresh and interesting. The American schooner Lyman M. Law, which was sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean, was loaded with shooks, got out near Bangor, Maine, for lemon boxes to be put together and filled in Italy, and then, probably, to be shipped back again to this country.

THE Puget Sound halibut fishermen had such a prosperous season last year that seventy new vessels are fitting out at Seattle and other Sound ports to engage in the business when the warm weather comes. The crew of one vessel, working on shares, got \$460 apiece for a cruise of two weeks; but of course that was an exceptional case.

"OLD PROB" is extending his field of operations. The better to watch the storms that move northward from the Caribbean Sea, the Weather Bureau is to establish nine new stations on islands in that sea and on the coast of Central America. For some time it has had stations on the islands of Barbados, Trinidad and Curacao.

THAT equipping an army is not merely furnishing arms, ammunition and food may be inferred from the list of less-known articles on which the United States government recently called for bids. Among them are 27,500 "slickers," 800,000 pairs of shoe laces, 50,000 cravats, 50,000 brooms, 50,000 scrubbing brushes, 70,000 stovepipe joints, 100,000 pillows and 50,000 pillow cases, 20,000 shovels, 10,000 hatchets, 20,000 thimbles, 20,000 whistles with chains, 1500 music stands and 2000 pounds of beeswax.

AN interesting experiment was made a month or two ago with a squad of thirteen New York policemen to show that in these times of the high cost of living a very moderate sum will suffice to provide ample rations. The men were all strong and active. They were fed for three weeks at a cost of twenty-five cents each a day for raw material, and at the end of that time twelve of them had gained on the average more than two pounds in weight, and the thirteenth had neither gained nor lost. What food was supplied to them is not specified.

THE fifty thousand young Americans who are fighting on the side of the Allies are not the only contribution of the United States to the forces in the field. The American mule has demonstrated his military qualities to the British commanders and endeared himself to the transport officers. They find him more imperturbable than the horse, tougher of hide and capable of greater endurance. In the last quality he is reckoned as equal to six horses. He goes to sleep behind a roaring nine-inch gun, and if he chances to fall into a shell hole lies there, nonchalant and self-contained, until some one pulls him out. But we suspect that more than appears in the words themselves can be read in the remark of the British officer: "He has some ways with him that we didn't quite understand at first."

THE human mind cannot grasp the full meaning of such terms as eternity and infinity. Time and time again preachers and men of science have tried to hit upon some illustration that would give us some imaginative realization of what the words mean. Many of the efforts have been picturesque, but among all those that The Companion can remember at the moment none is more striking than this: Were one of the smallest known insects to take an atom of this earth, an atom

so small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and carry it to the most distant star, a journey that it would need a million years to make, and, returning, take another infinitesimal speck and make another million-year trip, and so on until this whole planet with all upon it and in it had been removed, eternity would then have only begun.



CUBA

NOT the least of our national troubles at the present time is the disorderliness of our neighbors. Mexico is the most troublesome of them, but Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Santo Domingo are all giving us some annoyance; and now the circle is completed by a threatening attempt at revolution in Cuba.

The presidential election in Cuba was close. The law provides that doubtful elections shall be made certain by supplementary elections in disputed districts, and thus leaves no excuse for violence, but nevertheless certain leaders of the party that was apparently defeated at the polls started an armed revolt before the law could be fully applied. Now, the United States, which freed Cuba from Spanish rule, is under a moral obligation to insure peace and orderly government in the island. When we turned it over to its own people we reserved, and the Cubans conceded, our right to intervene if intervention should be necessary to maintain constituted authority and to repress rebellion.

That is our right, but it is a right that we dislike to use; and we should dislike still more to have an occasion arise that would oblige us to use it. Nevertheless, to intervene is our duty, and in the emergency the Administration showed that it intended to discharge that duty—first, by appealing to the rebels in arms to accept loyally the result of the supplementary elections, whatever it might be, and thereby to spare us the necessity of using force against them; and second, by warning them that we should refuse to recognize any government that should forcibly overcome the existing authority and thus establish itself. Neither the appeal nor the warning had an immediate effect. Fortunately, however, the Cuban government seems to be strong enough to deal with the situation without help from us.

No one except the leaders of the revolt knows how the trouble began. Mysterious preparations for an armed outbreak seem to have been made months before the election. In the past many insurrections have been planned in this country by ambitious politicians; this one may be another of the same kind, but there are also suspicions that all the recent troubles among our neighbors have been stirred up by potential enemies of the United States on the other side of the water. As yet they are of course only suspicions, and by no means to be considered as facts or even as beliefs supported by convincing evidence; but whatever the origin of the troubles, the troubles are ours, and, although they hamper our action in other most important fields at a critical time, and impose heavy financial burdens upon us, we must bear them.



GARDENING

NOT everyone enjoys gardening, although nowadays it is the fashion to express enthusiasm for it. The young woman who declared her satisfaction on moving into the country because she could once more take up gardening, the delight of her childhood, and who two months later abandoned her efforts in disgust because her peony "bulbs" had died and her poppy seeds, although planted carefully two inches deep, had not come up, deserved really less respect than the man who said that he disliked gardening because it meant taking care of things.

Certainly people who are lazy about taking care of things had better not attempt gardening. It is more demoralizing to start a lot of plants and then to leave them to be choked by weeds or devoured by insects than never to start any plants at all. The man or woman who makes a garden must be prepared to sacrifice to it some measure of independence. A man does not part with independence cheerfully unless he really cares about the object for which he makes the sacrifice. If you have but little time for recreation and care more for golf or tennis or baseball or novel-reading than for working in the soil and creating something with your labor, you had better let the soil alone; you will get more satisfaction out of your sports or your reading. Gardening is an exacting recreation. It puts aches into muscles and weariness into bones; it requires you to wear old clothes and be unattractive in appearance; it exposes you to the assaults of flies and mosquitoes; it compels constant

warfare against cutworms, aphids and beetles, against grass and weeds, and it never requites you with any immediate and instant reward.

The young woman who discovered that some of her plants were afflicted with a mysterious blight for which the books at her disposal suggested no remedy and who spent a day washing every leaf with a household solution efficacious in removing mildew had the proper spirit. By her ingenuity and patient labor she saved her plants.

There is nearly always something winning and appealing in the character of the gardener. The care-taking quality does not mean fussiness. It is usually the attribute of a loving nature. Good gardeners are likely to be good husbands and fathers, good wives and mothers.



WOMEN AFTER THE WAR

IT is an interesting question whether by the time the war ends we shall have heard the last of the ancient and outworn aphorism that woman's place is in the home. We do not realize as we should that in a more literal sense than ever before whole nations are now at war. Often in the past huge armies have been raised, even to the point of draining the nation of its male population, but never before have great powers brought into the struggle and enlisted in their support all the human forces capable in any way of helping their cause.

For the first time in human history woman has been mobilized as an additional arm of the service. She does not shoulder a rifle or hurl grenades or aim field pieces. But neither is she content merely to fall into the places left vacant by the men who have marched to the front; she engages also in work directly connected with war.

The process has been gradual and piecemeal, not the working out of a complete and predetermined plan; but the result is a revolution. Women by the myriad—which is a definite number, and not a symbol of infinity—are working in munitions factories and other establishments that are making equipment and supplies for the men in the field; they are running street cars, they are tilling the fields, they have replaced men in a hundred occupations for which long-standing prejudice has regarded them as unfit. In every country that is now at war women are "doing their bit" as generally and as efficiently as the men. There are few "slackers" among them.

That is a revolution, and revolutions never go backward. When peace is restored, women will be holding millions of jobs that were left vacant by men who took their way to the trenches and who were swallowed up forever. They will continue to hold those jobs, partly because they have earned them by their faithfulness in times of stress, partly because there will be need of every hand and eye and brain to repair the awful waste.



THE EGYPTIAN FRONT

WE do not mean to appear flippant in saying that the war reminds us of a great three-ring circus where the spectator watching a feat of extraordinary brilliancy at one end of the tent misses seeing the hardly less remarkable act that is going on at the other end. Only in the case of the war there are more than three "rings"—not less, we should say, than half a dozen.

So, amid the succession of extraordinary events elsewhere, we have heard and thought little about the fighting of which Egypt and the Suez Canal are the centre. Early in the war the Turks, led by German officers, made a serious attempt to reach and cut the canal. They knew its strategic value to England, and still more the tremendous moral and political effect a British reverse in Egypt would have throughout the world. After the failure of the Allies at Gallipoli, there was a time when it seemed that this thrust might become one of the major campaigns of the war; the Turks got a strong force across the desert to El Arish, and their raiding parties reached the canal itself, while the English defense was complicated by uprisings among the wild Senussi Bedouins on the Libyan frontier.

But Turkey had its hands full in Armenia and on the Tigris, and Germany, staking its future at Verdun, could give no support in a region so far from its own main fronts. The British army, augmented, no doubt, by troops from Gallipoli and the colonies, has soundly beaten the Senussi Bedouins, and driven the Turks back out of the Sinai Peninsula into Palestine. If the war lasts long enough to make the effort worth while, it is not impossible that the British in turn will make an

attempt to invade Palestine and to seize the railway that runs south from Damascus into Arabia. That is still more probable now that the Anglo-Indian army on the Tigris has driven the Turks out of Kut el Amara and is advancing on Bagdad, and it would be quite certainly the move to make if the Russian army in Armenia were able to drive southward and cut the Bagdad railway. Such an offensive, converging from three directions on the heart of the Ottoman Empire, would be a strategic move of the greatest interest and promise; if it succeeded, it would put Turkey at the mercy of the Entente.

It is of course very doubtful whether Great Britain and Russia can spare the men and munitions necessary for so great a campaign from fronts that are still more important, and from offensives that are aimed at a more dangerous enemy than Turkey. At all events, Great Britain has successfully defended what the Germans have called the Achilles' heel of its world empire. Cairo is in no more danger from the enemy to-day than Marseilles is.



A CHURCH SURVEY

FOR the last three years a notable work has been carried on in Ohio. A group of able men interested in the problems of rural life had long wished to discover the actual facts concerning the condition and influence of the country church; because the church in the country has an almost unique opportunity to mould the life about it. Two of the men, Messrs. Gifford Pinchot and C. O. Gill, had already made a scientific survey of parts of Vermont and New York, and published the results in a widely read volume. Under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches it was determined to attempt a similar survey of a whole state, and Ohio was chosen because it was populous, central, and likely to illustrate various phases of rural life. It was proposed to show (1) the situation and denomination of every rural church; (2) its present membership; (3) whether it was gaining or losing members; (4) whether it ordinarily had a resident pastor, and what part of a minister's service it received.

The complete results of this survey are not yet published, but the facts regarding 1100 of the 1352 rural townships in the state show pretty clearly what its general character will be. A township in Morgan County with 846 inhabitants was found to contain nine places of worship, one Presbyterian and eight Methodist. Another township in the same county with a population of 1048 also had nine churches. Not one of the eighteen churches had a resident minister. Those are extreme cases; but that they are significant of a general condition that sadly needs reform is shown by the fact that one fourth of the townships of the state are reported to be without resident ministers.

It is plain that, if the rural church is to be the influential centre of community life that it may be and that in many cases it has become, competition and narrow sectarianism must give place to coöperation. The Ohio Rural Life Association is taking intelligent steps toward that end. The survey already planned is nearly done and its results will be published; at the State University a Country Life Conference has recently been held during the annual Farmers' Week; arrangements have been made to give wide publicity to successful attempts at church coöperation and to the methods used by individual ministers to make their churches true community centres; and the Federal Council of Churches has published a significant report on training the rural ministry.

These are preliminary steps toward improving conditions that in many other states are no less unfortunate than in Ohio. Nevertheless, these activities are hopeful, first, because they seek to learn and to publish the facts; second, because they are the result of coöperation among denominational leaders; and third, because they seek to rouse the spirit of coöperation in the rural communities themselves—a spirit as necessary to rural social and religious life as it is to rural business.



CURRENT EVENTS

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY. — On February 26 the President went before Congress, and after describing the paralyzing effect that the German submarine warfare was having on American commerce asked the houses to grant him the authority to maintain an "armed neutrality" and the money to put such a policy into effect. The President's idea was to arm all American merchant vessels that

are sailing across the Atlantic and permit them to use their guns against any submarine that attacks them. He desired also to have money enough at his disposal to undertake adequate insurance against war risks. The House Committee on Foreign Affairs promptly reported a bill giving the President authority to put guns on merchant vessels and appropriating \$100,000,000 for his use. Six of the twenty-one members of the Foreign Affairs Committee opposed the bill.—On February 28 the State Department made public the proof that the German Foreign Minister Zimmermann had instructed the German minister to Mexico, in case the United States abandoned its neutrality, to propose to Mexico that it ally itself with Germany, and undertake, with German support, to reconquer Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. Mexico was also to mediate between Japan and Germany and try to attach Japan to the new alliance.—Word came from Berlin that the sailors from the Yarrowdale were released from confinement, but that on account of infectious disease among them they were not yet permitted to leave Germany.—Mr. Gerard, formerly United States Ambassador to Germany, sailed from Coruna, Spain, on February 27.—It appeared that the pacifist message that was at first said to have been sent to Berlin by Mr. Bryan, was sent by Dr. Barthelme, a German newspaper correspondent. He was given the use of the navy wireless at the request of former Dean Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School, who bore a letter of recommendation from Mr. Bryan.

CONGRESS.—The Republicans of the Senate conducted a filibuster against the new revenue bill, with the purpose of delaying legislation so that the President would be obliged to call a special session of the new Congress immediately after the adjournment of the present session. They finally agreed to permit a vote on February 28, and the bill passed by a vote of 47 to 33. The Senate also passed the flood control bill and the Indian appropriation bill. The army, navy, sundry civil and deficiency bills were all awaiting action, and there was a good deal of uneasiness lest the Republicans resume their filibustering tactics against one of them.—The House passed the Post Office bill with the Senate amendment that prohibits the shipment of liquor into prohibition states, or the publication of liquor advertisements in such states; the vote was 319 to 72. It also agreed to the Senate bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the District of Columbia.—The House voted into the sundry civil bill the sum of \$400,000 to enable the Trade Commission to inquire into the food situation.

PREPAREDNESS.—The General Staff of the Army has sent to Congress a bill that it would like to become law. The bill provides for one year of military training to be given to all boys physically capable of receiving it, during their nineteenth year. War service would be required of all trained men until their thirtieth year, with a further liability in case of national emergency up to the forty-fifth year. The General Staff estimates the cost of the plan at \$472,000,000 a year.

CUBA.—The government troops occupied Camaguey on February 26, and Bayamo a few days later. The rebels are now confined to the eastern end of the island, where they are still in considerable force.

IRELAND.—On February 22 the English authorities arrested about fifty men who were implicated in the Sinn Fein uprising. These men had lately returned from internment in England. It was announced that they were not to be confined, but would be required to leave Ireland and choose some place of residence in England.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From February 22 to February 28)

The German submarines were extremely active during the week and a great quantity of British and neutral shipping was sunk. The largest victim was the Cunard liner *Laconia*,



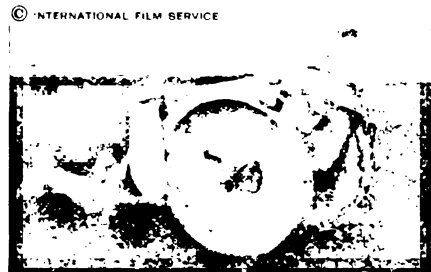
WHAT THE PERISCOPE SEES
A PHOTOGRAPH ACTUALLY TAKEN THROUGH THE PERISCOPE OF A SUBMARINE

a ship of 18,000 tons, on which there was a cargo of considerable value and some 5000 sacks of mail, much of it registered. Most of the passengers and crew got safely into boats and

reached the shore of Ireland; but two Americans, Mrs. and Miss Hoy, died of exposure, and another American named Eva was drowned.

Even more sensational was the torpedoing of seven Dutch vessels in one day, several of them loaded with grain consigned to the government of Holland. This performance caused the greatest anger in Holland, where it was understood that the German government had guaranteed the safety of these cargoes. Berlin "regretted" the occurrence, but said in defense that the ships left Falmouth, where they had been examined by the British authorities, at a time when only "provisional guarantees" could be given, and that if they had waited until March 17 the German authorities would have had time to reach all their submarines and warn them not to interfere with the Dutch ships. The government of Holland made formal protest against the sinking, and added that unless Germany indemnified the owners of the ships it would hold itself justified in seizing enough German shipping now interned in Dutch ports to make good the loss.

On February 23 Berlin announced the sinking of an Italian transport, the *Minas*, with nearly one thousand soldiers on board, all of



A FRENCH BARBED-WIRE CUTTER IN HIS ARMORED, MAN-POWER "TANK"

whom were lost. A French transport, the *Athos*, was also torpedoed on the Mediterranean, and a number of lives were lost. Among them was an American missionary named Haden, who was returning from China.

In all some sixty vessels were sunk. The tonnage destroyed during the month of February was approximately 450,000. About one third of it was of neutral ownership.

It was reported from Japan that a German commerce raider was at large in the Indian Ocean and had sunk two or three British ships. Perhaps it is the same one that was lately cruising in the Atlantic. The *Venetia*, which was one of the captured ships set up in business as a raider by the Germans, has been destroyed by British warships.

Mr. Lloyd George alarmed England by a speech in Parliament in which he said that Great Britain must submit to very much more stringent restrictions on its food supply, and that the cause of the Allies was gravely menaced by the operations of the German submarines. The government has prohibited the import of all luxuries and many articles that are ordinarily considered necessities, such as tea, coffee, fruits, timber, leather, shoes and machinery. Every effort will be made to raise more food in England itself.

In the field the British arms won two considerable successes. The pressure Sir Douglas Haig has been exerting on the German positions along the Aisne resulted in a really significant retirement of the Germans along a line some ten miles in length and two miles or more in depth. Several villages fell into British hands and the advance on February 28th was within two miles of Bapaume, which seemed certain to fall. The Germans are no doubt falling back to new positions prepared to meet the expected Allied offensive.

From Mesopotamia came the news that Kut el Amara had been taken and that the Turks were in full retreat westward toward Baghela. When this record closed, the British were already thirty miles west of Kut. The town was taken by turning the strong positions on the Tigris, which have so long defied the British advance. There are no positions of equal strength between Kut and Bagdad.

The Italian troops in Albania have established contact with the French forces near Lake Presba, and Greece is now isolated from the Central Powers. Large Allied reinforcements are said to have reached Saloniki, and about 350,000 men are now under Gen. Sarraï's command. Virtually the entire Greek army is now confined to the Peloponnese, in accordance with the demands of the Entente Powers, and there would appear to be no further obstacle to a lively offensive along the Saloniki front, if such an offensive is now part of the Allied plan.

Mr. Bonar Law announced that the total subscribed to the third great British war loan was \$7,564,750,000; \$5,000,000,000 of it was "new" money. More than five million persons subscribed. The German Reichstag has voted another war credit of 15,000,000,000 marks—nearly \$4,000,000,000.

The British Colonial Minister, the Japanese Foreign Minister and the Prime Minister of New Zealand have all declared that Germany must not expect the Allies to return its colonies in Asia, Africa and the Pacific.

On February 26 a German destroyer shelled Margate and Broadstairs on the English coast. One woman and one child were killed.

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This double strength in every part is to give you a lifetime car. Over 440 parts are built of toughened steel. All safety parts are vastly oversize. Parts which get a major strain are built of Chrome-Vanadium.

Gears are tested for 50,000 pounds per tooth. Engines are tested for 10,000 miles, to prove that they stay new. In two years, not one Bate cantilever spring has broken.

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These Mitchell extras, on this year's output, will cost us \$4,000,000. That is why other cars omit them.

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He has built and equipped this mammoth plant to build this one type economically. For less than anyone else could build a like car.

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\$1460	For 7-Passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
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SPRING WINDS

By Mary Carolyn Davies

THERE is a chill wind somewhere, and the snow
Beats cold across my face as on I go;
But in my heart a mad god sits and sings,
And at my ear a little laugh-sprite clings,
And whispers of such quaintly merry things!

There are no roses, and blue skies are flown;
And all the air is chill and gray as stone.
I stumble laughing through the storm, and see
No reason why my feet should dance in glee—
This is a secret hidden still from me.

There is a wild wind dragging at my hair,
And blowing cold upon my heart; but there
It cannot enter, howsoever it blow,
For something in my heart bars out the snow,
And sets my feet a-dancing where I go—
But what it is, I cannot, cannot know!

THY FATHER'S FRIEND

IN the will of the late Justice Lamar of the United States Supreme Court there was one very unusual legacy. He bequeathed his friendships to his family. "To my family," the will runs, "I bequeath friendships many and numerous in the hope that they will be cherished and continued. True friendships are the most valuable of our earthly possessions, more precious than gold, more enduring than marble palaces, more important than fame. . . . As Henry Drummond has well said, 'Friendship is the nearest thing we know to what religion is.'"

The family that inherits such wealth is truly rich. But it is a legacy that must be used if it would be preserved. Friendships cannot be locked away in safes or loaned to historical exhibits and museums. Like love and faith and courage, they belong to that intangible treasure of the soul that must be kept from destruction by constant service. It is not alone material things that "rust doth corrupt."

How many of us have let slip through busy or careless fingers the beautiful and glowing friendships of our youth? We did not mean to do it; indeed we have often regretted the loss until, as the years pass, the regret gradually fades away. And if that is true of our own friends, how far more true of our fathers' friends! Yet there have been families where friendships have passed down from father to son for several generations.

There is food for thought here. How many fathers are building up fine and loyal and serviceable friendships that they can with pride and gratitude bequeath to their sons? How many mothers are storing up like treasures for their daughters? The question does not end there. How many young people of to-day are fitting themselves to receive such legacies? How many in all the varied and urgent calls of life are heeding the challenge to make themselves worthy of friendships by being loyal and fine-tempered and generous friends themselves?

"A man that hath friends," the old Book of Wisdom declares, "must show himself friendly"; and again, "Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not."

THE SECOND SHILLING

THE American traveler stepped off the train at St. James Station, Cheltenham, and looked round for help. Traveling is difficult in England just now, for most of the trained men are in the army. Finally he found a worried elderly station porter, and asked how he could get his luggage to the Lamb Hotel.

The porter scratched his head. "You'd best go up to the hotel and get the boots to bring a cart for it," he said at last. "I'll look after it for you, and if some one don't come for it in half an hour I think I can pick up some one to get it over to the Lamb for you."

At the Lamb they were quite as perplexed. Guests came so rarely that the problem was a bit new to them. "The boots isn't about just now," said the female clerk, after a consultation with the female manager. "You might step in next door and get a taxi to go after it. That would probably be the best thing."

The traveler decided to trust to the porter's promise, and started out to catch a glimpse of the dignified old Gloucestershire college city. In the course of half an hour the crooked streets brought him back in front of the St. James Station. The porter was sitting on a truck, enjoying a well-earned rest.

"Your luggage has gone up to the Lamb, sir!" he called. "I sent it with a boy that works here a bit now and then. He took it in a handcart."

The traveler started back toward the Lamb, but before he had gone a hundred yards he met a shifty-eyed youth clattering down the cobble-stoned street with an empty cart in front of him. "Did you just take a steamer trunk and two grips to the Lamb Hotel?" the man asked.

"Yessir," mumbled the boy.

The American held out a shilling. The boy hesitated a second, then seized the coin and clattered on down the hill as if Satan himself were after him.

As the American went in to dinner an hour or two later, the clerk stopped him. "They brought your luggage a while ago," she said. "I gave the boy a shilling for bringing it," she added apologetically.

"Well, that's a good one on me!" exclaimed the American, as he parted with a second shilling.

The next morning, as he was unpacking his trunk, the chambermaid tapped at his door. "There's a lad out here in the hall wants to speak to you, sir," she said.

"Send him in," said the American. And the boy of the two shillings pushed in through the half-open door.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" said the traveler. "Don't you think you were well enough paid for bringing up my luggage yesterday?"

"Yessir, a bit too well, sir. I'm bringing back one of the shillings, sir. I wouldn't have took yours, down at the station, but I needed the money, and I didn't ever say they didn't give me a shilling at the office, and I didn't think it was so bad to take the one you gave me, because you never asked me anything and it wasn't my business to tell you. But when I went off and got to thinking about it, I thought it wasn't right, anyway, and—I thought

you might tell 'em at the station, and I wouldn't get any more jobs, and—my mother died in the workhouse, sir, and I didn't ever have a father, and—it's harder for our sort to be square than it is for people that's brought up decent, and—"

The American was overcome. "Keep both shillings, my boy," he said, when the torrent of eloquence had slackened a little. "It was my fault, after all, more than it was yours, and I don't hold it against you."

"No, sir, I mustn't keep it, sir! Because if I did—" and there was something wanly suggestive of a twinkle in the boy's uneasy eyes—"I might do it again some other time."

And letting fall on the bed a moist, dirty shilling, which he had been holding tightly clasped in his hand, he disappeared without warning, much more quickly than he had come. The traveler, considerably troubled, fumbled aimlessly on with his unpacking, and wondered whether it were wiser to reward the young hero in some way, or to leave him his lesson of real sacrifice.

CHARGED BY A "SEI" WHALE

IN his book, *Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera*, Mr. R. C. Andrews, who made moving pictures of the work of the whalemen, describes an exciting adventure with a "sei" whale while he was with Capt. Andersen of the Japanese whaling fleet:

As we came close we saw that the whale was in a school of sardines, which were frantically dashing here and there, causing their huge pursuer a deal of trouble to follow their quick turnings. But he managed his lithe body with wonderful skill, and before the fish left him many yards behind was always ploughing after them again, with his great tail sending the water in swirling green patches astern. As he rose, about sixty fathoms ahead, and turned to go down, his back came into view. Just behind his fin we saw a large white mark.

"That's a harpoon scar," said Andersen. "It is a bad sign. He may give us a run for it, after all."

We had been waiting two minutes (it seemed hours) when the boatswain shouted:

"He's coming! He's coming! On the port bow!" In a second the water began to swirl and boil, and we could see the shadowy form rise almost to the surface, check its upward rush and dash along parallel with the ship.

In the mirror of my camera I saw the enormous gray head burst from the water and the high fin cut the surface. Andersen's harpoon gun crashed in my ears, and before I could see through the veil of smoke the sailors shouted, "Dead!" The next instant the black cloud drifted away, showing the whale lying on his side motionless. I tried to change the plate in my camera, but before I could draw the slide and reset the shutter the animal had sunk. Apparently he had been killed almost instantly, for the rope was taut and hung straight down.

In a few minutes Andersen gave the word to haul away, and the engineer started the winch. No sooner had the rattling wheels ground in a few fathoms than we saw the line grow slack and then slowly rise. Faster and faster it came, with the water dripping in little streams from its vibrating surface.

In a few seconds the whale rose about ninety fathoms ahead and blew. He lay motionless for a moment and then swung about and swam directly toward the vessel. At first he came slowly, but his speed was increasing every moment.

"Full speed astern!" yelled the gunner, dancing about like a madman. "He'll sink us! He'll sink us!"

The whale was coming at tremendous speed, half-buried in white foam, lashing right and left with his enormous flukes. In an instant he hit us. We had half swung about, and he struck us a glancing blow directly amidships, keeling the little vessel far over and making her tremble as if she had gone on the rocks, then bumped along the side. Turning about with his entire head projecting from the water like the bow of a submarine, he swam parallel with the ship. Suddenly, however, he rolled on his side, thrust his fin straight upward, and sank. It had been his death struggle, and this time he was down for good.

We had had a narrow escape. If the whale had struck squarely, he would have torn such a hole in the steamer's side that she would probably have sunk in a few seconds. The only thing that saved her was the quickness of the man at the wheel.

BUSTER, THE BELL RINGER

A WOMAN employed at our city hall has some nice friends, writes a contributor to *The Companion*, of which she is very proud. The other morning I accepted her invitation to come in and meet Buster, the bell ringer, her star performer.

Miss J— pointed out the bell, a tiny hand bell suspended from a horizontal rod that was clamped to the edge of her desk. It was tied to the rod by the middle of the handle, and a cord attached to the tip of the handle hung just clear of the floor.

"I have never been at all afraid of mice," she explained, "and one afternoon when I was working here alone and Buster came stealing out to nibble at some crumbs of lunch I had dropped beside my desk, I let him stay. That happened several times, and once, when I had lunched out, he appeared so disappointed when he found nothing for him that I hit on this idea for letting him ring for his dinner. I tied a bit of bread to the end of the cord and waited. Soon Buster came sniffing out from behind the desk, and when he began to nibble at the bread he rang the bell, of course. He was frightened, and ran away; but I threw him a few crumbs and he came back after a little. When he had eaten all the loose crumbs, he again tried the one on the cord; and although he ran away when he heard the bell, some extra crumbs brought him back again. Before I went home I drew the cord up so that Buster shouldn't ring the bell and be disappointed."

"The next morning Buster again came out for bread, but instead of running away when he tapped the bell he held his ground and was ready for the crumbs I tossed him. When he had eaten them all, he ate the bread from the cord and paid no attention to the bell. I gave him a few crumbs more, which he had no sooner eaten than he went back to the bare cord and began to nibble at it again, and so to ring the bell. I rewarded him at once, and before the day was over he had learned the trick. Now there are two other mice that come with him to eat, Whisk and Frisk, but Buster sees to it that they don't rob him of his position as bell ringer for the party. There he is now, peeping out from behind the desk. He seems to know my step, and I am never here many minutes before he sends in a call for breakfast."

I happened to be standing near a high office stool, which I immediately mounted in readiness to meet this accomplished mouse.

The bright eyes and inquisitive nose became a sleek body that stole out and whisked over to the dangling bell rope. *Tap!* went the little bell; and then *tap! tap!* more commandingly. At the second call for breakfast two more bright-eyed creatures scurried from behind the desk and joined Buster, squatting on their haunches and looking up expectantly. Buster gave the bell a few more jerks, then sat up and waited politely.

Miss J— took the lid from a tin can that stood on one corner of her desk and tossed down some flakes of oatmeal. The mice were as dainty at table as possible; they sat up just like squirrels and ate slowly from their forepaws. When the oatmeal was all gone, they washed their faces—not with first one paw and then the other, as a cat does, but with both paws at once, as a human being washes.

Tap! Tap! went the bell, for Buster had decided to renew his order. This time Miss J— put down a small dish of milk for them. They sat round it like kittens, and each one quietly lapped up its share. Then they washed again. Still one of the mice was not contented, and stealing over to the cord gave the bell a single tap. At the sound, Buster stormed down upon him. The other mouse dodged and whisked behind the desk, while Buster rang the bell for him.

"They have fought that out before," said Miss J—, laughing. "And Whisk and Frisk know well enough they have no right to touch the bell cord. Whisk never touches it any more, but Frisk either cannot remember that he is not to touch the cord or will not. Now, watch them!"

She took a few broken peanut meats from a jar and added them to the oatmeal flakes. Frisk dashed out for his share before they had more than touched the floor. The bits of nuts disappeared quickly; then, instead of eating the oatmeal, the mice sniffed about for more nuts. Finding no more of them, Whisk and Frisk sat up and washed their faces again. But Buster was not satisfied, and he rang the bell several times, saying as plainly as he could, "More peanuts, if you please."

But Miss J— paid no attention to the demand except to draw the cord up so that Buster could not reach it. Then Buster gave in and ate the oatmeal, with the aid of his two friends. When it was gone Buster nosed about for his bell cord, but, not finding it, he seemed to realize that breakfast was over, and scampered off, followed by Whisk and Frisk.

"Good-by until dinner time," interpreted Miss J—, with a laugh, as the three tails flicked out of sight.

TO FRANCE BY AIR

CONSTANT supplies of aeroplanes from England replace the ones that are lost along the Somme. The recent experience of a war correspondent throws an interesting light on that detail of the war.

When the correspondent, who was in London on leave from the front, asked for permission to fly back instead of going by steamer, train and automobile, the answer was, "Perfectly easy."

"What about my baggage?" asked the correspondent.

"Oh, take it along and strap it on," replied the officer. "A plane that carries one hundred and fifty pounds of bombs will not be bothered by a suit case."

A dozen machines, one after another, were to go to France that day. The correspondent slipped into a wadded jacket that would protect him against the wind, and act as a life buoy if he happened to fall into the Channel, and took his place in the position usually occupied by the observer, who also mans the machine gun.

"She's a good, steady 'bus," said the pilot. "They flew her down from the factory three days ago, and she's tuned up and ready for her part in the big show on the other side. You must not expect any fancy stunts or thrills. My duty is to fly her to France in good condition and ready for work."

Usually the crossing is made at a height of ten thousand feet, but on account of the thick weather the pilot took the Channel this time at a height of four thousand feet. Beneath them were the patrol ships, but suddenly they disappeared from view as the machine ran into a cloud. Then the pilot stopped the engine, and the machine slid downward for a thousand feet until the sea, dotted with the white fleck of wave crests, appeared. Ahead was the white edging of the surf at the foot of the chalk hills of France.

They had made the flight in seventeen minutes. The fastest steamer would have required an hour and a quarter.

MR. PEASLEE'S SNOW SHOVEL

MR. PEASLEE'S expression was one of great dissatisfaction mixed with a none too patient resignation. He grunted as he seated himself upon the long seat in front of the village post office. Mr. Nudd noticed the grunt and mentioned it.

"If I felt half as mean as you look and sound, Kellup," he observed dispassionately, "I'd shut myself up somewhere till I got over it. You act 'bout as sociable as a hedgehog. What's happened to stir you up so?"

"Borrerin' neighbors," responded Mr. Peaslee with a briefness that testified to a disturbed mind. "Jake Winship, mebbe?" hazarded Mr. Nudd, and Caleb nodded ruefully in confirmation.

"Mebbe you've suffered some yourself, Nudd," he began with an air of settled patience, "but I don't b'lieve you'd scarcely credit what I've had to put up with from that Winship gang since they moved onto that hill. It's borrrer, borrrer, borrrer, day in and night out with 'em, till I hardly know whether I'm goin' to find my hat if I want to go outdoors a spell."

"They're 'bout as aggravatin' as anything I've ever had to put up with," Mr. Nudd conceded feelingly, "and the worst part of it, fur's it thorns me, is that they never have any idea of bringin' back anything they borrrer. Ain't they ben that way with you?"

Mr. Peaslee grinned weakly and shuffled his feet uneasily. "'S a matter of fact, Nudd," he explained, "Jake Winship's bringin' back something he borrrered is jest what's wrought me up to such a heat this very day. He's 'nough to mad a saint, seem's if, and yet I can't help laughin' over it, too."

"I've always shoveled my paths in the winter," Caleb began, "with any shovel I had at the time—sometimes a spade—sometimes a round-pointed shovel—whatever came handiest, that's what I'd use. I d'know's I ever made any gre't complaint over not havin' a snow shovel; anyway, I don't remember it if I did. But something or 'nother put

it into my wife's mind to get me one, and so she did—fetched it home one day last fall, much's two months 'fore we had a flake of snow or was likely to. I thanked her for't and stood it up in the shed and let the whole thing go out of my mind complete."

"I d'know's I've thought of that shovel sence the day I stood it there till to-day, for, if you remember, we didn't have much snow last winter that needed shovelin'—two-three little flirts that hardly made sleddin'—and didn't drift any to speak of round my place. Come to that, what little fell mostly blowed out of the way; so you might say I didn't do any shovelin' at all, and I never even thought of my new snow shovel."

"To-day, though," Caleb went on, "I had it fetched to my mind by something else I wanted. There was some grass round the back door that my wife wanted I should cut and I went out to the shed to get the scythe I've always kep' hangin' there, but I couldn't find a sign of it anywhere. I done the same thing that every other man does when he can't find anything—I went to my wife 'bout it and wanted to know where it had gone to."

"Well," s'he, "I d'know's I c'n tell you for certain, but I've got my s'picious. I saw that shif'less Jake Winship comin' round the corner of the shed an hour or so ago with somethin' that looked like that snow shovel I bought for you on his shoulder, and mebbe two minutes after that I ketched a glimpse of him puttin' off cross-lots with something on his arm that looked like a scythe and snath. If you was to press me to give a guess," she says, "I'd say prob'ly he'd brought back the shovel he borrrered last winter and took the lend of your scythe for a spell."

"And," Caleb finished resignedly, "I found out she was right 'bout it—as she commonly is. And I guess that answers the question 'bout whether Jake Winship ever brings back anything he borrrers—he doos, but there ain't any great help in havin' him borrrer a snow shovel in the winter and not bring it home till 'long in July some time."

"I s'pose," said Caleb with a sigh, "that the best I can hope for is that he'll get the scythe back some time durin' the fust of the winter, when he wants the shovel again."

AN APPROPRIATE PUNISHMENT

AT the time of the uprising in Poland, before the division of the elective kingdom in 1772, Frederick the Great decided to have the territory invested for the protection of his own border, but he especially warned the commanders to guard only against possible injuries to Prussian territory and to avoid interfering in Polish affairs. *Bibliothek der Unterhaltung und des Wissens* tells a little story concerning an infraction of the order that incidentally shows the human side of the famous military leader.

A young Pole in the Prussian service was stationed with his regiment not far from his birthplace, where his mother yet lived. It was quite natural in the circumstances that he should be in frequent communication with her. That, however, brought upon the old woman the anger and hatred of her neighbors; for her actions seemed to them nothing less than those of a spy and traitor. As time went on they became more and more incensed against her until finally they took her before a tribunal, tried her, and sentenced her to be hanged. When the son heard of that, he hurried to his colonel and begged for permission to go to his mother's house to try to rescue her from such a terrible and utterly undeserved death.

"My son," replied the colonel, "I can't let you do that. You would endanger your own life, and you can't save your mother that way. But don't worry. I will think it over. Go away now and take care not to do anything without my consent."

The soldier went away obediently, and the officer immediately started inquiries with the result that he learned the exact hour when the execution was to take place. Shortly before the appointed time he ordered a division of hussars to mount, placed himself at their head, and rode at a breakneck gallop to the scene of the intended execution. They dashed into the square as the drop was about to fall, separated the crowd, liberated the old woman and carried her away over the border in safety.

A great hue and cry arose in Poland, and complaints came to Frederick demanding satisfaction.

After the king had learned the truth of the matter he issued an order in council against the colonel, censuring him severely for disobeying his instructions, but concluded the order with these words: "For this action you have incurred severe condemnation and merit a rigorous punishment. You are to be confined to your room from midnight next Sunday until six o'clock Monday morning."

To the angry Poles he sent word that the colonel had received suitable punishment for his intrusion and high-handed conduct.

A JUSTIFIABLE BLOW

EVER punctual himself, King George III expected similar punctuality in others. Lord Hertford knew and respected his royal master's wishes. So one day, when he had an appointment at Windsor for twelve o'clock, he was overwhelmed at hearing the clock strike the noon hour just as he was passing through the hall. Furious at being half a minute late, he raised his cane and smashed the glass of the clock's face. The king, knowing nothing of the episode, let him off with a slight reprimand.

The next time that the earl called on the king, however, he was received less graciously.

"Hertford," said His Majesty, "how came you to strike the clock?"

"The clock struck first. Your Majesty," was Hertford's immediate rejoinder.

The aptness of the speech and the mock solemnity of the culprit in delivering it won the king's laughter and forgiveness.

THE USUAL MEAL

A LAWYER in a local court was questioning a Scottish farmer, says the *Scottish American*. "You affirm that when this happened you were going home to a meal," said the attorney. "Let us be quite certain on this point, because it is a very important one. Be good enough to tell me what meal it was you were going home to."

"You would like tae ken what meal I was gangin' hame tae?" queried the Scot.

"Yes, I should like to know," replied the lawyer, impressively.

"Weel, then," replied the farmer, "the meal I was gangin' hame tae was juist oatmeal."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

DRAWINGS BY CULMER BARNES



RAY COON SET OFF DOWN THE ROAD

WHEN RAY COON WENT FISHING

BY G. H. SMITH

ONE day, when the long winter was nearly over and when there were signs of spring in the sunny corners of the woods, on the tops of the hills and in the fields, Ray Coon told Mother Coon that he wanted to go fishing through the ice.

"Very well," said Mother Coon. "I think that is a good idea. I'm getting hungry for a fish dinner myself. But be careful! The ice is getting pretty thin, you know."

"Oh, I won't get into any trouble," promised Ray Coon, as he hurried away to find the pole and the line.

When he finally found them, he put the pole over his shoulder and set off down the road that led to the little pond just beyond the edge of the woods. He whistled as he tramped along, for he was always a light-hearted fellow, and it seemed to him that he could already taste the fish that he hoped to catch through the ice.

He had not gone far when he saw his friends Reddy Fox and Rusty Fox sitting under a tree beside the road.

"Hello, boys!" called Ray Coon cheerily. "Don't you want to go fishing with me?"

"We haven't any fishing tackle," answered Reddy Fox.

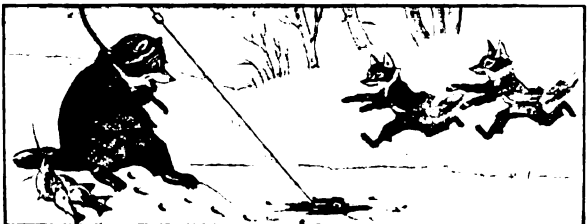
"And how can we fish when the pond is frozen?" asked Rusty Fox.

"We can break a hole in the ice," answered Ray Coon, "and I'll share my line with you, and then we can all share the fish."

"Well, perhaps we'll go by and by," said Reddy Fox.

"All right!" said Ray Coon, and he chuckled as he went on his way; for he knew that the Fox boys were lazy fellows to whom even fishing looked like work.

When he reached the little pond he picked up a stout stick that he found on the shore, and he made his way carefully



THERE WAS A SUDDEN TUGGING ON THE LINE

out on the ice a few steps. Then he raised the stout stick and brought down the end, *thump! bang! crash!* on the ice until he broke a hole big enough to fish through.

"Now to catch that fish dinner!" said Ray Coon, and he

smacked his lips as he dropped his line through the hole into the black water, where he hoped that the fish were waiting.

He had to wait a long time for the first bite. At last there was a sudden tugging on the line, and Ray Coon pulled it back sharply as it began to slip through his hands. Then he drew to the surface a plump fish that he removed from the hook and laid on the ice behind him. From that time he had fine luck. Three more fish, as large and as plump as the first one, lay on the ice when his hook caught something that he could not move. He pulled and pulled, but it was of no use.

Now, while all this was happening, the Fox boys had left the tree where they were idling away the morning, and had slowly followed Ray Coon to the shore of the pond. Their eyes almost popped out of their heads when they saw the fish lying on the ice beside the hole where Ray Coon was standing. All at once they decided that fishing through the ice was worth while, after all, and that they should like to join Ray Coon in his sport. Then they saw that he was pulling hard on his line without bringing anything to the surface.

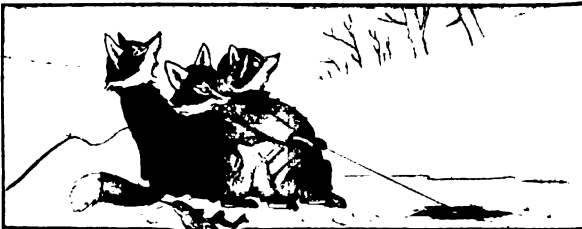
"Hold on, Ray!" shouted Reddy Fox. "We'll be right there!"

"We thought that you might need help, and so we hurried over!" shouted Rusty Fox.

Ray Coon had to laugh a little to himself when he saw them running toward the pond, but he was very glad to see them coming.

"Hurry, boys!" he cried. "I guess I've caught a whale!"

"My!" said Reddy Fox. "Don't let him drag you in!"



RUSTY FOX CRIED, "PULL HARDER, EVERYONE!"

"And don't jerk the line," said Rusty Fox. "That might break it."

The Fox boys ran out on the ice and took hold of the slack of the line behind Ray Coon.

"Now, all together, boys!" cried Ray Coon. "Let's pull him out!"

Something gave way a little, and Rusty Fox cried, "Pull harder, everyone! It's coming, and it's surely a whale!"

But they did not pull out a whale or anything else. The strain of the second hard pull was too much for the line. It suddenly parted with a snap, and Ray Coon and the Fox boys fell sprawling backward on the ice.

"Ouch!" grunted Ray Coon.

"Ouch! Ouch!" grunted the two Fox boys.

But they were not hurt, and if they had been hurt they would have forgotten it in their amazement at seeing two black heads push themselves out of the hole in the ice. Then Mr. Beaver and Mrs. Beaver came scrambling up on the ice. It was plain that they were both very angry.

"What do you young rascals mean by this?" growled Mr. Beaver. "Pulling our house to pieces over our ears!"

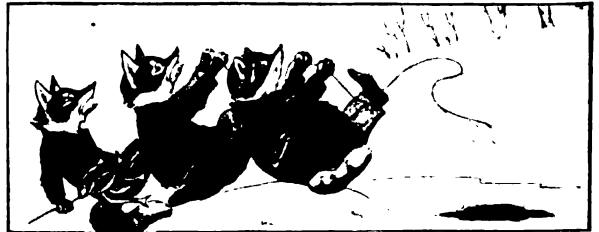
"Yes," joined Mrs. Beaver, "when we were all sound asleep, too, just as you ought to be until spring is here!"

"Please, Mr. Beaver, we meant no harm," said Ray Coon.

"I had no idea that we were fishing so near your house; and, anyway, the blame is all mine, for the Fox boys just happened along."

"Well," said Mr. Beaver, who had once been a youngster himself, "of course it cannot be helped now, and I don't suppose you really meant to have your hook catch in one of the logs of my house, but I do wish that your people would keep you out of mischief!"

While Ray Coon was explaining how sorry he was, and how



THEY FELL SPRAWLING BACKWARD ON THE ICE

he wished that he could repair the damage, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver turned and flopped back through the hole into the water.

"Well, it's too bad," said Ray Coon with a big sigh, "but I don't see how I could help it!"

Then he turned to pick up his fish, but there were no fish to be seen. While he had been receiving the scolding from Mr. Beaver and his wife, the Fox boys had taken the fish and run away into the woods as fast as their legs could carry them.

Then Ray Coon sighed again. "Such a fishing trip!" he said. "The Fox boys have taken my fish, and I have lost my hook and can catch no more!"

His spirits, usually so light, were very heavy as he trudged homeward through the woods. He was especially disappointed because he knew that his mother was expecting a fish dinner; and it was very hard to feel that his friends would play a mean trick on him.

But when he reached home, the very first thing that he smelled was frying fish, and that even before he entered the house! And there in the kitchen were the Fox boys busily helping his mother set the table for dinner!

"You see," explained Reddy Fox, before Ray Coon could find his voice and say a word, "we thought that we would hurry right to your house with the fish, for we knew that you would be pretty hungry by the time Mr. Beaver got through scolding you!"

My! How good that fish dinner tasted! But neither Father Coon nor Mother Coon nor the Fox boys enjoyed it so much as Ray Coon did; and the best part of the feast for him was to know that his friends had not played a mean trick on him, after all.



IT WAS PLAIN THAT THEY WERE BOTH VERY ANGRY

HUNTING FOR SPRING

BY HOPE ARDEN

Let's you and I go visiting,
To see if we can find the Spring.
The bird I saw just now go by
Was so much bluer than the sky;
That bird of free and flashing wing
Flew the blue banner of the Spring.

The smell of grass is in the air,
And balsams breathe from branches bare;
Oh, good, sweet air and scent of trees
That draw the hungry, early bees
For honey from red maple trees!

There is a singing in my blood,
And every pulse beats "Life is good."
In screen of thickets drawn about
Who would not race, and dance, and shout
The blessed cry that Spring is out!

Spring sayeth, "I make all things new."
Dearest, it makes us over, too,
In rapture of the liberal air,
Live sun, and incense everywhere
Swung from the branches dreaming bare.

This blissful day when dreams come true
I am no older, dear, than you;
I hope you are as young as I—
And will be, long as Springs go by,
Making our hearts and forests new.

Perhaps you will see fifty Springs
Of songs and scents and sunniest things—
First bees in the red maple bower,
All blood of its quick boughs in flower—
Oh, do not lose one day—one hour!

THE BOASTER

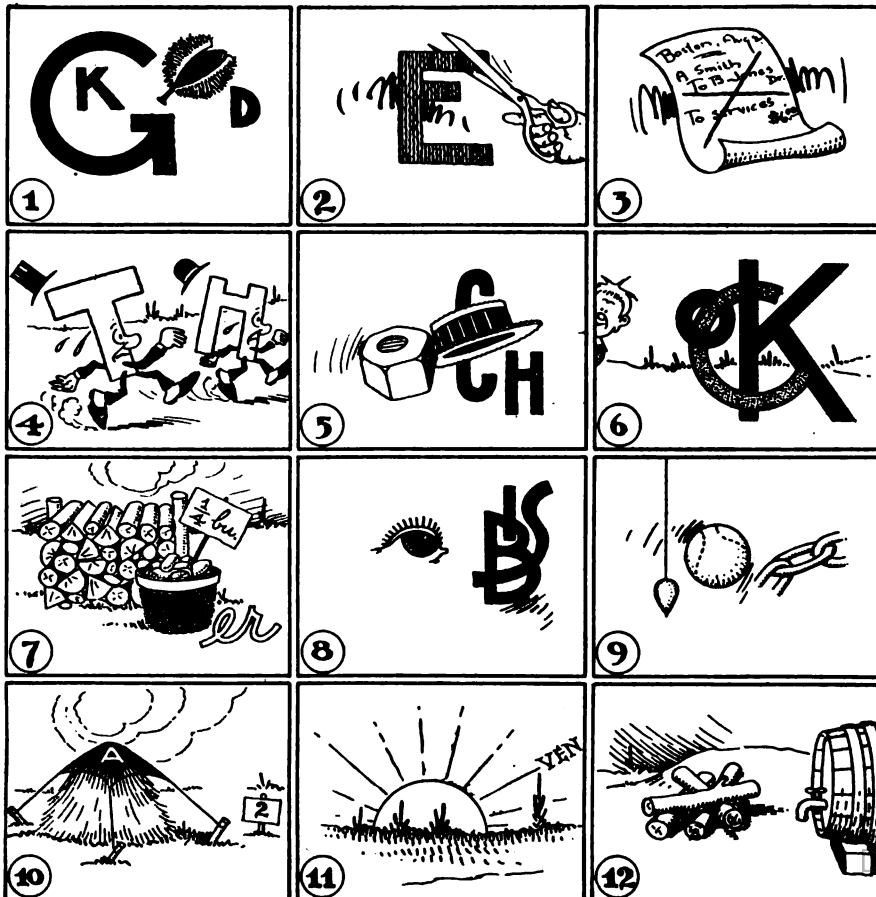
BY CAROLYN WELLS

Young Chevalier Bayard Napoleon
Lee
Was a wonderful, brave little lad, oh!
He said he feared nothing on land or
on sea,
Yet that boy was afraid of his
shadow!

THE BIRDS OF PUZZLE-LAND

BY WALTER WELLMAN

NO doubt you will recall that the boys and girls of Puzzle-Land visited the "Zoo" a few weeks ago and saw many strange animals there. Well, they also saw many birds. If you wish to know the names of the birds just study the pictures below. The twelve pictures will give you the names of twelve of the birds. It is not hard to make them out; but if you have any doubt about the names, you will find the right answers next week, with the answers to the other puzzles that are on this page.



PUZZLES

1. OCTAGON

My first is to plunder, a terrible wrong;
My second, a weapon, to war doth belong;
My third means of frequent occurrence, I ween;
In my next word a mixture of many is seen;
For the fifth, take a small word, "the finish" 'twill mean.

2. BEHEADINGS

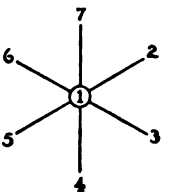
My whole grows on trees; behead, I am a small number; behead, I am a negation.

My whole is limited; behead, and I am a weapon; behead twice, and I create a disturbance.

My whole is bright; behead, I am a whip; behead, I am a tree; behead, and you will quiet me.

3. STAR

From 1 to 2 is an inclosure;
from 1 to 3 is a northern race;
from 1 to 4 is a tree; from 1 to 5
is in the rear; from 1 to 6 is an
Indian tribe; from 1 to 7 is a
flag; from 2 to 3 to 4 to 5 to 6 to 7
is a great city.



4. DECAPITATIONS

Whole, I am a line; behead me, and I am a kind of meat; behead again, and I am mature; curtail me, and I am a tear; behead and curtail, and you leave a personal pronoun.

Whole, I am a loud noise; behead me, and I am hasty; behead again, and I am a tree; transpose me, and I am a verb; behead, and leave a Roman weight; curtail, and leave a vowel.

5. GEOGRAPHICAL DELETIONS

Take a letter from a river in Europe, transpose, and find a guiding line.

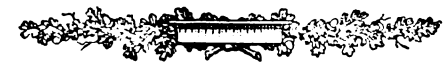
Take a letter from a river in Europe, transpose, and find perceived.

6. ANIMAL ACROSTIC

Each word has four letters, and the initials and finals each spell the name of an animal:
A fish, an image worshipped, a performance by one, to pass by, the Biblical father of three famous sons.

7. WHAT FLOWERS ARE THESE?

This flower's a color—oh, dainty and sweet!
This big-leaved one says, "Am I lable?"
This speaks of investments, perhaps in the "street,"
And this will put lamb on your table;
This one begs that you will remember it true;
This tells what the sun did this morning;
This speaks of the time when the teacup is due,
This, the glow and the gleam of the dawning.



CHANDLER SIX \$1395

CHARITY AMONG THE BIRDS

FRIENDSHIP between two birds of the same species, if we exclude the companionship of such as pair for life, says Mr. W. H. Hudson in *Adventures Among Birds*, is exceedingly difficult, almost impossible, to detect. If it were not so, we should probably find as many pairs of inseparables in any flock of bachelor chaffinches in winter as in a herd of horses or cattle existing in a half-wild state. It is also possible to mistake for an evidence of friendship an action that, in its origin at all events, is of a different nature, as the following cases show.

One relates to the military starting of the pampas—a bird of a very social disposition. When breeding is over, the birds unite in large flocks and lead a gypsy life on the great plains. They are always on the move; the flock presents an extended front, the beaks and scarlet breasts are all turned one way, and the hindmost birds continually fly forward and drop down upon or a little in advance of the front line. It is a pretty spectacle. One day I was sitting on my horse watching a flock thus feeding and traveling when I noticed behind the others a bird sitting motionless on the ground and two others keeping close to it, one on each side. These two had finished examining the ground and prodding at the roots of the grass, and were now anxious to go forward and rejoin the company, but the third one held them back. On my going up, they all flew away, and I then saw that the one that had hung back had a broken leg. Perhaps it had not long been broken and he had not yet accommodated himself to the changed conditions in which he had to get about on the ground. I found that, again and again, after the entire scarlet-breasted army had moved on, the lame bird remained behind, and his two impatient but faithful companions still kept with him. They would not fly until he flew, and when on the wing still kept their places at his side.

The next case is from Penzance. A lady of that town is a great bird lover and feeds the birds during the winter on her lawn. She noticed that a blackbird and thrush always came together to the food, and that the blackbird always fed the other. Looking more closely, she saw that the thrush had lost its beak; it had been cut off close to the bird's head, probably by a steel or a spring trap, such as the children in Cornwall commonly use to catch or kill small birds. The bird could not feed itself.

Mr. E. Selley of Sidmouth, a gardener and local naturalist, told me that his father kept a magpie in a large hutch surrounded by wires through which small birds could pass in to steal the food. Among these was a robin that had lost its beak in a steel trap; and that bird the magpie befriended, although he always drove the others out of his house. The robin with no beak could only pick up small crumbs, and the magpie, taking a piece of bread to its perch, would pick it into small pieces with which he could feed the robin.

A friend who himself saw the following incident told me that he knew of a lark that was kept in a cage hanging against the front wall of the house. Some sparrows formed the habit of clinging to the wires of the cage and feeding from the seed box. To stop this plundering the box was changed from the front to the back of the cage, where it was out of their reach. Nevertheless, their visits continued. With a little closer watching, it was discovered that the lark itself fed them, not by putting the seed into their beaks, but by conveying it from the box to the other side of the cage floor where the sparrows could get at it.



OLD BILL'S THANKSGIVING TREAT

WELL, he is this kind of a man," said the livery-stable keeper when I asked him about his townsman, Deacon Opdyke: "Last year the deacon had some extra work to do on his farm on the upper road, and I hired out my Old Bill to him. At the end of a month the horse came back in good condition, the deacon paid the price, and everyone concerned was satisfied, including Old Bill, I guess. Along about Thanksgiving time the deacon dropped in here and inquired about the horse. Seemed real pleased when I told him Bill was spryer than usual after his summer's work. Asked to see him, but the horse was out on a job. 'Quite a member of society, that horse is,' he said, and went away after inquiring how many horses I had in the stable, boarders and all.

"Thanksgiving morning there wasn't much doing here after the regular chores were done, and we all sat round the office stove, when the deacon's hired man drove up and unloaded a gunny sack full of something. I remember thinking he had borrowed that kind of satisfied smile of the deacon's, as he said I would find a note inside the bag. I did; and this was about what it said:

"You will find enough carrots here to give every horse in the stable a good dessert after the regular feed to-day. Be sure and have them cut fine enough so they won't choke, and tell the horses that Old Bill is standing treat."

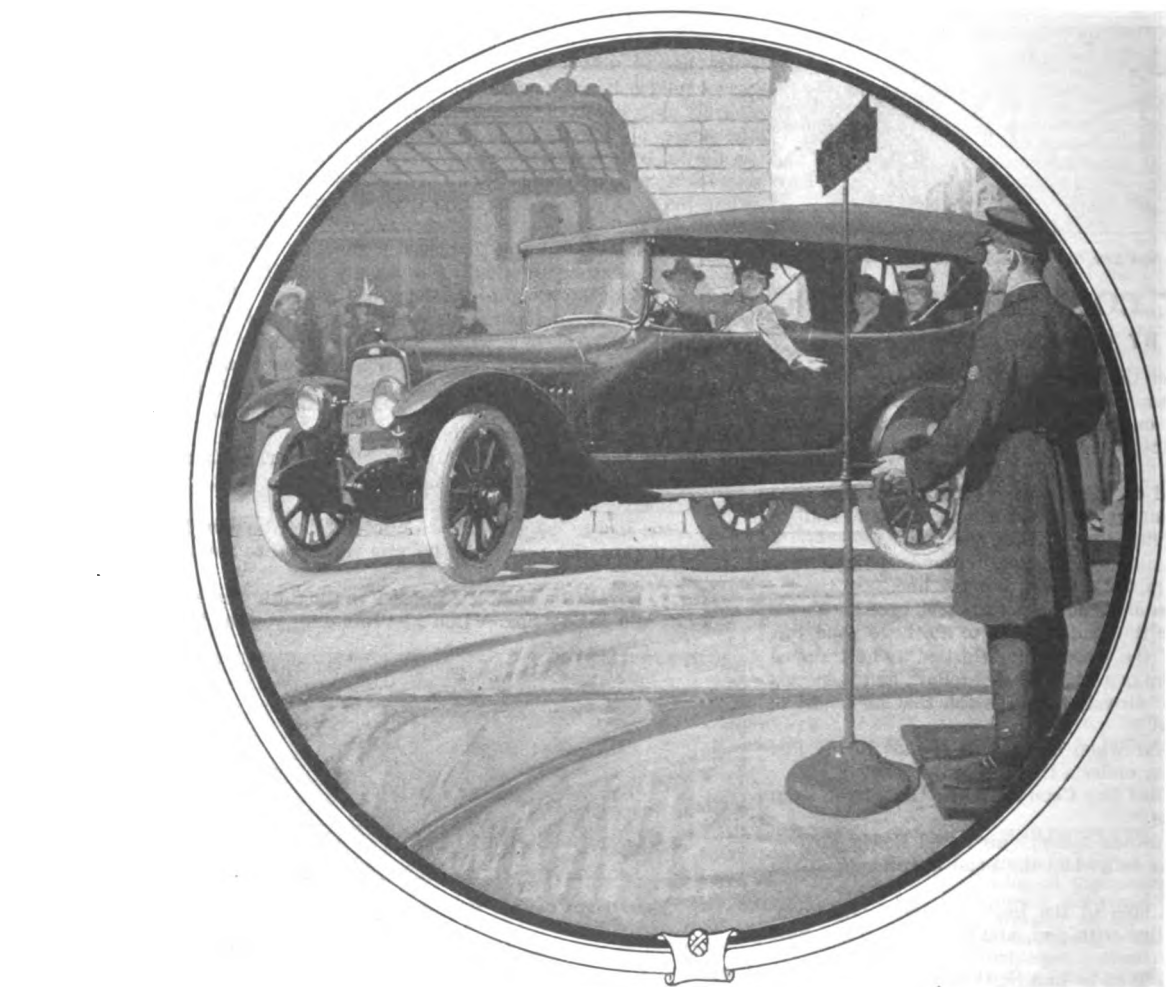
"That's the kind of a man I've found Deacon Opdyke to be," said the liveryman, with what I thought was considerable conviction.



PUTTING UP A BARBED-WIRE FENCE

THE erection of war entanglements, even when the trenches are some distance apart, is at all times dangerous. The men slip over the parapet and, in the first place, pound in the supports with mallets, the heads of which are carefully wrapped in cloth in order to deaden the sound. Two other men carry the wire drum—a wooden cylinder round which the wire is rolled—by means of a long pole through the centre, and a comrade attaches the wires to the supports. The work is slow and nerve-straining, says a writer in the *London Graphic*, for star shells burst often, and compel the men to crouch low and remain motionless until the flare burns out.

To each soldier who takes part in modern warfare thick gloves for gripping wire and strong pliers for cutting it are as essential as the rifle and bayonet. Before an assault by his own regiment, the soldier cuts his own wire, and he must then endeavor as best he may to cut and hack his way through the enemy's, pulling down a support here, cutting the wires while the machine-gun batteries rap out their message of death toward him. Thus barbed wire, so simple in itself, so deadly when used in the ways described, enters into every phase of operation in the firing zone.



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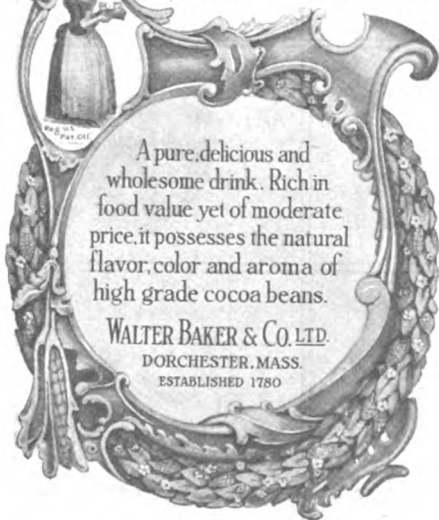
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NATURE & SCIENCE

PRUNES AND BEES.—For three years the division of pomology of the University of California has been investigating the causes of the variation in prune crops in the Santa Clara Valley. Experiments show that the common honeybee is one of the most important agencies in producing good crops. The fact was proved by covering two pairs of adjoining French and Imperial prune trees with large tents of mosquito netting and placing a hive of bees in one of the tents as soon as the blossoms opened. The bees started to work at once and probably visited every blossom on the trees. After the petals of the blossoms had fallen and there was no further danger that pollen would be brought



from outside sources to the trees under observation, the tents were taken down. It soon became evident that the French prune tree in the tent with the bees had set a much heavier crop than the best of the exposed trees, whereas the two trees in the tent from which the bees had been excluded had set very light crops. Later, the weight of the fruit borne by the French prune tree made it necessary to prop the branches, as shown in the accompanying illustration. In proportion to the number of blossoms, that tree bore fully five times as many prunes as the ordinary French prune tree bears. The results have so deeply impressed the prune growers of California that many of them are buying swarms of bees, and others are planning to hire swarms for use during the blossoming season.

A HINT TO SWIMMERS.—In an address before the leading ear, nose and throat specialists of the country, Dr. Hill Hastings of Los Angeles recently called attention to the danger of a person's swimming, and particularly diving, when he has a cold in the head. Comparatively few persons realize that it is dangerous, and many even believe that when they have recovered from a cold and are still annoyed by excessive thick secretions in the nose they can find relief by diving or plunging the head under water. The purulent matter washed out is not only a danger to others, says Dr. Hastings, but the diver himself runs a risk of forcing some of the pus into his middle ear. Most specialists have observed that cases of mastoid abscess are common every summer during the swimming season. At the large ear, nose and throat hospitals it is recognized that the swimming season invariably brings on "a crop of mastoids." The advice to keep out of the water until a "head cold" is entirely cleared up cannot be too strongly emphasized.

PREHISTORIC COLORADO.—A million or more years ago there was a great lake not far from Pike's Peak, in what is now the state of Colorado. Lake Florissant, as geologists have named it, became choked with volcanic ash and deposits of lava from adjacent volcanoes. Clouds of ash carried down and covered up in layers innumerable plants and insects, and preserved them in beds of shale, which, when split with a knife, reveal flattened but wonderfully perfect remains. More than a thousand different species of insects and plants have been found in the Florissant shales, many of which, like the horsefly in the accompanying illustration from the American Museum Journal, are closely allied to living forms. The Florissant deposits have been described as a sort of Pompeii of the Miocene Age, for they give a picture of past conditions that few other deposits in the whole world can give. They even throw light on prehistoric conditions in remote parts of the world, for the presence of certain forms of life supposed to be peculiar to the Old World suggests that land was or had recently been continuous between Asia and America. The absence of distinct South American forms indicates, on the other hand, that the Isthmus of Panama was still under water.



A NEGLECTED SHELLFISH.—The common sea mussel exists in almost inexhaustible numbers along much of the Atlantic seaboard. An article in a recent issue of the American Museum Journal calls attention to the fact that the sea mussel is a source of most nutritious food, for its flesh is the most valuable in nutritive elements of any of the shellfish, and in palatability and digestibility is second to none. The mussel occurs in masses, literally hundreds to the square yard, adhering to rocks, to sand and to one another. The ability of the sea mussel to exist in such crowded masses depends upon its power of movement, its means of anchoring itself firmly, and the wonderful efficiency with which it can collect food, of which it finds an unlimited supply in the form of minute particles of decaying vegetable matter and in the group of microscopic organisms known as diatoms. Although the mussel has a host of enemies, it has also unlimited powers of reproduction, for each female lays from ten to fifteen million eggs a year. Probably the competition for food between the members of the community itself results in a greater mortality than all its enemies cause, for enormous numbers of mussels are smothered every day by their own offspring, which, in the struggle for existence, bury their parents beneath them. The United States Bureau of Fisheries has issued a bulletin that describes the food value of sea mussels, and tells how to cook them.

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BILIOUSNESS

THE word "biliousness" has had varying fortune in the language of medicine. At one time it was used to define an indisposition of peculiar character, and at another physicians rejected it because they believed that it implied a wrong cause for the condition in question. Although the pendulum is swinging back in favor of a judicious use of the word, the latest medical dictionary cautiously defines it as "a minor ailment, thought to depend upon a slight disturbance of the hepatic functions."

Whether properly named or not, however, the condition certainly exists, and it is quite probable that the liver, whether or not it is primarily at fault, is often concerned in the digestive upset. The functions of the liver are manifold: it secretes bile, stores up sugar, and destroys many poisons, either derived from without the body or formed in it, especially some of the waste products of digestion, which it converts into urea. If any of these functions become deranged, the system suffers. If something interferes with the secretion of bile or with its passage into the intestine, the symptoms of jaundice appear. If the liver is unable to store up sugar, diabetes results. If it cannot destroy the poisons that are taken into the body or that are accidentally formed in it, an indisposition or actual illness follows.

When we speak of a "sluggish liver" we mean that the organ is unable to dispose of all the poisonous waste products that occur in the system; the result is that acute form of auto-intoxication which we call a bilious attack. The symptoms are headache, dizziness, spots or zigzag figures before the eyes, irritability and depression, indigestion, nausea and perhaps vomiting, and often a pasty complexion and a yellow tinge to the whites of the eyes.

Associated with those symptoms, or preceding them, there is constipation or irregularity of the bowels. And that is no doubt the cause of the whole trouble: The intestines are slow in disposing of the waste products of nutrition, and so a larger amount of poisonous material is carried to the liver than that organ can easily dispose of. Some of it therefore enters the blood stream and causes an attack of biliousness. That checks the appetite; fewer waste products form, and thus the body rids itself of the excess already present. When an equilibrium is restored the "bilious attack" is cured.

HELPING BARBARA

NOW, Barbara, I've got it all planned and I won't take no for an answer. You're to come in Tuesday—come after dinner if you can't trust anybody else to put those precious babies to bed. Dean will meet you at the station. Then we can go downtown right after breakfast, and with an early start like that you'll accomplish twice as much as if you came in for the day, as you always do. Besides, we can have the time I've been waiting to have with you for ages and kill two perfectly good birds with one stone. Remember, I'm expecting you."

Barbara read the letter aloud with tragedy in her voice. Her husband, putting a firm hand over the baby's predatory fork, looked across at her with pleasure.

"You must go, of course, Babs. It's fine of Rita to plan it all, and you need a bit of a holiday."

"But you don't understand!" Barbara wailed. "Rita will want me to go with her, and she never knows what she wants, and takes hours to decide, and I shan't get more than three things done. Oh, I know she means it all in the dearest way, but before Christmas, when I need every minute! And Tuesday, too, when Miss Bennett was coming to sew! It never enters Rita's head that anyone else can have plans to be interfered with!"

But she went, of course—as everyone did when Rita arranged things. She reached Rita's at nine, flushed and tired. Rita welcomed her eagerly and put some new opera records on the phonograph. She was sure that they would be a treat to Barbara. And Barbara, going upstairs at eleven, lay awake for hours from nervous weariness.

They did get started fairly early in the morning—Barbara with her carefully planned list, Rita with a confusion of vague ideas. One concerned a new evening coat.

"Do come and look at stuffs with me, that's a dear!" she pleaded. "We got started so early that you can spare the time."

So they looked for an hour; and then Rita decided she would wait a while, after all, since the clerk had said that a new style was on the way.

Barbara looked at her list. "Tell me where to meet you at noon, and let's be there before the crowd!" she begged.

"How about the Blue Dragon—or—I don't know; the Delft is pleasanter—or the English Inn."

Eventually they went to the Savoy—and had to wait half an hour for a table.

Barbara could not help laughing, although her eyes were wet, when she reached home that night.

"It seemed so wicked for us to waste hours of

time not knowing what you wanted when every moment counted," she said.

At home, Rita was explaining to a caller: "I am a little tired. I've had my cousin Barbara in for some shopping. It's so hard for her to get in—I felt I really ought to help her, if I could."

SNUG SIBERIAN SLEEPING

ASNOW-BOUND Siberian village in the full light of day looks about as desolate and uninviting a human haunt as you can well imagine, but to the traveler who enters it at night, after a long day of sledding against the wind, its cheeriness is overwhelming.

I found Brookhanovor a very pleasant spot, says Mr. Bassett Digby in Through Siberia. Every little window blazed out its warm welcome. Here and there I caught the glint of a brass samovar on a table with a knot of people sitting round it. Cascades of sparks poured from chimneys. Men's voices rose to accompany the brayings and beatings of an accordion.

We stopped at a two-story log cottage. Supper was a banquet of soup, potatoes, meat, bread and milk. There was no guest room here; so I went to bed with the rest of the family—men, women and children.

Going to bed in a Siberian peasant's hut is a simple matter. You take a blanket or two, cocoon yourself in them, lie down on the floor and go to sleep there and then. There are no bedrooms, no beds. You do not disrobe. Men, women and children, cats and dogs, chickens, ducks and turkeys, lie down side by side. The last person to turn in stacks pine logs into the stove to its fullest capacity. Then he extinguishes the lamp, and another day is over. Sometimes there will be a bench, a pair of chests or a niche in the wall to serve as a couch; and sometimes the grandfather or grandmother of the household exercises the prerogative of sleeping on the flat, whitewashed top of the brick stove, hazardous as that may seem. But in the great majority of cases everyone, with a fine democracy, shares the floor.

I found that the thin blanket with which I was provided did not do much toward softening the hard brick floor, and noticing a pile of hay in the corner, with a couple of ducks resting on it, I asked if I might take some to make myself a couch. The family put the matter up for debate. There was a noisy discussion. The ducks woke, snuggled more comfortably into the hay and surveyed me with frigid, unblinking hostility. For a while one of the women seemed to take my part, but eventually she capitulated and a unanimous decision was given against me. The ducks turned their heads under their wings and waddled off to the land of Nod, while I had to resign myself to the bricks.

CLEVER TABBY

CATS have always been considered as less clever than dogs in understanding human beings, although there are many persons who are ready enough to defend feline intelligence. A writer in the New York Sun reports some interesting incidents in which cats have shown an almost uncanny ability to understand their masters.

One day some one announced at The Lilacs (the home of the writer) that one of Tabby's kittens—the black one—must be killed, whereupon that kitten disappeared. Tabby had hidden it.

When a gun was loaded to shoot Bigfoot, nothing was said in his presence, but he ran out of the house like a gray streak, and was not seen again until the fishbone in his jaw, the pain of which had made him so vicious that his masters actually feared rabies, had come out and recovery had set in. He returned sane and respectable, sure of a hearty welcome.

In that case the instinct of self-preservation must have enabled the cat to divine the deadly purpose against his life. It is doubtless the purpose, and not the words, that animals understand.

Tabby was a barn cat that slept on the back of a cow, and a particular incident in her life made her reputation. She brought three kittens back to The Lilacs from her new home—a distance of six miles. It would be interesting to know the time consumed by the cat in transporting three kittens six miles, and also to know the manner in which she did it. No one learned anything about it except that the cat and the kittens disappeared from one place and appeared some time later at the other, perceptibly travel-worn.

It is hardly probable that she "stole a ride"; it is more probable that she came "cross lots," and in a bee line. Without doubt she carried her kittens in her mouth, one at a time, but how long were the intervals? She must have been a very homesick cat, longing for her old familiar barn; or was it important in the mother mind that her kittens should be brought up in the kindly atmosphere of The Lilacs?

A PERPETUAL PUPPY

AN elderly English farmer, says London Notes, had been haled before the magistrates to show cause why he had failed to take out a license for a pet terrier. His oft-repeated reply to the questions of the court was:

"Who, he's nobbut a puppy!"

"Yes, yes, so you say," said the clerk at last. "But how old is he really?"

"I couldn't tell to a bit," was the reply. "I never was much good at dates, but he's nobbut a puppy."

Evidence proved, however, that the dog was long past puppyhood, and the bench inflicted the usual fine.

Talking it over afterwards, the farmer exclaimed: "Ang me if I can un'erstand it! Last year, an' the year afore that, I told the same tale 'bout same dog, an' it wor allus good enough afore! Who's been meddlin' wi' t' law since last year?"

LYSANDER'S APPETIZER

LYSANDER, a farm hand that Everybody's tells about, was recounting his troubles to a neighbor. Among other things he said that the wife of the farmer who employed him was "too close for any use."

"This very morning," said he, "she asked me, 'Lysander, do you know how many pancakes you have eat this mornin'?"

"I said, 'No, ma'am, I ain't had no occasion to count 'em.'"

"Well," says she, 'that last one was the twenty-sixth.' And it made me so mad I jest got up from the table and went to work without my breakfast!"



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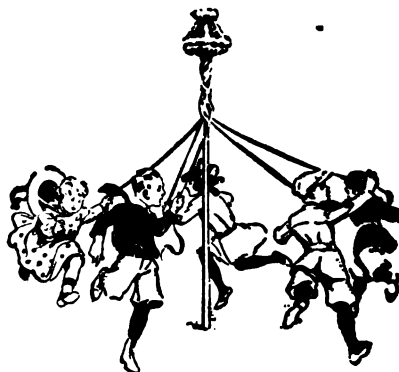
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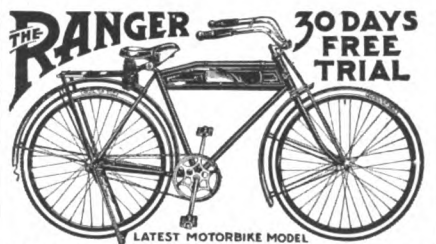
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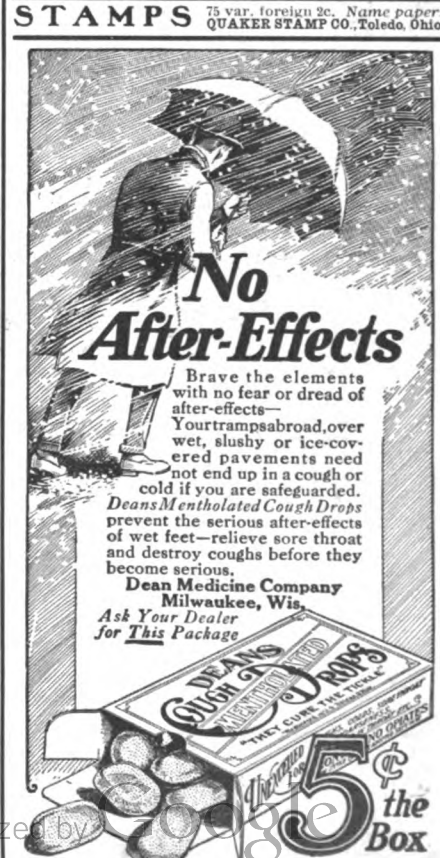
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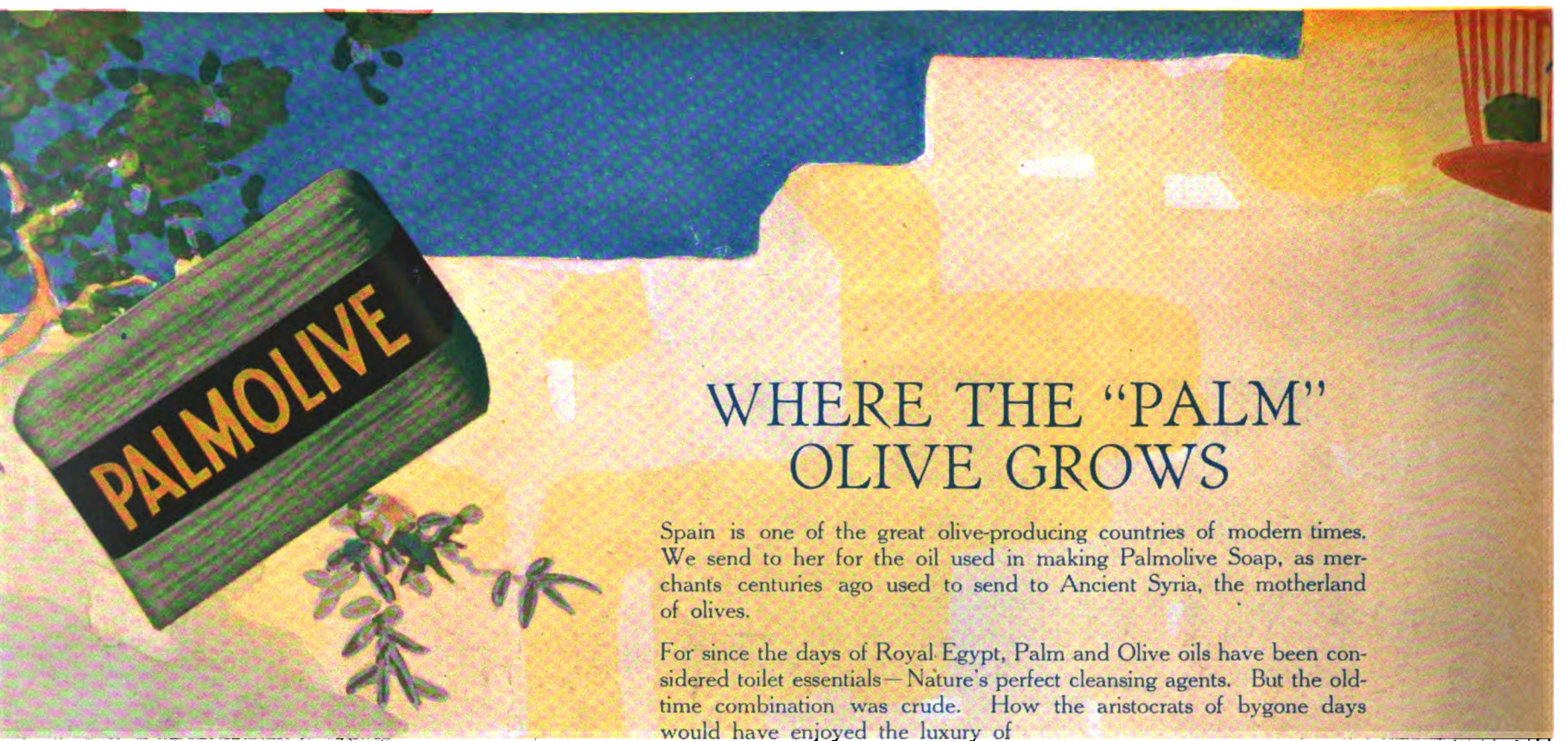
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"SURE!" CRIED ANNA GRATEFULLY. "BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU KNOW?"

DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON

AN undersized, thin, almost starved-looking young girl with hazel eyes and a mass of very yellow hair that much curling on heated iron had made rough and untidy looking stood behind one of the bargain counters in a department store in one of the busiest cities of the East. It was a hot day in August; the air of the place was very close; there were dark circles that were almost hollows under the girl's eyes, and, although it was not yet eleven o'clock, she looked ready to drop from fatigue.

Her counter was in a conspicuous position; a strong odor of perfumery, sachet powder and various essences revealed the nature of her wares. A stout commercial traveler, making a periodical visit to the store, paused to chat with various clerks on his way to the office; he noticed the girl at the perfume counter, and looked at her, puzzled. It was not that she was new since his last visit—there was a succession of new salesgirls here; it was not that she looked so frail, so young or so pretty; but she reminded him strongly of some one he knew, —or had seen, —where? "Talcum powder, sir?" the girl asked. "Toilet water — Harnett's violet — marked down to twenty-nine cents just for to-day."

When he heard her voice, he suddenly remembered.

"No, not to-day," he said. "I don't want anything, but say! I couldn't help stopping, you look so much like a young lady I saw up in the country last week. Any of your folks got red hair—the pretty sort?"

"I haven't any folks," said the girl briefly; but the shrewd salesman saw that she had started at his question and that her eyes were full of wistfulness.

"Well, now, that's singular," he remarked, "for d'ye know I saw a red-haired young lady, pretty as a picture, all dressed up in brown linen that went well with her complexion, in a good-sized store in a place called Wenham. Ever hear of Wenham?"

"I might have seen it in a paper—railway accident or fire," she said, shrugging her shoulders.

"It's a pretty place. Well, the reason I took such particular notice of this young lady, she was sort of scrappin' with a big fat girl that could have laid out two of her and yet seemed shy of her. The red-haired girl's voice was as like yours as could be, and she looked out of her eyes as you do; but she was taller and not so thin."

"In a store—was she working?" the girl asked almost with horror in her voice.

"Workin'—I like that! My dear, she was

REUBEN'S PORTION

In Ten Chapters

By Joslyn Gray

Chapter Six

buyin' silk for an evenin' gown, the best messaline at two and a quarter per."

"Did she seem—rich?" The girl's eyes were round with wonder.

"She was dressed to kill, and she passed over her greenbacks as if she had a plenty more," he said, greatly pleased at his keenness in noticing the resemblance. "Funny name, the young lady had," he observed. "I wouldn't have credited my two ears only the fat girl called her by it a number of times."

"What was her name, please?" she asked eagerly.

"Tell me what letter it begins with, and if you're right I'll tell you the whole," proposed the salesman, with a shrewd little smile.

"R."

"Right you are. R stands for right and also for Rusty, which was the name the fat girl called her by."

Anna Miller had her pay envelope in her pocket. At her little hall bedroom in the lodging house she had four dollars more that by going without luncheons she had saved for a lace hat. Altogether she could just scrape together enough to buy a ticket to Wenham.

She left the store at noon, went to her room and packed her pitifully few belongings in a pasteboard box. Then she went directly to the station. She had only fifty cents left after buying her ticket, and she had never meant to go home until she could return in fine clothes with a pocketful of money; but then, she had taken it for granted that her father would always be poor. Now that he had somehow "struck it rich," she was more than ready to give over her pitiful struggle and to let him take care of her.

On the journey she beguiled her weariness and hunger by musing upon Rusty. To think of the funny, homely, red-haired child she had left turned into a pretty, stylish young lady who bought evening gowns! What a temper she had had! Well, getting rich would be good for that. However, she must still have some remnant of her temper, for the traveling salesman had said that she was "scrapping" with the fat girl. How funny he was!

On the same day that Anna Miller was speeding hopefully toward home it happened that the silk stuff that the traveling salesman had seen Rusty purchase went back a

second time to the dry-goods store in Wenham—and this time it stayed. As the days had passed, Rusty's conscience had troubled her more and more until she could hardly eat or sleep. She showed the strain, and her father and mother became greatly worried about her health. At last Seth Miller appealed to his oracle—Reuben.

"I'd like to keep the only girl I have left," he said dolefully. "And I seem to see her slipping away day by day."

Although Reuben was himself filled with consternation, he tried to reassure Mr. Miller. He told him that there was no chance of her going into a decline, and that she was probably only worrying about the prize. And he promised to see what he could do.

He set out that very afternoon to see Rusty, and in spite of his anxiety his heart grew light, for he had missed Rusty as never before. She had come to Miss Penny's to tea twice a week, and he had usually seen her between times; but of late he had often hesitated to seek her out. The knowledge that she considered him as old and sedate and perhaps heavy had often held him back when he was longing to see her; but somehow when she was at Miss Penny's he scarcely thought about that. It would not be many days now before she would be back, and he was to see her this afternoon!

As he approached the Millers' house, he saw her ahead of him, evidently returning from an errand. He overtook her, carried her package back to the house for her, and then they walked down the Wenham road to the bridge. The Millers were moving into South Hollow the next day but one, and Rusty felt that there might not be another chance to visit the river.

She certainly looked pale and worn and seemed quiet and subdued; but when he asked whether she should be glad to begin school again, she was almost fierce in her eagerness. In truth, the girl believed that only in hard study could she ever regain her peace of mind.

"You know, Rusty, I believe you'll get the scholarship," he declared, "for you're so much more interested in school and in our studies than Mabel is."

"Oh, do you think I can?" she cried. "O

Reuben, if I only could!" And to his amazement she wrung her hands.

"Why, Rusty, I didn't know you cared like that!" he said wonderingly.

"I don't," Rusty answered drearily.

She stopped short. Leaning against the bridge, she dropped her head a moment on the top of the parapet. Then she raised a white face full of misery.

"I never cared like this before, Reuben," she admitted, "but now something—I've done something that makes me feel that if I don't get it I shall always be wretched. It won't seem nearly so bad if I get it. Reuben, tell me, do you think that having the result come out well ever makes a wrong action right?"

"Not for the one that does it," he replied without hesitation. "But, Rusty, I don't believe you've done any such thing."

Then Rusty related the story of the opal silk. Reuben understood better than she had believed he could—better than anyone else could have understood. Just confessing to him was a relief; and although he did not make light of the situation, he did not seem to think it hopeless.

"If only they would take it back!" she said.

Reuben considered. "Let me have it. I know Mr. Gorham a little, and I'll see him. It's no harm to try, as long as you say there's enough cut off to make anyone a dress?"

"If they're not too awfully fat. O Reuben, if you would!" she cried eagerly. Then she sobered. "But I ought not to let you. It's such a horrid thing to have to do, and especially for a boy."

"I don't mind. If Mr. Gorham doesn't think it's fair, he needn't do it. I shan't urge him."

They returned to the house and Rusty threw the box out the window to him. It was nearly a week, however, before he had a chance to go to Wenham with it. For two days he helped the Millers to move; then Miss Penny had an attack of rheumatism, and he did not want to leave her. And thus it happened that he went to Wenham on the day on which Anna Miller had left her work and lodgings in a distant city, without a by-your-leave or a good-by, and turned her face toward home.

Reuben had no trouble whatever at the store. People liked Reuben at first sight; and although Mr. Gorham, one of the firm, was not a particularly kind-hearted or obliging

man, he was glad to do Reuben a favor. So he took the purchase back, and would not even accept Reuben's offer to be responsible for the silk if it should remain unsold after a reasonable time.

Reuben was fond of walking, and had driven to-day only at Miss Penny's suggestion that the pony needed exercise; but he exclaimed several times that evening to Miss Penny that it had been a lucky suggestion. For just as he had crossed the railway track on his way home he saw, a little distance ahead, some one whom he supposed to be Rusty, carrying a large package. He wondered how she had come over and why she should have kept her coming a secret. He had left her at the new house half an hour before he had started, and she had said nothing of any errand. She must have driven over with some one.

Perceiving that the box she carried was heavy, he hurried after her. He gained upon her rapidly until he reached the foot of the long hill, and there he had to let the pony choose its own gait—and that gait was as slow as a horse could go and yet move. Before the pony reached the top of the hill, the girl had disappeared from view.

Then Reuben suddenly realized that she wore a dress he had never seen before, bright blue, with shorter skirts than she had worn for a year. Moreover, she must have put up her hair, for there had been no sign of the thick red plait hanging below her waist. What did it mean? Was she trying to disguise herself as well as to conceal her errand?

She was not in sight when he cleared the brow of the hill. Hastening on, he presently saw a spot of blue at the roadside and, drawing nearer, was startled to see that the girl was sitting down. It was not like Rusty to stop to rest; but of course she was tired after the moving, which she had supervised entirely. And her box seemed very heavy.

"Rusty!" he called out eagerly as he came up to her.

Not until she looked up did he discover that it was not Rusty at all, but a smaller, thinner girl with frowsy yellow hair, who still looked amazingly like the other. In a flash it came to Reuben that she must be the lost elder sister. And the boy's heart leaped in unselfish joy.

"Aren't you Anna Miller?" he asked, raising his cap and jumping out. "If you'll get into the carriage, I'll take you home. I'm going right near there. I'm Reuben Cartwright, a friend of your family's."

"Sure!" cried Anna gratefully. "But how in the world did you know?"

Reuben explained as he helped her into the carriage, and Anna reflected that, since this was the second stranger to be struck by the resemblance between her and her sister, it must indeed be strong.

"Rusty must have grown good-looking," she remarked, patting her yellow hair complacently; and Reuben could not help laughing.

Anna laughed, too. "My goodness, don't tell her I said that," she begged, "for she used to be a regular little spitfire! I suppose she still is?"

"Oh, no!" Reuben assured her.

"That's good news. And so pa is rich?" she observed. "If I'd sent him word I was coming, would he have had a brass band out to meet me?"

Somewhat apprehensive, Reuben tried to set before her the true extent of the Millers' prosperity. He knew the relief and joy that her return would bring to her parents, and he feared that when she saw her extravagant expectations disappointed she might do or say something to lessen the happiness of the family.

But the girl was sharp and very good-natured, and, reading Reuben's doubt, she made sundry humorous remarks about what constituted wealth in her mind. For to-night, she declared, nothing in the world seemed so grand as the thought of a "square" meal. It seemed to her at the moment that she had never had such a thing. She could almost eat grass like Methuselah or Habakkuk or whoever the old fellow was. And, although she was so faint that she could hardly sit erect, she laughed gayly.

There was a chill in the air when they were passing over the flats between Farleigh and South Hollow, and so Reuben took out his ulster and wrapped it about her. The coat was blue and large, and gave Anna a bulk that was quite misleading.

Rusty, at the grocery's, saw Reuben going by with this large, blonde girl in blue, and believed it to be Mabel Graham.

Fierce anger seized her. Reuben riding with

Mabel Graham! And he could not pretend that he overtook her and was only driving her to her aunt's. He would have turned in below the academy had he been going to the Mudge place. He was parading by the Millers'

new home with Mabel just to make her mad! He was the hatefulest boy she had ever known, —the very hatefulest,—and she wished that she might never see him again!

TO BE CONTINUED

COACH QUIGLEY'S CODE

By Kenneth Carlyle Beatson

ON the day that Crab Phillips was graduated from

Colgrove High School he announced that next fall he should enter St. Vincent's College. As Phillips had been the star shortstop of the Colgrove baseball team for three years, it was natural that his announcement should be printed in a good many of the newspapers throughout the state. Quigley, the St. Vincent's coach, saw it on one of the sporting pages.

"Crab Phillips," mused Quigley. "He's the young world-beater of a shortstop Clark wrote me about. So he's coming here, is he? Guess I'll stop off at Colgrove on my way upstate to-morrow and have a talk with Clark about him."

Quigley arrived at Clark's home early the

before the opening game with Sherman something happened that proved

that Clark's warning had not been groundless. Toward the end of a hard-fought practice game, little Pete Perkins, the "varsity" centre fielder, came up with the bases full and went out on three called strikes. Later, in the dressing room, Pete remarked that the umpire needed "a pair of glasses."

"That last one missed the plate a foot and a half," he declared.

"Why didn't you tell him so?" demanded Phillips.

"Because I didn't see how that would do any good," said Pete, with some scorn.

"You could have raised a row about it,

Phillips was off like a shot. Quigley held his breath. Old hand at the game though he was, a play like this never failed to set his heart to thumping. If the batter did what he was supposed to do,—if he met the ball and hit it anywhere inside the foul lines,—Phillips had a fair chance of scoring. If he did not—

But the batter did. Bringing his bat up in a careful half swing, he sent a sizzling grounder down to second. The second baseman could have made an out at first with ease, but he tried instead to get Phillips at home. The play was close. It was so close that Quigley had not the slightest idea whether the boy was safe until he saw Hendrie wave him out.

Evidently Phillips was unaware of the decision, for when he got up he was grinning broadly.

"What are you so happy about?" demanded the catcher. "Didn't you hear the umpire call you out?"

"You have to touch a fellow to put him out," said Phillips. "Hendrie did call a pretty fierce one on me a while ago, but he wouldn't —"

"Ask him, then, if you don't believe me."

"Certainly I'll ask him. How about it, Hendrie? You called me safe, didn't you?"

"I called you out," said Hendrie.

"Out?" echoed Phillips. He took a step backward, raised his hands to his hips and stared incredulously. "Out? Why, you're crazy! He didn't even touch me! I slid round behind him and he missed me by a yard!"

"He touched you, all right," said Hendrie with decision. "He slapped the ball on just above the ankle when you threw your leg out, and he slapped it on good and hard."

"You talk like a chump!" cried Phillips. "He missed me clean. It'd be larceny—grand larceny—if you took this run away from us!" Phillips was studying law, and, like many other law students, he seldom lost a chance to use a high-sounding legal phrase. "I tell you," he persisted, "you can't call me out!"

"I was under the impression," said Hendrie, "that I had already called you out. If there's any doubt about it, though, I'll do it again to make sure. You are out—out—o-u-t! Now, are you going to let us

go ahead, or are you going to keep on kicking till you get yourself into trouble?"

"You mean you'll put me out of the game, do you? You act as if you thought I cared."

Hendrie took out his watch.

"I'll give you exactly thirty seconds to get to the bench," he said coldly. "If you're not there then, out you go in a hurry."

"Put me out now, and save the thirty seconds. You might as well. I don't intend to —"

Just then Quigley touched the shortstop on the shoulder.

"S-s-sh!" he exclaimed. "What's the use of raising a row about it? We don't need the run. Come on over and sit down."

"Why, you'd raise a row yourself, coach, if an umpire tried to put a rank decision like that over on you. You know you would."

"Phillips," said Quigley, "are you certain that it is such a rank decision? Hendrie was standing there with nothing to do but watch, and he should have seen it perfectly. Don't you think it's barely possible that you really were out?"

But Phillips did not think so. He thought that he was being treated with high-handed, unparalleled injustice, and he did not hesitate to say as much. He did not hesitate to say a great deal more, in terms that left little doubt of his meaning.

Hendrie listened quietly, with his eyes on his watch. At last he glanced up. "You've had your thirty seconds," he announced. "Now, will you please get off the field?"

"I will not," Phillips promptly returned. "You can't put me off, either."

"I'm not going to try to. But if you're here at the end of, say, another thirty seconds, your team will lose the game by default."

"Think you can scare me, do you? You wouldn't have the nerve to give them the game—not with us eight runs ahead."

His words were bold enough but his tone had lost a little of its assurance. The possibility of Hendrie's forfeiting the game was something that he had not counted on.

"You'd better go," said Quigley; and his tone made that advice a command. "Whether you've been treated as badly as you think or not, we can hardly afford to lose the game over it."

Phillips may have lacked respect for umpires, but he did not lack it for his coach.

"All right," he said. "I wasn't out, and



AS HE TURNED TOWARD FIRST, HE SAW THE BALL STREAK OUT TO THE LEFT OF THE PITCHER

next evening. Clark greeted him cordially. Long ago, in the East, they had attended rival schools, and now that one was athletic director at St. Vincent's and the other director at a famous high school in the same state they had become steadfast friends.

"About this boy Phillips," said Quigley, when they were seated in Clark's den. "I need a good shortstop as bad as I need anything on earth. I haven't had a good one since I lost Pembroke. Is it true that Phillips is coming to St. Vincent's next year?"

Clark nodded. "He meant to go East," he said, "but I persuaded him to change his mind."

"What was his batting average this season?"

"Three hundred and fifty; and his fielding average was nine hundred and eighty-five. In the thirteen games we played, he stole twenty-seven bases. He also figured in more double plays than any other high-school player in the state."

"Whew!" said Quigley. "Considerable record, that. Hasn't he any defects at all?"

"He's got one," admitted Clark, with a frown. "You've heard his nickname, haven't you? Well, they gave him that nickname because it describes him exactly. He's a born crabber, if there ever was one."

"I like a player to be aggressive," said Quigley, "but of course if he carries it too far —"

"That's just it. He *does* carry it too far. If a play is close and the decision goes against him, he pretty nearly tears the grand stand down. He's been getting by with it here all right, but the sort of umpires you fellows have won't stand for much of that stuff."

The next day Quigley wrote Phillips a note congratulating him on his choice of college. Then he dismissed the boy from his mind. With the football season coming on in September, he had other things to worry about. Not until he called out the baseball candidates in February did he again think of the Colgrove shortstop.

Phillips proved to be a big, heavy-shouldered fellow, dark of skin and darker of hair. He proved, too, to be every bit the player that Clark had declared him to be. Before the first week of practice was over, Quigley was certain of one thing: so far as the position of shortstop was concerned, his troubles were at an end.

For a while he saw no signs of the crabiness that Clark had mentioned. But a few days

couldn't you?" retorted Phillips. "If it'd been me, I'd have kicked for a week."

The day of the Sherman game arrived. Phillips went in to get his first taste of college baseball. Quigley watched him quietly. His watching was soon rewarded. Coming to bat in the second inning, Phillips sent a hit crashing down past third base. It appeared to be good for two bases; but Hendrie, the freckled, sandy-haired fellow who was umpiring behind the plate, and who, incidentally, was the official St. Vincent umpire in all the conference games, ruled it a foul.

The shortstop was still grumbling when, after finally striking out, he came back to the bench.

"Why did you let him get away with it?" asked Pete Perkins, with a grin.

Phillips colored. "I won't let him get away with it a second time," he promised. "I didn't like to make too much trouble this early in the game, but he'd better not spring another decision like that on me."

The contest proved one-sided. Quigley's men began to hit the opposing pitcher in the third inning, and by the end of the seventh the score stood 11 to 3 in their favor.

But if the Sherman pitcher was easy for the St. Vincent's team in general, he was anything but easy for Crab Phillips in particular. Not once in those seven innings did the shortstop even get on base. He began to look discouraged.

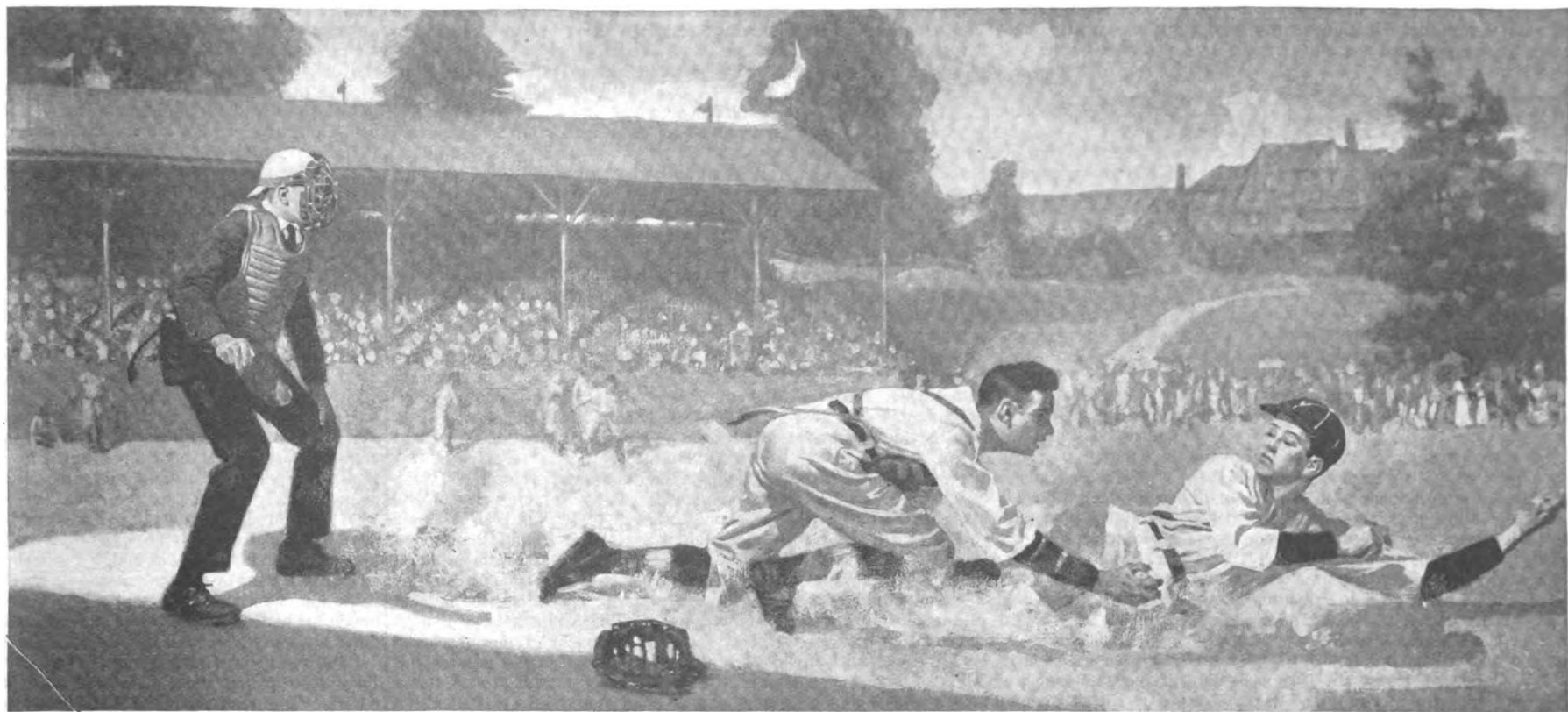
He was the first batter up in the eighth. Quigley, squatting in the coaching box behind third base, smiled as he saw him take his place. To judge from the boy's expression, he meant to get a hit this time or die in the attempt. And he did get a hit—a clean single to left. Then he stole second base, and a sacrifice put him on third.

Quigley plucked a blade of grass and chewed it thoughtfully. It seemed to him a favorable time to work the "squeeze play," and he decided to try it. He cupped his hands about his mouth.

"Another run, now!" he called out. "Another run! Let's put the game on ice!"

"Another run!"—that was the signal. Quigley saw Phillips glance at him understandingly and then dance away from the bag.

"Careful, there!" warned the coacher at third, who also had heard the signal. "On your toes, but careful! Watch that pitcher! Watch him! Down with his arm, now—go!"



THE PLAY WAS SO CLOSE THAT QUIGLEY HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHETHER THE BOY WAS SAFE UNTIL HE SAW HENDRIE WAVE HIM OUT

no one can convince me that I was; but if you say so, of course I will do as you say."

The game lasted some twenty minutes longer. Neither side scored again.

Quigley was the last one to reach the dressing room. He usually was the last, because he knew from experience that unless he waited to gather up the team's paraphernalia it would not be gathered up. He supposed that Phillips would be gone, but in that he was mistaken; Phillips was still there.

As Quigley dropped down on a bench, the boy came over.

"See anything of Hendrie outside?" he asked. "He usually comes in here to change his shoes. I shut up on the field when you told me to, but I'm waiting to finish telling him what I think of him. He can't forfeit the game now."

"Rats, Phillips!" exclaimed the coach. "You're not still worrying about that, are you?"

"What did you think—that I'd be ready to apologize to him, and tell him it was all my fault, and promise never to do it again?"

Quigley was silent for a moment. Then he said, "You're registered in the law department, aren't you, Phillips? Well, don't they teach you something over there about a fellow's being presumed innocent until he's proved beyond a reasonable doubt to be guilty? You say that Hendrie robbed you of a run. All the proof you have is your belief that you saw the Sherman catcher miss you. Considering that you were flying through the air at the time, with your eyes probably half blinded with dust and your mind entirely occupied with your slide, do you honestly think that your belief is such very good proof?"

"But —"

"Anyhow, we won the game," Quigley reminded him. "Even if that decision had been different, we couldn't have done any more. Why not forget about it?"

Phillips did not reply at once, but sat scowling at the floor. The coach began to think that his words were going to have some effect. Just then, however, Hendrie came into the room, and Phillips, looking up, saw him. His face reddened and he jumped to his feet.

"Why not forget about it?" he repeated, raising his voice so that everyone there could hear him. "Why not forget about that decision? Well, I certainly hope I can; but you don't come across a decision as bad as that every day in the week, and I'm afraid it's likely to stick in my memory."

Turning, he strode past the astonished Hendrie and out through the door.

It was with some misgivings that Phillips reported for practice the following Monday. He had had a chance to think over Saturday's altercation with a fair degree of clearness, and he was beginning to realize that his conduct would not add greatly to Quigley's regard for him. He remembered that, whereas that last speech of his in the dressing room had been intended for Hendrie, it had been made in direct reply to the coach; Quigley might very well have thought his language highly impertinent.

But Phillips need not have worried. Quigley greeted him in the same amiable way that he greeted everyone, made a remark about the weather, and asked him pleasantly whether he did not want to go over and bat to the outfielders until a game was started. Apparently the affair was a closed chapter with him.

Phillips breathed easier. He ridiculed himself for his fears. Very likely the coach had

known all along that Hendrie was in the wrong and had only talked as he had for the sake of appearances.

The week went by. Saturday brought another game.

Phillips got along without trouble for an inning or two. Then Hendrie, who was the field umpire that day, called him out on a close play at second. The fracas of a week before was reacted almost in detail. Phillips protested the decision volubly, and Hendrie ordered him to the bench. Phillips refused to budge. Hendrie ordered him to leave the field and threatened to forfeit the game if he did not go. Phillips declared that he would stay there until doomsday—but Quigley interceded, and he left.

After that, this performance came to be pretty nearly a common event. Only once in the next five games did the shortstop last the full nine innings. Not all of his trouble was with Hendrie; he found the other umpires just as unreasonable. It became a joke with his team mates.

"Well, Crab," one of them would say before a game, "how long do you think we'll have the pleasure of your company to-day?"

It was not much of a joke with Quigley, however. One night the coach came up to the boy's room and had a talk with him.

"You're a fine shortstop, Phillips," he said. "I don't mind admitting that you're as good as Steve Pembroke was, and that's saying a great deal; but you can't be much help to the team if you are never going to be in the game more than an inning or two, can you?"

When Phillips went to bed that night he had made up his mind to hold himself in check for a while. Quigley's words had awed him more than he would have cared to admit. What the other plainly meant was that, so long as he was forced to play the substitute shortstop most of the time anyway, he might conclude to play him all of the time; and Phillips certainly did not want anything of that sort to occur. He decided to let the umpires alone, no matter how they treated him.

And in the next game he did let the umpires alone—for a time. Then, as the fight grew warmer, he gradually lost control of himself. There came a very close play, in which the decision was against him—and his good resolution went flying.

With affairs in that state, the Berkley game came along. Berkley and St. Vincent's had been rivals from time immemorial. Whether either team had a chance for the conference championship or not, their game never failed to rouse great interest. This year, however, both teams stood high in the percentage column, so that the interest was even keener than usual.

The first four innings went by quickly. Berkley scored three runs, one in the second and two in the third. St. Vincent's, on the other hand, failed to get a man on base; and Quigley began to look worried.

But he did not look worried long. In the fifth inning his team began to do better. Capt. Durkee, the first man up, started the good work by rapping out a scorching single. The next batter walked. A sacrifice fly advanced them each a base, and big Don Blodgett, the nine's "clean-up hitter," strode to the plate swinging his bat eagerly.

Crab Phillips, who was next in the batting order, watched Blodgett dubiously. Wrinkling his forehead, he brooded over the possibility of his team mate's hitting into a double play and ending the inning.

To his astonishment, Blodgett did not try to make a long hit; instead he tried—ineffectually—to bunt.

"Why, what's the idea?" he demanded of those on the bench. "What's he bunting for?"

"He's bunting," said Quigley, "because I told him to."

"But—but we've got their pitcher going, and one safe hit would bring both runners in easy," argued the boy.

"It's safer to bunt," replied Quigley. "Most any sort of a bunt will give Durkee a good chance to score. We're three runs behind, and we can't afford to take chances."

Phillips scowled. Like most heavy batters, he despised bunting. Very likely, he told himself, Blodgett would push the ball straight into some one's hands, and —

But Blodgett got four balls and filled the bases.

"It's up to you now, Phillips," said Quigley. "Pick out one you like, and dump it down toward third."

Phillips got to his feet. Then he hesitated.

"Why not let me hit it out, coach?" he asked. "I might be able to tie up the score."

But Quigley shook his head.

"Time enough to try hitting it out when there are two down," he said.

Phillips selected a bat and dragged it over to the plate. There he took it up and studied its small end thoughtfully.

"Humph!" he said to himself. "With a runner on every base, all I'm allowed to do is poke out a measly little bunt! Why, we may not have another chance like this in the whole game!"

The pitcher took a lightning wind-up and threw. With a wary eye on the ball Phillips set himself. It was coming along shoulder-high, apparently headed straight for the centre of the plate. The boy grunted in

disgust. It was exactly the kind of ball he wanted. Oh, what could he not do to a ball like that! Why, he could —

He never did know just how it happened. One moment he stood there mumbling to himself about the absurdity of Quigley's order, but not dreaming of disobeying it; then, the next thing he knew, he had braced himself in his usual batting attitude and swung, with every ounce of his weight.

There was a report like the crack of a

teamster's black-snake whip. Glancing over his shoulder as he turned toward first, he saw the ball streak out to the left of the pitcher. It looked like a safe hit for a moment—but for a moment only. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, Berkley's second baseman appeared. He leaped high into the air, brought down the drive, and, swinging round, shot the ball like a bullet to third. Durkee was caught a dozen yards off the bag; and the St. Vincent's team's chance of scoring—in that inning, at least—was gone.

So quickly had it all occurred that Phillips was left a little dazed. Standing halfway between first and home, he stared foolishly at his feet and tried to collect his scattered wits. For a moment he did not quite know how it had happened.

Some one touched his arm. Turning, he found Quigley there beside him, and the expression on the man's face made him uncomfortable.

"Well, Phillips," the coach said quietly, "if you've any explanations to make, you'd better make them."

"What—what do you mean?" stammered Phillips.

"I guess you know. I told you to bunt, and you got up there and tried to knock the trademark off the ball. I'm used to having a little more attention than that paid to my orders. Why did you do it?"

Phillips swallowed with difficulty.

"I—I don't know, coach," he faltered. "I meant to bunt."

"What's that?"

"Oh, I guess it sounds fishy, all right; but it's true. I didn't have any more idea of hitting that ball out than I did of flying. It looked so easy, though, that I—I just forgot myself and slammed into it."

Quigley was silent a moment. Phillips tried to remember when he had heard of the other's leniency in the matter of discipline, but what came to his mind instead was the disturbing memory of two star football players whom the coach had summarily dismissed last fall for insubordination.

"Look here, Phillips," said the coach. "That day after your first rumpus with Hendrie, I reminded you of the rule of law that deems a person innocent until he's proved beyond doubt to be guilty. You weren't greatly impressed. At least, you didn't act as if you were, and haven't acted so since. Now, with the evidence against you a good deal stronger than it was against Hendrie, you switch round and ask me to recognize the rule you refused to recognize. What if I agree that you were right in refusing to recognize it, and judge this affair as you judged that?"

Phillips had a feeling that everyone on the field had stopped dead still to listen to them.

"However," Quigley went on, "I haven't any intention of agreeing that you were right. If you say you meant to bunt just now, but that you unconsciously did otherwise, I believe you. Your word is all that's necessary, and—but you'd better get out to your place. They're waiting for you."

Later in the game, when the St. Vincent's team had put itself on the safe end of an 8 to 3 score, an incident occurred that puzzled many of those who noticed it. Phillips was batting, and there were three balls and no strikes, when the pitcher put a fast ball across close to his knees. He let it pass, and the umpire called it a strike.

"Strike!" repeated Phillips, swinging round like a flash. "Why, that wasn't any relation



"I—I DON'T KNOW, COACH. I MEANT TO BUNT"

to a strike! It —" He broke off suddenly, and stood hesitating. He glanced over at the bench. Then he grinned somewhat sheepishly.

"Oh, all right!" he said, stepping back to the plate. "It looked like a ball to me, but I guess whatever you say goes."

could it be such a thing as—anybody's milking her in the field?" Joey ventured to suggest.

"Anybody?" Deacon Pettis put strong emphasis on the "body," as if that settled the matter at once and forever. "No, of course not. She may hold up her milk; some cows do."

"You know what father always said, don't you, Sam?" Mrs. Pettis put in. "He said that a heavy milker always had her good days and her poor ones. That's why he never had much faith in them. He used to say that men who bragged about having a 'great cow for milk' showed the pail one day in the week, and slipped round the back way into the house the next."

"I've heard the very same thing!" Joey broke out explosively. "The men down at the store were talking about it one morning. Mr. Hempstead said a great milker was likely to shrink up—give a lot more one day than she did another."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Pettis. "That might be. It seems more reasonable to me, though, that the cow has been cropping some wild-cherry bushes round the fences. You take a look when you drive them down, Joey. Some cattle have a great hankering for that kind of rubbish. Take along the hatchet and cut down anything you see."

Joey found a single clump of chokecherry bushes at the farther end of the pasture, but there were no tracks in the soft ground round them, and he was convinced the cattle had not been there. Once more his suspicions turned in other directions, and not unnaturally they fastened on Silas Hempstead.

"He wanted the Dempsey cow," Joey reasoned. "He's bragged that she wasn't worth the money Mr. Pettis paid for 'er. Don't seem's if he'd sneak into the pasture and milk 'er, but—but if this keeps up I'll find out, if—it takes a year. It wouldn't be a mite of use saying any such thing to Mr.

occurred before, but it happened several times during the next fortnight.

"She's not doing anywhere near so well as she did," Mr. Pettis told Ellis Green, who, coming over one noon to borrow a hoe, inquired casually about the Dempsey cow. "I'm going to try feeding her a little grain, and see if she won't pick up. The pastures are better than they've been in years, and the others haven't fallen off any. I don't see into it at all."

"Those extry good cows are kind of uncertain critters," the old man drawled. "Dempsey pushed her for all she was wuth, meanin' to make a big sale some day; that's what he was workin' for all the while."

That was on Monday. On Thursday a short, dark-complexioned, sharp-eyed man drove into the Pettis yard and inquired for "milch cows and heifers coming two." Although Mr. Pettis was away, the stranger insisted on going down to the pasture and looking the herd over; and Joey noticed that he quickly singled out the Dempsey cow and asked many pointed questions about her. The boy answered as discreetly as he could.

"I'll be through here again in a week or ten days," the man said, as he was preparing to leave. "You tell your father that, if I shouldn't get what I want over in the next county, I'll make him a good offer for that tawny yellow one in his herd; I like her looks first-rate. You don't have any idea what he'd ask, do you?"

"I'm pretty sure he wouldn't sell at all," Joey replied, and then, on second thought, added, "He might, though. I'll tell him what you said."

Deacon Pettis confirmed Joey's first conjecture. "If she proves as good as I expected she would, I want her myself," he said, when the boy gave him the buyer's message. "If she doesn't, I won't try to palm off a bad bargain on anyone else."

"He went from here right over to Mr. Hempstead's," Joey ran on. "I climbed up into the loft over the wagon shed and watched. He didn't look at any cattle, either. He just talked a long while with Mr. Hempstead in the yard and then drove off. I believe Mr. Hempstead is the man who wants the cow."

Deacon Pettis smiled indulgently. "You have a rather active imagination, Joseph. You must be careful not to let it run away with you, though."

But suspicions are easier to raise than to allay; they kept Joey awake that night, and, tossing restlessly from side to side, he thought of Silas Hempstead and the Dempsey cow. Hempstead wanted her—Joey took that for granted. And he was trying to cheapen her value, and thus get her at a low price. The boy grew so indignant at the thought that he sprang out of bed and drew on his clothes in the dark; after listening a moment at the upper landing of the stairs, he slipped down into the kitchen and out into the sultry summer night.

It was after one o'clock; the clock struck just before he got out of bed. A yellow moon hung low in the west. Joey followed the pole-fenced lane to the pasture bars. Noiselessly letting down one bar, Joey crept through. The uneven field was flecked with patches of moonlight and black shadows, and as he went the boy kept well within shelter of the bushes. He found the cattle near the "east line," and hid himself in a clump of undergrowth a little beyond them.

For a time the spice of adventure kept Joey open-eyed and watchful. Then, by degrees, his lids grew heavy, and once or twice he caught himself dropping off into a doze. Again and again he drew up his cramped knees with a resolute jerk, but it is doubtful whether he would have held out for long if something had not happened.

An odd cooing sound came to his drowsy ears and brought him wide-awake. The next instant the Dempsey cow swished through the brambles to his right, and he heard her feet clattering among the loose stones of Silas Hempstead's tumble-down wall.

For a full minute Joey sat there, dazed and bewildered; then, almost forgetting his caution, he scrambled across toward the brush-lined fence. It was not easy to find a gap in the bushes, but Joey painfully forced his way through a tangle of blackberry canes and peered out. He could not see much, for the little corner was shut in by a screen of alders and white birches, but he could hear plainly the noisy slobbering of a cow's lips over "slop feed," and the unmistakable play of milk on the bottom of an empty pail. At that moment a familiar figure strode across a better-lighted corner of the shaded spot, and Joey gasped. It was Deacon Pettis.

"Good morning, Silas!" he heard the deacon say in a voice that, although it was firm, was as gentle and kindly as when it had offered a home to a homeless waif three years before.

Then came the clatter of a falling pail, and a medley of dismayed exclamations.

"Don't get excited, Silas. This is between you and me, and it shan't go any further by my telling it. I wouldn't believe it for a spell. —I didn't want to believe it,—but the boy kept talking, and I thought it wouldn't do any harm to watch. I most wish I hadn't, Silas. I most wish I didn't know anything about it."

"I just put it up for a joke," Hempstead

THE DEMPSEY COW

By Charles T. White



"DEACON got that Dempsey cow, didn't 'e, Joey?"

The boy addressed as Joey was coming down the high steps of Fenton's store, with a big brown-paper parcel under his arm and with a newspaper projecting from the pocket of his coat. He halted with a jerk, and turned a much-freckled face toward the men who stood by the hitching rail.

"Yes, sir,—yes, sir, he did." When anyone put a question to Joey he always stopped that way, fixed the questioner with his eyes as if he were aiming at a target, and then "shot off" the answer with explosive emphasis. "Yes, sir, we went after her last night."

"I always reckoned that Dempsey would give in, if he got a price to suit him," Steve Baldwin commented. "She stood an even hundred the last I heard. S'pose likely the deacon bettered that a little, didn't 'e?"

The boy nodded. "Yes, sir, I think he did. They say she's great for milk and butter."

The last remark was lost in the rising discussion round the hitching rail. Joey did not wait to listen; but as he trudged off toward the shed where he had left the horse, a few sentences came to his ears.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," Silas Hempstead said, with a growl under his puffed-out lips. Joey recognized the growl without looking back. "A cow is a cow—that's my idee. Some are better, of course, and some not so good, but there ain't a hundred dollars inside the hide of the best of 'em. These great milkers folks brag about! They give a big mess one day and shrink up the next."

"Shaved pretty close to the hundred mark on the offer you made for 'er, didn't ye, Silas?"

That was Baldwin's good-natured, bantering voice, but it was the last remark Joey heard, for the laughter of the men drowned Silas Hempstead's grumbling rejoinder, and Joey had already backed old Duncan out of the shed and started for home.

For two years "the Dempsey cow" had been a familiar phrase on the lips of the farmers of the neighborhood, and Joey had frequently heard them discuss her good qualities and comment on the price that Dempsey asked for her. A hundred dollars seemed an almost fabulous sum to Joey, and others thought it a large sum to "put into a cow." That an animal so highly valued might prove false to her reputation by "giving a big mess one day and shrinking up the next" had never occurred to Joey before. And Steve Baldwin's gibe was the first intimation he had had that Silas Hempstead—one of Deacon Pettis's nearest neighbors, and the only troublesome one—had been slyly bidding for the Dempsey cow.

A little less than three years before, a tattered, dust-covered urchin, with bristly red hair and an earnest, explosive manner of speech, had presented himself at the Pettis farmhouse and asked for supper and a night's lodging. He told a pathetic story of childish years spent in a "home," five months of ill treatment by a man who "took him out on trial," a midnight flight, and three weeks of aimless wandering on country roads. Deacon Samuel Pettis listened to the recital, put a few soft-spoken questions, surveyed the newcomer over his horn-bowed spectacles, nodded understandingly at Mrs. Pettis, who nodded assentingly in response; and thus Joey Heath found a home. Perhaps that partly accounted for Joey's unflinching loyalty to Deacon Pettis, and for the fact that his heart fairly seethed with indignation as he recalled Silas Hempstead's remark about a "fool and his money."

"He'd like to make folks think that," Joey said to himself. "He'd—he'd do anything he could to make it seem so. He'd do it all the quicker, too, 'cause he wanted 'er himself. He's just that kind of a man."

Joey would have liked to report what he had heard as soon as he reached home, and to add thereto his own angry reflections, but Mr. Pettis discouraged that sort of thing. He had persistently refused to quarrel with Silas Hempstead, even when Silas's cattle had made havoc of a field of young corn, or when he had insultingly demanded "line fence" of the impregnable kind that he himself never built. On that occasion the deacon had rather sharply silenced Joey when he began to make caustic comments on the offending neighbor.

"That's rather an ugly word, Joseph, to use of a man old enough to be your grandfather," he had said. "Mr. Hempstead has his peculiarities, to be sure, but so have all of

us. To-morrow we'll fix that fence behind the swamp lot, so that the cattle won't get over it again. It's said, you know, that good line fences make good neighbors, and I guess there's some truth in it."

"But what use will it be to fix ours, Mr. Pettis, when there are places in his lying flat to the ground?" Joey had asked. "He won't build 'em—you know he won't."

"Well, we'll do our part, anyhow," the deacon had replied.

The fact that, after his return from the village that afternoon, Joey stopped in the yard and took a prolonged and critical survey of the Dempsey cow, showed plainly the channel in which his thoughts were running. The Dempsey cow was a mild-mannered animal, with a sleek, fawn-colored coat that betokened some Jersey blood in her; she blinked lazily at Joey, as if she were asking why she should be restricted to a diet of dry hay on such a bright and sunny day in June.

"She looks slick and nice," Joey decided, stroking her shapely neck. "But a hundred dollars seems like an awful price to pay. I wonder if it's so that big milkers do shrink up from one day to another. I wonder if Mr. Pettis knows about it."

The Dempsey cow had been making a local reputation for two years, but she laid no claim to princely pedigree; indeed, the reputation

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



JOEY GASPED. IT WAS DEACON PETTIS

rested chiefly on what Dempsey had said about "big messes" and "rich milk."

That same evening Joey stood beside Mr. Pettis and watched Mrs. Pettis measure the "night's milking" from the new cow.

"There's eight quarts and that much over," she announced, tipping up the tin measure to show the surplus. "I don't know but what I filled some of them a little full."

"That's as much as I expected," Mr. Pettis said in a satisfied tone. "She's been off grass now for twenty-four hours, and she's in a strange place. I thought I'd keep her in the yard a day or two, till she got wonted, but she's quiet. I'm going to turn her out with the others to-morrow."

Joey felt reassured, and he felt even more relieved the next evening, when the Dempsey cow gave a quart more; on the following morning she bettered her performance still further, and she kept up that liberal yield, with slight variations, for a week. John Dempsey had boasted of larger messes, but Mr. Pettis seemed satisfied, and Joey's fears of a "shrinking up" gradually subsided. Then, one morning, the deacon came in with a half-filled pail, and the boy's suspicions revived.

"I don't understand it at all," the farmer admitted, scratching his head. "Three quarts, or more, short from what we got yesterday morning! If the young cattle ran in the same field I'd think there might be a sucker amongst 'em, but they don't. We've never had any such trouble before. I don't understand it at all."

"If it ain't the young cattle, Mr. Pettis,

He's so good himself he wouldn't believe anyone did a mean trick if he saw it with his own eyes."

After that morning the Dempsey cow appeared intent upon redeeming her reputation. The milk yield astonished even Mr. Pettis; and when the poundage of butter, churned separately for a week, got abroad in the neighborhood through Mrs. Pettis it caused no little comment. Deacon Pettis was not given to boasting, but whenever the Dempsey cow was mentioned to him he smiled complacently, and cheerfully confirmed all reports that had not grown beyond their original dimensions.

Then a second shrinkage came, and came to stay. The morning milking failed suddenly by two or three quarts, and that went on for a week or more. Mr. Pettis said little, but his face showed perplexity. Joey broached the subject of a "night milker" again, but the deacon would not listen, and after that the boy kept his suspicions to himself.

One night after the house had become quiet he slipped out at the back door and spent several hours in the pasture; but his vigil was fruitless, and two hours before daylight he returned, sleepy and disgusted. The next morning the Dempsey cow touched her lowest mark thus far; the mess measured six and one half quarts.

"She wasn't milked last night, that's sure," Joey said to himself. "I was right there most all the time, and the whole of 'em were lying down, quiet as could be."

As if to confirm his conclusion, the evening milking showed a shortage, too; that had not

replied, with a forced laugh. "I saw Dempsey call 'er away from the rest to feed 'er one day when I was up there, and—and I got wondering whether a man could call 'er into this little corner here with a slop mess. I only meant to take you down a peg or two. I'm willing to settle in hard cash for the fun I've had."

"There's nothing to settle with me, Silas." The deacon paused a moment. "I wouldn't have come up here to-night, only I was afraid Joseph would ferret it out for himself. I had the notion I'd rather he never knew how it was. It wouldn't do a boy like him any good, and it might do him harm. It's bad to lose our faith in men, Silas—next thing to losing our faith in God, seems to me."

"Of course it—it won't happen again!"

Hempstead growled sheepishly. "As I say, it was only a joke, but maybe I went too far. I see it would look ugly if the story got out."

"It won't get out, Silas," said Mr. Pettis. "If you want the cow for what I paid, you come up to-morrow and get 'er. I think that's the best way. That'll put the whole matter into your own hands, and no questions asked."

"I'll do it," Hempstead declared stoutly. "I'll be up soon's I get the chores done. It is the best way if—if you're willing to sell."

"Yes, I'm willing to sell."

Joey raised his head a moment later and watched a black figure moving across the moonlighted pasture.

"I'll never let on I—I know a thing," he whispered softly.

Georgia, and through some misfortune—according to his account—had got implicated in the theft of some mules. He assured the boys that he was entirely guiltless; but one of the stolen mules was found in his stable, and eventually he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Imprisonment bore hard on the mountaineer; day and night he thought of escape, but it was two months before he found a chance to get away. He did not stop to think that he had only four weeks more to serve. One day when he was working with a small gang on some job outside he knocked the guard down with a pick.

He hit hard. The man fell, and Wilson thought that he had killed him. He took to his heels and got away, although another guard fired two loads of buckshot after him. Two days later Wilson arrived at the house of a cousin, twenty miles away. There he got clothing, a rifle, ammunition and provisions, and started for the mountains across the North Carolina line.

He traveled by night and hid by day, until he came into the wild mountain country. There he breathed a little more freely, and even ventured out in daylight; but he had the fixed

when he saw with what determination the boys stuck to his trail, he had felt sure that they were members of the Georgia police. Fleeing to his cave, he had crept into the passage at the rear, gone in his panic farther than he intended, and, while trying to squeeze through a narrow crevice, had brought the loose rock caving in upon him.

A stone had struck him on the head and stunned him. He had brought one of his candles with him, but when he recovered consciousness he had found himself in pitch darkness; the candle had probably been buried under the debris. For a long time he had lain there in agony, torn between his dread of capture and his fear of a lingering death in the cave. At last the fear of dying where he lay proved the stronger. With groping hands he had found the shotgun, fired it, and shouted as loudly as he could.

"Wilson," said Tom, when the other had finished, "suppose that jail guard wasn't dead, after all?"

"But I'm sure he is," said the outlaw.

"Well, I remember hearing about the affair, for I had an uncle living near the place where it happened, and several times I heard my father speak of it; but I never heard that the guard died. I'm almost certain that he got well again, and I reckon everyone has forgotten by this time that the thing ever happened."

Tom lighted the torch, which he had put out during the hermit's narration, for he knew that they would need its light on the way out. As the flamesprang up, it showed a strange convulsion of the outlaw's features.

"Land o' livin'!" the man exclaimed chokingly. "Just supposin' I've been a-livin' up yere for nothin' all this time!"

"I believe you have," said Tom. "I'll find out all about the case when I go home, and I'll send you word. If the guard is alive, all you'd be likely to get now would be a short sentence for breaking jail—but the chances are that no one would bother you any more at all."

"It's most too good to believe!" Wilson exclaimed. "Boys, to think that I 'lowed you-uns was comin' to take me, and now you've brung me life! Come along, let's get out yere!"

He stumbled to his feet, but he was so weak and dizzy that he had to lean against the rock for a moment to steady himself.

"The sooner we get out the better," Tom said in a low voice. "This torch won't last very much longer. It would be no joke to get caught here without a light."

Wilson declared that he could find his way out in darkness or light; with Tom going ahead carrying the torch and with Ellis in the rear with the recovered shotgun, they set out.

The man advanced confidently. When they reached the chamber from which many passages radiated, he unhesitatingly chose one of them; but after traversing it for a few yards they came to its end—a pile of fallen rock.

"This isn't the way we came!" said Ellis, in alarm.

"It shore ain't," said Wilson. "That knock on my head has done unsettled my directions. Let's sit down yere a few minutes and it'll come back to me."

Tom put out the torch and for several anxious minutes they sat in the darkness while Wilson tried to straighten out in his mind the windings of the maze. Getting up at last, he announced that he saw where he had made the mistake, and that he was now sure of the way. Tom relighted the torch.

For a long time they groped slowly through the passages. Presently the torch burned out and they had to rely on their stock of matches; they lighted them only when they came to turns in the passage or to a branching of the way. The air seemed denser and damper. Tom was convinced that they had not traveled that way before, but Wilson was confident.

"I'm sure this isn't the way!" said Ellis from behind, in a frightened voice.

"Yes, it is," Wilson insisted.

Tom, who had just thrown away the stub of a match, noticed a spot of denser blackness at his feet and felt a sudden cold draft of air. With a cry he tried to throw himself backward. It was too late. His feet slipped on the wet stone. He slid forward, seemed to fall some distance, and then went helplessly down into a rush of water that swept him into blackness.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock

In Eight Chapters · Chapter Five 2



AS Tom disappeared into the hole, Ellis resolutely crept in after him. For about fifteen feet the passage ran straight ahead. It did not give much more than enough room to get through; at one spot indeed they had to lie almost flat in order to crawl under an overhanging rock. Ellis had a terrible feeling that the roof might cave in at any moment; but Tom, with the torch thrust out in front of him, kept steadily advancing, and Ellis stuck close at his heels.

The passage presently turned to the left, and a little farther on it began to get a little larger; they were soon able to stand almost upright. The flaming light showed damp, fissured walls of stained limestone, worn by dripping water. When the boys had cautiously made their way a little farther, the passage split into three or four ways.

"I wonder which way he's gone!" Tom muttered.

"Hello! Where are you?" Ellis shouted.

The sound rolled and echoed strangely in the confined space. A hollow answer came back, but it was hard to say from which passage it had come.

Again Ellis called, and again a dull sound came in answer.

"It's this way," said Tom, "but I believe he's still a long way from here."

The passage seemed no more than a huge fissure. It was a yard wide in the middle and narrowed to a sharp angle at the top and the bottom. Setting one foot carefully before the other, the boys made their way along it. The walls were dripping with moisture, and water ran along the bottom of the passage, which began to descend sharply. Several other rifts and holes crossed the way, and from one of them a little rill gushed out, ran for a few yards, and then disappeared. Soon after they had passed the little stream the boys came out in a large, three-sided chamber seven or eight feet wide; five or six passages opened into it.

Again Tom stopped and shouted for guidance. "This time the answer sounded much nearer, and its direction was unmistakable."

"He must have been in a terrible fright to have crawled so far back," Ellis remarked.

Followed by Ellis, Tom dove into one of the passages, which was wide and smooth, but so low that he had to bend almost double. Once it enlarged considerably, and then, after crossing several smaller passages, narrowed into a cleft. At last Tom's light showed a wider space ahead.

"Right yere, boys!" said a hoarse voice.

They were in a wide, low chamber. On the floor Tom saw the bearded face of a man. His legs and body were buried under a huge pile of loose rock and gravel that seemed to have caved in from the walls. Beside him lay the shotgun.

"What's the matter? Are you much hurt?" cried Tom, stooping over the man.

The wild-looking face of the cave dweller was plastered with dirt and smeared with blood from a cut on his forehead.

"I reckon you-uns has got me!" he mumbled. "Well, you kin take me. Get me outen here and I'll gin up. Only I don't reckon ez you kin git me out."

He hesitated in his speech, and his voice was queer and creaky, like the sound of machinery that has not been used for a long time.

"We'll get you out all right!" cried Ellis.

"And we don't want to take you," said Tom. "We won't hurt you. All we want is the things you took from us."

The boys set the torch in a niche and began to scrape away the gravel and rubbish that held the man down. It was slow and rough work, and they nearly wore the skin off their fingers; but at last they reduced the pile so much that they were able to drag the man out. He made a feeble effort to rise, but collapsed.

"Both my legs is broke!" he gasped.

Tom examined his legs, and found that the bones were sound; but the man had suffered several painful cuts and bruises.

"Your legs are cramped and the blood has stopped circulating," he said cheerfully. "That's all the trouble. You'll be all right in

a few minutes, and then we'll get you out of here."

"But who are you and what are you living in these caves for?" Ellis demanded, curiously. At Ellis's words the hermit started and stared sullenly.

"You-uns know right well who I am, I reckon," he answered. "Ain't you been a-huntin' me all summer?"

"Certainly not," answered Tom. "We're hunting crystals and ginseng, and we'd never have seen you if you'd let us alone."

"Ain't you-uns from Georgy? Ain't you the sheriff's posse?"

"Nothing of the sort."

The wild man sat silent for a time, casting suspicious glances at them.

"You hain't got a drop of water?" he asked at last.

There was no water fit to drink, but Tom wet his handkerchief in the muddy drip from the walls and applied it to the man's face.

"Thankee!" said the man gratefully. "You-uns may be good boys enough, and I don't say you ain't. I just 'lowed you was a-huntin' to find me up here."

"What did you want to take our gun for?" asked Ellis. "And our meat and coffee?"

"Why, I hadn't tasted no coffee nor salt meat for—for near five years; and when I smelt it I just couldn't hold back."

"Five years!" cried Tom. "You haven't lived in this cave for five years?"

The hermit nodded.

"But how have you lived all that time?"

"Mostly I lived like the wild things. At first I had a rifle, but my cartridges run out, and I dasn't buy no more. And I lost my fish-hooks; I had ter make fish snares. That's why I lifted your fish pole. But mostly I honed after coffee and salt meat, and I ain't had none, not for so long that I most forgot how it tastes. And when I et yourn it done made me sick," he added pathetically.

"You've lost the habit," said Tom.

The remarkable confession made Ellis stare in amazement. Either the wild man's suspicion of the boys was abating, or else he found great relief in talking freely after so long a silence, for he went on volubly. His voice was creaky and his speech was often rambling and disconnected, but he managed to pour out the details of his hardships and loneliness. As he talked, the torch burned out, and Tom made a fresh one out of the extra wood that he had brought.

"But why didn't you go down to the settlements and get some grub?" Ellis demanded.

The cave man stopped short, and his face wrinkled with suspicion again. But he had already told the boys so much that he could plainly not hold back now.

"Well, I reckon you-uns is good boys," he said, with a sigh. "You wouldn't gin me up?"

"Of course we wouldn't!" cried Ellis.

"I reckon you've heard tell of me. I'm Bob Wilson."

"Never heard of you," said Tom.

The man looked astonished, half relieved and half disappointed; he seemed to imagine himself notorious. While he waited for his numbed legs to grow fit for use again, he told his story from the beginning—and a stranger story has rarely been told than the one that the two boys heard in that strange place.

Wilson had been a mountain farmer in north

DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS



AT ELLIS'S WORDS THE HERMIT STARTED AND STARED SULLENLY. "YOU-UNS KNOW RIGHT WELL WHO I AM, I RECKON"

idea that a posse was on his trail, and, moving ceaselessly from place to place, he kept as far as he could from any sign of human life.

For several months he shifted about in that manner. Winter came on. It was bitter cold in the mountains, and his clothes were wearing thin. He might have perished had he not happened on the cave. In that he contrived to make himself more comfortable. While his cartridges lasted he shot several deer and one bear, and their hides kept him warm at night. He made himself moccasins from deerskin, but his clothes became so dilapidated that at last he made a thirty-mile journey to a remote group of cabins and appropriated some old clothes, sacking and horse blankets that he found in an outhouse. It was in terror that he made the raid, and he took the utmost pains to cover his trail.

Although he used his cartridges sparingly, the supply of them had at last become exhausted. Then he made traps for wild turkeys and rabbits and snared fish. He robbed bee trees occasionally, ate the honey and made rude candles from the wax; but what he chiefly "honed for," as he said, was coffee, bread and salt.

Several times he had thought of going out to buy rifle cartridges. He had a few dollars with him, but he never could summon the courage to risk the journey; for he imagined that he was still in danger of capture, and that officers were searching for him continually. In his utter solitude that idea became fixed like an obsession. When once in a long while a party of hunters would happen into that region, he never failed to scout about their camp like an Indian until he felt sure that they meant him no harm.

In the same way he had reconnoitred the camp of Tom and Ellis, puzzled by their raking among the gravel beds; but when he had smelled the pork and coffee, he could no longer resist his craving for those delicacies.

"But I meant to pay you-all for 'em," he said earnestly. "I brung a bunch of sang with me to-day. I was aimin' to leave it by the fire, but I reckon I drapped it when you-uns jumped up at me."

As for the shotgun, Wilson had yielded to the temptation to take it, for he knew that it might mean life to him at some time; but

but he was so weak and dizzy that he had to lean against the rock for a moment to steady himself.

"The sooner we get out the better," Tom said in a low voice. "This torch won't last very much longer. It would be no joke to get caught here without a light."

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ALAN SEEGER

FACT AND COMMENT

ONE way to keep a body from becoming a busybody is to keep a body busy.

This World would be as clean as Heaven's Floor
If each should sweep before his own House-door.

YOUR lips are the bow; your words are the arrows; there are a million marks. The arrows are of your own choosing.

THE United States Bureau of Fisheries engages in various activities that seem to have small relation to fishes and fishing. For example, its agents have taken 566 blue foxes and 38 white foxes on the Pribilof Islands this winter. The pelts will go to the fur market.

THE general food shortage is not bringing everywhere the increased acreage that is so desirable this year. In Australia, for example, the area sown to wheat is 11,084,874 acres, as compared with 12,388,376 acres in 1916. The Australian wheat yield runs from ten to sixteen bushels to the acre.

WHY is sugar high? One reason is that in 1916 we exported almost eight hundred thousand tons of refined sugar. That is ninety million dollars' worth—or four times as much in quantity and five times as much in value as we exported in 1914. Even a big market like ours cannot stand such a drain as that without disturbance.

THE recent extension of the Southern Pacific Railroad to Coos Bay, Oregon, means that the only large harbor between San Francisco and Puget Sound is to be made an important commercial outlet to the Orient. There are vast resources of coal and agricultural lands tributary to Coos Bay, and the forests of that region are said to be the largest single unit of timber wealth in the country.

OHIO and Indiana are the thirteenth and fourteenth states—and the most eastern ones—in which women may vote for presidential electors. Like their sisters of Illinois, the new voters will lack the privilege of registering their choice for governor, although women in the eleven other suffrage states have it. The results in the two states came through legislative action—in Ohio after the voters had defeated equal suffrage at the polls.

IN the interest of accuracy the Weather Bureau some time ago urged the use of the word "tornado" for "cyclone" when the meaning is a violent storm of small diameter. In the same interest it now offers "glaze" for "sleet." The official description of sleet is small globules of rain that freeze before they strike the ground. When the rain freezes on trees and buildings, the condition is a "glaze," and when the glaze is severe and there is a strong wind, it is an "ice storm." But not even the Weather Bureau is likely to find a substitute for "slush."

ONE of the chivalrous young Americans who have given their lives for France is likely to be remembered as a poet of high achievement and of even greater promise, which happier times might have fulfilled. Yet Alan Seeger's most memorable poem could never have been written had he not cast in his lot with the defenders of France and faced voluntarily and valiantly the death that came to him in battle at the age of twenty-eight.

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.

So begins one of the most poignant poems in the annals of American verse. Alan Seeger kept the rendezvous.

POSSIBLY one result of the war will be to end the Englishman's system of measuring money in pounds, shillings and pence. The British Association of Chambers of Commerce has referred to the chambers of commerce throughout the country a proposal to approve a reform of the coinage. The plan is to make

the florin, which is two shillings, the unit of value instead of the pound, and to divide it into one hundred cents. The cent would thus be the one-thousandth part of a pound, and would have almost the same value as the present farthing, of which there are 960 in a pound sterling. The plan is very simple; but Englishmen are conservative, and so it is only possible that the change will be made—not at all probable.

DOES IT MATTER?

OUR traditions, our ideals and, as we believed, our self-interest, all conspired to keep the United States neutral during the first two years of the war; but the war has educated us and set in action other influences that are steadily driving us into the conflict. We have a tradition of standing up for the rights of our ships on the high seas as well as a tradition of noninterference in European affairs. We have an ideal of justice and humanity as well as an ideal of peaceful and friendly relations with our neighbors. We have learned that our self-interest is no longer served by neutrality—if it ever was so served; that it means a great deal to us—perhaps even our existence as a self-respecting democracy—which side wins in this great war.

Germany has unsheathed its last weapon. If it can actually destroy the ships that serve England, England can no longer fight; it must submit, and with its fall must come the fall of its allies. Germany hopes to win with its submarines, ruthlessly and illegally used, what its army and navy have failed to win—the hegemony of the world. What will it mean to the United States if Germany succeeds?

First, the annexation of the richest part of France to Germany, and the ruin of that sister republic, the nation to which we owe more of gratitude and sympathy than to any other. Second, the destruction of the British Empire, and the end of Great Britain as a naval and commercial power of the first rank. Third, German domination of the seas and absolute German control in Europe and, to a somewhat less degree, in Asia and Africa. Fourth, the necessity either of submitting to German dictation on the seas and in Pan-American affairs, or of fighting the greatest of world powers.

What the humiliation of the great European democracies and the enthronement of German military autocracy would mean, we begin at last to realize. It would mean the triumph of every political principle that the United States was born to deny and combat; it would leave us virtually alone in the world to stand for the principles of freedom and self-government.

We know well enough what the conditions of trade and commerce are while England is most powerful upon the seas. What they would be with the German navy in possession of the seas and with Germany controlling the colonies and trade opportunities that now belong to Great Britain, France and Holland, we cannot think of without anxiety. England has learned to administer its power liberally. In time of peace it has asked no privileges for itself even in its own territories that it would not grant to other trading nations. That has never been the policy of Germany; still less would it be the policy of a Germany wholly in the hands of the military party, and the victor in a costly and bitter war. We have seen the German method in authority in Belgium, and in the matter of the submarines we have seen its lack of regard for the rights of others, and its interpretation of the "freedom of the seas." There would be a violent readjustment of all international trade relations, a readjustment that could not fail to be harmful to us, and that would bear with it a constant threat against our peace and prosperity.

The startling revelation of the plot against us in which Germany tried to involve Mexico and Japan while we were at peace with all three countries must convince every one of us that to serve its own ends the German government stands ready at any time to interfere to our hurt in Pan-American affairs, and if possible to embroil us with our sister republics. There is no other European power from which we have any such conduct to fear. Germany and Germany alone threatens the Monroe Doctrine, which is the corner stone of American foreign policy, and makes it its business to foment treachery and war in this Western Hemisphere.

We can no longer imagine that it makes no difference to us which side is to win the war. In the past, some Americans have said that it made no difference, and doubtless they have been sincere in their belief. The very real danger that the submarine may after all win the war for Germany has cleared their vision. At last they see what would then lie before their country. It is as essential to the

future of the United States that England and France be not beaten down as it was essential to the future of England that Belgium and France be not conquered.

A NOBLE CALLING

WE believe that there is no nobler calling than that of the teacher. And we do not mean especially the advanced teacher, the learned professor with his trailing degrees. We mean, above all, the thousands of women all over this broad country who are teaching millions of little children the essence of life. Those women, with their humble, constant, patient, ill-rewarded industry, are making the future of this nation and the future of the world. It depends upon them primarily whether democracy shall work out to slow, enduring triumph or to gigantic disaster.

They are conscious of the vastness of their task and try to perform it worthily. No doubt many of them are careless and negligent and think mainly of themselves; but the great mass labor tirelessly and with daily prayers that they may put into those children's hearts some little seed that will go on and prosper to the glory of God.

What the difficulties are no one knows who has not closely watched the effort. The children are so often unresponsive and wayward and intractable and easily misled, rarely if ever appreciative of the care and love bestowed upon them. The parents are seldom thoughtful to praise, and are often ready to find fault, convinced that, if Willie does not do well, anyone but Willie—or themselves—is to blame.

The reward is meagre in dollars; in thanks, more meagre still. The teacher must find it chiefly in the consciousness of having done her best, and that is a consciousness often denied to those by whom the very best is done. Only rarely does one among hundreds of pupils who come later to look at their teacher's work with love and gratitude think to tell her of it. But what a ray of sunshine that means! If you have prospered in the world and are happy and successful, and feel that you owe it very largely to her who formed your character in school, write and tell her so. You will give more pleasure than you can imagine.

OUR TRADE WITH THE WORLD

WE have ceased to be amazed at the magnitude of the foreign trade of the country, just as we have ceased to shudder with horror when it is announced that a great steamship has been sunk with all on board. The one fact has become a commonplace, and we are hardened to the other by repetition. Nevertheless, we all like to see the big figures that show how the markets of the world are taking the products of America as never before; but we must not forget that the foreign trade of to-day represents merely a spurt, not a healthy and lasting growth. That it gives us an advantage for the future is doubtless true, but it is an advantage that we cannot hold without a vigorous effort.

In the calendar year 1916 the aggregate foreign trade was valued at \$7,873,077,924, of which \$2,391,654,335 represented imports, and \$5,481,423,589 exports. So the excess of exports was more than \$3,000,000,000. Half a billion dollars, or a little more, in gold was sent in to pay for that excess; the rest, it is estimated, was met in about equal amounts by the return to this country of American securities owned abroad and sold here, and by loans to foreign governments.

The details are as marvelous as the totals. It is difficult for the mind to grasp the full significance of the statement that last year we exported nearly 800,000 tons of refined sugar; that we found foreign purchasers for more than 80,000 automobiles; that the value of iron and steel manufactures sold abroad was \$867,000,000; that we supplied the belligerents with gunpowder and other explosives worth \$715,000,000—more than one half the value of all exports to all countries in the year 1900. Those are only examples of the largest classes of exports. Hundreds of others might be given, equally astonishing, although drawn from articles in which dealings are necessarily on a smaller scale—copper, lead, leather, textiles, India rubber, oil, tobacco.

It must not be supposed that the spurt in our foreign trade is wholly in the trade with belligerents, or in material useful for war purposes. Yet in a certain sense much of the increase in our sales to neutral countries must be classed as an increase caused by the war; that is, the neutral countries, being no longer able to get what they need from the peoples

with whom they formerly traded, are now buying in this country. That is the trade that we shall have to exert ourselves to retain.

There was an increase of more than \$400,000,000 in the sales to North America and the West Indies in 1916, as compared with those of 1914—in other words, the trade nearly doubled. It more than doubled in South America, where the aggregate last year was \$220,000,000; in Asia it more than tripled, —the total was \$363,000,000,—more than doubled in Africa, and greatly increased in Australasia. Leaving Europe out of the account altogether, our exports to the rest of the world were valued at \$774,000,000 in 1914; at \$981,000,000 in 1915; and at \$1,668,000,000 in 1916.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

ALL Americans are agreed in hoping that the American soldier, wherever and whenever he is called upon to fight, shall quit himself honorably and like a man. There are, as The Companion has already told its readers, about fifty thousand Americans in service abroad, most of them enlisted in the British and French armies, and more than half, probably, in the Canadian contingent. We have heard most about the aviators and the ambulance men; they have had plenty of praise, although no more than they deserve; but there are several times as many Americans in the trenches as there are in the special services above and behind the lines. It is interesting to read in an English paper what a keen observer thought about them when he saw them in action along the French front.

He found them always cheerful, eager to take their share of the most perilous duties, determined to fight the war out to a victory, quite sure of the reality and importance of the issues at the back of the war, and yet never anxious or depressed or gloomy. In the trench raids, which have become so constant an incident of warfare in the west, they show daring, cleverness, obstinate courage. They are, he says, men who think and understand, who need the least possible direction from their officers, who are deficient sometimes in formal, parade discipline, but who in the face of danger are steady, obedient, cool, resourceful.

Next to their cheerfulness, it was their quickness of movement that most impressed the observer; they are nervous in the best sense of the word, alive to their finger tips, as full of energy as of high spirits. Altogether it is an attractive picture of the American fighting man. We are a pacific people, as the whole world can see, whether or not it thinks more or less of us on that account; but there is still good military material among us, and only a very small part of it has found its way, in defiance of our official neutrality, into the European trenches.

To this little body of Americans the writer ascribes, also, two minor revolutions in the art of warfare as practiced by the armies of Europe. The Yankees have taught Tommy Atkins and his French ally the uses of chewing gum as a sedative in time of nervous strain, and they have converted Tommy at least to an abiding faith in pork and beans as a diet, instead of the beef on which the Englishman—crossbowman, grenadier or rifleman—has fought ever since the Normans came across the Channel.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The Sixty-fourth Congress ended under sensational circumstances, for a few Senators who were opposed to the bill giving the President power to arm American merchant ships were able, by taking advantage of the Senate custom that makes unanimous consent necessary before a vote can be taken on any bill, to prevent that measure from coming to a vote at all. Mr. La Follette of Wisconsin, Mr. Stone, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Senators Cummins of Iowa and Norris of Nebraska were the most conspicuous members of the group. Their conduct greatly incensed other members of the Senate, and the closing hours of the session were embittered by the feeling that was aroused. When Congress adjourned without taking action on the armed ship bill President Wilson issued a statement to the nation, in which he accused the filibusters of having rendered the government of the nation "helpless and contemptible" in the eyes of the world, and added that it would be useless to call the new Congress in special session to pass needed legislation unless the Senate first changed its rules so that a handful of "willful men" could no longer block all the purposes of the great majority of the body.

A movement was at once begun in the

Senate, which was as usual called in extra session to act on appointments, to put into effect some moderate form of cloture. On March 7 both Republican and Democratic caucuses voted to accept a new rule permitting the Senate to limit speeches to one hour by a two-thirds vote. All over the country there were meetings to express popular indignation at the failure of the Senate to act, and several legislatures passed resolutions to the same effect.

The confusion of the closing days of the session made it impossible for the Senate to pass the army, sundry civil, general deficiency, rivers and harbors, and military academy appropriations bills; and the espionage bill, the conservation bill, the water power bill, the Webb bill to legalize combinations in international trade and other important legislation failed for the same reason.

Both houses did finally pass the naval bill, carrying an appropriation of \$535,000,000, the general revenue bill, the Danish West Indies government bill, the pension bill and several smaller appropriation bills. The House passed the armed ship bill by a vote of 403 to 13, and 75 out of the 96 Senators signed a manifesto declaring that if the bill could have been brought to a vote in the Senate they would have voted for it.

THE INAUGURATION.—President Wilson was inaugurated for the second time on March 5. The ceremonies were brief and the procession less brilliant than usual, owing to the serious feeling regarding the situation in Washington. The President in his inaugural address warned the country that, in spite of our desire to remain at peace with the world, events were likely to drag us into actual participation in the war. He pleaded for national unity in the moment of crisis; declared that permanent armaments beyond the need of domestic order and safety were wrong, and said that nations should be careful not to permit their citizens to encourage or assist revolution in neighboring states.

VIOLATIONS OF NEUTRALITY.—Albert A. Sander and C. W. Wunnenberg were indicted in New York for directing from this country the work of German spies in England. A Hindu named Chakraborty and a German named Se Kunna were arrested for conspiring to set on foot uprisings in British India. A man named Kolb was arrested in Hoboken, and several bombs and a quantity of explosives were found in his room. The police believe that the explosives were meant to be used on ships or in munitions factories.—On March 6 the United States Supreme Court decided that the German prize crew that brought the captured British ship Appam into Hampton Roads more than a year ago had thereby violated American neutrality; and it directed the return of the vessel to its British owners.

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.—On March 3 it became known that Dr. Zimmermann, the German Foreign Minister, had virtually admitted to the Reichstag that the note to Minister von Eckhardt in Mexico, instructing him to sound the Mexican government in regard to an alliance with Germany against the United States, was genuine. He defended his course by saying that the step was to be taken only in case of war, and that in such a case Germany was justified in finding alliance and support wherever it could. The Reichstag budget committee voted a formal approval of Dr. Zimmermann's conduct. Mr. Aguilar, the Mexican Secretary of State, denied that the Carranza government had ever had the proposal conveyed to it, and the Japanese ambassadors to this country and Mexico, as well as various statesmen in Japan, declared that Japan would never have considered the alliance with Germany and Mexico that Dr. Zimmermann's note suggested. President Carranza maintained entire silence on the matter.

RECENT DEATH.—On March 8, Count Zeppelin, inventor of the Zeppelin dirigible airship, aged 78.

CUBA.—Dispatches from Santiago declared that Commander Belknap, who commands the United States naval squadron there, had undertaken to arrange an armistice between the rebels and the Menocal government, but the report was denied at Havana and remained unconfirmed. On March 7 it was announced that Gen. Gomez, the rebel leader, had been captured with all his staff by a government force under Col. Collazo.

IRELAND.—Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in Parliament on March 7, agreed to put home rule into immediate effect, in all parts of Ireland that desired it, but added that he would not coerce Ulster into accepting it. He also offered to submit the whole question to the

decision of an imperial conference. His proposals did not satisfy the Nationalist members, who marched out of Parliament in a body by way of protest.

SWEDEN.—The Hammarskjöld ministry resigned on March 5, having failed to carry through the chambers its bill for a considerable grant of money to be used in maintaining Sweden's neutrality. The King asked the ministers to remain in office and endeavor to come to an agreement with the majority of the Diet, and they consented to do so.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From March 1 to March 7)

The British continued their advance against the German positions in front of Bapaume during the first two or three days of the week; but it soon appeared that the retirement of the Germans was at an end, and that they were entrenched in new positions. At some points those positions were not more than one thousand yards from Bapaume. The withdrawal has somewhat shortened the lines that the Germans must hold, and has relieved the dangerous salient at Gommecourt. The British officers believe that the new line is not as strong as the original line that was broken last summer, and are confident of going through it when dry weather comes. Berlin declared that the German withdrawal was voluntary, and that the new positions were stronger than the old ones. The British have taken over thirty miles more of the French trenches, and now hold all the line involved in the Somme offensive of last summer.

There were air raids and trench raids in Flanders, Champagne and near Verdun; in some of them the Germans had the advantage, in some, the Allies. None were of unusual importance.

London reported that the Turkish defeat at Kut el Amara had become a rout, and added that Gen. Maude's army had pursued the enemy nearly to Ctesiphon, which is only twenty-eight miles from Bagdad. More than four thousand prisoners and a great quantity of military supplies were taken during the retreat. A British gunboat taken by the Turks last year was also recaptured.

At the same time Russian activity in Persia began again, and it was reported that the Russians had retaken Hamadan, which they abandoned last summer. The advance threatens the flank of the Turkish army at Bagdad, and if it is made by a strong enough force can cooperate with Gen. Maude's army to seize that important city.

The severe weather prevented any hostilities worth recording on the eastern fronts.

The United States ships that were sent to carry relief supplies to Syria and to bring away American citizens from Beirut and Smyrna are still at Alexandria, since they have been unable to get guarantees of safety from submarine attack either from Berlin or from Constantinople. The suffering throughout Syria is said to be acute, and the deaths are almost as many as in Armenia last year.

Great Britain and France announced that hereafter weekly instead of daily reports of the number of ships sunk by submarines would be given. On March 7 the British government reported that twenty-three British merchant ships had been sunk during the week. The tonnage involved was not made public. Berlin declared that an armed transport of no less than 34,494 tons had been sunk in the Mediterranean, besides two or three smaller army transports. If the report is true, the great transport sunk is probably the Statendam. That ship was building in England for the Holland-America line when the war began, and it was seized by the British government for military use.

It was reported from various sources that China was likely to follow up its protest against the German submarine campaign—in which it supported President Wilson—by an actual rupture of diplomatic relations and perhaps by a declaration of war. According to these reports, the cabinet was in favor of such action, and expected to gain thereby the remission of the Boxer indemnities that still remain unpaid to England, France and Belgium; but the President, Li Yuan-hung, was unwilling to go to the length of war, whereupon the premier offered his resignation.

The Austrian government replied to the American request for a statement of its position regarding submarine warfare. It declined to modify its decree, which is similar to that of Germany, and declared that armed merchantmen were to be regarded as pirates. It defended the submarine campaign as a legitimate retaliation against Great Britain.

The rumor gained currency that the Argentine government was planning a movement by the Latin-American republics to bring about mediation in Europe. The report was denied by high officials at Buenos Aires.



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BACH AT THE ORGAN

By Agnes Lee

THE silent organ waits in the silent church.
The Leipzig Cantor walks in the falling snow.
Nobles in painted coaches hurry on;
The powerful of the city pass him by;
The little men and women of a day
Go whispering, "The Cantor of the choir!
He makes the music few will pause to hear."

He gropes amid the gray,
The shadowy loft ascending;
He sees the angels bending
To light the old stairway.

Enthroned before the keys,
The humble citizen
Builds for a world of men
A world of harmonies.

Oh, eager human hands!
What now are earthly kings?
King by heaven's grace, he flings
The full tone that expands

Till sound-paths newly trod
Lead up the heights of wonder,
And in the organ's thunder
Thunders the voice of God.

The last notes die away, and he goes forth.
No footprints in the snow about the church
Give sign that any heard his cadences.
And yet he smiles. For who should know as he
The gift that he has given to souls of men?

And those who listen for eternity
Listen forever to the Cantor's smile.

FAITH AND REASON

TO many persons faith and reason as applied to the Christian religion are two separate and distinct things. But is that true? What is Christian faith? Some think of it as putting on strange, owl's glasses, and seeing the world as if it were an Aladdin's cave—a sort of topsy-turvydom. As a matter of fact faith as applied to religion is the same mental process that is used in any other sphere of life. Faith as applied to science, for example, means reasoning as far as you can, and then projecting your guess along the lines where reason ends. That is what a scientific hypothesis means.

The scientist starts by assuming something to be true. Then he marshals his facts to prove his theory. His assumption or hypothesis was, however, an act of faith. That is true also in business. One of the wealthiest families in New York won its riches by an act of faith—business faith. A century and more ago the head of the family saw New York large, while it was still small, and he bought land right and left. He did not know that New York was to be the chief port of the United States. As a matter of fact other persons were just as sure that Perth Amboy, New Jersey, was to be the leading city. This family reasoned as far as it could, then made the venture on faith, and bought in New York. And its faith was realized, with the attendant reward.

With a similar meaning we speak of Christian faith. None of us can prove mathematically that the soul is immortal, or that Christ saves from sin. We say it looks true. We take it as an hypothesis of religion. Then we act on the hypothesis; that is, we make a venture of faith. We act just as if the soul were immortal, and as the years go by the belief becomes confirmed. Likewise we make a venture on the hypothesis that Christ saves us. We trust Him and obey Him, and then we find that He stiffens our will, quickens our conscience and makes us better men. This is the pragmatic method in philosophy, which says, "Try it on. If it works, it is true for you."

Christ never begins by telling us anything. He touches us, and when we respond to that touch the proof comes. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

MOTHERS

DO you hurt yourself, Stanley? Big boys don't cry, you know. Let mother see how brave you are. That's splendid—you are a big boy. Yes, Maudie, you may go over to Nancy's for an hour. Come here first and let mother tie your hair ribbon. There, that's right. Don't stay more than an hour, remember!

Maudie flew down the path with her hair ribbon fluttering like a big blue butterfly. Little Stanley, insisting upon his courage, went back to his play. Their mother, with eyes full of pride, turned to her old schoolmate.

"I never can get reconciled to your not being married, Mary Armstrong!" she cried. "You who always loved children so! No woman knows what life is till she is a mother—and you'd have made such a great one. I could cry over the waste of it."

Mary Armstrong's gray eyes, wise, deep and tender, studied her friend a moment.

"But, dear, you don't have to be married to be a mother; if it were so, it might be hard. But there are never half enough mothers to 'go round' in the world. Maybe that's why God needs some of us free, so that He can send us to lives that need mothers."

"Oh, I know—but that isn't at all the same," Maudie's mother insisted.

"Two years ago," Mary Armstrong said slowly, "a little girl of sixteen came to me. She had been neglected all her life. Her mother was no mother, cared nothing for the child, cared nothing for anything except dress and amusement of the cheapest kind. Where the child got her little white soul, God only knows. But she dreamed always of a mother who cared—who cared about what she was and what she did; to whom she could go with all her perplexities and problems and girlish battles. She looked like a broken flower when she came to me. I wish you could see her now—strong and eager over life, and so pitiful over other lonely girls! She calls me 'mother' in her letters."

"I don't see how you dared," Mrs. Carey murmured absently, with her eyes upon her little son.

"And there is Michael. He is in a reformatory. He never had been loved in his life. I happened to see the look in his eyes one day. He used to have ungovernable fits of rage. If you could see the way he is working to conquer them now—because some one cares!"

"Stanley has the sweetest disposition," Mrs. Carey said. "It's no use, Mary, you simply can't

imagine what you're missing. It makes me so cross! There, I'm going—I can't talk about it."

She called Stanley, and they went down the path together. Miss Armstrong, smiling to herself, watched them out of sight.

FIGHTING A BAGGAGE ELEPHANT

BEFORE the days of railways, the British Indian army used elephants to move its guns and heavy baggage. Many of the beasts were docile enough, but at times an elephant became unruly and even developed the treachery of a "rogue." Such was the leader of a regimental transport column that once crossed the Ganges when in flood. He had killed three mahouts, and the keeper refused to drive him to the ford. Finally, Sher Sing, a strapping native, offered to drive the man-killer. A contributor to Chambers's Journal says that the volunteer carried a short spear in place of a mahout's hook and that he had himself securely strapped to the elephant's neck.

A shout went up from the onlookers when Sher Sing, with a slight prod of the spear, made the huge beast rise from his knees. The elephant stood quite still and, turning his trunk first to one side and then to the other, seemed to sniff his rider. Sher Sing spoke to the elephant, and silence fell on the watchers as they parted into two lines, down the centre of which the great beast took his way. Arrived at the water's edge, he stopped and began playfully to squirt water over himself and his rider. Then he lifted his trunk and, catching Sher Sing's leg, tried to pull him off. But the straps held securely. At the same moment Sher Sing raised his spear in the air and brought it down with a thud on the elephant's head. Roaring with rage and pain, the animal plunged forward.

An instant later he stopped, and the excited watchers on the bank saw that the huge beast was gradually lowering himself in the water. Down, down he sank, while Sher Sing rained blows on his head. At last only the elephant's trunk and the moving right arm of Sher Sing appeared above the surface of the river.

Then a gasp of relief came from the watchers. The elephant had risen and was again trying to unseat his rider with his trunk. Sher Sing plied his spear with all his might, and the great brute, giving himself a shake, dashed into deep water. Once more he sank, and again Sher Sing's relentless arm hammered blows on his head.

Suddenly a great cry arose. The elephant had come to the surface, and Sher Sing was still clinging to him. He seemed to be waving his spear as if in triumph. The elephant was wading quietly toward the opposite shore.

The next day everyone in the regiment, from the colonel down, came to look at the big elephant, which stood quietly eating and taking no notice of anyone. His head was covered with cuts and gashes, but they did not seem to trouble him at all, and they quickly healed. From that day he acknowledged man as his master.

Sher Sing, too, quickly recovered from his exertions. He was a faithful soldier and servant of Queen Victoria, to whose jubilee he came with a detachment of his regiment. At the time of King Edward's coronation he again visited England; he was then an old man and had gained his pension, but he was sent because of his good influence over the younger men.

ALL FOR NOTHING

A RECENT amusing sketch in Punch depicted a stout British matron, during a midnight Zeppelin raid, panting her dutiful way up to the attic bedroom of the new maid to invite her to join the family downstairs—of course, for greater safety. But the girl, kneeling in the window seat, merely turned an excited countenance over her shoulder long enough to reply politely:

"Oh, thank you, ma'am, but it isn't necessary. I've a beautiful view up here!"

The artist may have invented the scene, but probably he did not, declares an American woman who recently visited London; for in the household of the friend with whom she was staying a parallel incident occurred. In that case it was not the mistress who went up, but the maid who came down, hastily but decorously kimonoed, to offer to any of the family who wished to see what was going on the hospitality of her tiny, top-story chamber, which commanded a wide view over roofs and chimney pots to the horizon. She was surprised and disappointed that no one accepted, and only a downright command deterred her from returning to her post of observation.

The housekeeper of another American, married to an Englishman, was very deaf, but something of the commotion going on outside penetrated to her consciousness and roused her from her slumbers. Half-dressed, she ran from her room, and gasped as she encountered the other members of the household, excited and very much in negligence.

"Great 'evings, ma'am, whatever 'as 'appened?"

"Zeppelins!" some one shouted in her ear. She dropped limply into a chair.

"Hand I thought it was an 'urricane, and bricks tumbling down the chimney!" she cried. "My 'eart, my 'eart, what a fright, and hall for nothing!"

THE REDBIRD'S RIVAL

TWU-ETE, twu-ete, twen, twen, twen!" sounded the brave notes of the redbird in the apple tree. As I was strolling round in the front yard, waiting for breakfast, writes a Companion reader, I heard him and, accepting his challenge, whistled back, "Twu-ete, twu-ete, twen, twen, twen!" We challenged each other back and forth until I was called in to breakfast.

As I entered the house, my sister said, "I just heard a redbird in the back yard and one in the front answering each other."

"I was one of them," I replied.

A few minutes after I had seated myself at the table facing an open door toward the trees, the nervous and irritated "Tweet, tweet, tweet!" of the redbird attracted my attention, and, looking up, I saw him darting against the basement window of the house next door. Thinking that a prowling cat might be the cause of his excitement, I went out to investigate.

I found the redbird flying furiously against the basement window, and actually panting with exertion and excitement. He scarcely noticed my presence, and permitted me to come within a few feet of him before he flew up to a near-by twig. Wondering whether his mate might not somehow have got into the basement, I looked in at the window, but I saw nothing. Presently I went back to my breakfast, but in a few minutes the redbird was again attacking the window.

Again I went out, and this time I saw that he was

fighting his reflection in the glass; I suppose he fancied it the rival who had answered his challenge. I took a wide board and leaned it against the window casing, thinking to shut off the reflection, but I had got only a few feet away before he returned to the fray. He had to go round and under the board to attack the scarlet reflection.

Again I went to his rescue, and that time placed the board so close to the window that he could not see his reflection or get to the glass. As I turned away I was surprised and amused to see him return and attack the board vigorously. At that I took the board away and, calling a boy from the neighbor's home, went into the basement. The persistent cardinal was returning to the assault as we raised the sash and fastened it open. Once more the bird came back, but this time his imaginary rival was not in sight, and he flew away.

When I had returned to my neglected breakfast, I heard him with his faithful mate, for whom he was making such a valiant fight, happily singing and twittering. They flew from vine to tree, from tree to bush, he whistling, "What there—what there—what there!" and she answering sweetly, "Tweet, tweet, tweet!"

A CABBAGE THAT FIGHTS DISEASE

THE plant shown in the accompanying illustration is not a weed; it is a cabbage gone to seed. Although it looks like other seed cabbages, it is not the same, for it is a disease-fighting cabbage of a strain that was originated in the Lakeshore district of Wisconsin. There are



TWO ROWS OF THE OLD VARIETY OF CABBAGE, ROTTED: ON EITHER SIDE A PERFECT STAND OF THE NEW VARIETY

many cabbage growers and many cabbage store-houses in the fertile regions along Lake Michigan. For several years, however, the "yellows," a disease that causes rotting, has injured the crop. The germs of the disease remain in the soil for years; and so the ordinary methods of crop rotation are of no help in fighting it.

For several seasons Dr. L. R. Jones of the State Experiment Station tried unsuccessfully to find a preventive or a cure. Eight years ago, however, he came upon a single head of sound cabbage in a field destroyed by the disease, and it occurred to him that by use of the principle of "the survival of the fittest" he might breed and select a variety of cabbage that would resist the disease.

He saved the head, and the next season gathered seed from it. He carefully selected the heads for six more years. So this parent head of cabbage has become the mother

of a new strain that does not take the "yellows." Those farmers who planted seed of this variety last year sold their crop at thirty-five dollars a ton—about five times the usual price. The "yellows" had nearly destroyed the ordinary kind.

MINTY BARTLETT'S HENS

"I'm goin' to break myself of the habit of tryin' to do a kind turn for a neighbor and at the same time seek to better myself," announced Caleb Peaslee decidedly, as he paused at Deacon Hyne's gate. Caleb's hands were scratched and his face was flushed. The deacon grinned sourly but understandingly.

"What foolishness have you been up to now?" he asked.

"Them hens of Minty Bartlett's," said Mr. Peaslee plaintively; "they've been wuss'n the plagues of Egypt to me all summer. I hadn't more'n got in my early stuff 'fore they'd got it scratched out and et and was lookin' the ground over careful to see if they'd overlooked anything—but they hadn't."

"What time I wain't chasin' 'em out of my garden, Minty, she was chasin' 'em out of her'n—she had a strip 'bout twice as big as her apron that she had planted out to garden flowers—and it seemed to me that them hens thought 'bout eckly well of both them places. If Minty ketched a hen among them marigolds and bach'ler buttons, or one so much as makin' towards 'em, she'd harass it out of there, and like 'nough it would run over into my garden."

"She had somethin' that had been a hen yard once, 'fore it got torn down and destroyed. One side and one end was gone so that you could drive a cow through it, and it didn't hender them hens from goin' where they willed any more'n so much June grass would."

"I knew well 'nough that Minty'd never think of buyin' new fencin'—she couldn't afford it, for one thing,—so I kind of turned the thing over in my mind till I thought I'd found a way out of it for both of us. I had 'bout forty foot of new fencin' that I'd been callatin' to use to make my hen yard bigger, and I made up my mind to give her that. I judged that if I worked careful and didn't say too much she'd take it and use it 'thout resentin' its bein' a gift, mebber."

"So yesterday mornin' I made the fencin' up into a roll and put it on my shoulder and went over to Minty's. She was out in the garden when I got there, houndin' a hen out of her flowers, and I stopped 'sif I was thinkin' of nothin' but passin' the time of day with her, and waited for her to say somethin' 'bout the hens' botherin' her; I knew she would if I give her a chance."

"Sure 'nough, she hadn't more'n got the hair pushed back out of her eyes 'fore she begun to complain and tell me how them hens plagued her. I let her run on a spell and then I says:

"Well, here's in the neighborhood of forty foot of fencin', and mebber if you're willin' to take it

from a neighbor you can find a use for it. If you can, jest say the word."

"When Minty kind of got her breath she thanked me, and I pitched the roll over the fence and put off, thinkin' if I stayed she'd be likely to want me to help her put it up; and then, too, I didn't want to be thanked for somethin' that I was doin' full's much for my own sake as I was for her'n."

"I had an errand down the road a piece that afternoon, and when I got back home I saw a sight that almost made my legs limber under me. If there was one hen in that garden of mine, Lysander," Mr. Peaslee affirmed earnestly, "there was all of thirty, and what they hadn't done to the garden in the way of scratchin' and burrenin' couldn't be done by anything weaker'n a hay tedder."

"Thinks I, 'What in tunket—!' and then I started out to see how them hens ever happened to be there, when she had fencin' to keep 'em shut up. I went down the road to her front gate, and there was Minty settin' on her porch, rockin' away as contented 'sif there wa'n't such a thing as a hen in the world, and they wouldn't do such a thing as scratch if there was."

"She hadn't any more'n sighted me when she sot up a squeal—you know how women will when they're tickled and pleased over anything?"

"O Mr. Peaslee," she says, 'you don't know how much obliged I be to you for that fencin'! With what I had in my old hen-yard fence,' she says, 'I had jest enough to go cleverly round my garden. So now,' she says beamin', 'I don't have to worry 'bout the hens' scratchin' up my flowers, and yet they have a free run to pick up their livin'."

"Yes, Hyne," Caleb declared soberly, "that was jest what she'd done—she'd fenced her garden with the fencin' that I'd call'ated to have her patch her hen yard with, and I was left jest as bad off as I was before—wuss, if anything, for they didn't have any place left to go except my garden. That's right—laugh!"

"So," said Caleb, grinning a little himself, "I've had to go to the trouble and expense of fencin' clear round my garden, to say nothin' of what I give away to Minty—and I might have saved the heft of it if I'd been neighborly 'nough to have stayed and helped her put it up where she'd ought to. But," he added with a kind of cheerful ruefulness, "mebbe it's learnt me a lesson to try to help other folks as well as myself. I dunno."

AS TO ROBINSON CARUSOE

IN commenting on the unfortunate tendency of some readers to hurry through books and magazines with such carelessness that they have very little idea of what they have read or of who wrote it, the Bellman quotes the following review of a famous book, submitted by a New York boy in his second year at the high school:

Robinson Carusoe

This book was chosen by Depoe, a man of many qualities and professor at Fordham University. It was edited by Glun & Company, containing one hundred and forty-nine pages, costing sixty-five cents.

Professor Depoe's selections are very interesting. He shows where Carusoe left his wife and went up to the summit of a high mountain with his gun in hand, accompanied by a dog. While he was there for a short time, darkness came upon him and he felt drowsy, so he put his gun at his side and fell asleep. Here, he slept for a number of years and when he awoke he found out that he had grown old and his gun was rusty. Moreover, there were men playing tennis and dining on the mountain. This, he too, soon partook of. Finally, he thought of home and he began to descend the mountain. He now found himself in a city. After searching for his home, he was made known to his wife, and they lived happily ever after.

All of Depoe's books are on this style and should be in every home.

THE PARADISE OF ARTISTS

THE death of William M. Chase brings to mind a story that that artist used to tell in the course of a lecture on Japan:

I was standing on a railway platform in Japan, waiting for a train, and while away my time by watching a particularly beautiful sunset.

Suddenly a freight train pulled in and, stopping in front of me, cut off my view. Being a good American, and trained in a very proper respect for "business," I merely turned philosophically away and proceeded to look at something else. In a moment, however, the station master appeared at my side and inquired with the politest of bows if I had been enjoying the sunset.

I admitted that I had, and smilingly accepted his apology for the intrusion of the train. Of course I recognized that trains were the first consideration in stations, I said.

Imagine my surprise, then, when the little Japanese shook his head firmly. "But no," he said, bowing even more deeply than before, "the train must not be allowed to obstruct the honorable artistic traveler's honorable aesthetic enjoyment"—or words to that effect. "I will cause it to withdraw."

And he actually did precisely that!

AN EYE FOR BARGAINS

"SIRE," said the grand vizier of a certain Oriental potentate, "I suggest that in the future we buy our automobiles from the Western company that has just offered us a thirty-per-cent discount."

"Good!" said the potentate. "Order a consignment of five hundred automobiles, assorted sizes, at once, and tell the company to send us a check for the discount by return mail, and the bill will be settled in due course."

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number

The Birds of Puzzle-Land: 1, Kingbird; 2, Snipe; 3, Crossbill; 4, Thrush; 5, Nuthatch; 6, Peacock; 7, Woodpecker; 8, Ibis; 9, Bobolink; 10, Cockatoo; 11, Raven; 12, Woodcock.

1, ROBE 2, I. Cone, one, ne. 11. Nar. RIFLE row, arrow, row. 111. Flash, B L E N D lash, ash, sh! E N D

3, Corral, Eskimo, linden, behind, Navajo, en-sigh, London.

4, i. Stripe, tripe, ripe, rip, i. 11. Crash, rash, ash, has, as, a.

5, i. Rhine, rein, ii. Seine, seen.

6, B-as-S, I-do-L, Sol-O, O-mi-T, N-oa-H.

7, Pink, cauna, stocks, phlox, forget-me-not, rose, four-o'clock, morning-glory.

The CHILDREN'S PAGE

WORDS WITH WINGS.

BY JEAN HALIFAX

SOMEBODY TOLD ME
THAT OUR WORDS
HAVE LITTLE WINGS
AND FLY LIKE BIRDS.

IF WORDS WERE BIRDS,
WHAT WOULD YOURS BE—
HAWK, OR BUZZARD,
OR GAY CHICKADEE?

A NEW KIND OF MARBLES

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

IT had been a warm winter, with no ice at all. "I'm afraid," said grandfather one day late in March, shaking his head soberly, "that this means no ice cream next July, and no cold lemonade, and no —"

"O dear!" chorused the children. "Who ever heard of a summer without ice cream?"

"Well," answered grandfather, "who ever heard of a winter without ice?"

"It may freeze yet," put in grandmother.

"Maybe," grandfather said, "but it's nearly time now for robins and violets."

When Ted and Jean and Molly went to bed that night they felt the windowpane with their cheeks. "It feels very cold," Ted decided. "Maybe there'll be freezing to-night."

When they waked there was a queer, dull whiteness on the walls and a curious silence. Snow had fallen all night long, and now every roof had a heavy white blanket like eider down, and every fence post wore a tall white cap.

"The heaviest snow I ever saw so late in the year," father remarked at breakfast. "Well, it looks as if the ice house would stay empty, sure enough."

"No ice cream in July," began little Jean, but grandfather suddenly pinched her cheek.

"Plenty of it," he said. "That is, if you three chicks are willing to play marbles a while."

"But how can playing marbles fill the ice house?" cried Ted and Molly in one breath. "Now, grandad, you're making fun of us!"

"Not a bit of it," he answered. "Put on your togs, and I'll show you."

Ten minutes later, coated and hooded and finished off with good, dry rubbers, the three dashed out to their grandfather. "Here," he said, "hold out your hands. There's a marble apiece for you. Go to work and roll them."



MAJ. MOOSE FLUNG HIS HEAD HIGH AND RUSHED ON FASTER THAN BEFORE

The children looked astonished. Each little right-hand mitten was clasping a snowball.

"But, grandfather," Ted began, doubtfully.

"Roll your marbles," said grandfather, "and roll them carefully. Then you'll see."

So the three obeyed, puzzled but tremendously excited. Ted rolled east, Molly rolled west, and little Jean rolled south, down the long slope of the lawn. Laughing and shouting, they followed the little balls with care, pushing them whenever they stopped.

"Mine's as big as a pumpkin!" cried Molly in a few minutes. "Just watch it grow!"

They pushed harder and harder, and every moment one would call to the other. Presently, from the bottom of the yard, came a cry.

"Oo-oo!" Jean sang out. "Somebody come! My marble is so big I can't get it up the hill!"

Sure enough, Jean's snowball had grown so fast that now it was entirely too much for her. Ted ran down, laughing, and rolled it to the top of the hill. Then they spied grandfather.

"Will you look at his marble!" screamed Molly. And indeed grandfather's ball was a regular giant, and was getting fatter and fatter.

"Forward march! to the ice house, now!" said grandfather. And the children, who had forgotten all about the ice house, went to work with a vim, trundling their big marbles gayly toward the open door.

Most of the morning they worked joyfully, and after dinner father and the hired men turned in with them, so that the long-empty ice house began to fill very rapidly. Before the snow had left the fields the ice house was quite full, and the hired men had pounded the great snowballs with shovels until the snow was packed almost as hard as ice. Then the children helped to pile in the straw on top and to pack it; and at last they shut the door.

"I can just taste that July ice cream!" said Molly happily.

"I can taste it too," Ted agreed, "and I've also learned a new way to play marbles."

THE MOOSE RACE

BY G. H. SMITH

THIS is the story of the third race that the wood folk had during the winter in the forest that lies beside the mountain.

The first race, as you will remember, was through the forest from side to side. The second race was on the ice, once round the lake. The third race was called "the moose race" by all the wood folk, although there was only one moose in it. For that matter, there was only one moose in the whole forest when the race was held, and he is there no longer, as you will see before you get to the end of the story.

Maj. Moose was the biggest and strongest of all the wood folk. He was also vain and more given to boasting than some of the others thought was becoming. One day, toward the end of the long winter, Maj. Moose said:

"I am tired of grubbing here in the woods. To-night I shall go to the haystack of Farmer Goodman, a mile beyond the edge of the forest, and have a good feast."

"Be careful, Major," said Ray Coon. "I think that Farmer Goodman has a dog."

"Poof!" answered Maj. Moose. "Little do I care for a dozen dogs. Come along, all of you! I'll show you some fun, and perhaps there will be something good for all to eat."

When night came a party of the wood folk set out with Maj. Moose for the haystack of Farmer Goodman. The three deer did not go, because they were too timid. Grandpa Fox and Grandpa Coon said that the walk was too long for them. But Dame Bear and her son, Billy Bear, Ray Coon and the two Fox boys, Bouncer Rabbit and his friend, Gray Squirrel, and several other young folk of the Rabbit and Squirrel families—all were in the party, which set forth in high spirits.

It was late when they started and the walk was a long one. Some of them were pretty tired before they reached the haystack, which was just behind Farmer Goodman's barn. There was nothing to feast on except the hay, which none of them, except Maj. Moose, cared much for; but no dog appeared, and when the wood folk had rested a bit all were in the mood for a frolic.

"What strange thing is this?" called out Billy Bear from the barnyard.

"That?" said Ray Coon. "Why, that is Farmer Goodman's pung! He hitches his horse to it and rides to town. I have often seen him."

"I wish that we had a horse to haul us home!" sighed Dame Bear. "I've walked far enough for one night. I am tired."

"What's that?" said Maj. Moose. "Who is tired? Just pile into that pung, all of you! I'll haul you back home in a jiffy. I'm stronger than ten horses, and I'm the fastest of all the wood folk."

"You are the strongest, but not the fastest!" promptly cried out Gray Squirrel. "My friend Bouncer Rabbit is the fastest of all the wood folk. Ask the deer or the skaters. They know! See! Here is a tiny toy sleigh that Farmer Goodman's little boy forgot to take in last night. I'll get into that, and Bouncer will haul me home faster than you can haul the others in the pung."

Maj. Moose fairly snorted with scorn at the idea that Bouncer Rabbit could run faster than he could. While he was fuming and scolding, Billy Bear put the harness over his shoulders and tied the reins to his broad antlers. Then Billy Bear and all the others, except Gray Squirrel and Bouncer Rabbit, climbed into the pung.

Meantime Gray Squirrel was harnessing Bouncer Rabbit into the little toy sleigh, and as he did so he whispered something in Bouncer's ear and patted him on the back

until Bouncer fairly danced with eagerness for the homeward race to begin.

It was daybreak by the time they were finally ready to begin the race. Then Ray Coon, who sat behind Billy Bear in the pung, gave the word.

"Go!" he shouted.

Maj. Moose plunged forward down the road that led from Farmer Goodman's barn toward the forest a mile away. He dragged the pung with all its passengers as if it had had no weight at all. Right beside him went Bouncer Rabbit in long leaps that would have made the little toy sleigh a very hard place for Gray Squirrel to ride in had he not been clever in keeping his balance. When they had crossed the field and were entering the forest, Maj. Moose looked out of the corner of his eye and saw that Bouncer was still close beside him. He flung his head high and rushed on faster than before, but he could not leave Bouncer Rabbit behind.

The wood folk who had not been to the haystack were astir by this time. Jet Crow cawed loudly overhead, and the others stood aside in amazement as the racers rushed by.

So they sped onward, Maj. Moose plunging ahead with a great show of strength, and Bouncer leaping lightly beside him. Soon they came in sight of the frozen lake. It had been agreed that the race should end on the farther side, and the course was up round one end of it.

"We are almost there!" shouted Gray Squirrel, as he leaned forward in the little sleigh.

"Now is the time, Bouncer! Now is the time!"

With faster leaps and longer leaps Bouncer Rabbit flashed to the front. All that Maj. Moose and those in the pung could see was a flurry of snow as he flew ahead of them, far toward the head of the lake. Maj. Moose half stopped and threw high his antlers in disgust.

"Look at that!" he grunted, panting hard.

"Shall a rabbit beat a moose? No, indeed! I'll cut across the lake, and get there first, after all."

"But that will be cheating!" cried out Ray Coon.

"Who cares?" answered Maj. Moose. "If I can't win in one way, I will in another!"

So saying, he crashed through the snow-covered bushes to the shore of the lake, with the pung bouncing heavily behind. Then he stepped out on the frozen surface. But it was late in the winter, and the sun had weakened the ice near the shore; it buckled under the weight of Maj. Moose and the pungload of wood folk. There was a sudden crackling and crashing, and all in an instant Maj. Moose and the others were splashing in the cold water. Maj. Moose flung himself about so desperately that he quickly broke the harness and floundered ashore, and the others, dripping and shivering, followed him as best they could. On the distant shore of the lake they could see Bouncer Rabbit loping leisurely along toward the finish line.

"What a mess!" exclaimed Maj. Moose, cross with himself and with everyone else. "To race with a rabbit and have it end like that! I'll have nothing more to do with a place where such things can happen!"

So he lumbered off through the forest toward the other side of the big mountain, and the wood folk saw him no more.

That is how Bouncer Rabbit, whom all the wood folk like because he is a modest fellow and everyone's friend, won the third race of the winter. That night he and Gray Squirrel took the little toy sleigh back to the yard of Farmer Goodman, whose little boy had wondered all day what had become of it; but the big pung was too heavy for the wood folk to drag out of the lake, and there it stayed, close to the shore, until Farmer Goodman himself found it. And he never ceased to wonder how it got there.

A Japanese Tale.

This is a farmer who lived in Japan,

And this is his little wife;

This is the farm where they tilled the soil

And led their simple life.

This is the beggar who came one day,

Saying that he was an honest man,

Who stood by his words and wanted work,

Then stole a mixing pan.

So they had a quarrel right then there

And were put in jail for their strife;

And that is the end of my little tale

Of the man from Japan and his wife.

—Clara E. Atwood.

THUMBS UP

By Alice Hutchins Drake

IT was Dr. Harmon who first called him Thumbs Up. Everyone was amazed to learn that it was the great surgeon who had coined the name. He was so austere and strictly "professional" in his manner that no one dreamed he was human enough to invent a nickname for a small patient. In secret the nurses had long referred to Dr. Harmon as the Great Bear, and until Thumbs Up came to the ward no one at the hospital ever saw any but the Great Bear side of the surgeon.



be skeered. And you must do it, too. See, this is how."

That is the way it began. Within a week thirty little passengers of the White Bed line were playing the game. The nurses and internes played it with them. Everyone in Ward C

knew the way to keep brave. Dr. Harmon heard of the success of his little patient in buoying up others like him in the hour of distress. He had never forgotten the morning when Jack lay before him with his little thumbs up. He was deeply interested in the child and in the psychological element involved in the expression.

One drowsy morning four months after Jack entered Ward C there was suddenly a crackling noise outside the door. Miss Herbert, on duty, hurried to see what had caused it. She found the corridor on fire.

Quickly she turned to Jack. "Sweetheart," she said gently. The child was asleep, and she did not dare to startle him. "Sweetheart, wake up. You've got to help the lady captain. There's a fire outside, and we've all got to leave. While I run to the telephone, you think of a way to help."

Outside, the crackling noise was growing louder and curling smoke slipped in round the door. Jack's bed was the first one in the ward. He had come in by that door. He knew they would all have to leave by it. He could see Miss Herbert flying from bed to bed, wrapping blankets round each little patient.

"No, you don't!" he said, when she reached him. "No, sir, I'm going to stay till the last feller's out! I says thumbs up."

And thumbs up it was. As strong men rushed in and bore little patients, Bradford frames and all, out into the smoke, Jack lay by the exit calling shrilly, "Thumbs up, fellers, thumbs up! Don't be skeered! Say thumbs up."

He felt very drowsy when he awoke—just the way he did after Dr. Billy had put him to sleep. Some one was holding his hand, and he could hear a man's voice saying, "Bravest thing I ever knew. Dear little man!"

He opened his eyes. It was not Dr. Billy who sat beside him, but a very famous surgeon, whose eyes were misty with tears. His beard was singed and there was a gash across his cheek.

"Well, Capt. Jack, how do you feel? You were pretty brave this morning. You're a real live hero."

Jack took a long breath, and found it was a painful operation. "Why, I didn't do nothin'," he said. "I couldn't run if I'd wanted to with that anchor on my leg. I'm glad if Miss Herbert thinks I helped, but I didn't do nothin', really. I just called thumbs up when the fellers went."

Dr. Harmon closed a white little hand in both of his. "You did a good deal, little man. When I picked you up and started into all that smoke, I was 'skeered to death.' But you said thumbs up, and I said thumbs up, and here we are."

NATURE'S SWEET

HONEY, which is now a luxury, was in old times a necessary, for it was then the principal sweetener of food. Sugar was not introduced until the latter days of the Roman Empire, and was first oddly described as an Indian salt that was as sweet as honey. The numerous references to honey in the Bible are due, says a writer in Chambers's Journal, to its being the common sweetener used by the people.

Honey from the comb is considered to be the most luxurious form of this delectable sweet, and many people eat the wax with the honey. That is a foolish thing to do, however—as foolish as it would be to eat the paper the butter is wrapped up in, or the bag that contains sugar. The wax in the honeycomb is in no way nutritious, and is decidedly indigestible.

The proper way is to put a piece of honey in the comb on your plate, with the cells in a vertical position, and press your knife firmly upon it, so that all the honey runs out. Eat the honey and leave the wax.

The bees do not care for blossoming flowers, as the poets imagine. They are practical, utilitarian creatures, and prefer the period just before fructification. They dearly love clover, but most kinds of fruit blossoms and some kinds of forest trees are very useful to them. The flavor and the quality of honey vary with the plants upon which the bee feeds. Heather honey is naturally popular in Scotland, and the famous Narbonne honey owes its flavor to rosemary. Occasionally the bee is injudicious, however, and chooses injurious herbs. The soldiers of Xenophon, after eating the honey of Trebizond, became either mad or drunk. The effect was owing to the bees' having eaten a poisonous azalea.

If people had given the matter thought, they would have known that beneath the impressive dignity there was deep sympathy for suffering childhood. His friend, Dr. Phillips, could tell of a day when he and the surgeon stood before a certain Sorolla canvas. A padre has gathered along the beach for a morning bath his young charges from a children's hospital. It is a painting of the infinite tragedy of handicapped childhood. Sorolla has said he will never paint another picture of the kind. Suddenly, as the two men stood gazing, one spoke.

"Man alive, Phillips, I've got to get home. This holiday business will have to wait until there aren't any suffering children." And the first steamer brought Dr. Harmon back to his profession.

Two mornings a week the clinic at St. Luke's was conducted by this great surgeon, who gave his time and mastery of surgery to the alleviation of pain.

Thumbs Up was just one of hundreds of cases. The morning he lay upon the operating table there were six other children awaiting their turn, and apparently there was nothing to distinguish him from any of the others. But individuality asserted itself as little Jack lay waiting.

The young anesthetist smiled down at him and said, "Now, old man, I'm going to put you to sleep. What do you say to that?"

Instantly two little hands changed position. "I guess I says thumbs up. I allus do when I'm skeered to death."

Dr. Harmon turned from giving some directions to a nurse and looked at little Jack. He lay with his eyes tightly closed, every muscle in his little body taut and his hands at his sides, with both thumbs up.

"Hurry up, please. I've said it seven times already. Most allus it helps a lot."

Suddenly two strong, large hands covered Jack's. Dr. Harmon grasped the little fingers in his own. "Now," he said, "while you go to sleep, I'll keep saying thumbs up for you, and when you wake up everything will be all right."

No one ever called Dr. Harmon the Great Bear again.

Some time afterwards a little figure was laid upon a little white bed. When Jack entered the room, it was known as Ward C. Months later, when he left it, there closed behind him a door bearing a brass tablet upon which were the words:

Thumbs Up Ward
Named in Honor of a Brave Little Patient,
John Henry Grayson.

But we are anticipating the story.

The days were tediously long for John Henry after his operation. A very heavy something swung from one ankle and his back ached "from using it so much," as he said to his nurse. Everyone who took care of him wore a blue dress and a white apron, and all the young doctors looked alike in their white suits, and so there was a pitiful absence of variety in what he saw. All the other little boys were ill, too, and they all occupied the same kind of bed. Life was deadly dull. But the young physician who had "put him to sleep" visited him every day, and his coming always cheered the boy. Jack loved the doctor, and the doctor loved Jack.

One day when Dr. Billy was sitting on the side of Jack's diminutive bed, the little patient in the next bed began to cry.

"Here, what's the matter to starboard? Helm steady, old man." Dr. Billy was inclined to be nautical. "Thought I told you last night that as long as you're on the White Bed line you've got to show your nerve. Tell the captain what's the matter. We're standing by to help."

A great deal was the matter. Benny was frightened. There was a burning thirst and a pain all the way from the first mate's head to his feet, and in particular there was pain where a heavy "anchor" swung from the larboard ankle.

Crushed ice wrought a miracle in Benny's burning throat. Then Dr. Billy suggested to Jack that he, too, help the first mate. "Tell him about thumbs up, old man. You know how it helped us that morning."

So Jack revealed to the mate of his sister ship just how it is possible to hold fast to one's courage. "Just keep a-sayin' thumbs up, and pretty soon you'll be so busy you'll forget to



This illustration painted for The Lowe Brothers Company by W. B. King.

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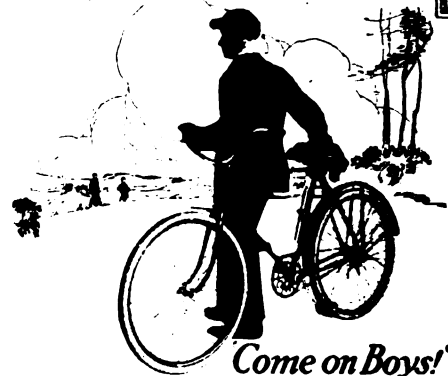
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AS HE EXTENDED HIS HAND FOR IT . . . I KICKED THE REVOLVER FROM HIS GRASP

A PONY EXPRESS ADVENTURE

By Col. William F. Cody

NO enterprise ever undertaken in America was more fruitful of

picturesque incident, hardship and adventure than the famous pony express line that Russell, Majors and Waddell established in the fifties.

The route extended from the Missouri River to Sacramento, a distance of nineteen hundred and sixty miles. It traversed a country full of hostile Indians and white desperadoes, and led across plains, through valleys and over lofty mountains. Yet over this rough route the mail and express packages must travel two hundred miles a day, a condition that called for an average riding pace of about ten miles an hour.

Naturally, the riders were picked men. They had to face deadly dangers and were often called upon to do double duty in place of a slain or wounded comrade. The pay, however, was good, as befitted so dangerous a calling; it ranged from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

I was about sixteen years old when I applied for a chance to enter this service. My mother and sisters needed my help, and the good wages paid by the pony express company tempted me.

At first I was told that I was too young to stand the tremendous strain, but after considerable pleading on my part the company consented to give me a trial as an "extra" on a run of forty-five miles that was to be covered with three horses in three hours.

I accepted the offer, and it was on this route that, quite early in my experience as an express rider, I met with a most peculiar adventure.

My first trip was made a little ahead of the schedule time, and I immediately started back with the west-bound pouch. As day after day passed without serious mishap, I began to think less of holdups and Indian ambushes and feel more inclined to congratulate myself on having secured so good a route.

But one morning, as I was crossing a rough bit of country on the gallop, there came suddenly the cry of "Halt! Up with your hands, boy!"

A man had risen apparently from the very ground under my feet. While he covered me with the revolver that he held in his right hand, he extended his left to catch my bridle rein.

There was nothing to do but obey, although I knew that the pouch contained a large sum of money.

"Give me that pouch, boy!" I held it out, but as he extended his hand for it my opportunity came. I kicked the revolver from his grasp, drove the spurs in deep and made a dash.

I was just beginning to chuckle over my escape when a bullet whistled by my ear. That was too much for me. I should have known better than to stop, but without thinking I wheeled in my saddle and returned the shot just as the desperado fired again. This time he hit my pony, which gave one leap and then fell heavily.

Luckily I landed on my feet, and jumped to the shelter of a big rock. The outlaw was coming toward me and trying to fire as he ran; but I noticed that at each pull of the trigger his revolver missed fire. I believed that I had him at my mercy, but, as the event showed, I was too quick at drawing conclusions. I wanted to capture him and march him

to the next relay station, where the men would take charge of him. With this in mind I refrained from firing, and so he was enabled to reach the cover of the same boulder behind which I myself had taken shelter.

There we were, a rock ten feet in diameter between us, and each very well aware that it was a fight for life.

For a time neither of us dared to move. Then gradually and as silently as possible I crawled back from the rock far enough so that I could watch both sides of it at once. I could not tell, of course, which way he might choose to come if he decided to force the fighting, and I knew that I must be prepared for him, whichever way it was.

But as I lay there watching, my poor pony gave what seemed an almost human moan and turned his faithful eyes upon me. He made a desperate, vain attempt to rise and uttered a low neigh so full of grief and pain that it filled me with pity for him and hardened my heart toward the man on the other side of the rock.

I determined to put the horse out of his misery, and, resting on one elbow, I took careful aim and sent a bullet through his brain.

Instantly my shot was followed by one from the other side of the rock—so quickly in fact that the two reports were almost simultaneous. I could not tell whether it had been aimed at me or not, but I knew I was not hit.

The struggles of my pony had ceased, and everything was still. I waited and watched until I could stand it no longer. Then I began slowly and cautiously to creep round the rock, holding my revolver ready to fire on the instant. I even stuck my hat out ahead of me as a decoy, but it brought no response.

Suddenly I saw the outlaw's boots, and to my surprise the toes were turned up.

Another step brought me within full sight of the man. He lay on his back, quite dead, his revolver beside him as if it had just fallen from his hand.

A little examination showed me what had happened. The outlaw had been reloading his revolver when I fired at the pony. In those days the only ammunition was powder and ball, which had to be forced home with a ramrod. During the loading the weapon was held upright, and when that part of the operation had been completed the caps were placed on the nipples.

The outlaw had not removed the caps that had failed to explode. My shot had startled him. He had accidentally pulled the trigger, and his own bullet had slain him.

Col. Cody, one of the most picturesque figures in American life, died in Colorado, January 10, 1917.



CONJUGAL COMPROMISE

"WHEN you and your wife have a difference of opinion," said the father who was giving advice to his newly married son, "and you are unable to persuade her that you are right, you must compromise. To illustrate my point, I will give you a little experience of my own. One summer your mother wished to spend the season in Maine, while I was anxious to go to the Adirondacks."

"And how did you compromise, father?" "Well, we stayed from Friday to Monday in the Adirondacks, and spent the rest of the summer on the Maine coast!"

How Hudson Solved the Gasoline Problem

Now Furnished on the New Light Super-Six

The gasoline saver is one more new invention of the Hudson Super-Six.

It was shown for the first time at the New York Automobile Show in January. Now most all Hudson dealers are showing the new cars equipped with this and ten other important new features. The gasoline saver is the only new feature shown on automobiles at this year's shows.

and speed with cars of the earlier production. No one has yet equaled anything we have done with stock Super-Six cars. And yet the cars we turn out today are infinitely better because of the increased skill and experience Hudson workmen have acquired in building the 25,000 cars that were produced last year.

Think What a Year Has Shown

Remember what was claimed for the Super-Six one year ago. Then we had only our own records to show—records proving the Hudson Super-Six the fastest stock car built.

We then had established only the 100-mile and the one-hour records for a fully equipped stock touring car. But since we have won the 24-hour record for a stock chassis, the Transcontinental Run both ways, the fastest stock chassis mile, and have outsold any other high grade car in the world. So if you want a fine car that outperforms any other car that is built your choice must be a Hudson Super-Six.

Buyers Waited for Months

At this time last season orders exceeded our production by 8,000. At no time during the season were there enough Hudsons to go around. From this you can see what the demand will be this year. We are only producing 30,000 cars as against last year's 25,000 because we cannot build more and build them well. That is not a large increase. It shows, however, that if you want a Hudson you cannot afford to postpone buying. Unless you act now you may be like other thousands who will be disappointed this year because they could not get prompt deliveries.

Don't fail to see the gasoline saver.

Overcomes the Poor Gasoline

Hard starting and wasteful gasoline consumption due to cold weather and the low grade gasoline are overcome. Radiator and hood covers are not needed on the new Hudson Super-Sixes even in the coldest weather.

This device has been in use on hundreds of Hudson Super-Sixes during the coldest winter weather. Its effectiveness has been proved. It is as easily operated as the damper on a stove.

Low grade gasoline gives low mileage and is wasteful and harmful to the engine, unless the motor is operated steadily at a high temperature.

Primer Insures Easy Starting

In zero weather, even at 20 below, the new Hudson Super-Six motor starts. The primer is another new feature of the new Super-Six.

On the new cars there are also other worth-while features you should see. There is the new plaited upholstering, more attractive door fasteners, hard rubber handles, an improved body finish and other details you can see. And then we have made many improvements in the building of the car. The car that last year won every worth-while record is a much better automobile now because we have learned to build them better.

We made those records of endurance for acceleration



Phaeton, 7-passenger \$1650 Town Car Landaulet \$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger 1950 Limousine 2925
Touring Sedan 2175 Limousine Landaulet 3025
Town Car \$2925
(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN



Neolin Saves Soles Neolin Saves Colds

Scuffle and pound, pound and scuffle—the children are at it again!

How they play! How their little shoe-soles wear! How the bills roll in at the end of the month!

And how—how on earth are we going to meet them? How?

Down with shoe-bills—off with leather! Use Neolin—better than leather.

Health will keep up and shoe-bills will keep down then. For Neolin, the synthetic, modern sole, is created for wear and for comfort and health beside.

Loyal and strong and durable, it lasts, yes lasts. Light and strong and flexible, it develops little feet.

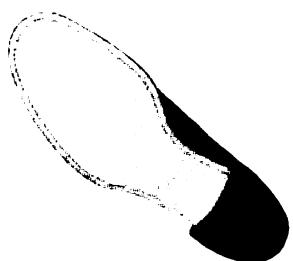
Waterproof, it protects them from damp trudges to school—then keeps them dry all day.

And remember:—Neolin will grip—it won't slip. Needs no breaking in. Noiseless indoors—scratch-proof on floors. Costs no more. Comes in black, white, tan, on new shoes or as new soles.

Beware imitations and mark that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neolin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio



Neolin

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Better than Leather

DIVIDING THE SPOIL

GREEDINESS wiped out half the population of a small village in China, according to Capt. Fritz Uttmark, who was formerly principal of the Seamen's Church Institute in New York City. There were only thirty people in the village, a retired spot on the Hwang River, and of the thirty, fifteen were instantly killed.

The Chinese government had been making experiments with some new shells. A mile from the village a company of soldiers had been doing target practice with the shells, and had then been sent to garrison a fort some distance away. During the target practice the soldiers would not let the villagers get nearer than half a mile to the guns, and the people, all ignorant coolies, had no idea what the shooting meant.

Some months after the target practice had ceased and the villagers had forgotten about it, two coolies, digging in a field, came upon a bright, round object. It was very heavy, and pointed at one end. Neither knew what the object was. As a matter of fact it was an eight-inch shell that had not exploded.

"It is mine," said the man who had dug the shell up.

"No, it is mine! I saw it first!" cried the second coolie. "You would not have known it was there if I had not seen it."

"And you would not have seen it if I had not dug it up."

For half an hour the two men argued, each advancing his claim in high-pitched, squealing tones. At last they agreed to let an aged Chinaman, who was said to be very wise, settle the question for them.

"You must divide it equally," was the verdict of the old man.

Then came the question as to how they should divide it. They tried to break it with a rock, but the shell could not be crushed that way.

"Let the blacksmith divide it," suggested the old man.

To the blacksmith they went.

"I do not work for nothing," declared the smith. "I will divide it into three parts: one for the man who found it, one for the man who saw it first and one for me."

That arrangement had almost been decided upon when the old man who had given the decision in the case objected. If the blacksmith was to have a third, then he himself ought to have a piece for settling the dispute.

"Divide it into four parts," urged the old man. "One for the finder, one for the man who saw it first, one for the blacksmith and one part for me."

To that they all agreed.

By this time the entire village had become greatly excited, the relatives of all four men crowding into the little blacksmith shop to see that justice was done. The blacksmith laid the shell on his anvil, and round him gathered all the people of the village. He swung his heavy hammer in the air and brought it down on the shell.

Bang!

The explosion killed all but two of the coolies who were in the blacksmith shop and injured half a dozen others who were standing at the door and the two windows.

For a long time the Chinese government could not find out the cause of the accident. The natives were convinced that a miniature sun had fallen from the clouds and, offended by the rough handling it had received, had become angry, and annihilated the guilty ones with their relatives and friends. The mystery was not explained until a small part of the shell casting was found.



KANAKA COURAGE

IN the story of his wanderings over East Indian waters, Mr. J. E. Patterson, author of *My Vagabondage*, describes a novel South-Sea method of dispatching a shark. The crew of his schooner had captured a Kanaka pirate, who offered, in the hope of appeasing his captors, to give an exhibition of shark killing.

The pirate slid down a brace that had been lowered over the side of the ship and entered the water without causing the least noise. Just before his head went under he took a keen six-inch blade from his mouth; then down he sank. He was gone so long that we thought he had drowned himself. Never was man more wronged! While we were watching, we saw the shark's little pilot fish darting excitedly about his great master's head. But the eighteen-footer merely came a few yards nearer to the ship.

How the seconds dragged! Then came a hurried whisper, "He's there!" Before the news could be passed fore and aft, we saw the upward flash of a black body and a gleaming knife in the blue water directly under the shark. The next moment the great fish shot clear into the air; his blood dyed the surface under him, and we saw that there was a great wound in his stomach. The pirate appeared above the water, gasping, yet only for half a minute. He moved into clearer water farther off, where he sank from sight. We watched here, there, everywhere, within a cable's length, but we did not have long to wait.

"Here he comes!" shouted the mate.

There they were, scarcely three fathoms away. At the moment in which we saw them the shark was in the act of diving, and his great tail was out of the water, showing on one side a gash that had reached the backbone. Plainly the pirate's intention now was to bleed the fish to death by tapping the spinal artery, and in the meantime to rob him of his second-best weapon. Before we could wonder whether the shark would turn or go under us he had dived, leaving the panting gladiator at the surface of the troubled waters.

"Throw him a line!" cried the captain, willing to spare the man further risk.

There was a rush to obey the order, but before anyone could throw the line the pirate was off into quieter water, the better to see his foe returning. There the man remained for some minutes, now sinking to reconnoitre, then on the surface to fill his lungs, never still. We were thinking and hoping that the funny terror had been beaten, when the cook gave a warning cry that he was coming back. There he was, rising slowly, almost spent; but the tiger of the seas dies a hard death. We again gave the shark fighter notice of his adversary's return, and he struck out for the brig's head.

So fast a swimmer was he that in a very few moments after disappearing forward he had passed along the starboard side and rounded the stern of the vessel, ready to take the great fish in the rear. But the dying shark had already sunk to the bottom.

No one between Your Company and You

PROTECT Your Family

Do you realize that the moment you pay your first life-insurance premium you have created an estate worth the face-value of the Policy? That is where insurance beats the savings bank; and the

Postal Life Insurance Company

in turn, beats other companies because it does away with agents and lets Uncle Sam do the work for a stamp or two. Insurance by mail saves agents' commissions, office expenses, etc. The direct by mail method which does not lessen your protection in any way and materially increases your saving.

First: Standard policy reserves. Resources \$9,000,000. Insurance in force \$40,000,000.

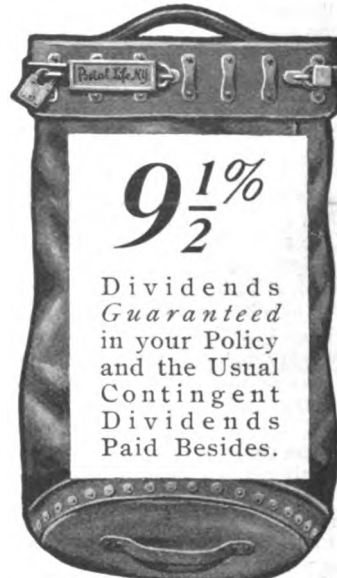
Second: Old-line legal reserve insurance—not fraternal or assessment.

Third: Standard policy provisions, approved by the New York State Insurance Department.

Fourth: Operates under strict New York State requirements and subject to the United States Postal Authorities.

Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.

Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year if desired.



Call at the Company's office or simply write and say "Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for March 22." In your letter be sure to give:

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

You will receive full information based on official reports regularly filed with the New York State Insurance Department. Writing places you under no obligation and no agent will be sent to visit you. The resultant commission-savings go to you because you deal direct.

It will pay you to get the Company's Official Booklet, "SOUND INSURANCE PROTECTION AT LOW NET COST," also official figures for your own age, on any form of policy.

Let the Company show you what there is in it for you—for your family. You can see just what you will get—what you will save. The POSTAL is paying more than a million a year in settlement of policy-claims, has \$40,000,000 insurance in force and resources of \$9,000,000.

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WM. R. MALONE, President 511 Fifth Ave., Cor. 43rd St., NEW YORK

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For Red Wing is a real man's wheel, made to fit your reach. It has a special 5 1/2" crank, interchangeable with the standard 7". So it will still continue to fit you—when you're years past the "boy's wheel" point.

Write for handsome illustrated catalog—and the nearest Red Wing agent's name.

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This high-grade sewing machine is built for a lifetime of service, equipped with up-to-date attachments, sold to Companion readers at a very low price, and delivered free at any freight station in the United States. Write for Free Booklet.

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Press the concealed safety-sealed button—"now dip, release"—time 2 seconds.

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New Parker Patented Clip held in place like a washer.

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Not a single drop of ink can get out. It's SAFETY-SEALED—escape is completely cut off because there are no holes in the wall—it cannot leak when carried flat, upside down—any position.

In case of accident to self-filling mechanism it automatically changes to a SAFETY-SEALED non-self-filler.

All sizes at nearest Parker dealer—\$2.50, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

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N. Y. RETAIL STORE—Woolworth Building

Means—no holes cut in wall of barrel—no openings, levers or rings where ink can get out to ruin clothes or linen.

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Every boy needs good, pure 3-in-One Oil to lubricate his roller and ice skates, bicycle, gun, fishing reel, automatic tools.

3-in-One makes all light mechanisms work smooth and easy. Never gums or dries out.

3-in-One is fine for baseball gloves and mitts. Keeps them soft and pliable. Makes the ball stick when you catch it. Preserves the leather—prevents rotting and ripping.

Sold at all stores—in the Handy Oil Can, 25c, also in 10c, 25c and 50c bottles.

FREE to every boy, a liberal sample of 3-in-One and Dictionary of Uses.

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This course was prepared especially for home training. Your idle evenings can be spent in pleasant reading that will give you a thorough high school training.

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New Service Bicycle
Speedy—easy running. Sturdily built of seamless steel tubing—triple truck tors. With motorcycle type, anti-skid, puncture-resisting tires. Beautifully enameled and striped. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. \$19.95 from Chicago. Write for our Bicycle Book—bicycles shown in colors! FREE! Address house nearest you.

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Send 2 Cents in U. S. stamps to pay postage and we will send you FREE SAMPLE COLLAR of our New Style "Copley." State size wanted, REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. N, Boston, Mass.

KINDLY "BURGLARS"

NOT long after Dr. Lyman Abbott had declined a call to a prosperous Congregational church in Meriden, Connecticut, and had told his parishioners in Terre Haute, Indiana, that he should remain with them, he had the following unusually pleasant experience with "burglars," which he describes in his entertaining Reminiscences:

At the other extremity of the city from our home, a mile away, was one of the finest places in Terre Haute, known as Strawberry Hill. One afternoon my wife and I were invited to take tea at Strawberry Hill. Tea was hardly over before the young man of the household brought word that an omnibus was outside waiting to take us home. It had come, he said, by his order, but he was surprised that it had come so soon. When we reached our house it was dark. To rouse the maid I began pulling the bell handle back and forth. Instantly the front door was flung open, our host and hostess of the evening stood in the open door to admit us to our home, the before-darkened house was ablaze with light and filled, hall, stairs, parlors, with members of the congregation.

When the following day I attempted to express my thanks in a note to the daily paper, I found myself almost as much at a loss as I had been in my impromptu address of thanks the night before. I finally hit upon the plan of writing a fanciful description of an invasion of my home by a body of burglars who had gained access to the house during the afternoon, had brought with them "a great quantity of plunder, evidently taken from other houses, not only bread, cake, jellies, ham, and other articles, under the weight of which my substantial dining table bent (literally bent, so that it had to be supported in the centre by a dry-goods box), but also a magnificent silver water pitcher and a coffee urn."

They also left behind them, I said, two hundred and twenty-five dollars, and a great variety of other articles of every description. The local readers, knowing the facts, understood the letter, but when a prosaic reporter in the East made a paragraph out of it, treating the incident quite seriously, I received from Eastern friends some letters of condolence, and, to correct misapprehension, wrote for the New York Independent a description of my ministerial experience in this mid-Western parish, where my salary was promptly paid, where I was treated justly and even generously by the tradesmen, where I preached temperance in a community cursed by drink, and liberty in a community pervaded by proslavery prejudices and "no one got up and went out of the church," where my people vied with one another in hospitality, and where I was writing this letter surrounded by Christmas fruits—"books for my library, silver both elegant and beautiful for my table, toys for my child, food for my larder."

THE PERILS OF POWDER WORKERS

SMOKELESS powder is made in sticks, something like macaroni. It goes through a number of processes, and for the sake of safety those processes are conducted in small buildings remote from one another.

In a New Jersey plant the powder is conveyed from one building to another on flat cars drawn by electric motor cars. Six one-hundred-pound open boxes are loaded on each flat car. The wheel trucks have to be blocked by a wooden bar, which the brakeman adjusts before the motor starts.

One day last spring a brakeman failed to adjust his wooden bar properly. The car was derailed and the powder was spilled down an embankment. No guard happened to be near, and as quickly as possible the brakeman and the motorman shoveled up the powder and put it back on the car. In a few minutes the load was delivered at the grinding house, and no one except the two men knew of the accident. Unfortunately, they had shoveled up some gravel with the powder. The three men in the grinding house heard the harsh crunching of the small stones as they passed through the rollers.

Every powder-mill employee receives minute instructions about what to do when anything goes wrong, and one of the three, following instructions, threw open the door to make a way of escape.

The crunching continued. One of the gravel-stones emitted a spark as the rollers crushed it. In an instant there was a great flash and a roar, and the building disappeared. Three blackened and mangled corpses were picked up. In order to save themselves from rebuke and perhaps from discharge, two workmen had sacrificed the lives of three other faithful men and placed the lives of thousands in jeopardy.

In a Delaware plant a young man operating a cutting machine, in which long sticks of smokeless powder are cut into shorter pieces, saw an iron nail coming down with the powder. He did not have time to stop the machine before the knives struck the nail. If he tried to snatch it out he might lose a hand. If he let it go nothing but a miracle could prevent an explosion, for the nail would be sure to give off a spark if struck by the knife.

There was only a fraction of a second in which to decide. With the coolness that characterizes those who spend their days in the presence of danger, he snatched the nail from under the knife and put it into his pocket. So quickly did he move that not even the skin of his hand was broken.

WAR FILMS

WAR films, says the Boston Transcript, have proved to be very useful to the French general staff, and presumably to those of the other fighting nations. Used only as an experiment at first, they have been of such practical value that the return of the cinematograph operator from his aerial reconnaissance is always impatiently awaited at headquarters.

The moving-picture man who volunteers for this work undertakes a very difficult and daring feat. He must be a master of his profession, have nerves of steel, and be willing to take great risks. More often than not he is obliged to fly at a low altitude, for otherwise his pictures would be without value. Many men who have gone out on those perilous expeditions have never returned.

The war films show the experienced observer a great deal that is going on behind the enemy's lines. The trenches are clearly visible. It is even possible to discern the men digging trenches or placing big guns in position. The cinematograph men have often brought back excellent pictures, taken from waterplanes, that show the movement of ships and the track of enemy periscopes.

"Gee—I wish I had one"

That classy Bicycle Tire is the Goodrich "Giant." Its thick, black tread is made of the same gristly rubber that is used in the famous Goodrich Automobile Tires.

This is the king-pin of Bicycle Tires.

There are other Goodrich Tires in a wide range of treads and prices.

Goodrich Bicycle Tires

The Palmer is the famous racing tire—it holds more world's records than any other.

The Commander has a bright red tread.

Ask your home dealer about these and other Bicycle Tires in the Goodrich line. A Goodrich Tire is the best tire you can buy—a worthy product of the world's largest rubber factory.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere
Makers of the Celebrated Goodrich Automobile Tires
—"Best in the Long Run"

"Dad, Why Don't We Have Bicycles?"

"There's Bob and his father going for a spin on their new wheels. Just think how fine it would be if we had bicycles.

"You could ride yours to the office every day, and I could go to school on mine. I wouldn't mind running errands for mother if I had a bicycle. And on Sundays we could go for long rides in the country.

"Wouldn't it be swell, Dad? And it would be great exercise, too."

But Be Sure You Get a MIAMI-MADE Bicycle

No other bicycle on the market has combined in one bicycle all the special features you find in MIAMI-MADE Bicycles. Light, yet sturdy enough to withstand the hardest wear, easy riding, perfectly balanced, and with an equipment that is the best that money and experience can produce, a MIAMI-MADE is the only kind you want.

There Are Four Lines of MIAMI-MADE Bicycles

The Miami, the Hudson, the Flying Merkel and the Racycle. Each one has special distinctive features that you will like. If there is no dealer in your city, fill out the attached coupon and we will send you one of our beautiful catalogs free.

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Even She Had Corns

Until a Little While Ago She Thought Them Unavoidable

If you have corns don't blame yourself too much. Many an old person has had them fifty years. Yet they have done what you do—pared them and used old-time, useless treatments. But what folly it is when nowadays about half the world keeps free. Just try one corn. Apply a Blue-jay plaster in a jiffy. Then forget it. It will never pain again. In two days take the plaster off. The corn will disappear. Only one corn in ten needs another application. The cost is five cents per corn. The trouble is a moment. The results are sure. You will laugh at the old ways when you try Blue-jay. You will wonder why people ever let corns hurt. Please start tonight. You have suffered long enough.

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Commonwealth Ave. and St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

THE LENGTH OF LIFE

SICKNESS and death have always existed in the world and always will so long as man's physical constitution remains what it is. The body is evidently intended to last only a certain time, although man himself has unquestionably greatly shortened the length of its endurance. The limit of threescore years and ten, set by the Psalmist, deprives us of many years that are our due. Students of longevity have established the rule that the animal body, including man's, should endure, barring accident, five times as long as it takes it to reach full maturity, as marked by the complete ossification of the bones. In man that period is about twenty years, and man should, therefore, live to round out a century. That he usually lives only a half or three quarters as long is his fault and the fault of his ancestors. A French writer once asserted that a man is as old as his arteries, meaning that the degenerative changes of old age were dependent upon or measurable by the degree of hardening of the arteries. That is undoubtedly true to a certain extent, but epigrams do not solve problems or even explain facts. It affords slight comfort to know that we are as old as our arteries if we do not know how to prevent them from aging prematurely. Fortunately, we do know many of the causes of the presenile degeneration that cuts us off before our time. Heredity counts for much. Some families are long-lived; in others, most or all of the members die young. That sounds hopeless, yet we can do much by hygienic living to lengthen our days even if we come of a short-lived family. More than that, we can transmit to our descendants a still higher degree of stamina. The other causes of early aging may be summed up in the one word excess—overwork, mental or physical, worry, overeating and even oversleeping. Moderation (not insufficiency) in all things—eating, drinking, working, playing, sleeping—is the secret of health and longevity.

UNCLE BILLY

EVERYONE in the community knew Uncle Billy, whom Rhoda, his seventy-year-old sister, described as a "preserved boy." The little old man's sixty years had subtracted all the hair from his head except a thin remainder of white silken fuzz on a level with the tops of his ears. The back of Uncle Billy's head looked like a big egg in a nest of wool; his face suggested a full moon on the disk of which two twinkling stars stood guard above a smile. Uncle Billy was always busy, and usually he was doing something worth while. One of his favorite expressions was, "Doing nothing is the hardest sort of work." Uncle Billy tried to like everyone, but he had little use for one of the neighbors named Bruton, whose wife worked the garden while he spent the day at the village store playing checkers and talking politics. But Uncle Billy had faith in other people. He often commented upon the fact that the persons we like best are usually those we know best, and one day he said to his sister, "Rhody, that man Bruton is all right; the fault was in my mind. I didn't look at him the right way." Uncle Billy was always hopeful. If he ever had the "blues," no one knew it except himself. Usually when two people meet, one says, "Good morning!" or "How-dy-do?" and the other replies, "Good morning!" or "How-dy-do?" When anyone greeted Uncle Billy,—morning, afternoon or night,—his response was always, "It's all right." If you suggested that the world is growing worse, the little old man shook his bald head vigorously and replied, "No, no, no, no! And even if it were, it would be our business to leave it better for the next generation." The fact that Uncle Billy was undersized caused some thoughtless remarks that would have hurt the feelings of another. But they did not hurt Uncle Billy's. He would say, with a laugh, "You can't hurt my feelin's," and go whistling about his business. Even the dogs recognized the little old man as their friend. More than once, when some thoughtless or cruel boy tied a tin can or a package of firecrackers to a dog's tail, the frightened creature ran to Uncle Billy for help and protection. No one ever heard Uncle Billy recite a creed, and no one ever heard him boast of what he had done, was doing or expected to do; but everyone knew that he was religious and that his life was clean and his heart was pure. Uncle Billy believed that people are affected by the language they use. One day one of his nephews spoke profanely in his presence. "Oh, my dear boy!" exclaimed the old man. "If you expect some day to get through the pearly gates and shout 'Glory!' you'd better begin now to shape your mouth for it." One blustering March midnight Uncle Billy's sister, Rhoda, leaned over him, placed her wrinkled hand gently on his brow, kissed his hot cheek and whispered, "Billy, the doctor says you cannot stand this pneumonia." Out of his eyes there came a twinkle, as of the stars, and, attempting to pat his old sister's cheek, he panted, "It's all right, Rhody; it's all right."



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2 of the 7

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

REUBEN need not have worried. Anna Miller was far from being disappointed in her homecoming. She was surprised and delighted at the warm welcome she received, and quite satisfied with everything she found. Her mother looked ten years younger than Anna remembered her; Mrs. Miller's hair was dressed prettily, her gown was becoming, her face cheerful and almost animated. The contrast between the home that she had left and the present one was great. Furthermore, the contrast between what she now found and the best that she had been able to get for herself through painful drudgery during her long absence added to her content. From the moment of her return the girl bloomed and thrived.

Although perhaps Anna was rather shallow, she was bright and gay, and more generally amiable than her intense sister. To the casual observer Anna, with her fairy yellow hair, — which Mabel Graham declared was bleached, — her merry hazel eyes and pink cheeks, was also much prettier than Rusty, although the thoughtful eye found the younger girl more attractive.

From the first, Anna liked her "kid sister," as she called her, although Rusty was half a head taller than she. Rusty had no intention of relinquishing her position as manager of the household into the hands of the newcomer. Indeed, Rusty had not shared equally in the general rejoicing at Anna's return. Perhaps the circumstances under which she learned of her sister's arrival had something to do with it. Supposing that the girl whom she had seen in the carriage with Reuben was Mabel Graham, she had gone home in a black mood—not a propitious time in which to receive so great a surprise. Although Rusty's first instinctive resentment at her sister's return lingered, she struggled against it; and largely because of Anna's astonishing good nature, the two got on fairly well. To herself Rusty admitted that she was the elder brother of the parable. She was ashamed, and yet—well, she had always been secretly sorry for that elder brother, and thought it mean that he should not have had a gold ring and a fatted calf.

However, she was glad of one thing: now that Anna was at home, her family could not refuse to let her go to Miss Penny's. Her father could no longer harp on the fact that he should thereby lose the only daughter he had left. Moreover, Miss Penny had rheumatism and needed her.

None the less, when she proposed it at dinner a day or so after Anna's return, dismayed silence fell upon the group round the table.

"Aw, Rusty!" cried Frank reproachfully, and was immediately echoed by Freddy.

"But, boys, I shall be home every single day," Rusty protested; "it won't be at all as it was at the other house."

"You won't be here to jolly us in the morning!" pleaded Frank.

"But Anna will."

Mrs. Miller sighed much in the old way. Her husband pushed back his plate disconsolately and told her she had given him too large a piece of pie.

Anna giggled. "Rusty still prefers rubes, Frank, though she has moved into the city," she said.

Rusty left the table suddenly.

"Anna, you'll have to be careful how you joke about Reuben to your sister," said her father kindly. "She's so fond of him that she'll flare up at a word, where you could say anything about her—even call her red-headed."

"Poor Rusty's nervous," returned Anna. "I'll be careful how I handle her, pa. She's a dear, anyhow."

"She hasn't been very well lately," said Mrs. Miller.

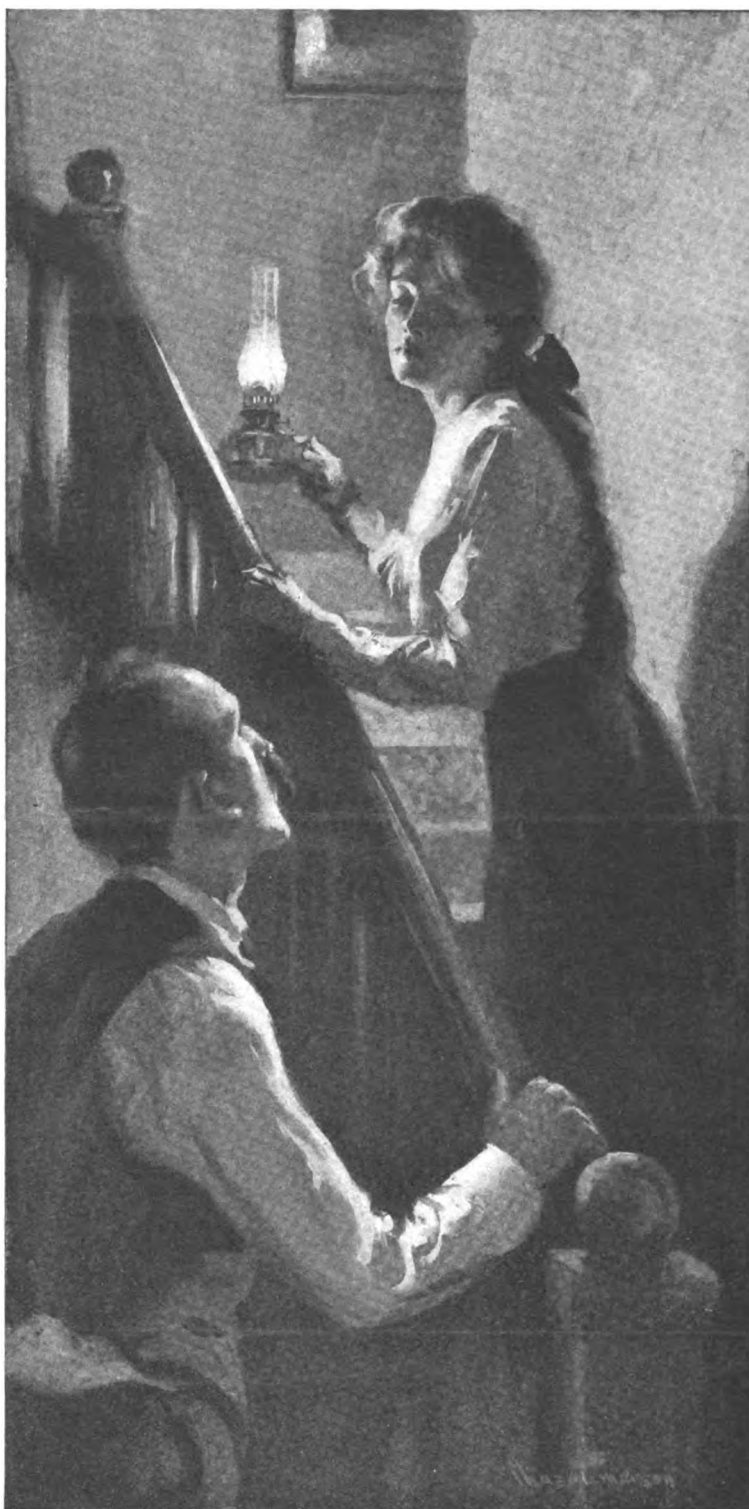
"She's considerable worked up about the prize at the academy that that fat

REUBEN'S PORTION

In Ten Chapters

By Joslyn Gray

Chapter Seven



DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON

"MIGHTY GLAD TO KEEP YOU WITH US, RUSTY, MY GIRL," HE SAID HOARSELY

Mabel Graham came way over from Wenham to take away from Farleigh children," said Seth Miller.

"If it's that, we can help her out," said Anna. "She ought to have all her time for study, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go over and help Miss Penny in her place—she seems to have that on her mind, too. I wouldn't do that sort of thing anywhere else, of course, but here in the country you can do it and be just as good as anyone else. How much does the old lady pay?"

"O Anna!" cried her mother, horror-stricken. "I wouldn't have Rusty hear you speak that way of Miss Penny for all the world! Do be careful, child!"

Mr. Miller was considering Anna's proposal. Although he was delighted to have Anna at home again, no one could take the place of Rusty with him. If he could not keep both girls all the time, he should prefer to lend Anna to Miss Penny. He praised the girl for her kind, sisterly thought, and that afternoon he spoke of the matter to Reuben.

The idea came to Reuben with a shock. He had counted a good deal on Rusty's coming back. He did not especially care for Anna, — if she had not belonged to the Miller family, he might even have disliked her, — and in any event he could not bear to think of her in Rusty's place; but if it were better for Rusty, as her father and mother both believed? They ought, he reflected, to know best. He made no comment, but agreed to speak to Miss Penny about it.

At first Miss Penny absolutely refused to consider the proposal. She liked Anna; indeed, she thought her very bright and attractive. When Anna had come to tea, she had seemed a handy little thing, and had helped clear the table and dry the china afterwards. But to give up Rusty for her? She would not think of it!

Of course, she said to herself, if it were true that Rusty was not well — Every time Miss Penny met Seth Miller he spoke of his anxiety about Rusty. As a matter of fact, the girl had for some time seemed somewhat

pale and languid, although she looked better now.

"I suppose it's that scholarship," Miss Penny said to herself one evening, "and that fat Graham girl." She turned suddenly to Reuben, who sat at the table with his book.

"Reuben, do you think Rusty would get more time to study if she stayed at home than if she came here?"

Frowning, Reuben thrust his hand through his thick hair, which looked black nowadays except in the sun.

"She does an awful lot of work at home, and still — I suppose she might get more time to study," he admitted. "For she's so fond of you and so anxious to do all she can that perhaps she keeps about more here. Of course she does a lot for her mother, too, only—well, I suppose it's different—in her own home."

"I suppose it is," admitted Miss Penny. "I'm sure I loved my parents, and wanted to help my mother, and yet I was quite another girl when I visited my Aunt Hetty." She laughed. "I used to get all worn-out and have to get home to rest."

Reuben still frowned. "I suppose," he said slowly, "that if she didn't want to do a thing at home, she'd say so."

Miss Penny rocked and rocked, and Mrs. Tramp, who liked a quiet lap, went disconsolately out into the kitchen. Reuben was wondering what Rusty herself really thought about the plan. Of course her father would not have suggested it without Rusty's approval; and if she wanted to stay at home, it was all right. Still, it was very hard to face such a change.

After talking the matter over again with Reuben at breakfast, Miss Penny decided that, if the others all thought it best, she would try Anna; but her heart was heavy, and so was Reuben's.

Seth Miller and his wife were pleased when they learned the decision, and Anna was soberly gratified; but somehow no one wanted to tell Rusty herself.

"Rusty's been boss so long that we don't any of us know how to make up our minds for ourselves any more," said her father.

"Get Reuben to tell her," Anna suggested; "she'll take anything from him."

That seemed a capital way out of the difficulty, and Mr. Miller promised to see Reuben directly. But the words were hardly out of his mouth when Rusty came in and announced that, since she was going over to see Miss Penny after tea, she could take some of her things along in a bag.

A silence followed her words, and everyone looked meaningfully at her father. He winked frantically at Anna to indicate that she had better do the talking; but Anna pretended not to understand.

When the pause became prolonged, Rusty looked inquiringly round the circle.

"Rusty," said her father, at last, "Miss Penny, having the rheumatiz, might want some one with her as could stay with her all the time—some one that don't go to school."

"Did she say that?" demanded Rusty.

"N-n-no, not just that," he faltered, "but —"

"But what, father?" the girl cried impatiently.

"Rusty," he began again deliberately, "we all felt that you ought to have more time to study, and—well, we want you should get that prize and go to college, though I don't know how we shall ever spare you. But—Anna here, not being in school, is willing to go over and help out Miss Penny and save your time and strength."

Rusty flushed deeply, and then became

very white. "But Miss Penny wants me!" she cried, astonished and hurt.

"Yes, Rusty, but she thinks she can get on with Anna," he said; and then, seeing that Rusty was taking it hard, he thought of Anna's suggestion. In his anxiety, he did not realize that he was not telling the exact truth.

"Reuben thought it might be better, you know, Rusty," he remarked in a conciliatory tone. "Of course there's Miss Penny with rheumatiz, and I guess Reuben's dreadful sot on your getting the prize away from Wat Graham's girl."

Rusty stared at him, whiter than ever. "Reuben said that?" she demanded.

"Why, not just them words, Rusty?"

"He said it was better to have Anna?"

"So he and Miss Penny seem to think, Rusty, all on account of that prize—oh, yes, and the rheumatiz!"

There was another pause, and then Rusty spoke.

"Oh, very well," she said quietly. "Then Anna had better go."

Rusty did not have to fly to her room to-day. She did not want to storm or weep. Her heart felt like ice. She hoped that it would stay frozen forever, because if it should melt it would ache. Her unwonted conduct deceived her family. They had been very uneasy, and now felt much relieved. Her parents noticed that she was strangely quiet all the evening but supposed that it was because Anna talked so much.

As Rusty went to her room that night, her father stopped her at the foot of the stairs.

"Mighty glad to keep you with us, Rusty, my girl," he said hoarsely.

Rusty nearly choked. At the head of the stairs, her mother waited.

"O Rusty, it didn't seem as if I could let you go!" she said, with a kind of pathetic humility.

Rusty tried to speak, then kissed her mother instead and hurried into her room. As she shut herself in, the coldness in her heart seemed to melt, and she gave way to tears.

But they did not ease the burden. Reuben had not wanted her back! He had chosen Anna. He preferred the pretty stranger to his old friend. After all these years! Well, of course two years were not many, but it was really a long time, and they seemed like the oldest friends! Oh, it did not seem that she could bear it!

Anna was pretty. She was dear and sweet and amusing, and she had no temper. It was undoubtedly a great relief to Reuben to be with some one who was not likely to burst into a rage and blow his head off at any moment. And Anna would never criticize him and pretend to wish that he were more like other boys who could not compare with him in any way. And yet—Reuben was not Reuben any longer if he were not a faithful friend.

Anna was established at Miss Penny's, doing her best, and school was going on steadily, before Reuben realized that anything was wrong. Rusty had chosen occasions to go to Miss Penny's when she knew that he was not there, and it was only when he walked home from school with her one night that he suddenly discovered that she was different. It almost seemed that in some unknown, inexplicable way he must have deeply hurt or offended her; but partly because he knew himself to be innocent, and partly from the way she carried herself, he decided that it could not be that. She did not seem vexed, only distant and perhaps scornful.

And although he searched his memory that night and many nights, Reuben found nothing to change his conclusion. He sometimes thought that he would question Rusty, but the question always froze on his lips. Her manner would not permit him to ask it. And more and more he inclined to the belief that it was not anything that he had done—it was just what he was and could not help. He was too old and stolid; Rusty was tired of his stupid companionship. She had proposed sending Anna to Miss Penny. It must have been largely because she did not want to see so much of him.

For the first time in his life Reuben was unhappy; but because he was naturally so serious, no one noticed it. He applied himself to his studies as never before. And meanwhile Rusty was trying to forget her own unhappiness in equally hard study. Whereupon a pace began to be set at the academy that warned Mabel Graham to look to her laurels.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN IMPROMPTU BULLFIGHT

By E. E. Harriman

WE had moved out to Minnesota in 1862. When we had been there ten years and I had reached the age of nineteen we had sixty-five acres under the plough and were fairly prosperous. As my brothers left home to begin life for themselves, more duties fell to my lot, until at last I had all the care of the live stock.

I liked to name all the animals. Among the cattle there was One-Horned Cherry, a cow that knew more sly tricks than a circus mule. Bughorn Daisy got her name from the fact that her horns, which came out in front and made a level circle until the points were not more than four inches apart, reminded me of the "pinchers" on large beetles. The others all had names, too, but I shall mention only the three steers—Dick, Judge and Barney—and the bull, Duke Timothy.

Dick was tall and red, with the manners of a gentleman. Judge had a white face and a look of almost human solemnity. Barney was black and white; and he was always ready to fight anything that wore hair. His belligerency did not extend to the human family, however, for he would let me walk up to him anywhere in the woods and ride him home. I named him one day after I had seen him whip a neighbor's steer that was half again as big as he. I was sure he was Irish.

Duke Timothy was a three-year-old Durham, large for his age and full of life. He had the springy walk of a deer and his head was

as I had finished my work I was going hunting, and my heart was light at the prospect. Father had allowed two days for the repair work, and was willing to let me have for myself all the time that I could save on it. I had figured that I could do the work in a day and a half; and I could get more fun out of half a day in those woods than the average boy of to-day could get in six.

I was blessed with a big body and strong muscles and with well-nigh perfect health. At that time I measured six feet one and a half inches and weighed one hundred and eighty pounds. Hard work, and play that was sometimes harder than the work, had toughened my muscles. My specialty was catch-as-catch-can wrestling, and all was grist that came to my mill. I never refused to wrestle any man that challenged me, regardless of his age, size and ability. There was no form of athletic sport practiced in the woods that I did not try, but, because I was rather heavy, I never could run or jump well. My brother Will said that I was a draft-horse build; it was true that I did draft-horse work most of the time.

About ten o'clock I heard sounds of trouble in the yard. I had just picked up a board for the bottom of the manger, when I heard Duke "swear," as I called it. That rumbling bass "Booo-uh!" meant war. Dropping the board I ran to the door to see what had disturbed him, and found him with his back to me, his head down and his hoofs sending the dirt up over his back in a shower.

The other cattle were staring at him in wonder. I could not make out what had angered him until I noticed Dick, the steer; he seemed to know what the trouble was, and was evidently prepared for some warlike demonstration from Duke.

He was halfway across the yard, standing quartering; but at the next challenge from Duke he turned until he faced him, although he still held his head high and looked more disgusted than angry. Again and again the deep "Booo-uh!" came from Duke; the bull was plainly working himself up to the fighting pitch.

I ran back to get a club from the broken scraps, but found nothing except a tapering piece of one-inch lumber about four feet long. As I raced back to the yard I realized that it was a very inadequate weapon, but it was all that I could get in a hurry. I shouted to Duke in an effort to scare him away from Dick; but the bull took it for the starting word and lunged furiously at his foe. Dick's head dropped like a flash, and I saw the muscles on his thighs roll and knot themselves as he met the bull squarely.

I knew that I had no business in that mix-up with such a weapon, and so I dropped it and ran for a pitchfork. There was none in the stable, and the only one in sight was up on the haymow, fifteen feet above me. From the sounds from the yard I knew that the struggle was becoming more furious, and I hurried back to the doorway to see how the battle fared.

The two beasts were very evenly matched, and their feet went ploughing through the damp soil of the yard. First one would get the advantage and then the other. Dick pushed the bull back against the east fence, and then Duke got Dick to slipping, and forced him almost across to the west fence. They tipped over the feed rack and the water barrels, smashed a bran-mash pail and knocked down a yearling that was trying to cross the yard.

The rest of the cattle watched the fight with as much interest as I did; Barney walked up until his head was within two feet of the belligerents and danced round to keep his relative position, as if he were the referee.

At last the battle began to swing in favor of Dick, chiefly because his adversary became so angry that he was almost crazy; shutting his eyes, the bull would rush blindly at the other. Once, when Duke was charging, Dick shifted his position just a little; the instant that Duke's head went past, the steer swung and caught the bull off guard. Dick had him then where he wanted him, with his horns against the other's neck, and in an instant he had whirled the bull half round and was at him in his most vulnerable spot, the flank.

It was all over except the shouting then, for Dick chased Duke round the yard at his best pace until I turned the bull into the stable and shut the door.

A wave of my hand in front of Dick was enough to stop him, and he stood still while I went up to him and looked him over for injuries. There was only one, and that was merely a scratch, which he had got when he knocked the feed rack over with a swing of his heavy hips.

After petting Dick for a moment I went into the stable; I intended to put a rope on Duke and lead him to another stable, where I would

leave him tied until he had repented of his sins. I fastened the door on the inside with an iron hook that I had to push down smartly in order to make it enter the staple. To unfasten the door I generally knocked the hook up with the handle of the pitchfork.

I had no sooner got the hook into the staple than I heard a rumble from Duke and, turning, saw him lower his head and start for me full tilt.

He was not more than ten feet away and I had little time to dodge. In fact, I stood still until he was within three or four feet of me; then I turned quickly on the balls of my feet and bowed my back.

He went past me so close that one horn caught in my half-buttoned waistcoat and ripped two buttons off. As his head hit the post at the side of the door a resounding thump, I sprang behind him to get him by the tail.

But I was not quite quick enough. He whirled to the right so swiftly that he almost cornered me, and I just managed to dodge his rush by throwing myself to the left so that I struck on my hands. My feet described a half circle and I came up nearly twice my length from the bull.

I tried to rush to the hay hole, but before I could reach it Duke had made a half turn and was skirting that side of the stable at full speed. Dodging to the left, I made a quick turn and was behind him. I tried again to get a grip on his tail, but was so far from succeeding that I very nearly ran on his horns as he whirled round at me. For an animal of his size he could turn with astonishing quickness. He made me think of the cow pony that the cowboy said could turn on a dime and have a nickel to spare.

It is easy to joke about it now, but it was far from seeming funny to me while it lasted. Every time I bowed my back to let one of those sharp horns pass my stomach nervous fear sent a sharp pain through my body. I was afraid that he would strike with a sidelong swing of his head and catch me full in the abdomen.

In quick succession he made half a dozen rushes at me, and I escaped them by efforts that wet my face with perspiration and made my legs begin to feel the strain.

I realized that, if I did not do something very soon to end the bull's attacks, in one of his quick turns he would catch me. As he rushed at me again I leaped as far to one side as I could, but I had to wait until he was close before I leaped, or he would have followed me so quickly that I should not have had time to recover for his charge.

He turned this time a little quicker than before, and again I had to shift like a boxer and bow my back as his head swept through under my breast. This time I did not recover as I should have and his shoulder hit my side. I grasped for his neck with both hands, as the only thing within reach, but missed my grip; my body whirled in a half turn, and I fell heavily on my right side.

I had no time to rise, for the bull, with an angry bellow, turned swiftly toward me. His great head was fairly over my body, and in an agony of desperation I reached for his nostrils with my right hand and closed my left hand on one of his horns.

I felt my thumb and two fingers sink into his nostrils, and, with a heave that took every ounce of strength that I had, I pushed his nose up and at the same time pulled down on the horn.

When his head was in the bent position that this manoeuvre gave it he could not use his horns on me, and he fought hard to free himself. I knew that this was the crucial moment and resolved that I would not relax that grip while I had any strength in me. Duke heaved his neck and stamped his feet, and all the while blew his breath over me like a hot blast from a furnace.

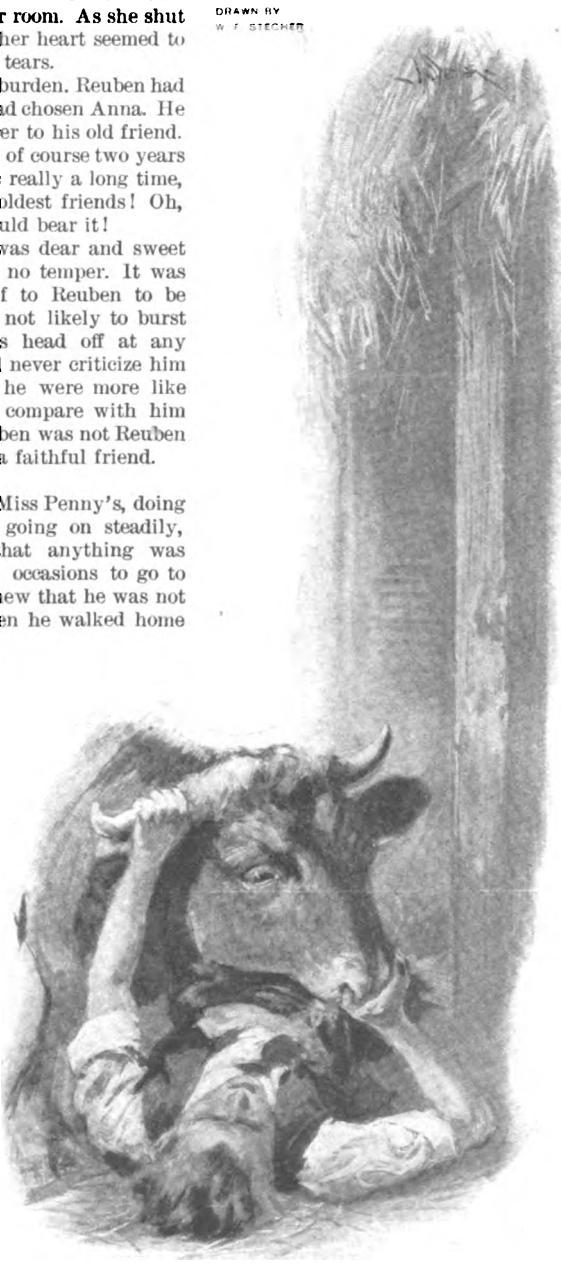
I struggled to my knees, and at once the bull dragged me halfway across the stable; then I rose to one knee and one foot, staggered to both feet and hung on while the creature swung me back and forth.

I had twisted his head halfway round, and held it across my left thigh; I had to bear down with all my strength on his right horn to keep his head in that position. Round and round we whirled on the wet planks; at times we got on the dry flooring next the haymow, only to swing back at the next jerk to the wet part.

I did not dare let go his nose or his horn for a second, but I knew that I must end the struggle soon, for my arms were beginning to feel the strain in the hollow of the elbow; presently they would begin to tremble from the long tension, and then they would lose strength rapidly.

Twice I tried to throw the bull by jerking his head suddenly when his feet hit the wet places, but each time he foiled me. Then I tried to turn his nose higher and to throw him as a cowboy throws steers—bulldozing, they call it; but his neck was too strong for me to twist it any farther, and I went back to my former methods.

Three times more I tried unsuccessfully to throw him by a sudden jerk on his neck. Then I managed to get him to turn in the opposite



I FELT MY THUMB AND TWO FINGERS SINK INTO HIS NOSTRILS

up high all the time except when he was grazing or challenging. He was a handsome animal, and I was very proud of him. He had never shown a sign of ugly temper to me or to my father, and we thought him perfectly safe.

One day in the fall I had begun the job of rebuilding the mangers and stalls in the long stable that took up the entire west side of our barn. The lumber was piled up against the north end, and left an open floor about twelve feet wide by fifty feet long, planked over and a little wet. Through the open door in the south end of the stable I could see the cattle in the cow yard, busy with a good feed of timothy hay and cornstalks.

I was whistling as I worked, for I was as happy as a boy of nineteen could be. As soon

of discovering yet much more in the future. Let us hope that man will learn to use all the great possible benefits of science, not for

perfecting engines of destruction, but rather for building up the basis for a nobler life in the years to come.

THE SINGLETON OAKS

By Samuel A. Derieux



IN khaki and leggings and broad-brimmed hat, Arthur Singleton stood halfway between the house and the road and directed three negroes who were ploughing deep for cotton. Three months ago he had come home from the state agricultural college to take charge of the plantation; and even in that short time the results of his vigorous administration were visible.

The old hedgerows that had once stretched from the mansion to the big road had been cut; the site of the flower garden had been ploughed under; an avenue of half-dead trees had been removed and the driveway narrowed. Only the Singleton oaks remained. They bordered the road on either side for a quarter of a mile. Their rugged outlines were softened now by the filmy green tracery of early spring. On the topmost branch of the tallest tree a mocking bird poured out his joy to the morning.

As Arthur's father, Maj. Francis Singleton, came out on the big white-columned portico and took his seat in the sunlight, he turned toward him. Then with a final look at the three negroes, who were shouting at their mules and who were ploughing faster than they had ever ploughed before, he strode toward the house. The major smiled as his son came up on the portico. Arthur leaned against one of the columns and looked at his father.

The young man cleared his throat. "I have decided," he said, "that those oaks out there on the road must go."

The old gentleman grasped his stick tighter and, with challenging eyes, glanced up from underneath his broad hat. "Why?" he demanded.

"They shade the cotton, father. Their roots rob the soil. The lumber company will pay well for them cut and hauled, and we need the money to meet the note for fertilizer."

"Why, Arthur, do you know, sir, that those trees have been famous for two centuries, that travelers from afar have praised them, that Gen. Marion in the Revolutionary War used to rest his forces underneath them?"

"I know all that, father, but —"

"All these years," continued the major, not heeding the interruption, "they have blessed tired man and beast. Now that the forests are cut, they form an oasis along a blazing road. To cut them, sir, would be sacrilege!"

"That's sentiment, father."

"Yes, sir," admitted the major, "it's sentiment."

"Don't you think that sentiment has cost us enough in the past, father?"

Arthur flushed and checked himself. Perhaps he had gone too far. Under his father's mismanagement the original plantation had sadly dwindled. Notes signed without question for army comrades in need and for distant relatives had consumed hundreds of acres. In Arthur's opinion sentiment had been the old gentleman's besetting weakness, and he had come home firmly resolved to fight it. The fight was on, and he must win.

"You see, father," he continued, "we have to meet that note for fertilizer. You can't meet a note these days with anything except money. As for the oaks, I love them as much as you."

The major smiled a little bitterly. "Do you?" he asked. "You do not remember your mother well, Arthur. She died when you were quite young. She loved those trees. When she was a slender bride she used to walk under them. After you learned to toddle she took you out there." The major smiled. "Such a tiny tot under such giant trees—I see it all again. Those trees are entwined with the life of your ancestors. They —"

"Father!" Arthur interposed, more deeply moved than he would admit to himself. "You are getting away from the matter in hand. The note! I say we must meet the note!"

"Can it not be renewed? I know the president of the bank well. He comes of a good family."

"O father, you know nothing of modern business! A note promptly met means ready credit in the future, and that means everything to us! I have just begun this

work. I must, I will, see it succeed—unless you, father, tie my hands with sentiment!"

"Are your hands so easily tied?" asked the major serenely.

Arthur flushed angrily. The impossibility of standing on common ground with his father in these matters stung him to a sort of desperation. He took a step forward and looked straight into the major's eyes.

"I took charge of the plantation under an agreement, sir. That agreement was that in matters of this sort I was to have my way. You said at the time it was a gentlemen's agreement, and —"

"Have a care, young man!" cried the major. "I do not need you to remind me that a gentlemen's agreement is binding. I might remind you, though, that there are certain tacit considerations—that a gentlemen's agreement is not to be pushed to its technical limits. If so, it ceases to be a gentlemen's agreement."

"There's the note," Arthur said grimly. "Nothing except money will satisfy the note. I appeal to our agreement."

The major rose from his chair and, straightening his bent shoulders, looked Arthur steadily in the eye. "Do you interpret the agreement as meaning that you have a right to cut those trees?"

"Emphatically I do!"

"Then the oaks shall be cut. Hank!" he called to an old negro who just then came round the corner of the house. "Tell the boys first thing in the morning to get at those oaks along the road."

"What you gwine do wid 'em, suh?" asked Hank.

"Cut them down."

"Cut 'em down! Cut 'em!"

The old negro's jaw dropped in blank amazement, and his eyes suddenly grew big.

"They shade the cotton, Hank."

"But cotton grow up in a year, suh!" pleaded Hank, twisting his limp hat as if it were a rag. "It take a t'ousand years to grow dem trees."

"The matter's settled. Tell the boys."

Hank, mumbling to himself, hobbled down the steps. The major went into the house.

Dinner that day was eaten in silence. Old Mandy, the cook, as she waited on the table, now and then cast angry glances at Arthur. Hank always sought the kitchen with his griefs and indignation. Arthur knew that most of the silent rebellions against his régime originated in the kitchen.

"I am going to Charleston this afternoon, father," said Arthur, when the meal was over. "I shall now be able to meet the note. It removes a burden from my mind."

"I am glad the burden is removed," replied Maj. Singleton. "You have worked hard, my boy."

That afternoon Arthur drove to the station and took the train for Charleston. He was going to attend to business, that was true; but if he had looked deep into his heart he would have discovered that he was in fact running away. He did not want to be with his father that afternoon, and he did not want to see the trees come crashing down in the morning.

Once in the city, however, his feelings changed. Here was life and stir and business. He walked briskly uptown. The sight of the cadets drilling in Citadel Square thrilled him. Like him these were clean-cut young fellows, members of a new generation, practical and

efficient. With a touch of pity he thought of his father and the old generation that had dreamed away their lives.

He had turned into King Street when a touring car, spattered with mud and with a trunk strapped on behind, passed him. The driver turned suddenly and waved his hand to him. It was Fred Graham, an old college friend from the upper part of the state, in whose home he had spent Thanksgiving. Beside Fred sat Mary Graham, with her veil flying out behind. The car turned to the curb and stopped, and Arthur hurried toward them.

"Climb in," commanded Fred, as they shook hands. "We are taking our spring-vacation trip. You must eat supper with us to-night."

As the car moved on, Mary Graham turned half round to him. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes dancing. "You can't guess whom we saw this afternoon," she said. "We saw your father! I'm sure it was he."

A skeptical snort from her brother indicated that he was less certain.

"It was your father, wasn't it?"

"I don't know," said Arthur, laughing. "Where was he and what was he doing?"

Mary turned round and rested her little gloved hand on the back of the seat. "About

forty miles back on the road, near Eutawville, we passed him. He and an old negro were walking along the road under a grove of trees. It was your father, wasn't it?"

With a sober face Arthur nodded assent. Mary turned to her brother triumphantly.

"I told you so," she said. "For one thing, Arthur, he looked like you."

At that moment Fred stopped the car in front of the hotel, and the conversation was interrupted. A few minutes later the three went into the large white dining room; they had it almost to themselves, for the winter tourists had departed and the travel to the coast had not begun.

"Now," began Arthur, when they had ordered supper, "tell me about father."

The girl leaned forward eagerly. "We had been driving through a level, dreary country, when we suddenly ran into an enchanted spot. On both sides of the road grew great, wonderful oaks that met overhead. I just made Fred slow down. Then I saw across the fields the old mansion with its white columns and the other houses grouped round. I remembered your description of your home, and I told Fred I believed that was the very place!"

"You haven't said anything about father yet," Arthur said.

"Oh, that's the best of all! Your father and an old negro, both bareheaded, were walking under the trees. They did not hear us coming. Now and then they stopped and looked up at the trees like children, and your father pointed out something with his cane. In the afternoon sunlight the whole scene was magical."

"She's full of sentiment," said Fred, laughing. But Arthur was wondering whether, after all, sentiment was not one of the best things in the world.

"They both bowed low as we passed," Mary went on. "When I looked back they had continued their walk. You know I had a strange feeling. I felt that the old gentleman and his servant were in some sort of trouble, and that I should like to serve them."

There was another burst of laughter from Fred. The waiter was coming toward them at last, balancing his tray; but Arthur, rising suddenly, glanced at his watch.

"Perhaps you have served them," he said gently to Mary. "I hate to break away like

this, but I've got to go home, and I have only ten minutes to catch the train."

"Oh!" cried Mary. "There was nothing the matter, really there wasn't. Your father looked well and ruddy. I didn't mean —"

"I know," Arthur replied, with a smile. "There is nothing serious. I just feel that I ought to go. This train is the last chance until to-morrow afternoon."

"Now, what's all this?" demanded Fred, rising with his napkin in his hand. "Mary, you have played thunder with the delicate feelings of our one-time all-star tackle. Are you really going, Arthur? Well, it looks like a case of temporary insanity, but I'll take you to the station in the car. I'll be back in ten minutes, Mary."

Arthur shook hands with Mary, and the two young men hurried out of the dining room and to the garage. Then Fred drove swiftly to the station; the two jumped out and ran through the waiting room to the shed. The train was pulling out. The gates were closed.

Fred put his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Nothing serious, old man, is it?"

"Oh, no," replied Arthur.

"Taken this way often?"

"No—not often enough."

They went back and had their supper. Then all three took a walk through the city. When they said good night in the lobby at the hotel, Mary came close to Arthur.

"What was the matter?" she asked, with a serious look on her face.

For a moment Arthur was on the point of telling her about the trees, and then he said, "Why, I just thought of something that I ought to attend to—nothing serious."

Arthur crawled wearily into bed, but he could not sleep. Now that the sounds of the street were silent the picture of old Hank and his father taking their last walk under the trees became more and more vivid in his mind. He went over again and again his conversation with his father that morning. He knew that he had over-emphasized the importance of meeting the note—that he could renew the note without much hurting his credit.

His father's words about the agreement recurred to him. Had he not overstepped the bonds of a gentlemen's agreement in insisting that the trees his father loved be cut? The trees themselves seemed to rise before his eyes in long, stately lines—giants that had battled a hundred tempests. He could see them prostrate now, with only the ugly stumps to mock the spot they had blessed.

Midnight struck—one o'clock—two o'clock. In four hours the destruction would begin. Through his window he could see the moon, shining bright. Was his father looking at the oaks now in the moonlight for the last time?

Springing out of bed, Arthur Singleton turned on the light and dressed. He hurried down the silent hall to Fred's room. He knocked on the door until at last Fred, frowzy-haired and blinking, opened it. Fred looked at his friend with unfeigned astonishment.

"Another fit?" he asked.

"Fred," said Arthur, "I am going to ask a favor of you. Will you take me home?"

"When?"

"Now."

"What for?"

"I must go, Fred, I must."

"Arthur Singleton," said Fred seriously, "you used to be a sensible fellow, or at least I thought so; but if you aren't acting like a crazy person now, I'm crazy myself. I don't understand you, but I'm game. I'll take you home."

Fred began to dress.

"Now," he continued, when he had put on his coat, "I'll tell Mary. If she wakes up and finds I'm not here, she'll be worried."

He was gone for some time, and when he returned he said, "Mary insists on going, too; she'll be along in a minute. It's catching, Arthur, this complaint of yours. I feel it coming on myself."

Day was breaking when they came in sight of the oaks. Arthur had told Mary and Fred why he wanted to get home, and Fred, although he had laughed, had driven like a

madman. Up the driveway they sped to the big porch. Hank came round to meet them.

"Where is father?" Arthur demanded eagerly, as he climbed out of the car.

"He riz early, suh," replied the old negro coldly. "He walked off dat way." Hank pointed in the direction opposite the oaks.

"He couldn't stand to see them cut," said Mary softly to Arthur, and her eyes were bright with happiness. "Oh, he'll be so happy now!"

"It's cold and damp for him to be out," Arthur said to Hank.

"Me and Mandy done



DRAWN BY MAY AIKEN



"ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD GREW GREAT, WONDERFUL OAKS THAT MET OVERHEAD."

wrapped him up, suh," the old negro replied. "Me and Mandy been a-lookin' arter him for twenty year, suh."

"The trees are not to be cut, Hank," said Arthur. "Tell the boys to go on with the ploughing."

"What dat, Marse Arthur?" cried Hank. "What dat I hear you say, suh? De trees, de trees!" His face was trembling with joy.

"They are not to be cut down."

"Mandy, Mandy, whar are you, ol' woman? Is you deaf?"

Hank hobbled toward the kitchen.

Arthur turned to his friends. "I think I know where father's gone. There's an old negro in a cabin in those woods. He went through the war with father."

"We'll follow!" cried Mary. And the three started by a path across the fields.

The sun had risen bright when they reached the cabin. Maj. Singleton heard their steps and came out to meet them.

"Father," Arthur drew himself up like a

soldier making his report, "I came home to save the Singleton oaks."

The major glanced quickly at the faces round him. "But how about the note?" he asked.

"I exaggerated the importance of meeting the note now," he said. "We can renew it, of course. I wanted to have my own way, sir."

Arthur turned to Mary. "She changed my mind, sir. This is Mary Graham. You have heard all about the Grahams."

As Maj. Singleton bared his head, the sun glistened on his silvery hair. He took the girl's hand and looked into her eyes.

"My dear young woman," he said, "if Arthur had not changed his purpose in your presence, he would not have been a son of mine."

Arthur took a deep breath of the morning air. The tears were not far from his eyes. For as he looked at the old gentleman and the young woman, he knew that something of his father's sentiment lived in his own heart, and he thanked God for the heritage.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock

In Eight Chapters

Chapter Six

WHEN Tom fell into the stream he was so completely dazed that he scarcely struggled. The water was not deep, but he could not stand against the fierce current that swept him helplessly along. The place was pitch black, and the roaring of the water almost deafened him. He was being carried along at a faster and faster pace; he dashed against a rock, whirled off again, and then shot with frightful speed down what seemed like a cataract.

The fall lasted for only a second or two, and then he found himself struggling in calm and shallow water. Regaining his wits a little, he managed to get on his feet. The water was knee-deep and icy cold, and all round him was thick darkness. The hollow roar of the falling water echoed from walls of rock.

"Ellis! Ellis! Wilson! Help!" he shouted wildly. He had a dazed idea that his two companions had fallen with him. The thunder of the cataract drowned his voice. Again and again he shouted, but he heard no answer.

Putting his hands cautiously before him, he started to explore his prison. He could feel no walls on either side or a roof above him. He took a step or two, and still felt nothing. This cavern was evidently big, but how big he could not guess.

Still thinking of his friends, he waded about with his hands extended, fearing or hoping to touch a drifting body; but he found nothing, and as he remembered his fall more clearly he realized that his first cry must have given Wilson and Ellis ample warning.

When he knew that he was utterly alone, beyond help, far underground, and with no apparent way of getting out again, panic almost overcame him. The horror and desolation of that moment were such as he had never felt before. His head swam; his throat choked. He made a few wild steps through the water, and then, afraid of falling into some new trap, stopped.

"Come, now!" he said to himself. "I've got to keep my head."

In his mind he went over again the exact circumstances of his fall. The subterranean river could not have carried him many rods before he entered the cavern where he had regained his feet. His friends were probably now anxiously peering into the hole where he had gone down. The thought gave him energy; he knew that they would not desert him so long as there was any hope. And there was one ray of hope for him. If he could go back as he had come, if he could reach the spot where he had fallen in, his companions could surely haul him up to where they stood.

The intense darkness and the rush of water had confused Tom's sense of direction, so that he no longer had any idea where the stream entered the cave. He waded about, trying to find the place, but only became more completely bewildered. At last he bumped into the wall of the cavern. It was of rough rock, dripping wet. When he turned back, his head struck sharply on a hard, jagged object suspended in mid-air—evidently a stalactite hanging from the roof of the cave.

By following the wall, Tom at last came to the place where the stream entered the chamber. It seemed to come out from a sort of tunnel, and when he started to wade against its current he realized that its bed ran sharply uphill. This was the cataract down which he had shot. The water did not come up to his waist, but the floor was so smooth and slippery and the current so strong that he had hard work to keep his feet. Indeed, he had not gone more than two or three yards when he lost his balance. Gasping and half choked, he was whirled down into the cavern again.

Picking himself up, he returned to his task. Escape was going to be harder than he had

expected, but he was grimly determined to succeed.

Leaning forward and bracing himself against the force of the water, he managed to get nearly twice as far as the first time. Then his foot went into a hole; he stumbled, and in another instant he was being swept helplessly down into the cavern.

But he was not discouraged. He had almost made the distance, and felt sure that the next time he should succeed. After resting for a short time he once again attacked the chute. Keeping close to the edge, and clinging with his fingers to every irregularity in the wet wall, he worked his way upward foot by foot; he had gone far past the place he had reached before, when a louder roar of water sounded ahead of him.

The next instant he found his path blocked by a big boulder that half choked the tunnel. When he tried to go round it, he met a rush of water so fierce that it lifted him off his feet; he would have gone down if he had not caught a firm grip in a deep crevice of the boulder.

Clinging desperately with his hands, he found his footing again. The water poured round the boulder in a torrent waist-deep. Tom, beaten and choked, made a last feeble attempt to breast the raging stream, lost his footing and was instantly swept downward.

This time he nearly drowned, for when he reached the quieter water in the cavern he was so thoroughly chilled and exhausted that for a moment he could not get to his feet. At last, however, he managed to raise himself and to stagger to the wall of the cavern, against which he leaned heavily.

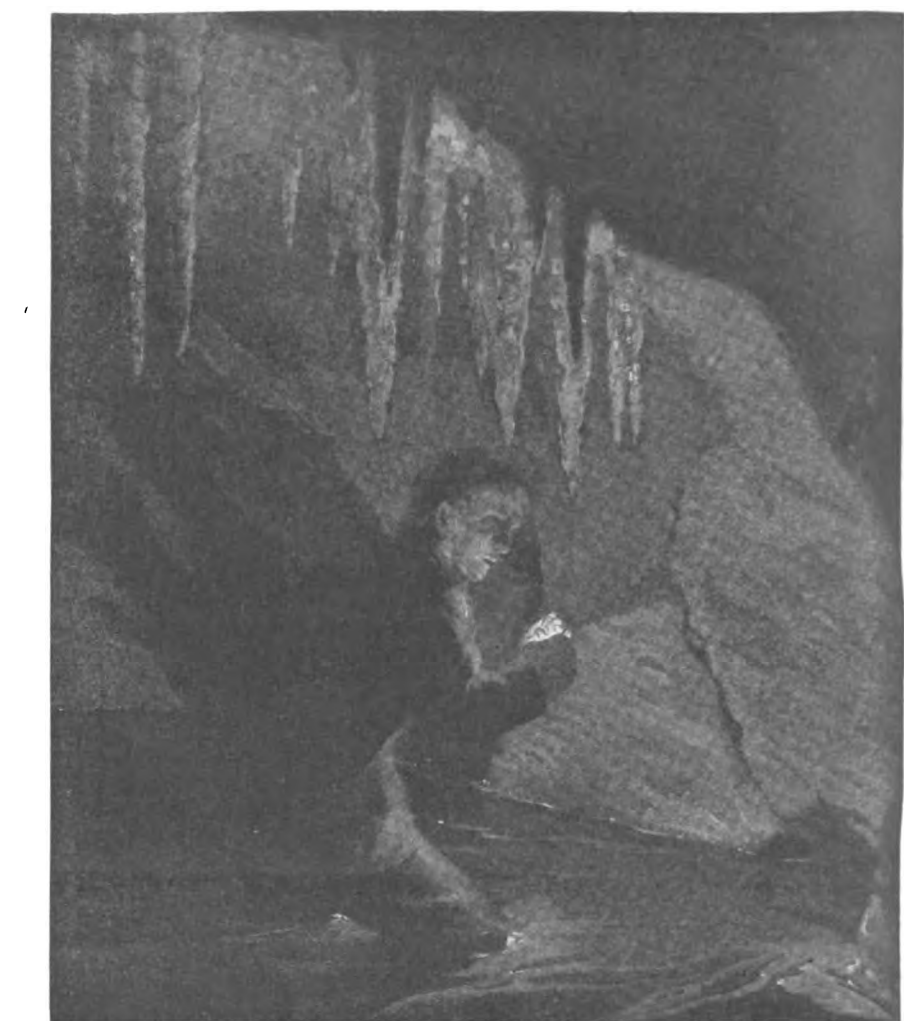
As soon as he had got back a little strength he felt round for some spot where he could rest. By good luck he found a place where the wall shelved a little at the bottom, and he sat down in about three inches of water. Leaning back, he closed his eyes. He was so badly shaken up, so much bewildered by the darkness and the noise and the strangeness of his surroundings, that for a while he could not think. The whole experience seemed as unreal and horrible as a nightmare. Nothing seemed true—not even his numbed and aching limbs.

After a time, when his brain had begun to clear a little, he thought of his match box. It was supposed to be waterproof, but could its contents possibly have remained dry? He got it out and opened it. By the feeling the eight or ten matches that it still contained were quite dry; but the trouble was to find anything dry enough on which to strike them.

The rocks, his clothing, the outside of the box itself, were dripping wet, and there seemed to be no chance of drying any of them. He tried to strike a match on the roughened end of the box; it spat a blue flicker and went out. Wiping the box with his hands he held it next his skin for some minutes. Another match failed to light. Again he warmed the box, and then struck a third match. To his delight a clear blaze flared up.

By the light of the match he saw the eddying black water and the seamed and fissured wall of rock behind him; the cavern was too wide, however, for him to see the other side. Over his head hung clusters of weird and jagged stalactites, like huge icicles of rock. In a moment the flame of the match died down to a tiny red ember.

Although he longed to light another match, he would not let himself, for he knew that he must use them sparingly. Moreover, now that he had seen his prison and knew what was round and above him, he did not feel the same terror of the place that he had felt before. He tried to remember what he had heard of subterranean streams. He knew that they were common in the numerous caves of the southern mountains; indeed, nearly all of the caves have been hollowed out by water. But the stream



DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS

BY THE FLARE HE SAW THE TOP OF A TRIANGULAR OPENING ONLY A FEW INCHES ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER

that had carried him into this chamber probably began its course above ground, and he thought that probably it came to the surface again; but he could not be sure of that. It might go deeper and deeper, and finally lose itself in the depths of the earth.

As he thought over the situation he became sure of one thing: the cavern he was in must have an outlet, for otherwise the stream would have completely filled it. That outlet he must find. After resting for some time, Tom began to grope along the wall of the cave. He thought that the outlet would most likely be nearly opposite the intake, and he counted on the pull of the current to tell him when he approached it. He felt his way along by inches until a strong suction round his legs told him that the water was escaping near by; but when he passed his hands over the wall he could find no opening. Perhaps the river went out through a hole in the floor.

In deathly fear of dropping into another deep pit, he took out his match box again. Two matches failed before he obtained a light. Then by the flare he saw the top of a triangular opening only a few inches above the surface of the water. The eddy round the hole showed that a strong current was setting through; the outlet was almost entirely below the surface.

Tom's heart sank. With his feet and his hands he explored the opening under water; it seemed scarcely more than a yard wide, and, worse still, the tunnel led downward at a sharp angle, as if the river were flowing into the bowels of the earth.

At that discovery Tom nearly gave up hope. It seemed little better than suicide for him to plunge into that narrow sluiceway. He knew that if he went down through that tunnel he could never return even to the cavern.

Hoping that there might possibly be some other way out, he groped all round the edge of the cave. Except for the two holes that formed the intake and the outlet, however, the wall was unbroken.

In despair Tom found his resting place again and, huddling himself up, tried to think. He could see no chance of getting back to the daylight. As he crouched there, chilled, numb and sick at heart, he sank into a state of dull lethargy.

He must have fallen into a sort of sleep, for he suddenly awoke from a hideous dream; but the rest had done him good. His head felt clearer and his nerves steadier. He knew that he should perish if he stayed where he was. It could be no worse if he passed into some cavern a hundred feet deeper. And there was a chance that the outlet might lead to the open air.

With a coolness that almost astonished him, he decided to trust himself to the narrow outlet. He groped his way to the opening, buttoned his coat tight round him and placed himself squarely in front of the tunnel. The current was so strong that he knew he should go through the opening like a bullet. Then, with the thought that he was perhaps performing his last conscious act, he launched himself foremost into the outlet.

The rushing current sucked him down—down: there was a deafening roar in his ears.

He had put his arms over his face to protect himself, but the racing stream scraped him against the roof of the passage and pounded him against the sides.

But his ordeal did not last long. In a few seconds he found himself drifting round and round in a shallow eddy, with a thousand sparks flashing before his eyes. When he struggled to his feet the water was only knee-deep. As he got the water out of his eyes he found to his joy that he could see something of his surroundings.

The light was very dim, it is true, but after the intense darkness of the other cavern it seemed very cheerful. He was in a long, narrow cavern; he could make out very faintly the stalactites on the roof. And suddenly he realized with a thrill that he could see the stalactites at the lower end of the cavern even more distinctly. Wild with hope, he began to run down the bed of the stream. Within twenty paces or so the water poured through a low, rock-heaped fissure. Stumbling and slipping, Tom scrambled through.

"Daylight! Daylight!" he cried almost hysterically.

The cavern in which he found himself was light; after the subterranean darkness he felt almost blinded, and for a while he stood blinking. When he could look round him, he saw a great wide chamber, with a forest of stalactites hanging so low that he had to stoop under them. The floor was of gravel, and the stream, which seemed to have lost its ferocity, spread mildly over it a few inches deep.

The stalactites and the walls were of a pale reddish and amber color, with a glow and lustre that Tom subconsciously recognized; but at that moment he did not think of the rocks. All his thoughts were centred on the lower end of the cave, where he saw a green glow.

Knocking his head recklessly against the points of the stalactites, he ran toward the gleam of bright light. He was not disappointed. The stream flowed out of the cavern through a tangle of laurel and shrubs that partly choked the opening. Tom tore his way through them, and emerged in a deep, narrow gorge that was overgrown with trees. Their leaves dripped with dew. Over his head the sky was growing blue with early dawn.

Then came the reaction. Tom's knees weakened and he collapsed on the gravel. All his strength seemed to leave him, but he felt such happiness as he had never known before in his life.

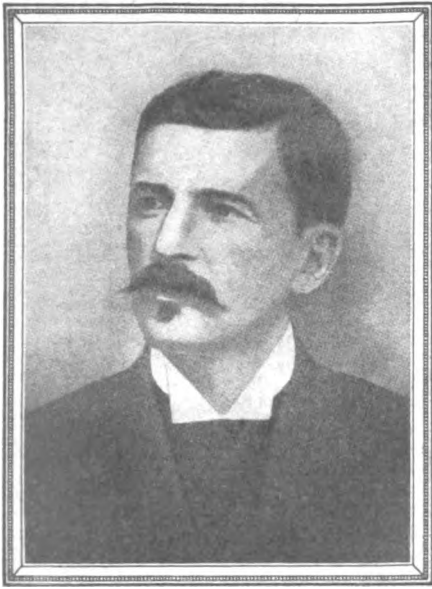
After a while he picked himself up and stumbled feebly down the gorge. He had not gone ten yards when he heard a shout. Ellis and Wilson were rushing toward him. Tom stopped and tried to shout in answer, but he could hardly bring out a sound.

"Tom, Tom, old chap!" cried Ellis, as he ran up. "What have you been through?"

Tom stammered, and waved his hand toward the mouth of the cavern through which the stream poured.

"Cave onyx! Cave onyx!" he cried thickly, and then suddenly collapsed at their feet.

TO BE CONTINUED.



WENCESLAO BRAZ, PRESIDENT OF BRAZIL

FACT AND COMMENT

BE gentle, but like the nettle, which is not so gentle that it is trampled on.

Read all the Books on every Shelf—
But do your Thinking for yourself.

ADVERSITY sometimes gives a man courage; prosperity too often takes it out of him.

DO you think of bobwhite as a song bird? Probably not; but the Ohio Legislature has decided that he is, frankly because, knowing that he eats enormous numbers of destructive insects, it wishes to protect him permanently by casting over him the broad mantle of the law.

ON account of the high price of leather, *subots*, or wooden shoes, are in such demand in England that an English firm has had to decline a Belgian order for one hundred thousand pairs. The mill workers and the school children are taking again to the clogs that were worn in earlier times. Those for children cost about seventy-five cents a pair.

ARTIFICIAL irrigation for the cultivable lands in the French Alps and a greatly increased use of the water power of that region have brought about remarkable results. The lure of the city had left the mountain farms almost deserted, but the natural wealth of the land has been made so easily available that both the villages and the farms have been repopulated with an industrious and intelligent farming class.

OLD cypress trees are often attacked by a fungus that leaves the heart wood pitted and perforated with minute holes. The wood from such trees is called pecky cypress, and until recently has been almost worthless. Lately, however, architects have discovered its decorative value for interior finish, especially where an antique effect is sought. In consequence pecky cypress is in great demand and bids fair to become the Cinderella of the whole cypress family. Builders are even offering special prices for the "peckiest" specimens.

THE higher price of foodstuffs has been used as a practical and very convincing argument that we should eat less. Most of us believe that we eat too much, but do we realize how much we do eat in a lifetime? A man of science estimates that "the average man" of seventy-five years has eaten fifteen hundred times his own weight. The bread would make a pile like a house, the meat would fill many freight cars, the vegetables would make a trainload, fish and sugar would fill other cars, and the eggs would make the man blush to look a hen in the eye.

AS one result of the war, the nonconformists of Great Britain look forward to greater power and influence; for the active advance of democracy has brought many of their members into the highest public offices. Mr. Lloyd George, who is a Baptist, is the first nonconformist in actual membership in a free church to become prime minister. Moreover, the new ministry, instead of being composed almost wholly of members of the Church of England, as was the case in the old days, has another Baptist, besides Mr. Lloyd George, three Methodists, two Congregationalists, two Presbyterians and one Unitarian.

THE toys that our grandparents played with were few and mostly made at home. In 1859, according to census figures, there were only twelve toy-making establishments in the United States. The value of their product was \$184,000, whereas the value of the imported toys was \$353,000. By 1914 the number of our toy-making establishments had increased to 280, and they were making goods worth \$13,757,000, yet in that same year we also imported toys worth \$8,307,905. But is the child

of to-day any happier with his toys, and does he get any more out of them than the child of sixty years ago got out of his few simple playthings?

☪ ☪

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR

TWICE before in the history of the United States a President has taken his oath of office in a time of grave national peril. James Madison entered upon his second term one hundred and four years ago—nine months after war had been declared against Great Britain; and the issue of the war was then uncertain. Abraham Lincoln began his first term fifty-six years ago—eleven weeks after South Carolina had seceded; and already six other Southern States had taken the same step. Let us recall a few words of each of those fathers, solemnly spoken at his inauguration.

"On the issue of the war," said Madison, "are staked our national sovereignty on the seas, and the security of an important class of citizens whose occupations give the proper value to those of every other class. Not to contend for such a stake is to surrender our equality with other powers on the element common to all, and to violate the sacred title that every member of society has to its protection." Although the present situation is not quite like that which confronted Madison, Madison's language is tremendously suggestive.

Lincoln devoted his inaugural address to a calm discussion of the futility of secession, addressed to those in the South who "still love the Union." But this sentence from the address is far from being inappropriate at the present time: "Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty."

The administration that has just been placed in office owes its power to a party triumph; but it is none the less the administration of the United States and of every citizen. And just as in the times of Madison and Lincoln, who also were chosen as the representatives of parties, the honor and integrity of the nation required that the whole people support the administration, so now the honor and integrity of the nation require that the whole people support the present administration. Let those who think that they can range themselves in opposition to measures of defense and of vindication of national rights without leaving a stain upon their names remember the odium that still clings to the supporters of the Hartford Convention and to the "Copperheads" of our Civil War.

But suppose the President makes mistakes—must we stand by him then? Yes, although we need not defend the mistakes. Of course he will make them. No man is infallible. We can only hope that they will be few and harmless; and when he makes them, let our criticism be friendly. He must be our leader. He can be neither deposed nor recalled. For better, for worse, our fortunes for peace or for war are committed to the keeping of the administration.

No man need surrender his opinions, but if he translates his opinions into acts hostile to the safety and honor of the country, or into attempts to defeat the measures devised to that end by the chosen delegates of the people, he invites and deserves the execration of posterity.

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EDUCATION IN ENGLAND

IT would be too much to say that education in England has ceased, but hardly an exaggeration to say that it is wholly different from what it was before the war, and that apart from that which is directly or indirectly military in character there is much less of it. Pupils, teachers and school buildings are all less numerous. The boys who in former days would have been the pupils of graduating age are in training camps. Twenty-five thousand school-teachers are bearing arms. More than one thousand school buildings have been transformed into military hospitals and barracks.

The universities of Oxford and Cambridge have shrunk to about one tenth their normal size. Their students are now either foreigners or youths physically disqualified for military service. Cambridge has sent to the war more than thirteen thousand of its sons; nearly fifteen hundred of them have been killed, two thousand have been wounded, and two hundred are missing. So with Oxford; out of its twenty-two colleges Christ Church alone has contributed to the army and the navy about eleven hundred men, of whom more than a hundred have been killed.

As with the universities, so with the technical schools. The students unfit for military service are employed in subsidiary branches

of work—in chemical research, map making, wireless telegraphy and aeronautics. Throughout England education has lost its former academic character and become practical.

Will it continue to be so after the war? Has the study of the classics, which has been a tradition of English education for centuries, been abandoned forever? If so, there must be many in this country as well as in England who will deplore it. Our language has been enriched, our appreciation of the English tongue has been cultivated, through the unbroken devotion of English scholars from generation to generation to classical models. Education in the classics has also been called education in the humanities. It is natural enough that during war education should throw over the humanities. We hope that with peace it may return to them.

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BARRIERS

WE smile sometimes when we hear the quaint phrase of Homer about not letting our thoughts and feelings get beyond "the bulwark of the teeth." But whether teeth or lips or whatever you please, there is a real bulwark there—a barrier that, however strange and subtle and inexplicable, makes it often out of our power to express our feelings. What is it? Why is it? Again and again we have fed our souls full of beauty and thought and enthusiasm and hope. We burn to convey those things to others. It seems to us that we can convey them, that we must convey them, that we shall convey them. We go into the presence of others and are dumb. The dim and insuperable barrier is there. We cannot throw it down or overleap it. That is true even with our nearest and dearest; sometimes it seems perversely truer with them than with the rest. There is something inside us, perhaps what is best and noblest in us, that cannot be got into words. Instead, we jest and trifle and talk about the fashions and the weather.

There are crises when we feel that it is essential to speak. We have a full plan made, of golden and compelling eloquence. We know just what we wish to say, are at no real loss for words, feel sure that, if we say what we have in our hearts, conviction and conclusion must follow. The hour and the opportunity come—and pass. We have said nothing that we meant to say, and we remain as misunderstood and unappreciated as we were before.

Again, how often are we disappointed in our hope of agreeable society because of those same mysterious barriers. We counted on giving ideas and getting them. Instead, we yawn and go away empty. Lady Holland, one of the great social leaders of the world, complains, "So sure as I propose to my imagination an agreeable conversation with a person where past experience warrants the hope, so sure am I disappointed."

Emerson says, "We descend to meet." Why? Because of the barriers. The lesson of it is that what is true of ourselves is true of others also. If we are tongue-tied and find it impossible to utter our hearts, the same may be true of them. Because lips are dull and trite and trivial, it does not always follow that souls are. Behind the barriers souls may be swelling with light and fire and secrets unutterable. If so, it is our business to search closely and cunningly and find it out.

Yet, after many long, vain efforts to burst the barriers or pierce them, how often are we driven to the sweet words of the petty courtier, Le Beau, in *As You Like It*:

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

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THE GREAT FILIBUSTER

NOTHING could have given more convincing evidence of the real sentiments of the American people on the crisis in our international relations than their response to the successful filibuster in the Senate on the morning of March 4.

By a vote of thirty to one the House of Representatives had passed the bill to enable the President to defend the rights of Americans at sea. Seven eighths of the Senators, too, were ready and anxious to give the President the necessary power, but a group of about a dozen of them made use of the privilege of unlimited debate to defeat the will of the majority.

The country was profoundly shocked at learning that members of its highest legislative body were willing at such a time to use their individual privilege to defeat the patriotic impulses that moved President, Congress and people alike.

But condemning the Senators does not undo

the evil they have done. They denied to the President the power to resist foreign aggression that has found expression in acts of war against our commerce and even against the lives of our people; and in doing so they gave those who have injured us reason to believe that the nation is not united in the purpose to defend itself. At the same time the filibustering Senators have quite unintentionally united public sentiment throughout the land in favor of vigorous action to maintain the national honor. From unexpected quarters have come professions of loyalty and of eagerness to support any measures deemed necessary for the defense of American rights. That is a blessed gain. It began when the plot to incite an attack upon this country by Mexico and Japan was discovered, and attained full maturity when the people learned of the conduct of the filibustering Senators.

Another result of the filibuster, which those responsible for it may not have anticipated, was the overthrow of the Senate rule that made such an episode possible. That may not after all have been a wholly desirable result; the rule has been employed quite as often at the end of a session to defeat bad bills as to defeat good ones; and there is no example of a filibuster that actually prevented a vote by the Senate except when, as in this instance, the Constitution put an end to the session. Nevertheless, the country will undoubtedly welcome the change that limits debate and permits the Senate by a two-thirds vote to demand a roll call, after reasonable discussion.

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LATIN-AMERICA AND THE WAR

THE certainty that Germany thought it wise and practicable to urge Mexico into open hostility to the United States, and the probability that its agents have been busy also in Colombia and certain Central American countries, make it advisable for us to know just what the attitude of the various Latin republics is toward the present world crisis.

If it were merely a question of sympathy with one or other of the warring alliances, there is probably no South American nation that would be pro-German in sentiment; for none of them has anything to gain by a German victory, and the call of the blood would be sure to attach them to the cause of France and Italy and Portugal rather than to that of Germany and Austria.

Nevertheless, there is a strong German party in each nation, made up partly of immigrants of German birth, and partly of native citizens who are in close business relations with Germany. That party would undoubtedly be stronger if we were at war with Germany, for there are many South Americans who, without any special love for Germany, fear and distrust the United States more than they do the Kaiser's government.

That is chiefly the case in Colombia, which still feels itself wronged by our action in the Panama Canal matter; in Nicaragua, where we have alienated a large part of the population by using our military forces to support the existing government; and in Mexico, where apprehension concerning the intentions of the United States is chronic. It is true that in none of those countries is there a large body of intelligent public opinion, but an ignorant majority is all the more easily aroused by reason of its ignorance. Moreover, ambitious leaders who resent the political oversight that the United States often assumes over its smaller neighbors, and the commercial authority that Great Britain has long exercised in the Caribbean, are promising subjects for German diplomatic intrigue. Carranza, for example, may or may not have received any hint of the plan outlined in Herr Zimmermann's famous letter; but when he answered President Wilson's appeal to neutrals to protest against the submarine campaign by a proposal that the Latin republics should suggest a world embargo on both food and munitions intended for either belligerent, he showed that he was in considerable sympathy with the plans of the German government and in very little sympathy with our own.

The greater nations of South America, the "A B C powers," fortunately understand us and our point of view better. Brazil is in real sympathy with us, perhaps because it has its own problem in the great German population in southern Brazil. More than once those people have been suspected of the desire to dismember Brazil and to attach themselves to the Kaiser's empire, if not to make the entire country a German colony. Argentina and Chile do not pretend to acquiesce in the submarine campaign, but individually they have

suffered little from it, and are not at all disposed to run any risk of getting into trouble. Of all the civilized world, South America is most aloof from the passions and sufferings of the war, and it naturally wishes to keep itself so. Moreover, there are public men in Latin-America who see in the situation a wonderful opportunity for their own nations to become the mediators and the peacemakers in this greatest of world wars. It is a legitimate ambition, although it is not likely to be gratified. At all events, it will help to keep the really important Latin republics from taking any irrevocable stand with either alliance.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The Senate by a vote of 76 to 3 amended its rules so that it can by a two-thirds vote limit the length of speeches and press a measure to a vote.—On March 9 President Wilson called both houses of Congress to meet in special session on April 16.—The treaty with Colombia was under debate in the Senate.

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.—The Secretary of State and the Attorney-General having advised the President that he had the authority to order the arming of merchant ships without awaiting the consent of Congress, Mr. Wilson, on March 9, issued such an order. The Navy Department at once began to place guns on all American ships that desired them, and armed merchant vessels were instructed to submit to visit and search by belligerent war-ships, but they are free to open fire on submarines on sight, since the submarine policy of Germany is to fire without warning on vessels entering the war zone.—On March 8 fifty-nine American seamen brought into Germany on the prize ship Yarrowdale were released from quarantine, and permitted to leave for Switzerland.

VIOLATIONS OF NEUTRALITY.—Several men were arrested during the week accused of violating the neutrality of the United States in one way or another. It appears from the papers seized from Wolf von Igel last year that Se Kunna and Chakraberty, who were engaged in plotting uprisings in British India, received at least sixty thousand dollars from Igel, on the order of Dr. Zimmermann of the German Foreign Office.—It was reported that a number of powerful radio stations have recently been built in Mexico and Salvador by German engineers.—It was reported from Washington that the United States government had proof that Germany had urged President Carranza to attack Guatemala, and had promised, if Germany were victorious in Europe, to protect him in the occupation of that territory.

TARIFF BOARD.—On March 14 the President appointed to the new tariff board Prof. F. W. Taussig of Harvard University, D. C. Roper of South Carolina, former Congressman William Kent of California, D. J. Lewis of Maryland, E. P. Costigan of Colorado and W. S. Culbertson of Kansas.

RAILWAY STRIKE.—On March 12 the officials of the railway brotherhoods announced that unless the railways granted the eight-hour day at once, in advance of the decision of the Adamson law, they would order a general strike. A conference with the railway managers was called for March 15.

CUBA.—The government forces regained possession of Santiago, and a force of marines from the United States ships in the harbor were landed to help in policing the city. American marines are doing similar duty in Guantanamo, Manzanillo and Nuevitas. The rebels still controlled a good deal of the country round Santiago, and the government troops awaited reinforcements before advancing against them.—Former President Gomez, the rebel chief who was captured on March 7, was brought to Havana and put in prison to face a charge of treason.—The Cuban government declared that it had evidence to show that the revolution had financial support and encouragement from Germany.

MEXICO.—On March 11 Venustiano Carranza was elected President of Mexico. A new Congress was also elected.

IRELAND.—The Nationalist members returned to Parliament after issuing a manifesto that charged the premier with bad faith in the matter of home rule. The Nationalists will not oppose the government on the

conduct of the war, since they believe the cause of the Allies to be just, but they will vote against it on all domestic questions.

RECENT DEATH.—On March 8, George W. Guthrie, United States Ambassador to Japan.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From March 8 to March 14)
The defeat of the Turks at Kut was more complete than anyone at first realized. They were quite unable to re-establish their line anywhere south of Bagdad, and, harassed by the British cavalry and field artillery, fled northward toward Mosul. Bagdad, the ancient capital of the Arabian caliphs, was entered by Gen. Maude's army on March 11, and the pursuit of the flying Turks was still proceeding when this record closed.

The collapse of the Turkish arms in Mesopotamia, which may be due either to a failure of ammunition or to the increasing difficulty of the food supply in Turkey, is a matter of the greatest importance. It puts Great Britain in control of the valuable region that Germany proposed to occupy as the eastern bulwark of a new political and commercial confederation, and it threatens the entire Ottoman Empire with disruption.

The Russian forces in western Persia were reported to be driving the Turks before them, and likely to effect a junction with the British army north of Bagdad very soon. If the Russians are able also to advance from Bitlis and the British from southern Palestine,—their advance is already reported at El Chalil, only fifteen miles from Jerusalem,—the greater

part of Asiatic Turkey will fall into the hands of its enemies. Under ordinary circumstances these would be difficult ends to accomplish, but, if the result at Bagdad correctly indicates the degree of demoralization of the Turks, they may follow swiftly.

In France there was much spirited fighting in spite of discouraging conditions of slush and mud. The British made further gains to the west of Bapaume, and the fall of that town was expected. Paris reported that the French troops broke into the German lines near Mesnil in Champagne, and held their gains in spite of counter-attacks.

Nowhere else was there any fighting of importance; local skirmishes were reported from the Russian and Roumanian fronts.

A British special commission, of which the late Lord Cromer was a member, made public its conclusions concerning the fatal Dardanelles campaign. It criticized the Asquith cabinet's way of conducting war business, and particularly the silent domination of the war council by Earl Kitchener. It put the responsibility for the ill-judged naval attack on Mr. Churchill, but finds that Lord Fisher, the First Sea Lord, did not protest as he ought against it.

The British Admiralty reported 20 ships sunk during the week by submarines. Berlin announced a great number of ships sunk in the Mediterranean, but they were mostly those sunk in February and just reported by returning submarines. A German U-boat sunk the grain-laden Belgian relief ship Storstad, although it was plainly marked as such. On March 12 the American ship Algonquin was sunk unwarned by a German submarine. The crew made their escape in small boats. A German commerce raider sunk a Japanese steamer in the Indian Ocean.

The Dutch authorities at Rotterdam would not permit the British ship Princess Melita to enter that port until her captain had thrown overboard the gun with which she was armed. The President and cabinet of China have broken off relations with Germany, and seized the German merchant ships lying at Shanghai.

The Roumanian government was said to be moving from Jassy to Kherson in Russia.

The Czar has suspended the sittings of both the Duma and the Council of the Empire. There are disquieting reports of food riots in Russian cities; it is certain that there is privation there. The same is true of Germany and Austria. A speaker in the Prussian Diet recently declared that the situation was desperately serious. Greece is in great straits, owing to the Allied blockade of its ports, and in England and France there is more difficulty with the food supply than ever before. The inevitable result of the small crops of last year is felt everywhere.

On March 10 Mrs. Wheeldon and Mr. and Mrs. Mason were convicted of plotting to kill Mr. Lloyd George, and they were given long terms of penal servitude.

Gen. Lyautey, the French minister of war, resigned on March 14 as a protest against the attacks upon the Briand cabinet in the Chamber of Deputies.

The British government has persuaded Parliament to put a protective duty on cotton goods entering India.

\$1150 F. o. b. Racine
Mitchell Junior—a 40 h. p. Six
120-inch Wheelbase
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7-Passenger—48 Horsepower
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SIXES

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Several Mitchells, built by Mr. Bate, have run over 200,000 miles. That's about 40 years of ordinary service.

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**31 unique features—
24% added luxury—
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There are 31 features—like a power tire pump—

which nearly all cars omit. There is beauty and luxury such as you see in no other car in this class.

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This year we build two sizes—Mitchell and Mitchell Junior. Even the smaller Six is roomy and powerful. You never saw such a car at this price.

All these marvelous values are due to John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert. He built and equipped this mammoth plant to build this one type economically. His methods will save us, on this year's output, at

least \$4,000,000. That saving pays for all these extras. No other fine car offers anywhere near such value.

Go prove these facts, in justice to yourself. They are bound to win you to this Bate-built car.

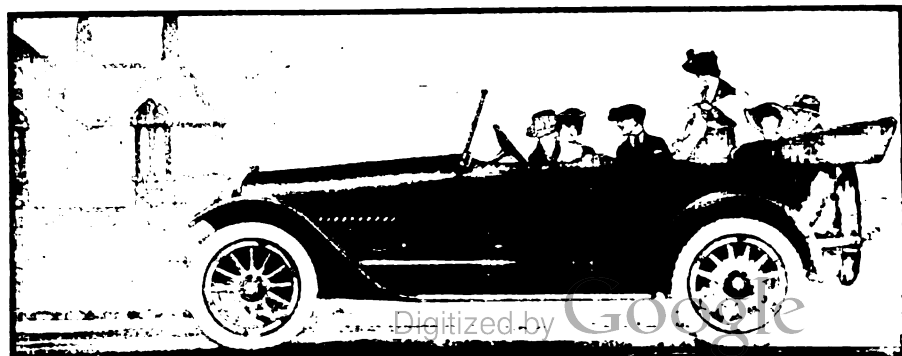
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THE COMPASSION OF THE SWALLOWS

(A Galician Legend)

By Nora Archibald Smith

O HAPPY house and fortunate, however poor it be,
Beneath whose eaves the swallows build and dwell there trustingly!
Those gracious birds, compassionate all other birds above,
Who learned to know the Master's face and summed them in his love.

That day of dread on Calvary they lingered round the mount,
Each pitying heart aflame for Him whose heart was Pity's fount.
Naught might they comfort, naught avail, the woeful deed was done;
Yet, fleet of wing, they circled there, till, bleeding, set the sun.

Ere darkness fell upon the Cross and on the Crucified,
The swallows spied the crown of thorns that beauteous head beside;
Swift as the light they sped to aid, and till the Sabbath morn
With tender beak they plucked them forth, each sharp and piercing thorn.

Forget not, when the swallows dart across the twilight sky,
A flash of feathers down the dusk, a shadow passing by,
Forget not from whose wounded brow they caught the grievous thorn,
And bless them when they build their homes thy roostree to adorn.

THE NEW WORLD

WHEN the business matter was settled, the merchant leaned back in his chair and looked at young Harding. There were hard lines about the young man's mouth, bitterness in his eyes.

"John," the old merchant said quietly, "you know what your father was to me. May I say a word to his son?"

The young man hesitated a moment—then nodded; but it was manifestly only courtesy to his father's friend that made him yield. The old merchant looked past him out across the city.

"You were only a boy when your father died; he never told you about my black year, did he?"

"No, sir," John Harding answered, winching. "It was a black year. First, I failed. It took ten years to climb back again; but I lost a whole year through my own weakness. Nervous breakdown, the doctor said; it was really spiritual worry and lack of grit. And in the midst of that, Any died."

"I know, sir," John Harding said in a low voice. It had been a lonely house ever since he could remember.

The old man did not seem to hear. He went on slowly: "Your father stood by. I never can tell you how he stood by me through it all or of the patience with which he met my rebellion. One night he was staying at the house with me when a heavy electric storm came up. In the midst of it there was a tremendous crash and two great oaks in front of the house went down. My grandfather had planted those oaks and I had inherited a love for them. It seemed to me then, warped as I was by my illness, another real calamity. But in the morning Jack called to me suddenly, 'Look at your view, man, look at your view!' And there before us lay the city, a thing of magic beauty in the early light, and beyond, the hills—miles and miles of them. Jack turned to me with deep eyes.

"It's a parable of life, old fellow," he said. "There's a whole world waiting."

"I knew what he meant, and I resented it. But I couldn't get away from that view and the parable of it. All my life I had been shut in by my own possessions. God had to strip me of them to open my eyes. It was a hard battle, but I surrendered at last and went out to discover the world."

"You've found it, sir; everyone knows that," John Harding said.

"What I want to say to you, Jack, is that it is worth it. Looking back now, I would not dare give up what sorrow and trouble have given me. I wanted to tell you that God's ways are big, Jack, even with our little lives. Trust Him, and find your new world. It will be greater than the old."

The two gripped hands, and then the young man was gone.

AS FRIEND TO FRIEND

AS her nieces used to speak of them, half in impatience and half in sympathy, were indeed many and various. They haunted the house, often inconveniently and furtively, while she was well; they hung round it openly and anxiously while she was sick; they waylaid the family to bear fearful, awkward, stumbling testimony to what she had done for them, after she had died. No one was impatient with them then—not even half impatient. Somehow, strangely, there was more comfort in what they had to say than in the condolences of those who were wiser and more skilled in speech.

"And then, when she gave you things," said poor old Mrs. Ambey as she put her trembling hand on young Lavinia's arm, "it was so different, deary; so different. Ever since my rheumatics got bad I've been dependent on folks for a good deal. I can't work stidly any more; it's a good many years since I could do a reel day's work. I've had to let folks give me things. I haven't asked 'em, no, nor ever will,—but I've had to take what's offered, and be grateful. It ain't so easy as you think, being grateful. Well, I don't know as I can make you understand; but it's this way. I mean my 'Thank you's' when I say 'em—honest, I do; but I don't feel I'm really grateful to folks clear through so long's I know I'd be glad—my, wouldn't I be glad—if I could decently forget I'd ever took things from 'em; or if I could pay 'em back, and something over, and be quits."

"And that's how I do feel about most everybody—except Miss Vinnie. I've never felt that way about her. I never wanted to pay her back, not in the way of pride and getting quits. I'd have liked to do things for her or get her anything she wanted, if I could; but that ain't the same thing. And I wouldn't want to forget the things she's give me, nor the way she gave 'em, not for anything."

"She made me feel always, whatever it was she

had for me—whether it was new shoes for Christmas, or an old turned petticoat any time, or a torn waist she'd patched up new for me—it didn't matter *when* and it didn't matter *what*—anything Miss Vinnie gave wasn't *charity*; it was a *present*. Maybe there doesn't seem much difference to you, when either way they're given a person because a person's poor; but oh, there is! I can't get it into words, but there is!"

"I know; I understand," said young Lavinia, softly, winking her brimming eyes. "Aunt Vinnie never gave just things; she gave something of herself every time. That made it like friend to friend; and friends needn't mind which gives and which takes."

"That's it, deary," assented Mrs. Ambey, dabbing her eyes with the end of a much-darned muffler. "That's it. As friend to friend."

WHEN THE MOOSE CHARGED

IN A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open, Col. Theodore Roosevelt takes his readers into the less familiar corners of both North and South America. Many of his experiences were exciting, but perhaps the most thrilling was his encounter with a bull moose when on a recent hunting trip in Quebec.

When we were half a mile from the landing, he says, we saw a big bull moose on the edge of the shore ahead of us. He looked bigger than the one I had shot that morning, and his antlers were rather more palmed. We paddled up to within a hundred yards of him, laughing and talking, and remarking how eager we should have been if we had not already got our moose.

At first he did not seem to notice us. Then he looked at us, but paid no further heed. We were surprised, but paddled on past him; we supposed that he did not realize what we were. But another hundred yards put us to windward. Instead of turning into the forest when he got our wind, the moose merely bristled up the hair on his withers, shook his head and walked along the shore after us. Plainly he meant mischief. So we turned the canoe round and paddled on our back track. But the moose promptly turned and followed us along the shore. We yelled at him, and Odillon struck the canoe with his paddle, but with no effect.

For more than an hour he thus kept us from the shore, running to meet us wherever we tried to go. The afternoon was waning, and a cold wind began to blow. He was not a pleasant-looking beast to meet in the woods in the dusk. We were at our wits' ends to know what to do. At last he turned, shook his head and, with a flourish of his heels, galloped—not trotted—for fifty yards up along the little river that paralleled the portage trail. I called Arthur's attention to that, as he had been telling me that a big bull never galloped. Then the moose disappeared at a trot round the bend. We waited a few minutes, cautiously landed and started along the trail, watching to see if the bull were lying in wait for us. Arthur told me that if he now attacked us I must shoot him at once or he would kill some one.

A couple of hundred yards on, the trail led within a few yards of the little river. As we reached that point a smashing in the brush beyond the opposite bank caused us to wheel; and the great bull came headlong for us. Arthur called to me to shoot. With a last hope of frightening him I fired over his head, without the slightest effect. At a slashing trot he crossed the river, shaking his head, with his ears laid back and the hair on his withers bristling.

"Tirez, m'sieu, tirez; vite, vite!" called Arthur, and when the bull was not thirty feet away I put a bullet into his chest, in the sticking point. It was a mortal wound, and stopped him short.

I was sorry to have to kill him, but there was no alternative. As it was, I only stopped him in the nick of time, and had I not shot straight at least one of us would have paid forfeit with his life. Even in Africa I have never known anything except a rogue elephant or buffalo, or an occasional rhinoceros, to attack so viciously or with such premeditation when he was neither wounded nor threatened.

TARLETON'S TOMB

WHAT became of Maj. Tarleton after the Battle of Yorktown? Except for a very few people, says Mr. A. G. Bradley in the Nation, everyone in England has forgotten the very name of the young cavalry leader. But many persons in America must have wondered what became of the dashing soldier, and how it happened that in the long years of war that shook England and Europe his name never once appeared.

When Mr. Bradley, in a leisure hour, entered the fine old fourteenth-century village church at Leintwardine, in Herefordshire, he did not think that the bare, unseated chapel promised much of interest; indeed, he was just turning away when in a far corner and partly concealed by ladders, buckets, planks and other articles necessary to the cleaning of the church, he caught sight of a lofty mural monument. The lettering on it ran as follows:

"Near this place are deposited the mortal remains of Sir Banastre Tarleton—Baronet-General in the Army—Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, Governor of Berwick-on-Tweed, Colonel of the Gallant 8th Hussars—He represented his native town of Liverpool for seven Sessions and closed his distinguished career in this place Jan. 25, 1833."

In 1798 Tarleton was sent to Portugal, but was very soon recalled at his own request, and with that exception he never saw a shot fired after Yorktown or served anywhere abroad, although England was constantly fighting until Waterloo. He got promoted regularly, however, for he stood well at court and was a member of the Prince of Wales's circle.

Tarleton belonged neither to the nobility nor to the landed gentry. He was the son of a Liverpool merchant, an unusual origin at that time for a dashing cavalry officer and the best horseman, according to good authority, in the British army. He had entered Oxford and had studied to become a barrister, but gave up classics and the law for soldiering and a commission at twenty-one years of age. He had a genius for the training of men and officers and for rapid and successful strokes.

On returning from America, however, he turned from soldiering to politics; he lost no time in entering the House of Commons, and sat for his native city of Liverpool for twenty years. He became a major general in 1794, a lieutenant general in 1801, a full general in 1812, a baronet in 1815 and a G. C. B. in 1820. He also held the full colonelcy of several cavalry regiments in succession and was for some years governor of Berwick. He apparently retired with his wife to Leintwardine

for the last years of his life, lived there quietly and did not mix with the neighboring county families.

The seclusion of his gorgeous tomb, behind the cobwebs of a disused aisle, gives a final touch of mystery to the romance that early associations with Virginia have connected with Tarleton's name.

AN AIRY NOTHING



Hairdresser—Hi see there's been another hair raid, sir!
—George Belcher in the Tatler.

AARON PIKE'S TWO JOKES

WHEN I was a young man," began Amos Gray, "I used to clerk for Aaron Pike, over at the Harbor. He was as kind-hearted a man as you would wish to see; but he liked his joke, or, rather, his two jokes. I never knew of his having any more, but it was surprising how those two lasted him. When you come to think of it, there is a sight of wear in a joke."

"One of 'em he always brought out in the latter part of December."

"Do you realize," he would say, some evening when there were a number of people in the store, "that Christmas and New Year don't come the same day of the week this year?"

"Well, at that some one would be sure to begin to reckon up, and then like as not offer to buy peanuts for the crowd if Aaron wasn't wrong. When Aaron had proved that he was right, he'd chuckle over it till closing-up time. Then he'd pack that joke away, so to speak, and have it out as good as new the next December."

"His other joke came in April. Aaron always had a daily paper at the store and, of course, it was natural for people that came in to pick it up and read it. The first day of April, instead of that day's paper he would have another one that he had been saving up lying on the counter. It would be dated April first and, whenever he could make it come right, the same day of the week; but it would be several years old."

"Well, year after year it never failed that some one, and often two or three, would read that paper without once realizing that it wasn't fresh news."

"One year we had a lot of fun hearing Joe Brown read out loud and make his sarcastic comments. Joe was on the opposite side in politics, and he had a good deal to say about the paper's raking up dead issues to deceive the public."

"Later in the day old Uncle Higgins came in for a quart of molasses, and I saw him pick up the paper and look at it for a minute. I was just going to speak to him about it, but he laid it down and seemed to be in a hurry for his molasses; so I said nothing."

"About an hour afterwards young Seth Green, who had been loafing in the store half of the forenoon, came in again with a broad grin on his face."

"You've got another victim for your old newspaper joke, Aaron!" he sung out before everybody in the store. Then he went on to say that Uncle Higgins had just started off in his cart for Bayport, to buy a secondhand wheel chair that Cole, the furniture dealer, had advertised for three dollars. "He was terribly afraid it would be sold before he got there," says Seth; "and when I asked him where he saw the ad, he said he found it in to-day's paper at the store."

"Then Seth haw-hawed right out, but nobody joined in. The picture of old Uncle Higgins, who was as poor as poverty, driving six miles to Bayport to buy a wheel chair for his bedridden wife, only to be disappointed when he got there, didn't strike the rest of us as very comical."

"And you never told him the ad was six years old?" says Aaron.

"Why, no," says Seth, kind of taken aback. "I wasn't going to spoil your joke."

"Don't you know that a joke ought to be spoiled before it gets to be a mean one?" says Aaron. Then, after thinking a minute, he says, "I'll see if I can't spoil it myself"; and at that he stepped to the telephone.

"This is Pike's store at the Harbor," we heard him saying. "Got a secondhand wheel chair to sell? Well, a new one, then? What is your very lowest price to me? All right. Old Mr. Higgins from this place will be along later. When he asks to see the secondhand wheel chair that you advertised, show him the new one; and let him have it for three dollars—or two and a half if he beats you down. Charge the rest to me. Do you get it? Good-by."

"Then Aaron took the old newspaper and tore it up. 'This is getting to be a little too expensive,' says he, 'and I guess I'm done with it.'"

"So after that, in the room of two jokes, Aaron got along with one."

MOTION PICTURES IN CHINA

AT the end of the Russo-Japanese War, says the Los Angeles Times, Mr. Brodsky, a native of Odessa, Russia, came to San Francisco. After the great San Francisco fire he left the city with an old motion-picture machine and forty or fifty reels of "junk" film. With that he sailed for the Orient. The motion picture was unknown in China when he reached there with his paraphernalia, and he ran into many dangers in showing his wares. To the natives his camera and projecting machine was a "magic box." He had to pay

his first audiences to enter his theatre, which, by the way, was only a tent. In that way he finally won the crowds.

Matters were progressing well when Brodsky one day put on a wild-West film in which a band of cowboys appeared on the screen, charging straight at the spectators and firing revolvers. The moment the audience saw those shooting cowboys bearing down upon them, they rushed panic-stricken from the tent theatre, cutting their way out with knives.

After that the cautious natives were slow to come back; but finally Brodsky hit upon the plan of having a few Chinese come and examine the apparatus, pass their hands over the blank sheet that was the screen, and assure themselves that there was nothing to hurt them.

Gradually he established picture theatres throughout the country, until now there are eighty of them.

Once he was thrown into a Chinese jail, but finally made his escape after getting the whole populace into the jail to view his motion pictures. At another place he was to have been executed as a "devil," but he frightened the people and made them change their minds by telling them that he could easily put them on the screen and make them work there forever.

DE WET'S ESCAPE

OF the three great figures that emerged on the Boer side in the war of defense that developed after Ladysmith—Botha, De Wet and Delarey—De Wet was much the most impressive. His face was a study in resistance, says Mr. Harold Spender in Gen. Botha, the Career and the Man. His body seemed all muscle. Looking on him, one could understand the fear that he inspired in his own men. But it was his schemes of escape, almost miraculous in their cunning, that perplexed an empire and puzzled a planet.

On one or two occasions I have seen his face light up when he referred to one of his own achievements in evasion, and of those achievements one still stands out in my memory.

One evening, after a long day's march,—so he told us,—all his wanderings seemed to have come to an end. The lights of the British bivouac fires twinkled from every point of the horizon. De Wet, as was his wont, went apart from his men and sat alone in dumb despair. Then there came to him softly one of those wonderful scouts who served him so well. The scout had discovered a slight gap in the British lines between two regiments that were not quite keeping touch.

In a moment De Wet was on his feet. Within an hour every horse's foot was muffled with cloth or wool and every wagon wheel was swathed. The Boer camp fires were lighted and were left burning brightly. Then the whole Boer force crept out through the darkness of the night in utter silence, penetrated the gap in the British lines and started on a new course of fugitive warfare.

GOOD LATIN IF NOT GOOD LAW

A CERTAIN lawyer of a bygone generation, Mass Jones by name, says Case and Comment, had a case before a justice of the peace out in the country. He was for the defendant, while a wisecrack of a schoolmaster, who had picked up a few Latin words, appeared for the plaintiff.

The facts were all in the schoolmaster's favor, and in summing up he would exclaim with great gusto as he made his points, "and that is the *summum bonum* of the matter, and the case must go to the plaintiff."

Mass had really no defense, but his ready wit and keen sense of the ridiculous supplied him with one. So when he came to reply, he said to the justice, "I have a great regard for that old law of *summum bonum*, on which the gentleman wholly relies, for its antiquity. It was an old English law, and served well its day and generation. But the people finally outgrew it and became dissatisfied with it; and it was one of the laws England tried to force upon the colonies."

"But," said Mass, raising his voice and arm on high, "our forefathers fought and split their blood in the Revolution to overthrow that law, and they did overthrow it, and then they reared in its stead the law of *a pluribus unum*, which must govern this case."

Thereupon the justice said, "I have a great deal of respect myself for that old English law of *summum bonum*. It was good enough for that time, and good enough for the English, but I agree with Mr. Jones that our forefathers tumbled that law over in the Revolution, and this case will be decided in favor of the defendant under the law of *a pluribus unum*, which was put in its place."

BROTHERS IN THE TRENCHES

TO illustrate the fact that soldiers of very different social classes, after fighting side by side, often become affectionate friends, the author of Notes on the War, a Frenchwoman, tells the following story:

A very jovial young soldier used to entertain his companions most delightfully by his irrepressible gaiety. One day his spirits failed. When one of his comrades asked the reason, he said:

"In time of peace I am a clown in a music hall. It's my business to entertain people; but to-day I got a letter from my wife telling of the illness of our two children. She can't go out to work, and things look black. That's why I can't joke to-day."

Some days later the same comrade said, "You are merry to-day. What's happened?"

"Why, a letter from my wife says a man called and handed her three hundred-franc notes from his client, M. Jean Breton; so things are bright again for us. But who can M. Breton be?"

The other soldier was silent for a moment, but finally said, "Don't worry, mate. I am Jean Breton. I am rich enough to afford it. Now cheer us with one of your comic songs, please."

HAVING EYES, HE SAW NOT

ONE day last summer a tourist drove hurriedly up to the home of Enos A. Mills at the foot of Longs Peak, leaped out and approached the naturalist. "Mr. Mills," he said brusquely, "I have been told that there is fine scenery in Estes Park. I want to get you to show me some of it."

The naturalist's eyes turned toward the hundred-mile sweep of snowy mountains that cut the blue sky, then swept the valley below and rested on noble crags and streams that wound among groves of pine and aspen. Slowly he shook his head.

"I guess you must have been misinformed."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



WHEN APRIL IS ON THE WAY

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

The grasses in the meadow are underneath the snow,
But they're calling, calling, calling for the spring;
Across the dreary hilltops the winds of winter blow,
But there's music in the message that they bring.

They told a tale this morning that thrilled me through and through;
They were telling, telling, telling of the day
When the clouds that come a-sailing across the skies of blue
Will bring the April magic on its way.

Oh, the wondrous clouds of April that come from southern lands;
They are sailing, sailing, sailing through the sky;
And they bear the April fairies, who have filled their busy hands
With the joys the world will welcome by and by.

The fairies of the cloudland, a happy band they are,
For they're teaching, teaching, teaching birds to sing;
And they're building all the rainbows that will gleam for us afar,
Above the buds and blossoms of the spring.

They are bringing things of beauty to brighten up the land
That is dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of the day
When it knows the cloudland fairies — oh, what a busy band! —
Have brought the April magic on its way.

Sammy's mother went downstairs after he had said his prayers and she had tucked him into bed; she supposed the little fellow would fall asleep in less than three minutes. He did not! The reason Sammy did not go to sleep when he closed his eyes was that he heard a curious tapping at the window after his mother had left the room; a gentle *tap-tap-tap! tap-tap-tapping!* When Sammy opened his eyes wide and looked through the window, he saw only the man in the moon, looking pleasant. Again came that gentle *tap-tap-tap! tap-tap-tapping!* Sammy sat up and wondered.

HOPTOAD'S NEW COAT

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

"Homely Little Hoptoad,
Sitting by your door,
Just come up to sunlight,
Now the winter's o'er,
Oh, but aren't you dingy,
Such a looking sight,
Here among the blossoms blithe,
All so fresh and bright!"

Humble Little Hoptoad
Never answered back,
Just began to wriggle—
Coat began to crack!
Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle!
Cracking, bit by bit.

"Mercy me! He's pulled it off,
And he's swallowed it!"

Happy Little Hoptoad,
Blinking in the sun,
Shining like the blossoms,
Almost looks like one,
For beneath the old coat,
Ready, all the while,
There had been a new coat fine,
Just the season's style.

Hightly-tighty Hoptoad,
Starting for a stroll,
In his eyes so sparkling
Is a twinkle droll;
Maybe he is thinking,
"Don't you wish that you
Got your new spring toggery
Just the way I do?"

A LIVELY GAME

BY ELIZABETH H. THOMAS

Marble time is here at last,
Merry times for you;
Even March and April clouds
Play at marbles, too.
First they take some drops of rain,
Green and red and blue,
Where the dancing sunbeams send
Sparkles through and through.
Then they hang them in the sky
Where the winds that blow
Freeze them hard and smooth and
round,
And as cold as snow.
Then they roll them through the air
To the earth below;
And the little children ask,
"How do hailstones grow?"

MOTHER ROBIN'S APRIL FOOL

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

MOTHER ROBIN played an April-fool joke on little Sammy Patterson; she played a joke and said "April fool!" at the right time, only of course she said it robin fashion. When any robin laughs after sunset and says "Cheer up!" it sounds like "April fool!" and Sammy's robin probably knew what she was talking about.

She and Father Robin came back early that year, and built their nest the last week in March. Ever since Sammy was big enough to have a room of his own near his mother's room upstairs, the robins had built in an apple tree just outside his window. This was the first time, though, that they had come in March.

Sammy did his best to help them so long as March lasted. He put string on the fence for Mother Robin to use, and bits of wool and cotton. He did everything a country boy could do to help a pair of robins get settled for the season. And they must have been birds of exceptional intelligence for they used the string. And then, the minute April came, Sammy forgot them.

The only reason Sammy forgot the robins for a few hours was because the first day of April was his day to play jokes on the family and then shout, "April fool!" He had much fun with everyone that day, and was so tired at bedtime that he was glad to believe what the clock said without asking a question.

It seemed to him then as if the man in the moon were laughing, for the man in the moon never seemed far away and Sammy always thought of him as a good friend.

Sammy said afterwards that he knew some one was trying to play a joke on him; he guessed that the very first second he heard the tap-tap-tapping. Of course he did not think of Mother Robin. If he had thought of her he would have believed that she was too busy to play April-fool jokes on a little boy.

Tap-tap-tap! came that sound over and over, until at last the little boy called to his father and mother.

"Come quickly, please," he urged, "and come softly, because some one is playing tick-tack on my window, and maybe you can catch him!"

Father and mother came quickly and softly and both of them were laughing. They thought that the neighbors' boys were hiding outside the house with a ticktack. Mr. Patterson laughed, because he used to do tricks like that when he was a boy. Mrs. Patterson laughed, because she thought how surprised some one would be when she opened the window wide and said, "Who's there?"

Sammy's pretty mother did open the window and she did say, "Who's there?" But she was the one who was straightway surprised, because no one answered but Mother Robin. Mother Robin had laid one blue egg that morning, and she was on the nest keeping the treasure warm. When Mrs. Patterson said, "Who's there?" Mother Robin untucked her head from under her wing and answered, "April fool!" cheerfully.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed Sammy's father. "It was Mother Robin who has been playing ticktack on your window. Look at this, Sammy!"

Sammy looked. What he saw was a long string dangling from the top of Mother Robin's nest. A nail was tied to the end of the string, and it was that nail that made the tap-tap-tapping noise, helped by the April breeze.

How Sammy and his father and his mother laughed when they saw that string that Mother Robin had woven into her nest, nail and all! The robin laughed, too, robin fashion.

LITTLE MISS APRIL

BY DOROTHEA DIMOND

Come here, dear lads and lassies all,
And see if you can say
What little maiden this may be
Comes tripping up this way.

On one side walks a brother bold,
On one a sister fair;
And in between this maid in green,
With snowdrops in her hair.

Who may she be? Whence can she come?
I would I knew her name;
For round her feet the crocus bulbs
Are bursting into flame.

The pussies on the willow bough
All crane their necks to see,
And hyacinths thrust up their heads
To learn who she may be.

She laughs and cries, she flouts and flirts,

She frowns, and then she smiles;
There's mischief in her canty looks,
And in her frolic wiles.

Don't venture near, my lassie dear,
In that spring hat and dress;
She'll turn the sprinkler on your clothes,
Then laugh at your distress.

And you, my lad, she'll pat your cheek
With such a coaxing air,
Then pinch your ears, and tweak your nose,
And rumple up your hair;

She'll pelt her friends with petals white
(Or are they flakes of snow?);
With dancing footsteps she'll advance,
Then turn her back to go.

She'll wheedle out the timid flowers,
Then snip them with her shears;
She'll whistle to the nestling birds,
Then whirl and box their ears.

With all her faults we love her still,
And joy that she is here;
The gladness, grieving, teasing elf,
The naughty, tricksy dear!



HOW I LOOKED INTO THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

By Prof. Angelo Heilprin

IT happened when I was still in my college days in Europe. I had come up in a long and weary way from Resina, the small town near Naples that occupies part of the site of ancient Herculaneum, and now stood on the top of the volcano. On one side the beautiful Neapolitan gulf stretched out its azure blue as far as the eye could reach, while on another, in the direction of Castellamare and Sorrento, rose up mountain heights that somewhat overtopped Vesuvius itself.

The crater of the volcano was near to me, only a few feet off, but there was little of it that could be seen. Puffs and clouds of steam were coming out from it, nearly filling it on rising, and only at intervals, between the puffs, could the eye follow the crags, made scarlet and red by coats of iron, sulphur and arsenic, that formed part of its surrounding wall.

The situation did not please me. It was the crater that I wished particularly to see and study. One might easily have been satisfied with the magnificent view that opened out from the mountain top and have looked for nothing more; but for me the mystery that reigned within made the stronger appeal, and I determined to get a little closer to the mountain.

Following the line of summit round the crater pit for perhaps fifty or sixty yards I came to a point where the wall of rock took a less steep plunge than elsewhere, and where seemingly a foothold might be had in a careful descent.

Feeling my way as best I could where but little was to be seen ahead, I succeeded in reaching about halfway down, when a sudden change of rock material threw me off my feet, and for the rest of the way I rolled to the bottom. The sensation of not knowing precisely where a landing would be made, whether into a lava mass or into a pool of steaming water, was a rather peculiar one, and even now, after an interval of many years, it comes home to me very vividly. I struck solid rock and sand. The whole descent could hardly have been more than a hundred and fifty feet,—it may have been less,—and this, of course, measured the depth of the crater.

Once on its floor, it was not difficult to see its general features. My position was beneath most of the clouds of steam, and it gave me a fairly clear view of all that was going on within.

The volcano was preparing for an eruption. Its steam clouds were bewilderingly active, surging up and down as if they were wind-tossed, but there had been as yet no true eruption. The spectacle was a beautiful and most inspiring one, and I felt, although still puzzled by the possibilities of an imprisonment in the crater pit, that the descent had been well paid for.

Near the centre of the floor of the crater, which measured perhaps three hundred and fifty or four hundred feet across, there was a small cone-shaped hillock, and it was from an opening in the top of this diminutive volcano that all the steam that was about me escaped. My geological studies told me that this hillock or conelet, which measured six or eight feet in height, and hardly more than two or three times that across its base, was slowly building itself up, and was now to be considered as the active part of the whole Vesuvius. It was, indeed, the *active* crater. From it came steam and ash, and at times red-hot cinders that looked like glowing coals.

The steam was thrown out in explosions, and at times carried with it much of the powdery material that is known as volcanic ash or dust. The cinders were shot up thirty or forty feet into the air, and fortunately for me were invariably thrown out on the side opposite where I stood, the direction being in a way directed by a rather stiff wind that was blowing over my back into the volcano.

After each explosion, whether of steam or of cinders, a deep thud was audible, telling me that a massive body had fallen in the neck of the volcano and come suddenly to rest at some deep point in the interior of the earth. I knew that this falling mass could only be lava—lava that had tried to come up completely to the surface, but was by some means prevented from doing so. From this lava came the particles of red-hot cinders that were being shot out.

In attentively watching what was going on in front of me I caught hold of the fact that the explosions were singularly regular in their intervals of time, taking place, as told by my

watch, in periods of very nearly the same number of minutes and following closely one upon the other. Furthermore, I noticed almost immediately that the two kinds of explosions or eruptions always alternated; the one was a steam eruption, and the other an eruption of the red cinders, this again followed by a steam eruption, and so on.

This being the case, I determined to take advantage of the situation and mount the conelet, believing that, if I were sufficiently active and took my time properly, an opportunity might be had to

look into the chimney whence came the steam and cinders—a chance to look into the working laboratory of nature.

There was an explosion of steam. I waited for the turn of the cinders, and it came at its proper period. A shower of glowing particles was thrown to the off-side, and I immediately scrambled to the top of the conelet.

Pulling myself close up to the summit opening, I hung over and looked in. Something in color that I could not at first clearly make out was seen to fall away from me, disappearing rapidly, and vanishing entirely at about the time when the deep thud was heard. I kept my position until the reddish mass reappeared, coming up higher and higher in the chimney and sending before it a column of hot air. I knew now that this was the lava rising from the deeper interior and that very soon from it would come an explosion of steam. It was time to retire, and I did so rapidly, even if not gracefully, losing much of one shoe in a rather precipitate retreat.

The outburst of steam was followed in its proper time by an explosion of cinders, and I renewed my attack upon the conelet. Up I scrambled to the summit and again looked in. This time the falling mass could be easily followed by the eye, and it was a magnificent spectacle to watch its descent into the bowels of the earth. Again the lava rises, pouring out its hot air above it, and once more my heels came to my rescue.

So, for a half hour or more, I tested the great Vesuvius in its own workshop, scrambling up and scrambling down, and wondering all the time. The experience was not of the ordinary kind, and I suspect that it has not been repeated often since. A few days after my visit the volcano went through a paroxysm, and a number of lives were sacrificed to its fury. The little cone had grown into a mountain mass, and there was no longer any looking into the crater.

FIRE FIGHTING IN SIBERIA

THEY fight fires in a very curious way in the Asiatic realms of the Czar, say Mr. Richardson L. Wright and Mr. Bassett Digby in their book, *Through Siberia*. First, you find the fire. The city is plotted into districts, each with its engine house and watchtower. On the watchtower, by day and by night, stands a guard who scans the rooftops for a sign of smoke. When the fire has got well enough under way for him to see the smoke, he gives the alarm and the engines dash out. You are amused not so much at the dash as at the engines. They are primitive, and the use of them is more so.

We went to a fire one Sunday afternoon in Irkutsk. It was close by our hotel, so that we got an excellent view of the engines as they arrived. First came a troika team dragging a hook-and-ladder carriage. On it clung the firemen—howling Cossacks with brass helmets jammed down over their ears, and carrying in one hand—how the symbolism would have stirred the heart of Maeterlinck!—flaming torches. Behind the hook and ladder was the hose cart, and then came a hand engine of the type our grandfathers dragged to fires. After that, for two blocks, trailed a queue of water-filled hogsheads on wheels. The cavalcade passed us in a cloud of dust, accompanied by the yells of the torch-bearing firemen. When the water gave out, the carts dashed down to the river and replenished the supply.

This rather crude high-pressure service once gave rise to a rather humorous incident that the Irkutskians tell with great glee. During a fire several years ago a string of water wagons had gone down to the river, had got the fresh supply and rumbled back. When they reached the fire, the water was gone. The enthusiastic captain of the hogsheads had neglected to put back the plugs in his barrels and had spilled his water for two blocks along the Bolshskaia.



Pluto Spring
French Lick, Indiana

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A great business like this isn't so difficult to carry on, when you reduce it to first principles, as we do.

We look upon the hundreds of thousands of American motorists with whom we do business as one gigantic buyer, and the millions of tires we market yearly as one immense transaction.

We feel that if we disappoint this buyer in any degree, either as to quality of product or our trade relations with him, our business will suffer—he will not deal with us any more.

So we are mighty careful not to disappoint him, and to make everything we build *good* enough, and *worthy* enough, to invite his further custom and good-will.

The Goodyear Tire *you* buy is built this way—to uphold the good name of *all* Goodyear Tires.

The nature of our trade relation with *you* is of the same complexion as our relation with the motoring public at large.

For it is of men like yourself that the motoring public at large is composed—and it is to the individuals in that public that every Goodyear Tire must give account of its worth, every Goodyear transaction bear evidence of its sincerity.

Naturally we make each tire and transaction of a character to bear this responsibility.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON

AVENGING the COLT

By Frank Oakling

SOME time ago in the fall two young stockmen of the upper White River country in Colorado, whose names are Gale Purcell and Ed Prewitt, rode one morning up on the mesa fronting the river to drive down some beef. They had with them a trained half-breed shepherd dog, very useful in driving the cattle down the steep inclines and brushy trails of the mesa.

A three-inch snow had fallen in the valley overnight. It was, however, so much deeper on the mesa and higher hills forming the backbone of the divide that the stock, which had been feeding on the bunch grass above, were straggling down into the valley. Hence the boys met a scattered band of range horses below the quaking-asp groves that fringed the bunch-grass plateau. Riding through these horses, the stockmen came on the half-devoured carcass of a suckling colt.

The tracks in the trampled snow showed that the killing had been done by a very large mountain lion.

"For here's his tracks as big as saucers," said Gale. "They are right fresh, too. We must have scared him off as we rode up. If we follow him now, he's our meat. Let's put Shep after him."

For although the mountain lion will prow close to a corral at night to seize a dog unawares, he will flee from one in daylight, especially if the dog be accompanied by man.

The fresh trail of the lion led directly toward a little spring-fed stream that was fringed by a heavy growth of service bushes and oak brush, forming a thicket almost impenetrable to any horseman but these mountain riders in leathern "chaps" and coats.

Fending off the brush with both arms, Gale rode in after the dog, while Ed Prewitt hurried through on a cow trail to intercept the lion. They had ridden well through the thicket, when a furious barking from Shep gave notice he had treed his game, and the riders emerged just in time to see the lion climbing a stunted pine that stood in an opening some little distance from the edge of the thicket.

At their approach he crouched on a big limb well up in the tree, displaying his uneasiness at their presence by laying back his ears and jerking his tail. Halting near the tree, they sat in their saddles, looking up at him. Ed's hand was on his six-shooter, when Gale stopped him with, "Hold up, Ed. It will be more fun to rope him."

To this Ed agreed, but the intervening branches made it useless to throw a rope at him as he lay. So Gale dismounted, gathered clubs from the dead oak brush, and flung them with whoops at the lion to dislodge him, while Ed, rising in his stirrups, with the coil of his rawhide rope in his left hand and his right swinging the loop over his head, waited the lion's leap to the ground.

Gorged from his meal on the colt, the lion was not inclined to jump, and the heavy oak clubs caused him merely to shift his position uneasily.

"Wait a minute, Ed," said Gale. "I'll climb the tree, and he'll either clear out so you can get a throw at him, or I'll drop a rope over his head and we can snake him down and snub him up to the trunk. Find me a good long pole."

While Ed was hunting for a pole, Gale took off his spurs, coat and hat. Uncoiling his rope, he slipped the hoodoo end through his belt, leaving it to dangle after him. He rode under the tree, stood up in his saddle, grasped the lowest limb and swung himself up. Ed then passed up to him a dead quaking-asp pole.

"Be ready to beef him if he shows fight," said Gale, looking to his six-shooter. "And look out, Ed, if he gets—make your loop small so he won't jump through it." Then Gale began his climb.

The lion, seen from below and so near, looked bigger than ever to Gale; but the click of Ed's six-shooter as he cocked it was reassuring. Now the lion's uneasiness increased. He backed out as far as possible on the limb; his big yellow eyes grew green, his ears were laid back, and, displaying his fangs, he exhaled his breath with an audible sound.

Slowly Gale gained the limb on which the lion crouched. He stood up firmly on it and braced his back against the trunk. He then hung the loop on the small end of the pole that he had dragged up after him and cautiously endeavored to drop the loop over the lion's head.

But as the pole with its dangling noose neared the lion, his jerking tail suddenly rose and stood out stiff as a poker, with every hair in it on end, until it appeared monstrous in the eyes of Gale.

"Look out, Ed!" he shouted.

Even as he spoke, the lion sprang upright on the limb, knocked the pole from Gale's hands with one stroke of his paw, and leaped from the tree.

With a whoop Ed struck spurs to his sportling horse and swung his rope, in a dash after

the lion, which was no match in speed for a cow horse. Before he could gain the cover of the brush, Ed threw. But in his haste he had made his loop too large, and the agile lion got one paw through it before the roper could tighten it with a turn of the loose end round his saddle horn.

The horse was badly frightened; but Ed had him in control, and as he braced himself back the lion was flung heels over head. Then Shep, excited beyond all prudence, rushed in, to be knocked twenty feet over the bunch grass as the lion regained his feet.

The loop had caught him in front of one shoulder and behind the other, round the brisket; so while he could not slip out, neither was he choked or prevented from "handling himself." With a snarl and a twist of his body, he jumped ten feet into the air; but the nimble cow pony had now got over his first fright, and he took up the slight slack, so that the lion was thrown squarely on his head as he came down.

Clawing at the tightened rope as he was jerked over on his back, the lion walloped over the tall bunch grass, making the snow fly in his eccentric gyrations. So agile were his movements that Ed, skillful as he was in handling his horse, could not always succeed in keeping his rope taut. He was glad enough when Gale, hatless and coatless, just as he had leaped from the tree, hurried to his aid.

It was difficult to plant a loop from his shying horse over the neck of the gyrating lion, but Gale did it. The two ropers then pulled against each other, choked the creature down, "snaked" him up and snubbed him to the tree; then, winding round him in narrowing circles, they bound him fast with the lassos.

Gale remained to guard him, while Ed went to the ranch and returned with a trusty team and a "go-devil"—a rough sled hewed from the fork of a tree and used for dragging poles down the mesa. On this they chained the lion and took him to the ranch.

But a big, live mountain lion is an expensive possession. For two months, during which he showed no signs of being tamable, the boys had to keep him in fresh meat, and so they were very glad when Bailey's traveling agent bought him for the menagerie for one hundred and twelve dollars.

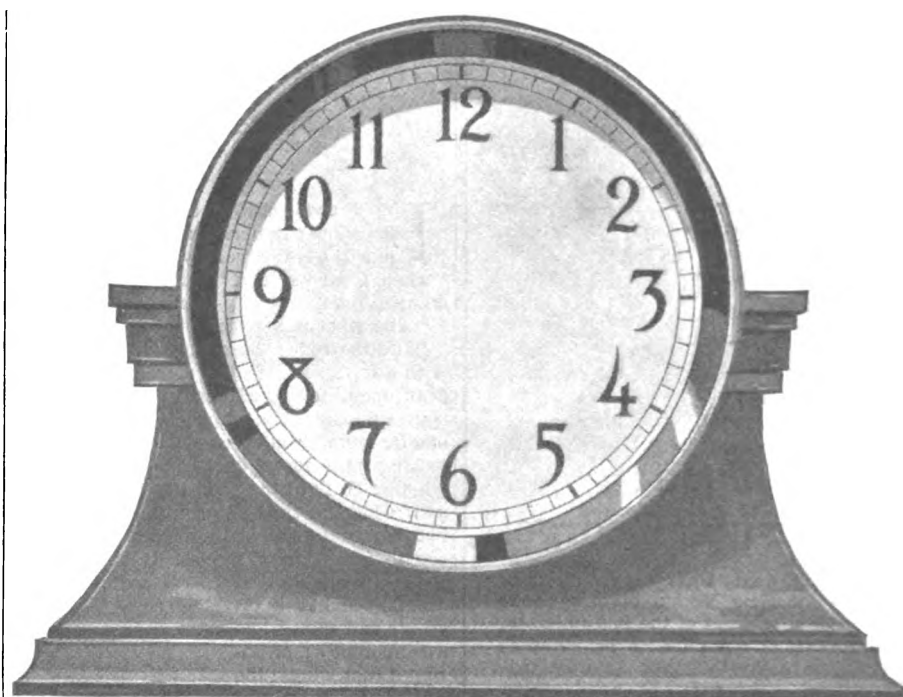
WASHINGTON'S SEED DRILL

IN George Washington's day seed, such as corn, wheat and oats, was usually sown or dropped by hand and then covered with a harrow or a hoe or something of the kind. But the first President was not satisfied with that slow method, and, as Mr. Paul Leland Haworth recounts in his recently published book, *George Washington—Farmer*, tried to make a machine that would do the work more expeditiously. He succeeded in making what he called a "barrel plough," although it should be said that his plans were not altogether original; Duhamel had a plan for a similar machine, and about that time Arthur Young published another plan in the *Annals of Agriculture*, which Washington was perusing with much attention.

Washington's drill, as we should call it today, consisted of a barrel or hollow cylinder of wood mounted upon a wheeled plough and so arranged that as the plough moved forward the barrel turned. In the barrel there were holes through which the corn or other seed could drop into tubes that ran down to the ground. By decreasing or increasing the number of holes the grain could be planted thicker or thinner, as desired. Behind the drill ran a light harrow or drag that covered the seed, but in rough ground it was necessary to have a man follow after with a hoe to assist the process. A rope made it possible for the driver to lift the harrow when he turned at the ends of the rows; he managed the drill itself with a pair of handles.

As Washington said, the drill would probably work well under ideal conditions, but it had faults that sometimes disturbed the temper of its operator. A leather band that ran round the barrel, with holes that corresponded to those in the barrel, prevented the seeds from issuing out of more than one hole at the same time. This band had to be "slackened or braced" according to the influence of the atmosphere upon the leather, and sometimes the seed got between the band and the barrel—a fault that put the Father of his Country to some bother to remedy.

Washington was, however, very proud of the drill, and it must have worked fairly well, for he was not the man to continue to use a worthless implement merely because he had made it. He even used it to sow very small seed. In the summer of 1786 he records, "Having fixed a Roller to the tale of my drill plow, & a brush between it and the barrel, I sent it to Muddy Hole & sowed turnips in the intervals of corn."



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"ROOKIES"

By Harriette Wilbur

"I WAS once marking some boundaries on the shore of a northern Minnesota lake," remarked the surveyor reminiscently, "when I saw several 'rookies' swimming in an open space in a wild-rice bayou."

"And what is a 'rookie'?" I asked quickly.

"It's the ruddy duck, blessed, so they say, with sixty-seven different names—dumb bird, deaf duck, fool duck, bull-neck, salt-water teal, spinetail duck, dipper duck, and sixty others. Didn't you ever see one? It's a queer-looking bird for a duck—bunty and short, whether on the wing or in the water. It looks as if odds and ends of several different birds had been put together by some ingenious person to make a new species. It has a dished beak; a wedge-shaped tail fanned like a pigeon's and spined like a cormorant's; broad-tipped coot wings; the plump, squat body of the teal; the bobwhite's small head and thick neck; the flight of a partridge; the diving tricks of a grebe; and a goose-like egg."

"Then my only wonder is the bird hasn't more names," said I.

"Well, there they were, a dozen or more of them, idly floating about in the smooth water, the prettiest sight you could wish to see. The males were elegant creatures, in all their faultless courting apparel. In the spring and summer their plumage is rich and striking, you know—a bright, glossy, chestnut-red coat, a grayish-white vest, blue-gray bill, white cheeks, a jet-black pompadour from the beak over the eye and down on the back of the neck, and brownish-black tail feathers spreading from a white tail tuft.

"They were beauties, and their plain, brownish-gray mates seemed enchanted with their dashing bridegrooms, and kept close to them, as if they had forgotten that all this beauty must fade in the fall, and that during the winter they must put up with husbands as dull and prosy as themselves.

"About their tails—I forgot to tell you that the males always carry them cocked up at right angles to the body when they are floating on the water, full spread like a sail in the breeze! You can always tell a ruddy duck by that manner of carrying the tail; no other duck has it, although it is effective enough to be copied by every member of the family. No doubt it does serve the purpose of a sail, for I noticed that each male kept his tail turned to the wind whenever possible, and that he was always in advance of his mate. In circling the pond Mr. Ruddy was often obliged, when sailing against the wind, to swing round sideways and tack his way along, for of course he would never proclaim that beautiful tail a nuisance by folding it up. When he found difficulty in making progress, his mate considerably dallied in the rear.

"I watched them for half an hour. Then, wishing to see them on the wing, I tossed a stone into the group. Those nearest the rice swamp dived and immediately disappeared; but those farthest out, which could command space for starting, ran on the surface of the water for some little distance, with that splattering gait of the coot taking to wing. While getting under headway, they faced directly into the wind and beat their wings rapidly. After leaving the water, they flew low, with a drumming partridge beat of their broad wings, and soon all had disappeared in the rice.

"Still curious about the 'rookies,' I decided to look for some nests. I searched along the banks and scrutinized the wild-rice clumps closely, but without success. But I kept looking. Surely, I thought, mid-May should be a good time to find them brooding. Finally, I succeeded in scaring a female 'rookie' from a mass of reeds, dry rushes and grass and loose feathers, half floating on the water. She was brooding eleven eggs, which I never should have thought hers had I not seen her leaving the nest. They were too large, relatively, for her size, white with a tinge of stone gray, as if made from crockery, and pebbled like a goose's egg.

"Near by this nest was another one, which I should easily have missed had I seen it first. It was resting on the water, rising and falling with the ripples as I paddled the water with my hand. I waded out to it, and was surprised

upon lifting a covering of feathers and loose reed stems to find ten of the same goose-like eggs there. It was evidently either the abandoned nest of a coot, or one made in imitation of the coot design. The flags and rice stems round it had been broken down and the nest material piled upon them, just as a coot builds. Had I happened upon it without previously seeing the ruddy ducks about, and without seeing the other nest, I should have gone forth proclaiming that I had indubitable evidence of a goose brooding in a coot's nest!

"A few days later I found eight of those stone-colored eggs in the same nest where I had seen a coot brooding a few weeks previously. As the eggs are so different in appearance,

coots' eggs being creamy white and freckled and noticeably smaller, there could be no mistaking the fact that Madam Rookie, finding a ready-made nest at hand, had moved in and gone to brooding without the trouble of preparing a cradle.

"I watched the nests daily, and one morning was fortunate enough to see a hatching. The young lay in the nest until they had got their breath, while the

mother waited near by in the water, leaving the hot sun to do the work of drying her brood. An hour later the nest was deserted, and the little downy 'rookies,' of their mother's nondescript color, were swimming about here and there, with their fond parents in close attendance; for now the male, who had stayed strictly away from the nest, had joined them, and was apparently as proud and as loving a parent as the mother."

DAYLIGHT OBSERVATIONS OF POLARIS

VERY few people would be inclined to believe that a star like Polaris can be observed at any hour of the day. That, however, is the case. Mr. William H. Thorn, a United States surveyor in the General Land Office Service, continually makes use of it in his work.

In order to make really accurate public-land surveys, the compass cannot be used, but every line must be determined with reference to the meridian established by observing Polaris. This observation is taken preferably when the star is at elongation; that is, when it is farthest east or west of the celestial pole. By reference to his astronomical table, the surveyor knows when Polaris is approaching elongation.

Shortly before that time, he sets up his instrument, determines a meridian as exactly as possible by means of the solar apparatus, sets off his latitude on the proper arc of his instrument, and, in a moment, with his practiced eye, picks up Polaris as it slowly approaches elongation. He follows it with the cross hair of his telescope until the star begins to move in the opposite direction. By depressing his telescope, he can mark a point on the ground from which he simply lays off a certain calculated distance to the east or west, as the case may be, and he has an absolutely true meridional line.

In surveying, the ability to see Polaris by day is of the utmost convenience. A slight jar may throw the instrument out of adjustment entirely. Even the difference between day and night temperatures will sometimes do the

same thing. To detect such an error by observing Polaris at any time during the day saves many hours of time in looking for errors caused by unavoidable mechanical irregularities. Mr. Thorn discovered his daylight method of observing Polaris by taking an early morning observation and following the star until after the sun had risen.

After some experimenting, he found that he could use the method in the full light of day. The transit used is only eight or nine inches long and magnifies from fifteen to twenty diameters.

It would seem, then, that the ability to see stars in daylight is largely a matter of knowing exactly where to look and what to expect. Atmospheric conditions, of course, have much to do with such observations. The clear, dry atmosphere of the southwestern part of the United States is especially adapted to the daylight method of obtaining a true meridian, which, however, has been used successfully in the Northern States and in Alaska.



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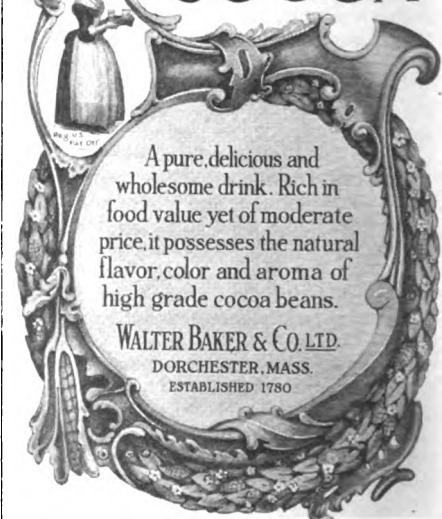
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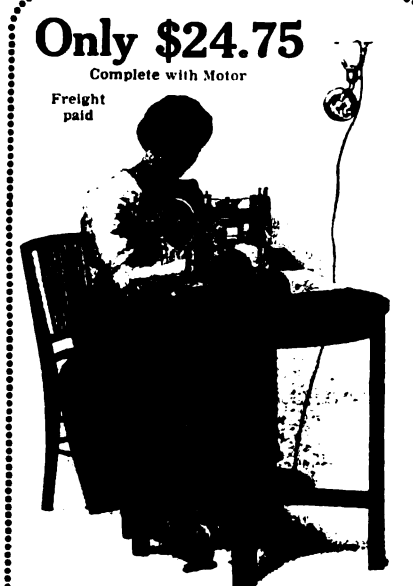
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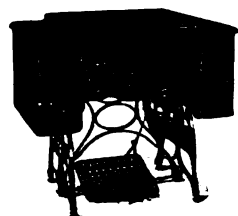


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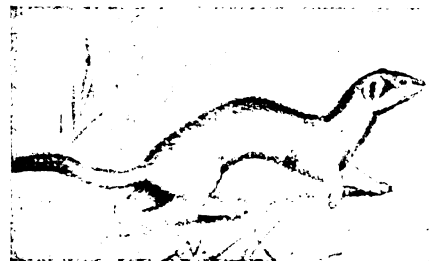
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NATURE & SCIENCE

THE ROMANTIC ELEMENT.—We live by breathing an atmosphere that contains eighty per cent of nitrogen, although that is the gas which in combination with certain other things is dealing out death on such an appalling scale on all the battlefields of the war. There are almost no useful explosives in which nitrogen has not some part. Without its aid ships could not be sunk by mines or torpedoes, or property destroyed by airplanes. Rifles, howitzers, machine guns and grenades are all dependent upon nitrogen. Every day we take into our lungs about four hundred and fifty gallons of it, which is enough to make thirty pounds of trinitrotoluol or forty pounds of guncotton. We are wont to regard nitrogen as a singularly uninteresting gas because of its negative behavior. It does not burn like hydrogen, it does not support combustion like oxygen, and, in short, its presence is generally assumed because of its inactivity and because it does not directly respond to any test. And yet this element is the most important of all in the manufacture of ammunition. It is remarkable, too, that nitrogen is the central figure in the protein or tissue-building material of food. To say that without protein we die means that without nitrogen we die. The gas is as necessary in one form to sustain life as it is in other forms to destroy it. Because of the inertness of nitrogen,—that is, the weakness of its affinities,—the least provocation causes it to release its partner, oxygen, and hand it over to the combustion of other elements that are present. Thus a great volume of gases is formed instantaneously, which means an explosion, and the nitrogen returns to a state of freedom that appears to be its most congenial condition. Nitrogen is also the great fertilizer, without which crops could not be produced. Thus this element is both destructive and constructive. It is the essentially romantic element, devil or god, according to its associations.

BIRDS IN THE WAR ZONE.—A writer who has had an excellent opportunity to study bird life in the war zone of Flanders says in *Bird Lore* that the effect of cannon fire on birds is amazing. Almost without exception they entirely disregard it. Even easily disturbed birds, like crows and wood pigeons, seem quite indifferent. "My first experience of a heavy cannonade was in the early spring of 1915. The blackbirds were all singing in the trees that lined the Yser Canal when on a sudden hundreds of guns of every caliber burst into a terrific and continuous cannonade; the enemy answered, and for hour after hour shells tore through the trees. The effect was almost stunning to us human beings, and when after three hours there was a sudden and complete cessation the first thing that the senses realized was that the blackbirds were still serenely fluting away. I do not think they had ever ceased. At another time I was listening to the rich chucklings and gurglings of a nightingale—the first of the season—and had found the songster with my glass, when the morning calm was shattered by a burst of rifle fire close by; the retiring and elusive bird paid no attention, nor did he seek a lower or less conspicuous perch. The only exception I have noticed out here to the general disregard of noise is in the case of the green sandpiper, which is the Old-World relative of our solitary sandpiper. Twice I have seen that bird, and each time it was in a highly nervous state from shell fire. One of the instances afforded me some amusement at a time when a diversion was welcome. For nine hours we had been under heavy shell fire, with very inadequate shelter. As I lay behind a breastwork of sandbags, I watched the antics of a green sandpiper that was trying to get its breakfast in the water-filled shell holes close by. Every time it settled, a big high-explosive shell would burst near by with a deafening crash and a geyser of black loam, and away would go the poor bird to circle in the blue for perhaps ten minutes. Then it would pitch down in front of me again to repeat the same performance almost immediately, as another shell would land near it. Meanwhile an unruffled cuckoo called continuously in some near-by pollard willows, and larks (crested larks, very much like skylarks) rose one after the other, sometimes from the close vicinity of a bursting shell, singing serenely as if there were nothing to mar a perfect day. A friend who is driving an ambulance for the French in the Vosges tells me that the birds in that region show the same indifference to shell fire."

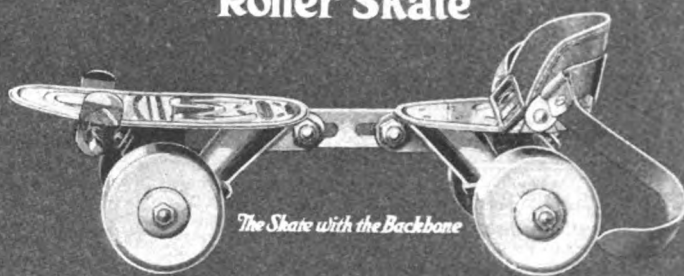
A HENHOUSE THIEF.—A correspondent of the Scotsman who owns a small hennery was unable to account for the constant disappearance of eggs. But one morning, after a fall of snow, he noticed a track that looked as if made by something rolled along the surface of the snow. He followed the trail for about sixty yards, and there, under the root of a fallen tree, discovered five nest eggs and a number of real eggs, two of which were whole. From the footprints in the snow he perceived that the thief was a weasel. Curious to



know how it had managed to get the eggs so far, he concealed himself and watched. After a long wait the weasel appeared and made straight for the henhouse, in which some new-laid eggs, left on purpose, were awaiting it. In a very short time it came out, tall first, drawing an egg along with its forepaws. After it got the egg away a bit it reversed its method, and propelled the egg in front of it with its breast and forepaws. The exact position of the egg could not be distinctly seen from the ambush, but twice on the journey, when the weasel came to uneven ground, it again turned tail and went backward for a few yards at a time. The time it took was not noted, but as nearly as could be guessed it was from three to four minutes. Immediately after it had put the egg beneath the root the weasel returned to the henhouse for another, and was moving it in the same way when it was stopped by a charge of shot.



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THEORIES OF CANCER

MODERN medicine has many victories over disease to its credit. One by one the great scourges of mankind—smallpox, yellow fever, the plague, typhoid and typhus fevers—have been forced to give up their secrets, and now number their victims by tens instead of by thousands. Even tuberculosis, one of the most stubborn of all our enemies, is gradually yielding ground. But one dreaded disease continues to baffle all attempts to determine its cause and discover its cures. That is cancer.

All over the world there are institutes, filled with the most brilliant and eager workers in the profession of medicine, that were established solely for the study of cancer, and as yet no one has discovered anything that can be said to promise a solution of the enigma. Among the many theories of the nature and origin of cancer there are four that physicians regard as plausible.

The theory that has the greatest following to-day is that of local irritation. Its supporters call attention to the undoubted fact that cancer often occurs at points that have been the seat of repeated and long-continued injury—for example, the side of the tongue when it has been made sore by rubbing against the edge of a broken tooth, or the hand of a physician who has exposed himself repeatedly to the action of the X rays.

A second theory is that cancer is a germ disease. Some one, of course, may yet prove that to be true. The arguments against it are that there is no positive proof of contagion or infection and that no one germ is agreed upon as the exciting cause. Each adherent to the theory blames a different microbe.

Another theory is that of "embryonal rests." According to that, during the growth of the child before birth cells of one kind of tissue become accidentally displaced into the midst of another kind of cells and, becoming inclosed there, form little islets, or "rests." Then late in life, when something happens to stimulate these islets of foreign tissue, they begin to grow rapidly, as embryonal cells do, and form tumors.

All those theories regard cancer as a local disease that in its early stage can be cured by the knife of the surgeon. The fourth theory, however, declares that cancer, or rather the predisposition to it, is a general disease, caused by intestinal auto-intoxication, an overabundance of protein, chiefly meat, in the diet, insufficient secretion of the thyroid gland, or some other disorder as yet unknown. The chief argument of those who favor this theory is that cancer is mainly a disease of meat-eating peoples, and that, although it may appear in India and in other vegetarian countries, it occurs very rarely there; and further, that in America it is much more frequent in persons of foreign birth or descent than in their former compatriots who, because they have remained at home, are not able to indulge so freely in meat and other foods that are rich in proteins.

MISS MINTY

As a child Ellen always supposed that Miss Minty's name was the inevitable consequence of her gifts—the big, luscious pink-and-white peppermints that seemed to dwell, an inextinguishable supply, in the queer-looking black-velvet bag that she always carried on the street. No child ever passed her without receiving one. People laughed and said that Henry Payne, the druggist, would have to go out of business if ever Miss Minty stopped buying peppermints.

At Miss Minty's tiny cottage there was a stone jar that always contained currant cookies or jumbles. Every child in the village knew that cookie jar. Ragged, sharp-eyed Callie Brennan from the Corners knew it, too. Callie's father was a drunkard, and none of the village children had anything to do with her.

Ellen, stopping at Miss Minty's for a call (and a cookie) one afternoon, and finding Callie with a whole plate of cookies and a cup of cambric tea, stood speechless. Callie with a plate of cookies! And Miss Minty looking so shining!

After Callie had gone (she sprang up at the sight of the other girl and slipped away, seizing two cookies in one swift motion as she left the table), Ellen asked her amazed question:

"Is she nice, Miss Minty? You look so happy."

Miss Minty, who, absently stroking Ellen's hand, was still gazing after her other guest, looked down into the child's eyes at the question.

"She was hungry, Ellen. I guess she's hungry most of the time. Oh," Miss Minty cried, as her faded eyes filled with sudden tears, "if only I could feed all the hungry people in the world!"

The years flew swiftly after that. They changed Ellen quickly, although they did not seem to change Miss Minty at all. But during Ellen's second winter at college Miss Minty went quietly to sleep one night and did not wake again. Ellen missed the little figure that summer, but when you are twenty, many things call you and make you forget. Four years later Ellen married and went to live in a city. Life was busier still there—so busy that when, one afternoon, she was called down to see an agent whom Katie let in by mistake, her first

impulse was to refuse sharply to see her goods at all. Then something in the thin, sharp-eyed face stirred a memory. Before she realized it she was saying impulsively:

"You look tired. Won't you let me give you something hot—tea or chocolate?"

The agent was plainly tired and hungry, although she tried not to show it. As the door closed behind her, half an hour later, Ellen stood thinking. A tender look was in her eyes. Who had ever heard of endowing a cup of tea? But that was what she was going to do—in memory of Miss Minty, who had wanted to feed all the hungry persons in the world.

THE SENSITIVE APES

SO well do the keepers of the modern "zoo" care for their charges, the wild animals, that much of the sympathy that the visitors feel for the captive beasts is out of place. Any sympathy that a soft-hearted person has for captive gorillas, however, is not misplaced, says Miss Ellen Velvin in From Jungle to Zoo.

Many gorillas have been captives, but in spite of the greatest care none have lived more than a comparatively short time. There seems to be no particular ailment from which they suffer; nothing except intense home- or heartsickness. They grieve themselves to death.

At first they show some interest in what goes on round them—perhaps because of a feeling that there is some way of escape. After a time they show less and less interest and take smaller quantities of food. There invariably comes a time when they refuse food altogether. Then the case becomes hopeless. They sit with their shoulders hunched up, their knees under their chins and their hands hanging listlessly in front of them or else raised to their heads, as if they suffered from headache. They never lift their sad and weary eyes for hours at a time. If you induce them to look up, there is an expression in their eyes that haunts you, so immeasurably sad and forlorn it is. They even cease the little futile show of temper that previously broke out at intervals.

All the anthropoid or man-like apes, such as gorillas, orang-utans and chimpanzees, are extremely sensitive to surroundings and environments. In order to keep these big apes in good health it is absolutely necessary to give them plenty of company, either of their own kind or of men—anything, in fact, to relieve the tedium of captivity, which they undoubtedly feel. When a chimpanzee gets a new companion he goes into the wildest state of excitement; he thumps the floor and walls, scampers round his cage and screams with delight.

ADVICE FOR THE BESPECTACLED

AN optician, writing in the New York Sun, gives some information that may benefit the wearers of shell-rimmed spectacles.

It is of the utmost importance, he says, to be very careful not to subject the shell frames to a sudden atmospheric change. You must not go from a room in which the temperature is about seventy degrees into the open where the temperature is as low as ten degrees. If you make that sudden change, the shell frames will crack in some place. A low temperature makes the shell frames contract, and since the lenses will not "give," the frames must.

A high temperature, especially on humid days, causes the shell to expand. That loosens the frames and allows the lenses to get out of position. Sometimes the heat of the body has the same effect.

To prevent scratching the lenses, never lay your glasses down so that they rest on the glass. Instead, turn them so that the frames have the weight. It is equally important to clean the lenses in the right way. Always use a cloth made for the purpose, and be sure that your method is correct. Take your glasses in your left hand and the cloth in the right and rub the lenses gently. Be careful never to twist the glasses. Hold them firmly and do the twisting with the hand that holds the cloth. Then you will not work the lenses loose in the frames.

MORE INDIAN COUNTING

A SUBSCRIBER who read the article on Indian counting that was printed in The Companion several months ago, writes as follows concerning a variant form of that system of notation—if it can be so called:

An aunt of my father's, Olive Beckwith, a native of Charlemont, Massachusetts, lived in our house near Rome, New York, until her death in 1891. She taught me to count "in Indian" thus:

Nucket, nucket nucket; nee, nucket nee; swee, nucket swee; yow, nucket yow; nepaw, nucket nepaw; nuckadunce, nucket nuckadunce; swunce, nucket swunce; nezunce, nucket nezunce; puskokum, nucket puskokum; nepiog, nucket nepiog.

I wonder if anyone else learned the counting in this form?

THE NOVICE'S MISTAKE

IN Tales of the Flying Services, Mr. C. G. Grey tells about a strange entry in the official report of an officer who had recently joined the service and was sent to pass a seaplane through its test for the English navy. He had to go up as a passenger with the constructor's pilot and to keep a log of what occurred during the test.

This is what he put down: "9.5 A. M., left slip. 9.10 A. M., altimeter shows 300 feet above sea. 9.12 A. M., curious phenomenon. Met a sea gull flying backward!"

That meant that the machine, flying at the rate of about eighty miles an hour, overtook a sea gull—which is not a fast flyer—going at about forty miles an hour, and that up in the air, without any background to give a proper sense of direction, the bird looked as if it were flying toward them tail first. Probably the officer knows better now.

A RARE TREAT

TWO Washington ladies, says Everybody's Magazine, hired a broken-down hack, and when they paid for the ride gave the driver a dollar in the following coins: a twenty-five-cent piece, three dimes, five five-cent pieces and twenty pennies.

After looking at this miscellany for a moment, the driver showed all his teeth in a grin and asked whimsically:

"Well, now, ladies, how long you-all been savin' up for dis nice little treat?"

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By Peter Clark Macfarlane

Mr. Macfarlane has here written a really big, emotional American novel. In his hero, John Hampstead—railway clerk, actor, book agent and preacher; in Marien Dounay, the actress, and in the other girl—blue-eyed Bessie, whose love for John is undisclosed until he blunders under the spell of the actress. Mr. Macfarlane has depicted characters destined to live in American fiction. *Publisher's price \$1.35.*

UNDER THE COUNTRY SKY

By Grace S. Richmond

In the story of Georgiana and her three rivals we meet again the same sort of delightful people we knew in Red Pepper Burns. It is a tender romance with a surprise at the end and a catch at the heart for poor "Father Davy," who loses a very dear daughter to see her happy with the man whom he himself had chosen. *Publisher's price \$1.25.*

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WILDFIRE By Zane Grey

Zane Grey has written many fine books, but Wildfire outruns them all. The author's characters have usually been men and women who loved adventure, but in this story the adventures of his characters partake of the wild freedom and strength of the desert and mountains to which they belong. In vivid delineation, as well as in high dramatic power, Wildfire will stand as one of the best the author has written. *Publisher's price \$1.35.*

JUST DAVID

By Eleanor H. Porter

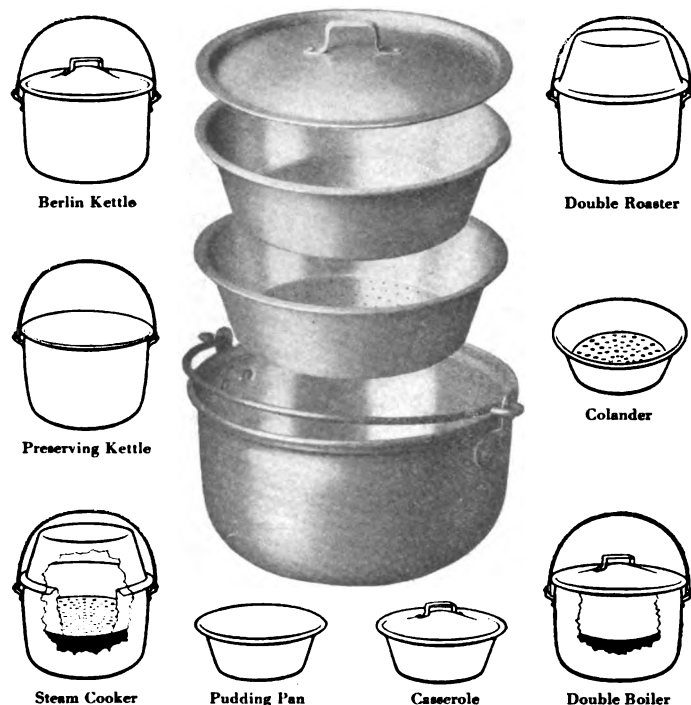
Just David is one of those books that bears its message of courage and inspiration straight to the heart of every reader. If you want to make a lovable, lifelong friend, read this story of the boy who brought happiness to a whole village. *Publisher's price \$1.25.*

SEVENTEEN

By Booth Tarkington

Seventeen, by Booth Tarkington, author of The Turmoil and Penrod, is a tale of youth and summer time and the Baxter family—especially William. As Mr. Tarkington portrayed once and for all the boy in Penrod, in this new book he draws the perfect portrait of hobbledehoy youths. It would not be fair to tell here all the exploits, tragic sufferings and joys of William Sylvester Baxter; it would be spoiling a feast. *Publisher's price \$1.35.*

The "8" Combination Aluminum Cooking Set



Here's a set of cooking utensils that will go a long way toward satisfying the desire of every housekeeper for a complete aluminum kitchen outfit. The Set consists of four pieces, so made that they fit together perfectly in various combinations to form eight different utensils such as are needed in the kitchen every day of the year round. Each piece is of solid aluminum, which cannot flake or rust off like enamel. The Set is one of the most attractive as well as most practical articles we have ever offered.

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Send us one new subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion, with 50c. extra, and we will send you one of these "8" Combination Aluminum Cooking Sets. The Set will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by receiver. If parcel post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send us for a 3-lb. package.

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USES KEROSENE. The illustration does not show the full size of the Engine. It stands eleven inches high, and the boiler, which is formed from heavy brass, is absolutely safe. It is an improvement over all former styles in that ordinary kerosene can be used as fuel, instead of alcohol. It can run full speed continuously for ten hours at a cost of less than one cent. It has a safety valve, steam whistle, and a finely fitted water gauge that will indicate the exact amount of water in the boiler. It has a large balance wheel and other necessary parts to make it the most powerful Steam Engine for toy machinery now on the market.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE LARGEST ANIMAL

THE blue whale is not only the largest animal that lives to-day upon the earth or in its waters, but, so far as is known, it is the largest animal that has ever lived, declares Mr. R. C. Andrews in *Whale Hunting with Gun and Camera*. Even those extinct reptiles, the dinosaurs, which splashed along the borders of the inland seas of Wyoming and Montana a million or more years ago, could not approach a blue whale either in length or weight.

In 1903 Dr. F. A. Lucas weighed in sections a blue whale taken at Newfoundland. The animal was seventy-eight feet long and thirty-five feet round the shoulders; the head was nineteen feet in length, and the flukes sixteen feet from tip to tip. The total weight was sixty-three tons; the flesh weighed forty tons; the blubber, eight tons; the blood, viscera and baleen, seven tons, and the bones, eight tons.

Exaggerated accounts of the size of this species are current even in reputable books on natural history; but the largest specimen that has been measured and recorded was eighty-seven feet long. It was stranded a few years ago on the coast of New Zealand, and it must have weighed at least seventy-five tons. I have measured two blue whales eighty-five feet long, but specimens of that size are very rare.

All the whalers who have hunted in the South Atlantic or Pacific tell remarkable tales of the enormous blue whales that are killed off Kerguelen and the South Georgia islands. No doubt the species sometimes reaches ninety, or possibly ninety-five, feet, but the stories of one-hundred-and-fifteen- and one-hundred-and-twenty-foot whales are certainly myths. As Dr. Lucas aptly says, "All whales shrink under the tape measure."

The principal reason why whales are able to attain such an enormous size is that their bodies are supported by the water in which they live. A bird is limited to the weight that its wings can bear up in the air. A land animal, if it becomes too large, cannot hold its body off the ground or move about rapidly, and is doomed to certain destruction. But a whale has to face none of these problems, and can grow without restraint. The sperm and right whales float when killed, but the fin whales usually sink, although the specific gravity of their bodies is very little greater than that of water.



UNCLE BILLY'S RETORT

DURING the time of intense political feeling that succeeded the War of Secession, there lived in Porter County, Indiana, a harmless eccentric man by the name of Bingham, popularly called Uncle Billy, who, although possessed of some money, was something of a vagrant, and sponged his meals and his lodgings whenever he could. Often he slept on the hay in barns of well-to-do citizens.

When Uncle Billy presented himself at the polling place to cast his vote on one occasion, Augustus Starr, the son of a prominent and wealthy Democrat, was one of the clerks of the election. He was furious at the idea of receiving this vote, which he knew would be Republican.

"Why, gentlemen," said Starr, "this man has no residence, no home, no domicile, no locus, no habitation! He is a mere vagabond. He often sleeps, as I have had occasion to know, with the mules in my father's barn."

Uncle Billy turned to the other judges with a twinkle in his eyes, and drawled out:

"Your Honors, it is true that I sometimes sleep with jackasses and mules, but I never vote with them; and that is what worries Mr. Starr."

The young Democrat was effectually silenced by the loud roars of laughter from men of all parties who stood by, and Uncle Billy was permitted to vote.



MISPRINTS AND MAXIM GUNS

THE late Sir Hiram Maxim says in his autobiography that when he organized the United States Electric Lighting Company the printer sent home its stationery with the heading, "The United States Electric Lighting Company." When he established his new gun company in England, he told of this mistake in order to emphasize the importance of getting the stationery printed correctly. When the first sheets were brought to him, however, he found that the English printers had made his concern appear as "The Maxim Gun Company."

"One of the Maxim guns," said Sir Hiram, "was designed to fire a shell weighing about a pound. These shells were, of course, expensive; they cost about one dollar and a quarter each. When we demonstrated the gun before Li Hung Chang, it fired four hundred of these shells, costing more than five hundred dollars, in a minute. The old Chinese statesman, on being told the cost of the shells, said, 'This gun fires altogether too fast for China.' The King of Denmark's comment was, 'That gun would bankrupt my little kingdom in about two hours.'"



A "SIDEREAL DAY"

IN answering a correspondent who asked the meaning of the term "sidereal time," the Irish Times explains that that is the only truly scientific manner of reckoning time, and is that which astronomers and navigators use. A "sidereal day" is the precise time taken by the earth in revolving on its axis, and is twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds. Our sundials, however, record a very different day.

If you set up a sundial in a garden and observe when it is noon to-day, and again to-morrow, you will find that it exceeds the "sidereal day" by three minutes and fifty-six seconds. The difference is due to the distance that the earth has traveled on its orbit while it has been revolving on its axis. The orbit motion makes it necessary for the earth to turn nearly four minutes longer in order to bring any place to the same position with regard to the sun that it had on the previous day.



A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE

The following appalling incident in the musical world is taken from Judge:

Trombone of Village Band—What do we play next, Sir?

Sir—Sousa's Grand March.

Trombone—Gosh all hemlock! I jest played that!



Photo White

Oscar Saenger

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"I AIN'T going to church," Mrs. Horn declared, "Easter or no Easter! What's the difference of one day from another when every day's as hard as can be for old folks like us?"

But little Mrs. Pepper laughed softly. "Easter's different! Just look out and see! The grass is greening up, and the air's as soft as a baby's hand, and the little white clouds in the blue sky couldn't belong to any other day. Easter's the resurrection, and everything comes alive again to tell about it."

"It don't tell me nothing about it. If there's a God anywhere, I guess He's forgotten all about any resurrection for old bodies like us. I can't see as Easter helps much. We live on in this Home just the same, and we're going to have corned beef for dinner same as if 'tweren't Easter, and wear our same old clothes. What good does it do us to have the grass green and the sky blue? Might as well be tother way round for all I care."

"You do make it sound sorter plain," said Mrs. Pepper, with a sigh; but then she brightened. "'Tain't plain, though. It's a world full of love and life and beautiful things, and I'm glad I'm in it, even if I am only an old woman, and no good to anyone. A day like this makes me feel young, like I was going out on adventures."

"I declare, Mis' Pepper, I don't believe you ever growed up!" Mrs. Horn exclaimed. "If you don't hurry you'll miss your trolley, and that's all the adventure you'll get."

Mrs. Pepper settled her bonnet and pulled on her gloves. "I'm sorry you won't come, Mrs. Horn; it's a nice trolley ride to Fenton. You won't be lonely, will you? I always like a long quiet morning like this to go back and remember all the happy things I've had; I never know how many they are till I really sit down to think 'em out. Good-by!"

Mrs. Pepper got as far as the hall and came back with a bunch of shining daffodils.

"Mrs. Mollin gave them to me," she said, in delight. "Some one sent her a big boxful, and she gave me seven. I'm going to carry them to church, and then I'll bring them back to look at all the week. I'll leave one now to keep you company while I'm gone. Good-by! I'm real fond of you. I sorter hate to leave you." She bent and kissed her friend's cheek.

"You'll get left yourself if you don't go," said Mrs. Horn grimly. "If you get invited out to dinner, be sure you accept."

Mrs. Pepper laughed at the joke and tripped out of the building. When she had gone, Mrs. Horn grudgingly touched the spot that Mrs. Pepper had kissed and gazed at the gay spring blossom. When she was a little girl in the country there had been a row of yellow daffodils beside the grape arbor.

Mrs. Pepper barely caught her trolley. She paid her first fare out of a purse that held just two quarters, and settled down into her corner.

"I'd like to be up on one of those scudding white clouds to-day, or I'd like to ride in a big, fast automobile like that one going past; but it's a good deal to be thankful for that I've the strength to ride in a trolley and the thirty cents to pay my fare to Fenton and back on an Easter. If I make believe the trolley is an automobile, I can feel just as grand as the woman in that one that passed us. I suppose it is silly, but I like to pretend that I'm one of the ones that help the world on. The Lord's got plenty of smart people to do his work. He don't need me, I suppose, but it's something just to be in such a beautiful world and know there is a resurrection."

The car, full to its limit, ran through the open country, while Mrs. Pepper smiled happily in her corner and watched the greens of the earth and the blues and the whites of heaven. She smiled at the conductor each time she paid him a nickel, and he relaxed a little the scowl on his brow set there by persons who had not put on their Easter hearts

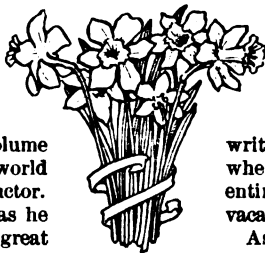


DRAWN BY F. R. GRUGER

"OH, THE DARLING! THE DARLING!" MURMURED MRS. PEPPER

MRS. PEPPER PASSES

By Helen Ward Banks



with their Easter hats and who pushed and crowded and scolded. One woman who, to catch the car, had lost her breath used it with increasing volume as she recovered it to let the world know her opinion of the conductor. The man's brow grew blacker as he listened, and it was only by great effort that he kept quiet.

"Please let me off here," Mrs. Pepper said.

As she stepped down she picked a daffodil from her bunch and put it into the conductor's fingers. "I know you have a lot to stand," she whispered, "but it is Easter all the same in spite of folks' tongues."

The man flushed, and his scowl melted into a hearty smile. "Thank you, ma'am," he said. "It's a long time since anyone's given me a flower."

He started the car and with a tug of new life at his heart watched Mrs. Pepper's retreating little figure. "She got me just in time," he thought. "Another minute and I'd have let fly at that woman and then it would have been all up with me—one more complaint at the office and out I'd go."

Mrs. Pepper trotted down to the big church that she had come so far to attend. She was little and inconspicuous among the crowd in the vestibule, but she stood smiling with childlike content in her blue eyes until some one smiled back and led her to a seat well up toward the front in a pew with an elegantly dressed woman. Mrs. Pepper smiled at her as she sat down; she recognized her as the woman in the big automobile that had passed the electric car, and she felt as if she had met an old friend.

Mrs. Ashton did not return the greeting, but Mrs. Pepper, not realizing in the least that she had been snubbed, settled herself happily to enjoy the service.

She missed something as it went on. The chancel was wonderfully dressed with flowers; the soft breeze came in through the open windows; the choir sang hallelujahs—but the clergyman's voice was toneless as he read and prayed.

Since Friday he had thrilled with the simplicity and wonder and inspiration of Easter; eagerly he had written his sermon, and eagerly he had prepared his plea for an offering that should provide summer vacations for all the needy mothers and babies in the city. And when he had come to church and looked out over his congregation, the inspiration dropped out of the

service. He suddenly shrank from preaching to the worldly, unsympathetic faces before him the sermon that he had written with fast-beating heart. And when he gave his notices he left out entirely the plea for the mothers' vacations.

As he went into the pulpit for the sermon he looked down into Mrs.

Pepper's blue eyes, smiling faith and confidence and childlike joy. Straightway in the minister's heart confidence and faith and joy leaped again. He knew that at least one would understand his message.

Mrs. Pepper drank it in breathlessly, while the congregation rustled round her, shaken by the discovery that they possessed souls.

As the minister ended his sermon he paused, and then asked for an Easter offering for the mothers and babies of the city. The congregation pondered doubtfully—it was a little irregular; but Mrs. Pepper had no doubts. She opened her purse to put her dime into the contribution plate. Mrs. Ashton, looking into the purse, saw the one quarter and the one dime. She saw the fingers fumble for the dime and then close resolutely round the quarter.

"They need all I can give," Mrs. Pepper thought, "and I'll walk the last fare; ten cents'll take me most home."

She took out the quarter and closed her purse. Mrs. Ashton understood. With a slight flush she reopened her own mesh bag, thrust back the five-dollar bill that she had taken out and groped down to the bottom for the bill that had "100" printed in its corners. It fell into the plate on top of Mrs. Pepper's quarter.

Mrs. Pepper gasped. "Oh, how wonderful!" she whispered to herself. "Just to think of being able to do that! My quarter won't give half a baby half a day, and hers will keep ten babies five weeks. It does make me most wish I could do something that really counted; but if I can't, I'm glad I can see it done."

Mrs. Ashton's bill preached its way down the aisle, until it was covered by fluttering notes of all denominations. The plates were put back into the minister's hands, and his eyes were misty as he spoke the few words of prayer. There was no doubt now about the mothers' vacations.

Mrs. Pepper was waiting for him as he came down from the chancel. "I can't go away without thanking you for that beautiful sermon," she said.

"The sermon you preached," he said. "Do

you suppose you could spare me one of your daffodils? I'd like to wear it to-day."

Mrs. Pepper flushed with pleasure, picked out the best and gave it to him before he was swept away by the crowd of his own parishioners. She went down the aisle puzzling over his words.

"How funny! He said 'the sermon I preached'!" she exclaimed, laughing to herself. "How mixed up he did get! Now I guess getting through all this crowd I'll miss my trolley."

As she reached the door the electric car was just passing out of sight; the next one would not go for forty minutes. Mrs. Pepper settled herself to patience, while the crowd slowly dispersed. At the other side of the vestibule Mrs. Ashton was waiting for her car. Mrs. Pepper smiled at her. This time Mrs. Ashton smiled faintly in return.

"Are you expecting some one?"

"I've missed my trolley; but it's only forty minutes before another comes."

"Forty minutes! That's an age. If you will come with me, we shall probably

overtake your trolley. I don't know why Edwards is so late."

"I never rode in an automobile," said Mrs. Pepper, laughing. "It's

real good of you. Now I'll get home in time for dinner. Mrs. Horn and me this morning were saying we got a little tired of corned beef for Sunday all the year,—even Easter,—but when I lost my trolley, corned beef seemed as if it would taste pretty good, after all. You see, at the Home, if we aren't there by one, we miss our dinner."

For twenty minutes Mrs. Pepper chattered on while they waited for the car, and Mrs. Ashton listened with an interest that amused her. She learned that her guest was Mrs. Pepper and that her roommate was Mrs. Horn. She heard what fun it would be to walk into people's houses and see how they looked, so that you could pretend the Home was furnished like that; she discovered that, if you pretended that corned beef was roast duck, it really tasted like it, and that, if Mrs. Pepper were not a person, she should like to be a tree, because its roots were so deep and its head was in the heavens.

Then, just when Mrs. Ashton awoke to the fact that her car was long overdue, it slid round the corner and drew up before the church door. Mrs. Pepper, lingering politely behind, did not hear the cutting words of reproach that fell from Mrs. Ashton's lips. The chauffeur flushed hotly, but Mrs. Ashton gave him no chance to explain his delay.

"I'm afraid we shan't overtake your car now," Mrs. Ashton said, as she put Mrs. Pepper into the automobile, "but I'll take you home."

"Oh, don't!" protested Mrs. Pepper. "It'll be all out of your way. And I ain't a mite hungry. I don't need any dinner on a day when I can ride in an automobile. It's such a wonderful Easter!"

Looking at the little woman who had such great capacity for enjoyment, Mrs. Ashton pondered the difference in their circumstances and their gratitude. A softer feeling stirred her suddenly. She realized that it was again Easter morning as it used to be before life had died for her.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said, with a little unexpected laugh. "I'll take you home with me for dinner. I actually am going to have roast duck. I'll telephone the Home and send you back in the afternoon."

"It's a real adventure!" breathed Mrs. Pepper.

"I shall want you at four, Edwards, to take Mrs. Pepper home," Mrs. Ashton said as she left the car.

Edwards touched his cap. He was still smarting under Mrs. Ashton's sharp, unjust words. He had used his best efforts to repair a sudden break and had made the delay as short as possible, and had received only blame.

Mrs. Pepper followed Mrs. Ashton into the

YOUNG Mr. Davis laid down his newspaper and glanced apprehensively across the breakfast table at his wife's costume. Her hair was neatly and becomingly arranged, but even to the dull, masculine eye her gingham dress was decidedly "out of style." Mr. Davis had learned to associate such callous indifference to fashion on his wife's part only with some violent, domestic cataclysm.

"Hello, Clarissa! What's going on this morning? I thought you cleaned the attic and hoed out the furnace only last week."

"Horace," his wife answered solemnly, "I am going to dye to-day."

Mr. Davis's round face paled a little; then he caught the twinkle in her eye, and rallied.

"Huh! Not in that dress. You can't scare me," he declared. "If you felt that anything like that were going to happen—with all these stylish neighbors round us—you'd have on that Georgy crape thing of yours and a tall, white lily clasped in your left hand instead of that roll. Whatever or whomever you are going to dye, Clarissa, don't do it!" he pleaded. "Let Schucks do it. I pass their sign every time I go downtown. 'Other dyers do not amount to Schucks,' and it is such a pretty green and yellow sign that I have always wanted to try him. Can't Schucks do your dyeing for you, Clarissa?"

Mrs. Davis shook her head. "And waste three packages of dark-blue dye—ten cents apiece or three for a quarter? I should say not!"

Mr. Davis held up a warning finger. "Clarissa, when will you learn that it doesn't pay to eat a spoiled ten-cent watermelon to save it, and then call in the doctor at three dollars a visit? Remember the tamales you bought when we first came to California. You insisted on getting three because they were three for a quarter. You took a bite, I took a bite—and neither of us ever took another bite of those tamales."

Mrs. Davis rose from the table with great dignity. "I have affairs of moment to attend to to-day. I cannot longer listen to your childish prattle."

"Be sure to think up something nice for us to do this afternoon, Clare," Horace said, as he kissed her good-by at the front door. "You know I have a half holiday. How would a picnic do, with some of your nice potato salad?"

But evidently his wife's mind was already intent on her day of dyeing, for without answering she thrust him out of the door and hurried to her kitchen.

In the kitchen he found her when he returned home at one o'clock. The room was permeated with a strange, pungent odor, and Clarissa stood above a steaming wash boiler; with a small lath and a broom handle she was alternately lifting and prodding a furry, seething mass.

"What in the world—" began Mr. Davis.

"Don't stand there talking all day, Horace Davis, but come help at the obsequies. Take a stick and help me steer this into the dish pan. Don't touch it! There, your fingers will be all black! I told you not to. Of course it's hot—that's a striking peculiarity of boiling water. It's my blue chinchilla auto coat that this California sun was turning pink. It has no lining—so I'm sure—it will—turn out—well."

Her words came disjointedly, jerkily, but unceasingly, for they were designed to head off any verbal resistance on the part of Mr. Davis; but indeed he experienced such surprise at

house, and discovered beauty and luxury that were beyond her fondest dreams. She took it all in with bright, eager eyes; henceforth she should have no difficulty in furnishing her castles in Spain.

The soup and the roast duck and the salad were delicious. Mrs. Pepper laughed softly, and the maid, who was passing her the cheese, looked at her in wonder.

"Things do taste a little better real than when you pretend them," Mrs. Pepper said to her hostess. "I'll have so many new things now to tell stories about I shan't need to use the old ones. Some of the old ones, though, I never get tired of—like my mother. I often play I'm back with her. We were very fond of each other always; it's a comfort remembering you've made people happy, isn't it? I go over and over those days, and I'm sorry for all I didn't do for my mother and glad for all I did. You always are glad—afterwards."

The maid carried away the salad plates, thinking of a letter upstairs full of a mother's pining for a sight of her daughter's face. And the girl meant to have a gay vacation this year, and not to go home at all.

When the ice cream was served and Mrs. Pepper had taken a piece of cake, she laid it down, with a sober look.

"It makes me think of Mrs. Horn," she said. "I'd clean forgotten her. Here I sit eating all these good things and she with the same old corned beef and bread pudding. Do you think your cook would mind if I didn't eat my cake and took it to Mrs. Horn?"

"She shall have some, and cold duck, too,"

THE DAY CLARISSA DYED

By Florence V. Mead

being suddenly raised to the position of chief helper that he scarcely opened his lips until he was hoisting the unwieldy, flapping garment to the clothesline in the back yard.

"The neighbors will think that we have skinned a black sheep," he remarked.

Clarissa giggled. "It does look like it! Wouldn't it be fun to carry out the idea and ask the Carrs and Harpers in for a lamb roast to-morrow night? Only they will have to wear dark clothes for fear the chairs will rub off."

Mr. Davis stopped short in his progress toward the house and looked at Clarissa suspiciously. "What have you—"

"They're fine, Horace, simply fine!" she interrupted hastily. "You know the man at Barker's told me there wasn't any possible

fine. You're a genius. And now what are we going to do this afternoon?"

The anxious look in Clarissa's face had given way to one of serene satisfaction, which was in turn replaced by a wheedling expression. "You know, Horace, how dreadfully that blue Brussels rug in the guest room is faded—a regular dirty white. I really thought we'd have to buy a new one, but it occurred to me that, if you'd clean that squirter thing that you use to spray the orange trees and fill it with blue dye, we could tuck old newspapers all round the sides of the room, and then you could spray the rug a yard at a time, and I'd put on my rubber gloves and take a small scrubbing brush and rub it in. I'd add a bit of green to make it a lovely shade of Gobelin blue."

DRAWN BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



FIVE MINUTES LATER HE REAPPEARED, STILL FULLY DRESSED, AND SAT DOWN GLOOMILY UPON THE BEACH

way to restore the color to those leather seats that this California sun had faded out, but I just couldn't give it up; so I gave them a good dose of navy-blue dye—rubbed it on with a sponge—of course I didn't 'boil them,' Horace—and then I applied a coat of floor wax, and they're improved a hundred per cent.

"A hundred per cent," she repeated nervously, as her husband silently inspected a rejuvenated chair and gingerly seated himself on the shining leather.

"No, I shouldn't ask the neighbors to dinner," he said. "I'd close my eyes to say grace, and when I'd open them again I'd find that every last little Carr had slid off his slippery seat and come to a stop beneath the tablecloth. It would be worse than one of those slippery napkins that you have to crawl after on your hands and knees under the table.

Really, though, Clare, these chairs do look

Clarissa stopped, quite out of breath. Her husband gasped and looked at her stonily. "Oh, let's send for Schucks!" he said.

"No," replied Clarissa firmly, "we can't afford it. It is a perfectly feasible plan. Before we were married you said you'd die for me, and now you won't even dye with me."

"But this is such a glorious day to be outdoors!" protested Mr. Davis.

"Well," sighed Clarissa, with apparent resignation, "I suppose I'll have to give it up. It would take two hours, of course, but I thought that after that we should have plenty of time for a dip in the ocean and a supper on the beach by moonlight with some sponge cake and that potato salad that's in the refrigerator."

There was a deathlike silence, and Clarissa fired her last gun. "A new rug costs exactly eighty-five dollars," she murmured.

"Oh, well! I ought to have known enough

to give in at once," Horace said, with a laugh. "Dye everything in the house except me, if you wish, Clare. Nothing can make or keep me blue, though, so long as I've got you."

Clarissa smiled sweetly.

"Then you won't mind that

I dyed all those white socks of yours, Horace? I looked all round over the house for something to dye,—it seems a pity to waste any of the dye,—and I came across your stockings. You know you never would wear them because they were white, and they are such a lovely quality! They came out a little light in color because they are cotton and the dye really was for wool, but I laid out a pair on the bed for you to wear to the beach, and I am sure you will be pleased with them."

"D'you know," remarked Mr. Davis jovially several hours later to Mr. Carr and Mr. Harper, as they walked toward the beach, "my wife is the most economical and ingenious person I ever saw! I appreciate it more every day. I helped her dye a large rug this afternoon, and by George! it looks as fine as an eighty-five-dollar rug straight from Barker's! She dyed these stockings, too. They didn't look quite so bright at home in a dark room," he added somewhat ruefully, as he turned his foot to one side.

Fitting his key into the bathhouse lock, Mr. Davis opened the door and disappeared with a grin.

Five minutes later he reappeared, still fully dressed, and sat down gloomily upon the beach.

"Have concluded I don't want to go in to-day. Water's too cold," he replied to all wondering inquirers, and with that they were forced to rest content. To their pleadings he remained obdurate, and he even subsided into a morose silence, from which the moonlight supper and the sponge cake failed to rouse him.

But once at home, he roused himself into action. He feverishly unlaced his shoes, pulled off his stockings, and thrust two bright, Dutch blue feet before the astonished eyes of his wife.

"Why didn't I want to go in swimming?" he asked, with caustic emphasis. "Why couldn't I enjoy that potato salad? Look! D'you suppose I wanted to be the laughing stock of that beach? Do you suppose I could think of anything else except how long it takes blue dye to wear off?"

"It—it—will all come off if you boil them," faltered Clarissa.

"Boil them!" cried Mr. Davis. "It's near enough to tragedy already. Clarissa," he said, and his voice was low and full of feeling, "this has got to stop right here! Not another thing in this house is going to be dyed a dark, deep, rich navy blue, even if we do waste two cents' worth of dye. I told you to stop your nefarious operations when you reached me, but you didn't, and now this abominable fluid is going to lick the dust!"

Marching into the kitchen, he seized the wash boiler; silently Clarissa opened the door and meekly she led the way out to the moonlight.

"Pour it right here."

He obeyed mechanically and then stiffened with sudden suspicion.

"Why?"

"Because," said Clarissa in honeyed tones, "this is my forget-me-not bed, and this California sun is so strong it fades even fl—" But the kitchen door slammed, and Clarissa, giggling gently, crept into the house, stole a look of pride at the dining-room chairs and the guest-room rug, and rejoiced that she had that day not dyed in vain.

said Mrs. Ashton, with a laugh; "so you needn't hurt the cook's feelings."

"You're so generous!" sighed Mrs. Pepper. "We don't get rich cake in the Home, and Mrs. Horn has a real sweet tooth. She don't get so much pleasure out of life as I do, for she takes things hard. She frets. The matron does speak out pretty sharp sometimes, but of course she gets tired, having forty old ladies to look after. That's the worst of it—we're all old; if there could only be some children among us!"

She ate her ice cream in silence. They went out to the library for coffee. As Mrs. Pepper took her cup she looked up with an apologetic little laugh.

"It always makes me quiet when I think about children. I love them so! I never had but one of my own,—she died when she was seven,—but I think about her just as if she were here; sometimes she's grown up and sometimes she's a baby."

Mrs. Ashton drew a sharp breath. Since her baby had left her she never had spoken of her, but little Mrs. Pepper would surely understand. She took a photograph from her desk.

"That is my baby," she said softly. "She lived to be five."

"Oh, the darling! The darling!" murmured Mrs. Pepper. Then she glanced round the big room. "Houses are empty without children. There ought to be young feet in every home, and young voices."

"It's not fair," Mrs. Ashton said fiercely. "My brother has eight children and no money to bring them up on, and I lose my only one!"

"I used to feel that way," Mrs. Pepper agreed, "but now I'm glad other folks can

have 'em if I can't. When I see a pretty little one I make believe it's mine; there's so many children needing mothers and so many mothers needing children; but they wouldn't let me have one at the Home even if I could afford to have it. Best I can do is to keep some peppermints always in my pocket and give one to every child I can. It's in a woman's heart to love children and do all she can for them, isn't it?"

"Would you care to go over the house?" Mrs. Ashton asked abruptly.

"I'd love to," Mrs. Pepper answered, and her happy tongue pattered as fast as her happy feet upstairs and down. "What a place for young folks!" she murmured as she went.

They came back to the library as the clock struck four. Mrs. Ashton rang for the maid to bring Mrs. Pepper's things and went herself to ring for the car.

"Thank you, my dear," Mrs. Pepper said to the girl. "I'd like to give you one of my Easter flowers."

"They're the ones my mother loves best," the maid answered, with a sudden warm surge of love and longing for her mother through her frivolous little heart. "I have a vacation next month and I'm going to see her."

"Could you put me some water in that little vase?" Mrs. Pepper whispered.

She placed the vase before the baby's picture on the desk and set in it one of her yellow daffodils. Then, with the two left her, she went into the hall, where Mrs. Ashton was waiting—with a little book in her hand.

"Do you like poetry?" she asked.

"I love it," Mrs. Pepper answered promptly.

"Do you know these lines of Browning's? I've been thinking about them all day:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillsides dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

"Ain't it beautiful?" breathed Mrs. Pepper. "Those last two lines I can remember:

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

I feel just like that always."

"I'm sure you do," Mrs. Ashton answered. "I see Edwards has the runabout, so you must wear this cloak; and here's Mrs. Horn's box. Some day you must come again and bring her."

"I never can thank you for all you've done for me," Mrs. Pepper faltered. Then, standing on her highest tiptoe, she kissed Margaret Ashton's cheek.

With misty eyes, Mrs. Ashton turned back into the library. On the desk shone the daffodil before the baby's picture. Suddenly the mother dropped into the chair and with her head in her arms shed the tears that start life springing again in a cold heart. Presently she reached for a sheet of paper. She wrote rapidly:

Dear Martin, I need something young in this big house. Can't you spare me the girl who is longing to study music and let me educate her? And if she will be homesick alone, send me, too, the boy who wants to be a landscape architect. I'll take good care of them, and I need them.

Margaret.

Mrs. Pepper, wrapped in Mrs. Ashton's cloak, snuggled down into her corner and smiled

at the chauffeur; but his young face was reckless and hard. The sting Mrs. Ashton had planted had rankled into sullenness, and in that mood he had quarreled with pretty Susie Murphy. Their engagement was broken now, and torn into tatters was the vision of their home-keeping in Mrs. Ashton's lodge. He would throw up his position and go West and forget Susie. It was all ended.

"I'm obliged to you for taking me home," Mrs. Pepper said. "I hope it isn't using up too much of your time. I'd like you to have one of my flowers. Hasn't it been a lovely Easter?"

"I'm glad you think so," he said gruffly; but he picked up the daffodil, which Mrs. Pepper had laid in the crook of his arm, and stuck it in his buttonhole. Somehow it made him think of Susie's bright, laughing face.

"Don't it become you!" Mrs. Pepper exclaimed in delight. "I shouldn't wonder but there's some girl thinks you're just about right. You'll be good to her, too; you're that kind. You ain't married?"

"No, nor ever likely to be—now."

Mrs. Pepper laughed shrewdly. "Oh, you young folks! You've been quarreling with her, have you? Well, lovers' quarrels don't count except as excuses for making up. She's crying her eyes out now likely, while you look as glum as an owl. You go home to her and tell her it's Easter and there's only life and love in the world, and you're sorry you forgot it. She'll have her arms round your neck before you can say the word. Women are like that."

Edwards looked from the yellow flower in his buttonhole to the little lady with the blue eyes. Something hard and heavy in him suddenly turned over and sent bubbling up again all the hope and love and loyalty that were underneath. Yes, women were like that. He straightened at his wheel and laughed. It was easy now to explain the delay of the morning, and in telling his story the last bit of soreness melted.

"Thank you so much," Mrs. Pepper said, as she got down. "It's been such a lovely Easter!"

"And may you have plenty more," Edwards said, as he touched his cap and drove away as fast as the car could carry him to Susie.

Mrs. Pepper pattered up the steps and through the door of the Home. The matron stood in the hall. Mrs. Pepper passed her, smiling, and then turned and went back.

"I had a bunch of Easter daffies this morning," she said. "There's only this one left. I'd like you to have it. We appreciate all you do for us."

The matron's thin lips relaxed and her eyes looked a little less tired. "I'd almost forgot it was Easter," she said, as she took the flower and went on down to the basement. She had meant to have prunes for supper, but as she sniffed the blossom she decided it might be a good night for the best quince preserves.

Mrs. Pepper cautiously opened her door. She was not sure of Mrs. Horn's mood after being left alone so long.

"Well, you did make a day of it," was Mrs. Horn's welcome.

"And such a day!" exclaimed Mrs. Pepper. "Everyone was so good to me! What do you think I've got for you? Some roast duck and citron cake!"

"Humph!" grunted Mrs. Horn. "You do remember your friends, don't you?"

"Mrs. Ashton sent them to you. She was so good to me. Everyone was. It makes me feel bad to think I'm so useless in such a lovely world. Mrs. Ashton put a hundred dollars in the plate. What do you think of that? I sat right alongside of her and saw her do it."

"Where be all your flowers?" demanded Mrs. Horn. "I thought you was going to bring them home to look at all the week."

"I can look at yours," Mrs. Pepper answered. "One's just as good as a lot."

Mrs. Horn munched a piece of cake. "Good cake. Long time since I tasted any like that. I've been thinking about you to-day, Mis' Pepper. I suppose you won't get a new crown just for cheering up one ugly old woman like me, but at least you did do as much as that. I've been feeling to-day while I looked at that flower that maybe Easter does mean something. Maybe there's a God somewhere, after all, who cares that there was a resurrection."

"Flowers are a comfort," Mrs. Pepper answered. "They're like a resurrection themselves—all that beauty coming out of a little black seed. And I'm glad you found out how Easter feels again, Mrs. Horn; it warms you up so. Mrs. Ashton told me some poetry to-day that was just like Easter. I can remember two lines of it:

"God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

"It sounds pretty!" grunted Mrs. Horn. "It's real comforting to me," sighed Mrs. Pepper happily, "for it makes me feel that, though God knows I can't do anything to help along, He can take care of things all right, and just spare me room to be happy in."



REUBEN'S PORTION

By Joslyn Gray

In Ten Chapters Chapter Eight

THE experiment tried that year with the seniors at the academy, although successful with a student like Reuben Cartwright, was not so well adapted to most of the class, and proved singularly unsuited to a pupil of the type of Mabel Graham. It was intended to introduce the student to research and original work, but in her case it served an entirely different purpose.

In mathematics the class worked out their own rules, principles and formulae. In their other courses the work consisted of lectures and recitations in the ratio of three lectures to every two recitations, with outside readings from history and reference books. The class were expected to take rough notes at the lectures, and later at home to transcribe them neatly into the notebooks, making each topic a subject of thought as they expanded it.

Of course the thoughtful Reuben delighted in the work. Mabel Graham liked it, too, but for another reason. Not only was her writing good, but she wrote remarkably fast. Provided with a fountain pen,—the only one in Farleigh except Mr. Phillips's,—she wrote the lectures directly in her book as they were delivered, almost word for word. And even so, her notebook was among the neatest in the class; but because she was compelled to write so rapidly, the words meant little or nothing to her. By glancing over the pages for ten or fifteen minutes before the class met, however, she could prepare herself for a perfect recitation. To the others Mabel seemed to be getting over her senior year—and toward the prize—by means of that royal road to learning that they had been told did not exist.

Consequently, there was more talk than ever about her in South Hollow and Farleigh; people invariably spoke of her as that fat Graham girl. When rumors began to circulate that Watson Graham had met with serious losses in his Western mining investments, people declared that Wat had started the stories himself to quiet the gossip about a rich man's daughter's going into a school where she did not belong, to carry away the prize from the children of hard-working people.

Mabel apparently did not mind the talk, which she must have known about; but she became aware automatically of her slipshod method of study by failing in a recitation one morning of the early winter. She had counted on looking over her notes in a fifteen-minute period that she had free, but when she reached school she found that she had left her book at home. She had not looked at it since she had taken down at the lecture the words that had been to her merely so many sounds; and it was strictly forbidden to borrow from any classmate. The hurt to her pride through her utter failure in class that morning was almost as great as her dismay at the thought of

getting zero for a mark when recitations were reckoned as three quarters and notes one quarter on the record of the month.

"You can see what she's after," Rusty remarked that night at home. "She doesn't care one mite for the study itself; it might as well be Choctaw. All she's after is marks."

"It's a perfect disgrace," said her father. "I'm glad that my daughter studies her lessons for the love of the learning."

Rusty laughed. "O father, it's not so bad as that! No one except Reuben is so perfect as that, but I certainly take some interest."

On Saturday of that week the boys and girls from the academy were skating on a pond near the road that led to the Mudge place. Late in the afternoon Rusty and Anna stood with a little group that had gathered about the bonfire at the edge of the pond. It was supper time for all of them, yet they lingered.

When Mabel Graham left, some one remarked that she wore her purple tam-o'-shanter as if it were a lamp mat. Everyone laughed except Reuben, who perhaps did not hear. He had skated twice with Mabel. Rusty knew that he had done so because no one else had asked her. She also knew, however, that he had skated several times with Anna because he wanted to. He had not ventured to ask Rusty to skate, and she knew that she would have refused him if he had. They were utterly estranged, and all without the semblance of a quarrel.

"I hope Mabel won't wear her purple tam when she walks up to take the prize out of Col. Wadsworth's hands at graduation," remarked Margaret Hatch.

Rusty, in a very becoming golden-brown tam-o'-shanter and a woolen jacket, made a face.

"It's a disgrace to the academy if she gets it!" she declared. "That girl's just as ignorant as she can be. She doesn't really know anything we've had this year. She's only got it in her notebook. Suppose anyone didn't know how to spell anything, but carried a dictionary round in their pocket—wouldn't you call them ignorant?"

The boys laughed. "Sure, Rusty!" they cried.

"Just suppose she should lose her precious notebook?" Rusty went on. "I know what I'd like to do. I'd like to hide it, and then where would she be? It would be only fair, you know, for she doesn't use it at all as we were told to do."

Later, when Mabel's notebook did disappear, everyone who had been in that group thought of Rusty's remarks—yet quite without suspicion. It seemed to them rather that the justice that Rusty had proclaimed had interfered.

The catastrophe fell just before the general review at the close of the winter term. Instead of written examinations, the senior class were

to have two weeks of oral review covering all the previous work of the year. They were to be very carefully marked in each recitation, and the results were to count equally with their monthly records toward the scholarship.

Mabel Graham was the one member in the class who most needed to "cram." The others had gained a good deal through the process of copying their notes, and to them review meant only review. To Mabel, on the contrary, it meant study of unfamiliar material. However, her notebook was the most complete in the class and her memory absolutely to be trusted when once it had grasped facts.

On the Thursday evening that preceded the fortnight of review Margaret Hatch gave a party, to which all of the class and several other young people were invited. It was not the custom at Farleigh to have parties on any other night than Friday; and in other circumstances the teachers and parents would have disapproved of a party on any night so near the examination period, but the circumstances were unique. Margaret's birthday fell on February 23, and since she remembered only two previous anniversaries no one had the heart to object to her celebrating this one.

When school closed that afternoon the building cleared with surprising speed. There had been three very cold nights and the pond was again frozen. Review or no review, no one intended to lose the last chance of the season for good skating.

Rusty and Mabel Graham were left alone in the schoolroom.

"Going skating, Mabel?" Rusty asked.

"No, I'm not."

"H'm! Going to cram, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, I can easily do what I need on Saturday!" replied Mabel loftily. "I don't believe I'll even take my book home. I want to go right home to try on my new evening gown for to-night. Ma thought as long as I was probably going to college I might as well have it new for Margaret's party. I told her you got one a year ago."

"I'm glad you're so sure of going to college," Rusty remarked.

"Well, of course if anything should happen, my pa would send me just the same."

"I hear your father's been losing money," said Rusty, knowing well that it was not her affair.

"My father can lose considerable money, Rusty Miller, and yet be rich in comparison with some folks. I guess when you see my dress to-night you'll make up your mind that pa isn't so very poor yet."

Rusty thought that she saw a curious light in Mabel's eyes as she asked, "Going to wear your yellow messaline to-night, Rusty?"

Rusty was about to quibble by saying that she had not had it made yet, when suddenly the explanation of Mabel's strange look came to her.

"I haven't got it," she said brusquely. "I took it back."

It had come to her that Mabel had bought that very silk and was to wear it that night. Taking up her books, she rushed from the room.

"Reuben coming to-night?" Mabel called out.

"I don't know."

"Ask your sister," Mabel advised her, and Rusty just caught the taunt as she banged the door behind her.

The thought of the yellow silk went with Rusty and spoiled the skating for her. She tried to steel herself to be able to see Mabel wearing it, but it was a struggle. She would far rather stay at home, she said to herself, but she would not do that. Mabel had a right to buy it, and Rusty was glad it was sold, only—at the thought of the soft color and gleaming folds her heart failed her. After all, she almost wished she had kept it. She could not have been any more unhappy than she had been all that year because of being estranged from Reuben.

It occurred to her that Reuben might have told Mabel about the silk, but she dismissed that thought as unworthy. Reuben would not do anything of that sort. He might be so attracted by a new friend as to desert an old one, but he would not be hateful like that.

As it chanced, Rusty was indeed fortunate in being forewarned against the shock of seeing the opal silk that evening. But it was not Mabel Graham who wore it. Mabel was resplendent in a stiff, pale-green taffeta with lace ruffles and knots of deep pink velvet. It was Anna that wore the yellow messaline.

Rusty got through that party somehow and went home, still raging within. Fortunately, everyone was in bed, and so she could take immediate refuge in her room.

Now she did not hesitate to accuse Reuben. He had told Anna of the beautiful silk—most likely he had urged her to get it. He thought it better suited to yellow hair than to red. He did not criticize Anna's spending the money. Oh, no! He had taken it for granted that it would be wicked for Rusty, but because Anna was so pretty there was no question of wrong or right.

Rusty had long since been completely reconciled to her sister, but now in her mind she accused her of deceitfulness. Why had Anna not said a word about the dress to anyone?

FORTUNATELY,
EVERYONE WAS
IN BED

Probably Reuben had told her not to, but that was no excuse. If she was ashamed to tell the folks at home about it, she should have been ashamed to wear it.

As a matter of fact, Reuben, who did not attend the party, and who saw Anna only in her cloak, had no idea what dress she wore, and probably would not have recognized the material in any event. Neither had Anna any sense of guilt. She had seen the silk one day when she went over to Wenham with Miss Penny to do some shopping, and had been quite as enthusiastic about it as Rusty herself. Reaching home that night, she had found the invitation to Margaret Hatch's leap-year party. The next morning she sought out her father. She found him in the basement of the grammar school.

"O pa, I'm invited to a party—Margaret Hatch's—and I want a new dress just awfully! I could make it up myself, if I only had the silk."

"Silk?" he repeated. "How much would it cost, Anna?"

"Thirteen fifty, pa."

That seemed a large sum to Seth Miller. But, after all, there had been nearly six years when he had not done anything for Anna, and she had been such a good girl since her return and was such a joy to all of them. She liked a good time even better than Rusty did, yet she had worked faithfully at Miss Penny's so that her sister might have more time for study. She was older than the girls of Rusty's class, yet she had agreed to enter the beginning class at the academy next fall, and was studying, under Reuben's tuition, to take the examinations. Truly, she deserved the dress.

By the strangest chance in the world, he happened to have exactly that amount to a penny put away—a secret fund known to no one except himself. Some time in the fall Rusty had handed him thirteen dollars and fifty cents, —to think of even the number of cents being exactly the same!—which had been refunded on some things she had bought at Wenham at the time they were moving into the new house; and he had purposely put it aside for some emergency. He had what little comforts he wanted, of course, but Rusty kept the purse strings rather tightly drawn, for all that, and he did not mind having a secret hoard.

Neither did he mind parting with it. He counted out the money to Anna, quite as delighted as she, kissed her and bade her not to tell. Anna hugged him ecstatically and declared that no one should know of the dress until she wore it to the party.

It was only at the last moment that Reuben had decided not to go. There was no fun for him in social affairs when he could not be with Rusty. So he took Anna to the door and left her there. On his way back he dropped in at the Millers'.

Mrs. Miller was upstairs with the boys, who were going to bed. Seth sat in his armchair, clad in a comfortable house jacket, with his feet, in thick woolen stockings, on a chair before him.

"Well, the skating's spoiled for this year," Reuben remarked. "Too bad, when there's Friday night and Saturday just ahead."

"What's the matter?" Seth inquired.

"It's snowing—beginning slow and steady, small flakes, like the real thing."

"You don't say!" murmured Miller comfortably. But an instant later he uttered an impatient "By George!"

"There! That's just my luck, Reuben," he went on to explain. "I went and opened a window in the big schoolroom at the academy, when I was sweeping, and never put it down. The snow'll be all over them stuffed animals within an hour. And me in my stocking feet. I ain't been out of my boots an hour."

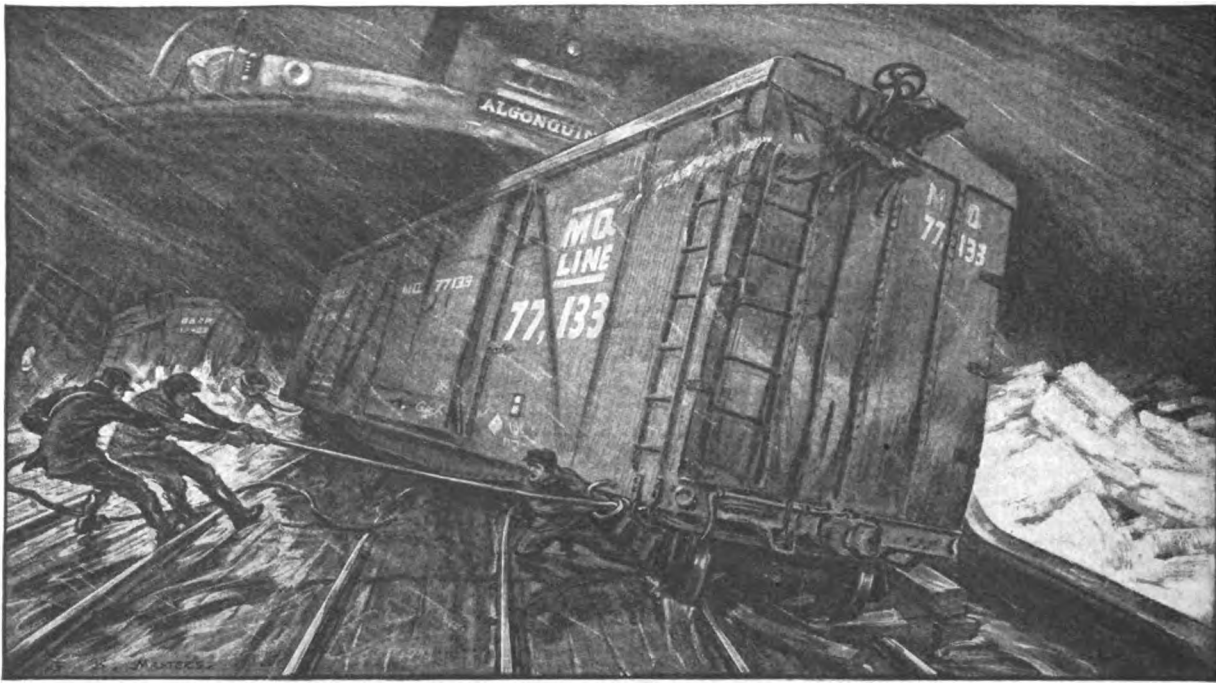
"Sit still. Give me your keys and I'll run over and shut it," said Reuben. "It'll only take a minute, and I'll be right back."

Miller demurred, but Reuben insisted, found a lantern and was off. Returning in a short time, he finished his call and went home. There was no need to call for Anna, who was very popular; one of the boys would bring her home.

It snowed all that night and was still snowing when school began the next morning. But there was no talk at recess of the lost skating, or even of the party; and Rusty forgot all about the silk dress. For excitement was tense throughout the school, and there was only one subject on the minds and lips of all. Mabel Graham's notebook was missing!

She declared that she had put it carefully into her desk the last thing before she had left school yesterday. Some one must have removed it between that time and half past eight this morning, when she had looked for it in vain.

TO BE CONTINUED.



DRAWN BY F. B. MASTERS

PHIL SHOUTED TO JACK AND THE CAPTAIN TO MAKE FAST

CAR NO. 77,133

By H.I. Cleveland

SHINING in her new coat of red paint, car No. 77,133 stood coupled with a string of other newly painted freight cars in the yards of the construction shops. As she rolled away on her first long journey, seeking a load of seventy thousand pounds, the foreman, who was not much given as a rule to paying compliments, said heartily, "That's a whale." The enthusiastic cheers of the shopmen echoed his words.

In height and length, and in the width of her side doors, her measurements exceeded those of ordinary furniture cars. Honest materials and workmanship had gone into her construction. Her frame was steel, covered with the best-seasoned timber that Michigan could offer. Springs, brake beams, couplings and trucks had been selected with the keenest consideration for solidity. She was the pride of her builders.

From the start No. 77,133 had varied experiences. Up on the crest of the Raton range, midway between Colorado and New Mexico, a rail turned below her forward trucks. Loaded down to her limit with salt, No. 77,133 broke the coupling of the car ahead. Then the power of her size and load held every car behind until the wrecking crew put matters right again.

A little later in the Rockies she slid down from Hell Gate to Glenwood, and her weight gave to the squealing brakes of the runaway train a purchase on the flange that saved a dash into the rocks of the Frying Pan River.

One morning, after two years of service on the rail in the West, No. 77,133 was rolled on the deck of Algonquin One, a winter ferryboat lying in Milwaukee Harbor.

Algonquin One, breaker of ice between Milwaukee and Ludington, soused her prow in the harbor drift ice as the weight of the car struck her. No. 77,133 was loaded with nails—thirty-five tons of nails and their kegs. As it happened, only two other freight cars were to cross the lake that day—one with a light load of flour and the other filled with canned meats. The two cars were pygmies compared to the majestic frame of No. 77,133.

Capt. Suddy, on the lower deck of Algonquin One, looked anxiously at the towering size of No. 77,133. Algonquin One was fairly well ballasted, but the heavier her load the better she would ride the ice; and to-day, besides the enormous furniture car, there were only two other cars for extra weight.

"Lash her down hard!" he ordered. "Make the wheel clamps hold. Don't give that elephant a chance to start. She'd be a little safer," he remarked to the first mate, "if we had a bunch of cars ahead and behind her. Double lash her down, anyway. If she ever got started she wouldn't do a thing!"

After the first mate of Algonquin One had secured the car, he went over the lashings with two of the crew, Jack Smith and Phil Cheever. The first mate declared that the car lashings were strong enough for any blow. Jack and Phil did not agree with him, but when they said so the mate bluntly told them to mind their own business.

Early that season Jack and his comrade, Phil, both students at the Houghton School of Mines, had applied to Capt. Suddy for work. In the narrow cubby of his office in Ludington he had looked them over.

"Where d'ye hail from?"

"Upper peninsula, sir."

"Landlubbers. Ever ship before?"

"No, sir, and wouldn't ship now if we could

help it," Jack had answered. "We had to quit the books this term because of the way a dollar looked to us. We don't lose our standing at college, but we need work. Give us a chance, captain, and we'll prove we're worth our pay. All we want is a show."

Capt. Suddy had hesitated. He needed men—but these were boys, and the work of an ice breaker is brutally hard. However, noticing their wiriness and their alert carriage, and realizing that they knew what was ahead of them, he had ordered them to report for duty that afternoon. In the two months before No. 77,133 came into their lives, he had had ample chance to learn their worth as seamen.

Leaving the first mate still looking at the fastenings of the car, Jack and Phil went above.

"Those lashings won't hold if the ferry gets to pitching," Jack said to his chum. "That car needs a wire hawser. If there isn't a real cable on her, she'll break loose on the first duck of the ferry and turn a somersault."

"I've got bills to make out for the captain," said Phil, "and if you don't think I'd be butting in I'll speak about it. Wire cables beat rope lashings hollow."

"Go ahead and tell the old man."

As he made out the bills, Phil ventured to say to the captain: "Wouldn't wire cables hold that big freight car better than rope? There's a lot of wire in the junk hold."

But at that moment Capt. Suddy was anxiously studying the wind gauge and the barometer; he was much more perturbed over the state of the weather than over the fastenings of No. 77,133. He let the question go unheeded. Phil did not repeat it, and so the subject was dropped.

At noon the growling whistle of Algonquin One announced her departure. With the thermometer at zero she cleared the bar of the Milwaukee River. From the northeast a thirty-mile-an-hour wind beat on her nose. The air was filled with sleet, beneath which surged the water and floe ice of Lake Michigan.

The floe ice, sheet sliding upon sheet, ran twelve to fifteen feet deep. The Algonquin One could usually push it aside by the force of her powerful engines; but sometimes the ice breaker would have to climb the drift and break a passageway through by sheer weight. A gray pall that hung over the lake enshrouded the boat and effectually concealed whatever might be ahead. Above the screaming of the wind rose the wail of the foghorn and the cat-calls of the siren.

Half an hour after leaving her slip, Algonquin One met with her first serious rebuff. She rammed a solid field of drift ice and made no impression upon it. The impact was terrific. Capt. Suddy was thrown sprawling over the rail of his bridge, and the two pilots barely kept their footing by clinging to the wheel. Every stick of wood and rivet of steel in the ferryboat quivered as she bounded backward.

Struggling to his feet, Capt. Suddy leaped to his signal cords and speaking tubes. To the chief engineer he roared: "Back her up and then climb it! Hit it hard!"

Down another tube his voice bellowed:

"Send Smith and Cheever below to watch that furniture car! Those lashings may not hold. Tell 'em to whistle up if she gets loose. Send two or three helpers to the stokers—but—understand—have that car watched!"

Jack and Phil went below just as the ferryboat, under new headway, rammed the ice and then slid up on it. The ice gave under

her weight and the boat ducked downward; her propellers got a new purchase, and she shot up and ahead again. Under the strain of the wrenching, No. 77,133 smashed two of her wheel clamps and half of the lashings that held her.

The prow of the ferryboat rose again, the sea surged heavy beneath her, and in the struggle of steel and steam against ice and storm No. 77,133 got her freedom. She stood on the rails, waiting for the next lurch of the ferry to give her action.

"The hawsers, the wire cables!" Jack shouted to Phil. "Get help and haul 'em out!"

Running down beside the car, he reached a speaking tube.

"Big car loose!" he shouted up to the captain.

"Help needed for the cables in junk hold! Smith and Cheever on lower deck—car loose!"

The engines of the ferry stopped, but they could not check the wild swell of the lake and the increasing power of the wind. Such of the crew as were not in the stokehold came tumbling down to help Jack and Phil get hawsers round the free car, but fast as they moved they were not so quick as the beat of the storm on the ferryboat.

As Jack leaped forward with new clamps to block the wheels of No. 77,133, a swell lifted the great car off the rails. Lunging forward, she crashed into the lighter car of flour, and instantly the air was filled with white dust; then she rolled back, and the next instant the contents of the car of canned meats were flying in every direction. Another lunge carried the furniture car to starboard, snapping stanchions in the way. The deck opened in gaping wounds wherever she touched. A sudden reel of the boat to port brought the car back to the rails, which she twisted into fantastic shapes.

Dodging and ducking, Phil and his helpers hauled the wire cables from the hold, and Jack, keeping a wary eye on the car, shouted to them to wind a line round the trucks and to tie down to anything that would hold. There were plenty of holdfasts if the ferryboat and the car would keep still long enough for the men to make the anchoring wire secure; but at that moment No. 77,133 made another wild leap, the crew fled, and Jack and Phil were left alone with her. She smashed a stairway, pounded new holes in the deck, and threatened to carry away the larboard sidings and to plunge into the lake. If that should happen, she would inflict a wound that would leave the boat open to all the wash of the ice and waves.

"I'll lasso her, Jack!" shouted Phil. "I'll get her on the jump!"

His hands were bleeding from his handling of the rough cable, but as he took a flying leap to avoid a new lurch of the car he grinned at his comrade. Upper-deck supports were flying in every direction. The first mate, coming below, plunged off the broken stairway and fell directly into the pathway of the careening car. That tumble gave him a broken leg. Jack dodged in, got him by the shoulders and dragged him into a safer position. The car kept on its way. The storm was tossing Algonquin One about as if she were a feather.

"I'm going in under, Jack, on the forward trucks, when she settles down again," yelled Phil, "and lash her! You get the slack and wind up on that starboard post."

Capt. Suddy, having left the bridge in charge of the second mate, came down and swung through the gap where the stairway had been just as a new roll of the boat launched the car directly at him. But Phil, who saw the captain's peril, was quicker than the car. He caught the captain round the waist and the two rolled clear of the car as it charged into the laundry and the storage room. Another pitch of the boat brought No. 77,133 to the point from which she had started.

Her timbers were somewhat battered, but the steel of her frame held true and the weight of her cargo gave her the force of an avalanche on every move.

Some memory of baseball and football days at Houghton came back to Phil as he wriggled like an eel under the car, dragging the cable after him; watchful every second for a new tilt and roll, he wound it over and over about the forward trucks. The skin was off his hands, and the flesh stung as if fire had been put to it; but he made his double hitch, and shouted to Jack and the captain to make fast.

They were on the second turn of a double twist about a deck post of steel and wood, when a wave tossed the ferryboat high on its crest, and then dropped her deep into the churning waters. Phil got out from under the car just in time. The cable on the trucks held, but the deck post gave way as if it were cheese. No.

77,133 took another wild flight, smashed into a pile of barrels and crates on the starboard side of the deck, reversed and made for the stern.

Then she sagged to port and rolled between two supports of greater strength than any of those forward, which she had demolished. Seeing the advantage that those two braces offered, Phil plunged under the car and made new hitches with the cable. Jack and the captain took up the slack and made for the supports.

"If the boat'll not roll for a minute, captain," Jack cried, "we've got her!"

Wire cable is not easy to handle. It has a stiffness not known to rope, but once twisted into place it has a "bite" that no rope ever had. There had come a brief lull in the storm, and while it lasted Capt. Suddy and Jack made twist after twist of the cable round the supports. They had scarcely finished when the ferryboat lurched again. The car strained at her fastenings, but the braces held. Capt. Suddy leaped to the speaking tube.

"Give her full steam ahead!" he shouted to the engineer. "Climb everything!"

When he turned back to where the car had

heavily and permanently settled, Phil and Jack were making the last lashings on the rear trucks. Jack's clothes were torn to shreds, his hands were in as bad a condition as Phil's, and on his forehead was an ugly bruise.

No. 77,133 tugged at her bonds, but the cables held and the braces took the strain. Wreckage was all round her, but she had not touched the vitals of Algonquin One.

"We'll get those landlubbers above, down," said Capt. Suddy, "and have her lashed some more. There's plenty of cable, and we'll take no more chances. Say, where's the first mate?"

Jack picked the mate up and carried him to the ruin of the stairway. Phil followed and helped him lift the injured officer to the next deck. When the two boys came up themselves and stood in the full glare of the early lighted night lamp before the captain, he put out a hand to each.

"You needn't worry about Houghton any more," he said, "cause the company'll see you get back there as soon as we've butted into Ludington. You're Al on my log."

Forgetting his dread of the underground, Tom, with his torch in hand, dashed toward the opening that led into the adjoining cavern. The others followed him; but there they found only one patch of the onyx deposit, which Tom said would not be worth quarrying.

Returning to the outer room, they drilled more holes here and there; not once did they reach the bottom of the colored layer.

"What's it worth?" demanded Ellis, who was greatly excited. "Millions?"

"Hardly," Tom answered, with a laugh. "This stuff is so rare that it hasn't any fixed market price; but what I'm thinking of is the station contract. The railway people would be glad to get this marble at any price. What they want is magnificence, regardless of expense. Let's get out of here and talk it over."

It was raining a little as they made their way to the hermit's cave, which seemed very cosy to them that night. The boys were in the highest spirits, but Wilson looked uneasy.

"If this yere stuff is as valuable as you-all say, I reckon you'll have a gang of men a-blastin' up yere right soon."

"And turn you out of this cave?" said Tom, laughing. "Don't worry, Wilson. We'll give you a job here as watchman of the quarry."

"But whom does the land belong to?" asked Ellis suddenly.

It was a disconcerting question.

"I never thought of that!" Tom gasped.

"Never heard of nobody's claimin' it," said Wilson.

Tom hastily got out the big map on which they had carefully kept track of their course. The map showed that they were now on the slope of Deersfoot Mountain. The onyx cave was on the southern side of the mountain, about halfway to the top.

"I'm not sure," said Tom, "but I have a strong impression that this mountain forms part of the big Matthews estate, belonging to the coal operator, you know, who died several years ago."

"Then we're out of it!" said Ellis gloomily.

"No, for the estate is being gradually sold off. Brown & Beatty of Asheville are the trustees, and they offered father ten thousand acres last summer at eight dollars an acre. They said there was good timber there and perhaps stone or minerals, but they were tired of paying taxes on it, and thought it better to sell; but it was so far from the railway that dad didn't buy."

"I'll bet he would now!" Ellis cried. "Why, he could buy the whole side of the mountain for four or five thousand dollars. We'd blast out the mouth of that cave. It wouldn't take long to quarry out that onyx, and we could take it down to the railway on mule back if necessary."

"That's right," said Tom. "You and I and dad'll form a partnership, and there'll be a big plum in it for all of us. I believe I ought to start straight home and see about buying the land. The only trouble is, we haven't nearly got our collection of crystals yet. That's too good a contract to lose, and besides I promised them."

"If you boys is huntin' crystals," Wilson interposed, "I've got some yere. I've hunted crystals right smart myself. Take a look at 'em."

From under a heap of rubbish the outlaw unearthed an old sack of deerskin, from which he poured nearly a peck of shimmering stones of every imaginable color.

"Gracious!" Ellis ejaculated.

"Help yourselves. Take all you want. I reckon they ain't no good to me."

"Where on earth did you find all those?" said Tom, looking in amazement at the stones, which glittered in the yellow candlelight.

"All yereabouts. I uster hunt crystals down in Georgy, and sold a heap, but I never dared sell none yere."

Evidently Wilson was no mineralogist, for he had collected a good many pieces of bright quartz and pyrites of no value; but there were also many fine rock crystals in the lot, a great deal of agate and jasper, and several amethysts, one of which was the finest native stone that Tom had ever seen.

"Plenty to fill up the map," said Ellis.

"It saves our job," said Tom. "Wilson, we can't let you give us these stones, but we'll buy them from you, and pay as much as you'd get anywhere."

"Shucks! I don't want no money. Swap me some coffee and meat and I'll be satisfied."

In the end they persuaded Wilson to accept ten dollars and what provisions they could spare. In return they took about forty stones; but for the big amethyst Tom insisted on paying a separate price.

"I've dug right smart of sang, too," Wilson remarked, beginning to rummage in one corner

of the cave. "Come and see it." He had scraped away a pile of loose stones that concealed a natural hollow in the rock floor. The hole was filled to the brim with dried ginseng root.

"Why, you must have several hundred pounds!" exclaimed Tom.

"I reckon!" said Wilson indifferently. "You see, I hadn't nothin' else to do all these years but hunt crystals and dig sang, and so I jest naturally kept a-storin' of 'em up."

"Good dry ginseng like this is worth four or five dollars a pound anywhere, good as gold."

"Well, help yourselves, boys," said Wilson. "There's more'n I want."

"Nonsense!" cried Tom. "You'll be back at home in Georgia in a few weeks. My father will see about getting a pardon for you, and you'll need all the money you can raise."

The hermit had quite lost his sense of values, but he at last agreed to let the boys take the ginseng to Asheville, where they could get better prices for it than at a country store.

High hopes reigned in the cave that night. But when they turned in, Tom could not sleep. He was impatient to find out who owned the land and whether it was for sale; he feared that something would snatch the prize away from him at the last moment. In the morning he consulted Ellis.

"Hadn't we better make for the railway and get out?" Ellis suggested.

"We might manage it quicker if you stayed here," said Tom. "I could ride Peter down to the railway, go in to town, settle the business and be back here within a week. Probably I'd bring my father and a surveyor back with me."

"All right!" Ellis agreed. "I'll have a good time being a primitive savage with Wilson."

Tom was still a little shaky from his experience in the underground river, and he rested for one more day. Early the next morning he mounted Peter bareback and set out. The map showed the railway to be twenty-eight miles away in a bee line, and so Tom carried food for only one day; but the rough country bent the bee line into a zigzag, and the twenty-eight miles lengthened out to nearly forty. Peter was tiring, and Tom was stiff and sore when, late in the afternoon, he struck a wagon road that brought him into Crestville.

The village was on a small branch line of the railway. Tom left Peter with the local liveryman, got something to eat, and caught an east-bound train that set him down at the junction with the main line. There he had to wait until long after midnight for the Asheville train. Tom was tired, but he felt too dirty and ragged to take a sleeper berth; settling himself in a seat in the day coach, he fell asleep almost at once.

He reached Asheville about nine o'clock in the morning. As he left the train he noticed that the newsboys seemed to be doing a rushing business. He bought a morning paper—the first he had seen for nearly a month. His head reeled as he read the flaring headlines:

Heavy Fighting in Belgium. 20,000 Reported Slain. Panic in Paris. Fighting in North Sea.

Tom stood as if paralyzed while he ran his eye down the columns that told of great battles in France, of Belgian defeats, of German victories, of British warships in action, of blood and misery and panic everywhere.

In a daze Tom looked up, saw a man whom he knew standing near him, and held out the paper.

"What's all this, Mr. Mason? I've been back in the mountains a month. What's happened?"

"Why, the world's at war!"

"This country isn't involved?" asked Tom.

"Not yet. We may be; but it's hurting us about as bad as if we were. Cotton market's gone to pieces. The stock exchanges are all closed. The banks are calling all loans, and money is all tied up and locked. Paralyzed—that's what everything is. Why, the railway people were to build a new station this fall, to be the finest in the country, and they've called everything off till the war is over!"

Tom waited to hear no more. Running across the platform of the station, he leaped into one of the hacks and shouted an order to the driver. His mind was on fire with apprehension. On the building of that new railway station everything depended—his father's purchase of the Knoxville marble, the onyx, the crystals. Business had been bad all summer, and a winter of utter paralysis would be a blow that, so far as he could see, his father's business could scarcely survive.

Tom reached his father's office in the square and rushed into the inner room. Mr. Winfield was there, propped up with a heap of cushions and pillows in a long easy-chair; he looked wretchedly pale and ill.

"Why, Tom!" he exclaimed. "When did you get back?"

"What's the matter, dad? Not sick?" Tom cried, forgetting his worry for a moment in this new anxiety.

"My old enemy—inflammatory rheumatism. I managed to get down to the office to-day for the first time in two weeks. Did you get your outfit of crystals?"

"Oh, yes! But what's going on? The world seems to be turned upside down. What does it mean?"

"Well, Tom," said his father slowly, "as far as I am concerned, it means disaster."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock

In Eight Chapters

Chapter Seven

WHEN Tom came to his senses he was lying on the deerskins in the hermit's cavern. The place was dimly lighted by two of Wilson's wax candles, and as Tom caught sight of the rocky walls and the roof he imagined that he was still imprisoned underground. He started up with a yell of fright.

"All right, old fellow!" said Ellis, who was bending over him. "You're all right now."

As Tom recognized the face of his cousin he sank back weakly.

"I thought—but how did you fellows get out?" he murmured.

"Didn't take us long, after you drapped through," said Wilson.

Ellis explained that Tom's mishap had really saved the rest of them. Wilson had seen that underground river before; once he had nearly fallen into it himself. When Tom went down through the hole, the hermit had at once guessed where they were.

They had realized that there was no use in trying to rescue Tom from within; but Wilson knew the spot where the river issued from the mountain, and, hastening to it, they had waited there in the gorge all night. They felt sure that his body would eventually be thrown out there, and they had hoped against hope that there would still be a spark of life in it.

Tom's brief account of his own adventure filled them with amazement; but the telling of it brought his recent experiences so vividly to his mind that he did not care to go into details just then.

"All you could say when we found you was 'cave onyx,'" said Ellis. "You kept muttering it. What did you mean?"

"Oh, yes! Cave onyx," answered Tom, with a start.

"Why, it may have been a dream, for my head wasn't very clear; but it seems to me that I remember seeing a wonderful deposit of cave onyx just inside the place where the river comes out. Can't we go and see?"

"Why, you couldn't stand on your feet!" said Ellis, laughing. "We'll see it as soon as you're fit again. But what is cave onyx?"

"The finest, richest sort of marble in America; also the most valuable. You'll see some pretty quick."

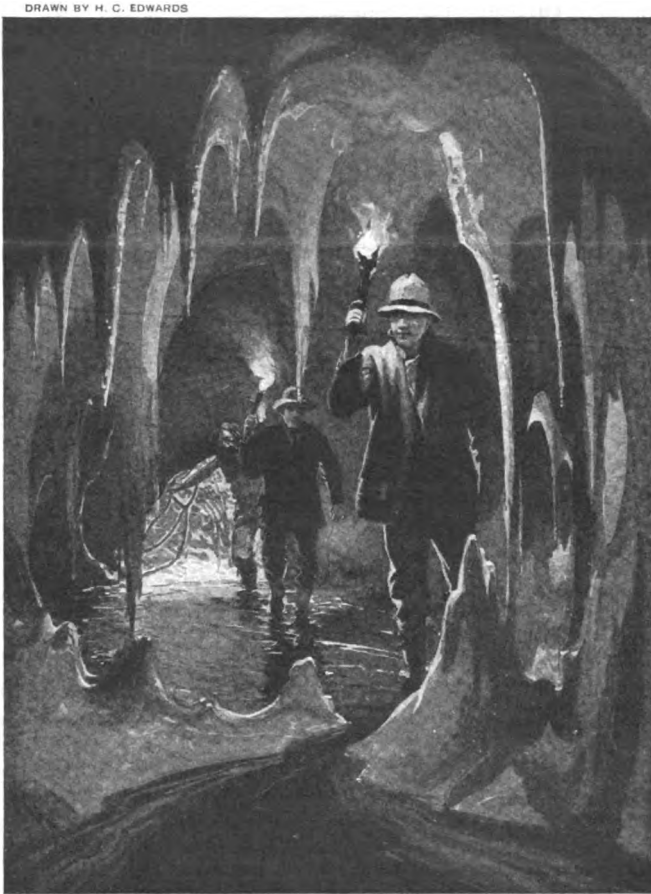
But it was a good many hours before Tom was able to stir. His night underground had left him in bad shape, and after swallowing a little broth he dozed off at once. Several times he started up from his dreams with a shriek; but at last he slept soundly and did not awake until a little before sunset.

He felt stiff and sore but refreshed, and his appetite was tremendous. Ellis had meanwhile brought up Peter and their outfit from camp, and they had a good meal of trout, quail, pork and corn bread, with some of the hermit's honey. The meal refreshed Tom greatly, and they prepared at once to visit the cave. It was growing dark, but day and night would be the same underground.

The outlet of the river was less than a quarter of a mile away, and they soon reached it. It was not without a shudder of repulsion that

Tom crept into the tangled entrance of the cave; but Ellis and Wilson were close behind him, and as the flare of their smoky torches lighted the rock chamber they all burst out into exclamations of astonishment and admiration.

A glittering reflection flashed from the walls and from the hanging stalactites. White and red and amber and yellow shone in the beautiful veins and the clouded streaks on one



"IT'S CAVE ONYX!" CRIED TOM. "IF THIS IS ONLY SOLID, THERE'S A FORTUNE HERE"

whole side of the cave, and nearly all the stalactites seemed to be of the same formation.

"It's cave onyx!" cried Tom. "If this is only solid, there's a fortune here."

Splashing through the water, they hurried round the cave and examined the rock at every point. Only one side of the chamber was composed entirely of onyx; the other side showed streaks of it, which were probably not worth quarrying.

"This stuff isn't properly onyx at all, nor yet quite a marble," said Tom, in answer to a question from his cousin. "It's only a deposit of calcium carbonate from the water that's been trickling down for centuries, and colored by metallic oxides. It's a kind of sediment on the limestone rock, and the important thing is to find out how deep it goes. Often these onyx deposits are only a thin shell."

Using the large blade of his knife, Tom dug into the beautiful soft stone; he made a hole more than two inches deep without coming to the bottom of the deposit.

"It's marketable, anyway!" he exclaimed. "If I only had a rock drill! But it's certainly thick enough to be worth quarrying, and it's very likely a foot deep or more. Yes, and I declare! There's another connecting cave, and it may be full of it, too."



*The dogwood whitens; sunlit
raindrops gleam,
And April comes, the maid
of violet eyes,
While budding alders bend
above the stream
Where, rattling clear, the
bold kingfisher flies.*

FACT AND COMMENT

VACATION time is as good as New Year's for making fresh resolutions.

Who scans the ground may find a Golden
Purse;
Who looks around will find a Universe.

"YESTERDAY," said the sage, "is dead; forget it. To-morrow does not exist; don't worry. To-day is here; use it."

EFFECTIVE weapons to use in the early part of the annual anti-fly warfare, so the Public Health Service says, are powdered hellebore sprinkled on places where the flies breed, and a one-per-cent solution of salicylic acid sweetened and left in shallow saucers where the flies will find it.

SECRETARY HOUSTON of the Department of Agriculture might have difficulty in telling in detail how he finds that the annual waste in foodstuffs in this country amounts to \$700,000,000, but the figures, stupendous though they appear, are probably too small. At this time, even though there may be no real shortage of food in the country as a whole, we nevertheless need to watch with unusual care both the family marketing and the kitchen.

IN one respect, at least, the United States is well prepared for war. A few years ago the American Radio Relay League was formed. Since that time nearly all the amateur operators in the country have come into it. Wireless trunk lines have been established, and messages can now be relayed from one coast to the other. Moreover, the government has found a way by which, through the use of an "exploring loop" and triangulation, it can quickly learn the position of any unknown wireless station that tries to send a message.

A WIDER use of schoolhouses has long been advocated as a plain matter of common sense and community efficiency, and the advocacy has brought about a change for the better in many places. Now the Boston Chamber of Commerce makes the sensible suggestion that state armories may well be opened to conventions, meetings of Boy Scouts and other gatherings the purpose of which is to serve the community. Strange how hard it is for us Americans to learn that we are really our own masters and can do as we please with our own!

NORTH CAROLINA is carrying the propaganda of disease prevention from the laboratory to the rural home by means of a motion-picture show on wheels. The outfit consists of a railway car fitted up for the purpose. A lecturer and an operator, under the direction of the state health department, give free entertainments in every community that can be reached. The campaign is intensive; that is, after an exhibition in a given county the car returns to the same community a week later, and still again two weeks later, with a complete change of programme. The whole object is to impress the public with lessons of hygiene and sanitation that would be learned slowly, if at all, from printed reports or bulletins.

THERE are heroes or heroines in all ranks of labor, but apparently there are more of them among the girls at the telephone switchboards than anywhere else except, perhaps, among wireless operators at sea. Miss Tessie McNamara, telephone girl in a New Jersey munitions factory, stuck to her post when buildings began to blow up round her, and was finally taken out of the wrecked building unconscious, after she had given her thirty-sixth call of warning. Admirers of courage and fidelity have given her a gold watch and a purse of money. Whether a dam gives way,

or a flood comes, or a fire breaks out, or a battle rages, the telephone girl, although not paid to risk her life, sticks to her post.

THE IRISH QUESTION

WILL the affairs of Ireland ever be peacefully settled? Perhaps—although no one to-day can tell how the feat is to be accomplished. The difficulty no longer lies in the unwillingness of England to grant home rule to those who desire it, but in the violent differences among the Irish people themselves as to the degree to which home rule shall be applied to the island.

The Nationalists insist that Ireland must be treated as a unit; the Ulstermen declare that they will never consent to be ruled from Dublin. The Nationalists angrily refused Mr. Lloyd George's offer to put home rule into immediate effect in all except the northeastern province of Ireland, and the people of that province, now as in 1914, seem ready to resort to civil war if home rule is forced upon them. The difference between the people of the two regions is religious as well as racial, and cleavages of a religious sort once established are the most hopeless of all.

The Nationalists have a real grievance, for their home-rule measure has actually passed Parliament, but has been suspended for nearly three years on account of the serious objections of the Ulstermen. But, on the other hand, would not the Nationalists show a fairer spirit if they permitted the exclusion of Ulster? They have naturally protested in the past against being coerced into submission to a form of government they disliked; why, then, insist on coercing Ulster into submission to a government it dislikes? We in America cannot of course fully understand the depth of partisan feeling that makes any genuine settlement of the Irish question so difficult, but we do know that that feeling exists, and we see with regret the dangers to which it leads. The deadlock strengthens the hands and inflames the passions of the extremists, whether they are Sinn Feiners or irreconcilable Ulstermen. It has already produced a situation out of which civil war seems almost certain to issue.

Fortunately, the Nationalist leaders are wise enough to offer no obstruction to the government's conduct of the war, but the problem is one of the chief anxieties of a ministry sorely tried already and none too certain of permanent Parliamentary support.

A SPECIAL SESSION

IN the expiring weeks of the Sixty-fourth Congress the President was emphatic in his determination not to call the new Congress together, but events made him change his decision and at the same time eliminated some of his objections to an extra session. Events forced him to call it together, first for April 16, and then for April 2.

When the Congress went out on March 4, it left things in such a condition that unless relief were given before July, when the next fiscal year begins, many of the government activities would cease for lack of money to carry them on. The great army appropriation bill, providing both money and preparation for possible war; the military academy appropriation; the sundry civil appropriation, important because of its wide scope, and the deficiency appropriation—bills that aggregate more than half a billion dollars—were left hanging. The failure of three of them might not have caused great trouble, if the mischief were repaired before July 1; but the deficiency appropriation bill covered the deficiencies of the present year, for which money is needed at once.

Financial reasons are not the only ones that should call Congress together. There is no knowing from day to day what exigency may make it not merely expedient but necessary to have the lawmaking power as well as the executive ready for instant coordinated action. It may be war, but also it may be peace. Whatever is to befall, the whole government should be at its post, waiting, watching, acting.

What is to be the temper of the new Congress? Patriotic, we may be sure; wise, not hasty or impulsive, mindful of the far-reaching consequences of its action, we hope. How far party spirit can be exorcised is a great question. Indications coming to the President that he would not encounter hostile or obstructive conduct doubtless had something to do with his change of mind. If we are to stand by the President—as we should do—Congress should be of one mind in all matters pertaining to

international politics. There is need of forbearance on both sides. Infinite harm might be done if extreme partisans should fail to exercise self-restraint. That is a duty that rests equally upon both parties. On the one hand, although the initiative belongs properly to the party in power, no bills should be brought forward as purely party measures, to be pressed to passage by caucus dictation. On the other hand, there should be no disposition on the part of the nominal opposition to oppose and block bills simply because they originated with leaders of the other party. The statesmen of every one of the countries at war have learned the lesson of political cooperation in the face of national danger. In this crisis division and discord at home will mean disaster.

"AND HE SAID —"

THERE came to The Companion the other day a little story for the Children's Page in which, within the space of about four hundred words of dialogue, the author used the words laughed, smiled, declared, nodded, admired, responded and beamed, all of them as substitutes for the simple verb "said." "I could not think of it," laughed Aunt Mary. "Yes, indeed!" nodded Alice. "Isn't it lovely!" admired Lucy. And so on, all the way through. Anything to avoid using the one word that should have been used.

Since women are by far the most numerous readers of fiction, perhaps their good taste and common sense may eventually heap ridicule enough on this silliest of literary fads to bury it. Unfortunately, women writers are among the worst offenders. Among them especially the habit of using a substitute for "said" seems to be growing. Perhaps it may be traced in part to the callow advice of a "literary" magazine that recently urged its young writers thus to avoid monotony in dialogue. The monotony may be there, but "said" is not the cause of it.

To what absurd lengths the habit can be carried appears in a story by a well-known writer in one of the popular magazines. A single installment of the tale contains thirty different words used in place of "said," among them wheezed, smiled, flushed, strangled, suffered, jumped, frowned, bridled, quenched, snapped, flamed, sliced, monotoned, and last, —oh, crowning glory of inventive genius!—sing-singed! All are literary misdemeanors, some are literary crimes, but sing-singed savors of the state prison.

Writers who find themselves inclined to indulge the habit should take a course of reading in the Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. Mr. Hashimura Togo has the art to perfection. "How could it?" he illuminate; "What you mean?" I blorp; "I think cannot," he renig. In Togo the cultivated reader sees the humor and the satire of it.

There is also another course of reading that would benefit those who think "said" is commonplace and monotonous—a course that is, indeed, wholesome for all writers and a cure for many faults. Let them read the Bible. There are no mushy, meaningless substitutes there.

RUSSIA

RUSSIA has been a disappointment and a mystery in this war. The peace strength of its army in 1914 was twice as great as that of Germany, and the nominal war strength of the two empires was about the same. In both countries military service was universal and compulsory, and the population of European Russia, not including Poland, was twice that of Germany. Taking those facts only, Russia, had other things been equal, should have been able to overwhelm Germany.

But other things were not equal. Germany moves quickly, Russia moves slowly; German officers were highly trained, skillful, energetic; Russian officers were quite otherwise. In Germany loyalty was universal, whereas in Russia the government was in the hands of incompetent, reactionary, corrupt, half-hearted bureaucrats, all of whom, from the lowest to the very highest ranks,—even, as is generally believed, the royal family itself,—were under German influence. How the condition was borne so long, and how at last the people ended it, forms a great chapter in European history.

The revolution astounded everyone except the closest observers of Russian affairs, and not one of them sounded a note of alarm loud enough to give him any standing as a prophet. But who expected it is of no consequence. The important thing to know is what will be its effect. It seems to be generally believed that, so far as it may influence the conduct

and the issue of the war, it will impart vigor to the campaigns, will eliminate to a marked degree the sinister influences that have frustrated such honest efforts as have been put forth, will substitute a measure of honesty for the corruption that has been rife, and will relieve many of the anxieties that the successive Russian failures have caused the Entente Allies.

Although the revolution was, in a certain sense, a war measure, it was more than that. Its motives antedated the war, its consequences will outlast it. A dynasty that has ruled for three centuries and survived the assassination of several czars has at last come to an end. That is a political event of the first importance. The country that, more nearly than any other, maintained the ancient form of autocracy, throws off altogether the shackles of hereditary government and adopts the system of democracy.

It is an experiment—a hopeful attempt to thrust away the thousand hampering obstacles to the progress of a people. Every champion of individual liberty will wish it success; but its success may not be immediate. France did not succeed in similar efforts until the third trial. Spain made the experiment forty-four years ago, gave it up at the end of a year, and has never renewed the attempt. Spanish America has been making it for a century with indifferent success. China as a republic is still in the experimental stage. All these facts admonish us not to be too confident that the Russian people will never again wish for a czar; but whatever may happen in the immediate future or after the lapse of a few years, the vestiges of such a revulsion as has occurred in Russia can never be obliterated.

THE FALL OF BAGDAD

A FEW weeks ago we spoke of the collapse of Turkish military power in Palestine, and of the opportunity that offered to the British arms to strike a serious blow at the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Now we have to record the complete defeat of the Turks in Mesopotamia and the capture of the ancient city of Bagdad by Gen. Maude's army. A great strategic campaign that will expel the



Turks from two thirds of their empire is no longer a mere possibility. The roads are open to a British advance from the south and a Russian advance from the north and east; if the two nations can find the men necessary for such a campaign, there is every reason to expect its success. Turkey has long been in a condition of economic prostration. Galvanized by German energy and supplied with German officers and ammunition, it has made a better stand in the field than anyone could have predicted; but the stimulation that Berlin applied so successfully has worn off, and the disease has reasserted itself. Turkey is in no condition to prolong the war; Britain and Russia can occupy as much of its territory as they have men to hold. That is of course the difficulty, for the demands of the European fronts are tremendous.

The fall of Bagdad is important for several reasons. It restores the prestige of the British arms in the Orient. It alters the "war map" greatly to the advantage of the Entente Powers. It puts into British hands the most important city of Asiatic Turkey, the terminus of the great German strategic railway; unless events in the western field of war offset it, it will make German control of the richest part of Turkey and the land route to India impossible. It strikes a blow at the leadership of Turkey among the Mohammedan states, and even at the very existence of the Ottoman Empire. The taking of Constantinople would not be more significant from that point of view, for Turkey is not a European but an Asiatic power. It could give up the straits and the ancient city of Constantine, and still remain a potentially rich and powerful state. But if it

loses control of Arabia, Mesopotamia, Armenia, Syria and perhaps of the Levant, what would there be left? Nothing but the Anatolian highlands, a meagre basis for the claims of the Sultan to imperial dignity or to the caliphate of Islam.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The Senate adjourned on March 16; it took no action on the treaty with Colombia. Several hundred nominations were confirmed, among them those of Dr. Cary T. Grayson to be Medical Director of the Navy and ex-Congressman R. B. Stevens of New Hampshire to the shipping board.

THE RAILWAYS.—On March 16, at the President's request, the committee of railway officials and the chiefs of the four labor brotherhoods met Secretaries Lane and Wilson, Mr. Daniel Willard and Mr. Samuel Gompers, whom he had asked to act as mediators. Three days later it was announced that the threatened strike would not take place. In view of the critical situation of the country, the railway managers had agreed to concede the eight-hour day to the employees, and the men abandoned their demand for a higher rate of pay on overtime.—On March 19 the Supreme Court, by a vote of 5 to 4, sustained the constitutionality of the Adamson law. Justices Day, Van Devanter, Pitney and McReynolds dissented. The majority opinion, read by the Chief Justice, also held that the men employed in such essential public service as railway operation had not the right to strike in concert, and that some means must be found to prevent such action.

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.—On March 18 it was announced that three American ships, City of Memphis, Illinois and Vigilancia, had been sunk unwarmed by German submarines in the war zone off the British Isles. Fifteen men, some of them American citizens, were killed when the Vigilancia was torpedoed. The news caused a sensation in Washington, where it was regarded as amounting to an act of war on the part of Germany. The President placed the sum of \$115,000,000, voted him by Congress, at the immediate disposal of the Navy Department, and preparations for war were hurried in all the navy yards. On March 21 the President called Congress to meet in special session on April 2 "to consider grave matters of national policy."

MEXICO.—Gen. Obregon has resigned the office of Secretary of War in President Carranza's Cabinet.—According to reports reaching El Paso, Gen. Villa had decisively defeated the government forces under Gen. Murguia at Rosario, and was in possession of the greater part of the State of Chihuahua.

FRANCE.—The Briand ministry, harassed by factional opposition in the Chamber of Deputies, resigned on March 17. Alexandre Ribot, Minister of Finance under M. Briand, is the new premier.

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.—The most startling event since the great war began is the revolution in Russia. That began when the Czar suspended the sittings of the Duma. The Duma, led by its President, Rodzianko, refused to disperse. Riots and strikes caused



PAUL MILUKOFF

by the scarcity of food disturbed Petrograd for several days, and when, on March 10, the soldiers were ordered to fire on a crowd of people in the Nevsky Prospekt, they refused to do so. Events moved rapidly after that. The leaders of the Duma put themselves at the head of the restless people, the regiments of soldiers in the garrison, one after the other, came over to the popular side, and after a few hours of sharp street fighting on March 12 the police and the few troops still loyal to the old régime were defeated and dispersed. A new government was formed with Prince Lvoff as Premier and Prof. Paul Milukoff as Foreign Minister, and all the generals in the field hastened to promise their support. In Moscow and other cities the revolution, which seems to have been carefully prepared in advance, moved with equal rapidity. A committee of the new government met the Czar at Pskov as he was returning from the front; on learning of the situation he promptly abdicated on behalf of himself and his son, the young Czarevitch. He went to his estates in the Crimea, but was later reported to be returning to Petrograd under arrest.

The Grand Duke Michael, the Czar's brother, also surrendered his claim to the throne, although it was reported that, if at a

later time the people desired it, he would be willing to act as a constitutional monarch.

The country acquiesced in the revolution with extraordinary placidity; it is evidently relieved to see the last of the corrupt, inefficient and treacherous bureaucracy that has hampered and frustrated all the activities of Russia during the war. Boris Stiirmer, a former prime minister who was known as a pro-German and as an advocate of a separate peace, and Protopopoff, the Minister of the Interior, are in prison. Except for a few members of the secret police and persons known or believed to be spies, no one was killed after the success of the revolution was assured.

The new government, which is virtually a committee of the Duma, declared a general amnesty for all political prisoners, promised home rule to Finland, called a constitutional assembly, which is to be elected by popular vote and which will decide upon the future form of government, and declared that it would devote itself to a determined and efficient conduct of the war against the Central Powers. The Allied governments and the United States directed their representatives to deal with the new government of Russia, although they had not on March 21 formally recognized it.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From March 15 to March 21)

The great German retirement in France was the event of the week. Although it was no doubt made necessary by the continual pressure of the British and French forces on the Arras-Soissons front, it was not the consequence of any concerted attack; it was carried out systematically and skillfully, and yielded very few guns or prisoners to the pursuing armies. It did surrender more than a thousand square miles of French territory and about two hundred towns and villages, including Bapaume, Péronne, Ham and Chauny. Many of the abandoned towns were blown up or set on fire, and the British and French moved forward in pursuit through a countryside that had been laid waste. As this record closed it appeared that the retirement was nearly at an end and that the new German line would be based on Cambrai, St. Quentin, La Fère and Laon.

The retirement will shorten the German line enough to release approximately one hundred and fifty thousand men. The movement was no doubt undertaken to delay and hamper the expected spring drive, since the Allies must now prepare new trench lines and new lines of communication to serve their present front, whereas the Germans are in carefully prepared positions. It is probable also that the Germans are getting together all the strength they can for a blow of their own, either against Russia or at some point on the western line; it is impossible to predict which.

Berlin announced that the retirement was made possible by the fact that the Germans had regained the mastery of the air, and gave an imposing list of the enemy airplanes shot down during the week.

Gen. Maude reported that his army was in possession of both banks of the Tigris for thirty miles above Bagdad, and that the Turks still retreated. The Russians took Van in Armenia, and drove the Turks in western Persia still nearer to the border.

There was fighting along the Macedonian front, favorable to the Allied forces on the whole. Artillery activity was reported from the Italian front.

Berlin announced that 368 merchant ships, of a tonnage of 781,500, had been sunk by submarines during February. That is 300,000 in excess of the tonnage that England admits having lost. Which count is correct we cannot tell. The weekly report from London spoke of 24 British ships sunk in seven days. On March 19 a German squadron of destroyers raided the Channel, shelled Ramsgate and sunk a British destroyer before they were driven off. Berlin reported that a French battleship had been sunk in the Mediterranean.

China has requested the Entente Powers to suspend the payment of Boxer indemnities and to consent to an increase of import duties. That was interpreted as a move in the direction of war with Germany.

A Zeppelin raid against London took place on March 16. One of the airships was brought down in France on its way back to Germany.

The great imperial conference, attended by representatives of the British colonies and dependencies, met at London on March 20 in consultation with the war cabinet. It is believed that the conference will also discuss the Irish question.

The news of the revolution in Russia was followed by a hurried conference at Vienna between the German Chancellor and the Austrian Emperor and his ministers. Just before leaving Berlin Bethmann Hollweg made a remarkable speech in the Prussian Diet, in which he warned the conservatives that the world could never return to the situation that existed before the war. He added that Germany, and especially Prussia, must consent to a political reorganization after the war is over—a reorganization by which the people shall have a more liberal franchise and a greater share of political power and responsibility.

Suppose All Could Use the HUDSON SUPER-SIX

Would Other Types Remain?

In the present conflict of types—Fours, Sixes and V-Types—it is well to consider what would happen if the Super-Six were free. Our patents confine it to the Hudson.

As it is now, numerous fine-car makers advocate other types. And tell you reasons for it.

Some still cling to Fours. Some urge Eights and Twelves. But the weight of opinion favors the small-bore Six.

What would come of this conflict—think you—were the Super-Six not patented.

excessive speed or power. We have simply minimized friction.

We have done—but done better—what every engineer has been aiming at for years. And for the same result—more speed and power, without added complications. Also multiplied endurance.

Endurance was the chief aim. It is friction that causes wear. We have so reduced it that we attain what is proved the greatest motor in the world. And certainly you want it.

These Are the Facts

The Super-Six last year won all the worth-while records. In a hundred hard-fought contests, against all types, it proved itself supreme.

As for the Light Six, in our final perfection, the Super-Six invention increased its efficiency by 80 per cent.

As for Eights and Twelves, our experience with motors of that type which we built made them seem to us, unnecessary.

And the Super-Six has made the Hudson the largest-selling front-rank car. Last year it out-sold any car with a price above \$1100.

The Vital Supremacy

One may say, "I don't care for speed, or great reserve power, or a marvelous hill-climber."

Then why added cylinders, or extra valves, or anything else to that end?

You do want superlative capacity, whether you use it or not. You certainly want it when it means no added size or cost. When it means simply ended friction.

That's the great point. The Super-Six motor is small and light and simple. We have not aimed at

What One Year Did

Mark how the Super-Six, in one year, sprang to the pinnacle place. There are now 30,000 running. This year brings nothing to rival it. So it is bound to gain multiplied prestige.

This year's bodies also give to Hudson leadership in style. The ablest artists and craftsmen gave their best to these models. Each is a study in motor car luxury. Each is a pattern type.

This year we add a great gasoline saver—shutters on the radiator—which by controlling the heat of the motor in part overcomes the disadvantage of the constantly falling quality of gasoline. We add a pneumatic engine primer. We add plaited upholstery.

Our patented carburetor—on Hudsons alone—is self-adjusting to every engine speed.

So Hudson supremacy does not lie in the Super-Six motor only.

When you buy a fine car—a car to keep—you are bound to want the Hudson. You want the car which outperforms and outshines other cars. If you want such a car this spring, we urge a prompt decision. Last year many buyers waited months for delivery.



Phaeton, 7-passenger \$1650 Town Car Landaulet \$3025
Cabriolet, 3-passenger 1950 Limousine 2925
Touring Sedan . . . 2175 Limousine Landaulet 3025
Town Car \$2925
(All Prices f. o. b. Detroit)

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

ALLELUIA!

By Nancy Byrd Turner

IT was dark in the land,
And the seal was set fast;
The faithful who watched
Were weary at last;
But the mountains grew gray
And their black shadows fled,
And at breaking of day
Christ rose from the dead.

The garden was still,
And the city was dim,
But the flowers and trees
Wakened softly for Him.
With no man to see,
When the east was faint red,
For you and for me
Christ rose from the dead.

That garden is dust
And that hillside is dumb,
But here is our trust
For the ages to come,—
That when darkness was gone,
As his promise had said,
In the beauty of dawn
Christ rose from the dead!

"JUST A MAN DRIVING A DRAY"

THAT is probably what you would say of him. Nevertheless, that gray-haired, middle-aged man, driving his dray, is a hero. He does not think so. He thinks he has merely done his duty.

Years ago he was one of twelve children—a happy, busy family living in the mountains several miles from the village. Then suddenly the scourge of tuberculosis fell upon them. That was before the proper treatment of the disease was understood. Nine brothers and sisters died, one after another. There were no trained nurses in the country districts then; the other members of the family had to do all the nursing. Through all that agonizing period the man who drives the dray was a veritable rock of defense. He saw one brother and sister after another sicken and fade away. He nursed them all. He gave what physical relief he could, and with his prayers he comforted and sustained the trembling souls settling forth for the unknown. All his youth was so spent.

At last only his father and mother, two brothers and himself were left. One of the brothers married and moved away. The other was killed by a train. The poor old mother died. Then came the last fierce trial. The father fell ill with cancer. His devoted son set himself to face the long terrible months of nursing, although he himself was now stricken with tuberculosis. His one prayer was that his strength would not fail while his father needed him. The son's prayer was granted; his strength held out until his father's death. After that he cared little what happened to himself. He went, nevertheless, to a hospital, and there, under modern treatment, his disease was arrested.

Almost his whole life has been passed in caring for the sick. He has never been free to follow his own desires, to find congenial work, to make money, to see the world, or to marry. But he is never bitter; he thinks he has done only his duty as a son, a brother and a Christian. Perhaps he is right, but how many of us who call ourselves Christians are doing ours as simply, as nobly, as devotedly?

A FAILURE AT THIRTY

ARE you not often discouraged?" the man who had failed asked the busy grocer. "You have customers who complain and bills you cannot collect. You must be wholly discouraged at times."

"Discouraged!" exclaimed the grocer. "Why, man, I hardly know what you mean. Oh, you refer to the Torreys who left town with their bills unpaid. But, listen! I have the trade of the three new families on Linden Avenue, and they pay cash. Just look at my shelves—every article pure! I stand here and gaze about my store sometimes as my wife does at her tulip bed in the spring. Oh, this is a great business for a live man, a great —"

But the man who had failed had turned to a farmer who was waiting for his order to be filled. "Am I ever discouraged?" repeated the broad-shouldered young man. "Why, I'm so busy planting and harvesting that I haven't any time to think of myself. Come out to Sunnymeade some day and I'll show you my new barn—the finest in the county. I tell you it's —"

But the man who had failed was passing through the doorway. Surely his physician, a man of many years, would understand.

"Doctor," he began, as he entered the sunny office, "Isn't your life very hard at times? When patients refuse to follow your instructions, aren't you sorely discouraged?"

"Discouraged!" cried the physician. "That is a word I haven't used for years. I am a busy man. Look at those books on spinal diseases that the expressman brought this morning. Mrs. Trueman expects me to cure little Ruth."

"But don't your patients weary you with their endless recital of symptoms, real and imagined?" "Weary me!" exclaimed the gray-haired man. "How could I help my patients if I did not understand them? No, my friend, you are not going now. Tell me what the trouble is with you."

The man who had failed met the searching eyes of his physician and returned to his chair. He outlined briefly and bitterly his failure in every work that he had undertaken since his graduation from college.

"What did you want most to do when you were a boy?" asked his friend.

"To sell things!" replied the young man almost fiercely. "To stand behind a counter. But my parents were ambitious. They sent me to college. It was a great mistake. I had almost forgotten my boyish plans until I was in a grocery this morning. But I can't —"

"Can't!" cried the physician. "Can't sell flour or hats or boots because you have received a degree! At forty, even, you could start on the lowest rung of the ladder and become a successful business man—if you love the work. The profession or the business a man enjoys and is fitted for may be compared to his children. At times they may cause him great anxiety, but he works for them tirelessly;

however full of childish pranks they may be, he looks forward hopefully to their future, and never loses his confidence of their success at last."

At thirty the man who had failed three times went forth to seek success. In a large department store he used his education and his knowledge of the world in selling men's furnishings. He had no time for discouragement, for in his spare moments he was acquainting himself with all phases of his work. At forty he held a position of trust and importance in the firm.

"Don't you often get discouraged?" a young man with troubled eyes asked him one day.

"Discouraged!" replied the man who had become a success at forty. "Never! I am trying to do a man's work. Tell me your story. I think I can help you."

TWO BRAVE CHILDREN

A True Story

THE warm September sun shed its soft light on field and forest and rippling water when Doreen Ashburnham and Tony Farrar ran down the steps of their home at the head of Cowichan Lake. The children had received permission from their mothers to go for a gallop. Their pony was feeding in a field about three quarters of a mile away, but to catch him was an easy task.

A few years before, Lawrence Ashburnham, with his wife and little daughter, had left England to make a new home on Vancouver Island, in British Columbia. A year later, Mrs. Farrar, a widowed friend, and her little son had come to live with them. The children soon became constant companions, and now, when Doreen was eleven and Anthony eight, they spent the long summer days out of doors playing together.

The harvest was over and Mr. Ashburnham and his farm hand had gone to town. The nearest neighbor on their side of the lake was five miles away. Yet no thought of danger from the dark forest that lay beyond the fields crossed the minds of the children. The giant firs were their friends. The waves of the lake murmured softly as they reached the shore. The meadow lark's song came sweet and clear across the fields. The whirr of the wings of grouse starting up from the undergrowth, the chatter of the squirrels and the scolding of the blue jay were sounds that caught their quick ears.

They had almost reached the gate of the field when Doreen suddenly caught Tony's arm and with a swift motion placed herself in front of him. There, only a few yards away, a big panther crouched among the brown, withered ferns. Frightened at the unexpected and most unusual sight, the children turned to run back to the house. They were too late. With a bound the huge creature struck Doreen and threw her to the ground. As quick as a flash Tony raised the bridle he carried and with all his might struck the beast again and again. At that the growling panther turned and slashed the boy's head with its strong claws.

"Run! Run, Doreen!" cried the boy as he fell. But Doreen did not run. Springing from the ground, she grappled with the panther and, using all the strength of her young arms, dragged him from the prostrate child. In the struggle, she pushed her fingers into the beast's eye. With a howl of pain, the panther turned and ran toward the wood.

Doreen instantly caught up the bleeding Tony and half carried, half supported him until she neared the house and was able to summon help.

Both mothers were terrified at the sight of their children, for they knew well the danger of blood poisoning from such wounds. Leaving Mrs. Farrar, who fortunately was a nurse, to care for the children, Mrs. Ashburnham rowed two miles across the lake to the home of the nearest doctor. When the physician arrived he immediately wrapped little Tony up and started for the nearest hospital. Not until he had gone did Doreen yield to the faintness that had for some time almost overcome her. She grew feverish, and the next day she, too, was brought to the hospital.

A neighbor who had learned the story took his dog and gun and went in search of the cougar. He found it near the spot where the strange conflict had taken place, and with a well-aimed shot killed it. An examination of the dead body showed that the animal was blind in one eye and that the other had been injured before Doreen had hurt it. The wild creatures upon which the panther preys could easily elude it, and, desperate with hunger, it sought the open and attacked the children.

Skillful treatment and good nursing soon brought about complete recovery, and the two little friends returned to their home.

Doreen's grandfather is a distinguished British officer, and her ancestors, centuries ago, helped to fight the Danes in England; but no soldier of the present day or warrior of the past was braver than the little British Columbia maiden who would have given her life to save her playmate from death. Tony is the grandson of an eminent Scottish doctor, who may well be proud of him.

A FACTORY THAT EMPLOYS SPIDERS

IN a large English factory that produces surveying instruments, spiders are probably the most indispensable workmen. It is their duty to spin the delicate thread used for the cross hairs that mark the exact centre of the object lens in the surveyor's telescope.

Spider web is the only suitable material yet discovered for the cross hairs of surveying instruments. Although this fibre is almost invisible to the naked eye, the powerful lenses of the telescope magnify it to the size of a man's thumb. Human hair when magnified in the same way has the apparent dimensions of a rough-hewn lamp-post. Moreover, human hair is transparent and cross hairs must be opaque.

The spiders produce during a two-month's spinning season thousands of yards of web, which is wound upon metal frames and stored away until needed. A spider "at work" dangles in the air by its invisible thread, the upper end of which is attached to a metal wire frame whirled in the hands of a girl. The girl first places the spider on her hand until the protruding end of the thread has become attached. When the spider attempts to leap to the ground she quickly attaches the thread to the centre of the whirling frame, and as the spider pays out its web she wraps it round the frame. At one time she removes from a spider several hundred feet of thread.

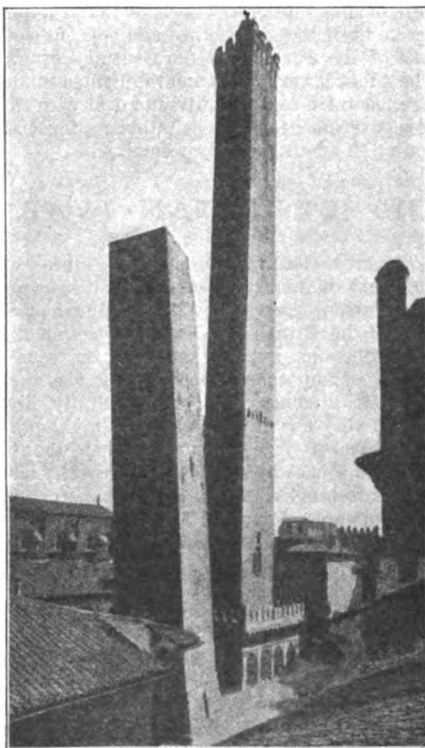
The spiders are kept in a large room under the supervision of three girls and a forewoman. When the little workmen are not spinning, they live in a large wooden cage. Flies are their chief article of diet. During the winter months the spider colony usually dies, and an entirely new corps of workmen

must be recruited. Not every spider will do—only large fat fellows that spin a tough, round thread are suitable.

The girls who have charge of the spiders are not in the least afraid of them. On the contrary, they regard them as pets, can tell them apart, and often call them by nicknames that humorously describe their appearance or their peculiar habits of work.

THE LEANING TOWERS OF BOLOGNA

ITALY is a land of many leaning towers, among which the Tower of Pisa and the fallen campanile at Venice are the best known. The strangest of the leaning towers, however, are the Torre Asinelli and the Torre Garisenda in Bologna, which were erected in 1109 and 1110 A. D. The builders intended them for fortified homes, of which Bologna at one time possessed as many as two hundred. The gloomy, smooth-walled brick towers standing side by side make a strange impression upon the person who looks up at them



BOLOGNA'S LEANING TOWERS

from the ground. Dante, in his *Inferno*, compared the giant Antæus, who was bending toward him, to the Torre Garisenda "when a cloud passes over it."

The Torre Asinelli is three hundred and twenty feet high and contains a rough staircase of four hundred and forty-seven steps. From the summit, which is four feet out of plumb with the base, you have a fine view of the city. The slant is unintentional, and was probably caused by the sinking of the foundations. Torre Garisenda is one hundred and sixty-three feet high—sixteen feet lower than the Leaning Tower of Pisa,—and it is ten feet out of plumb—only three feet less than the Tower of Pisa.

When Ottone Garisenda began to build in 1110 A. D., he apparently wanted his house to surpass his neighbor Asinelli's in oddity; and so he intentionally made his tower out of the perpendicular. He found it impossible, however, to complete the tower at that angle, and had to cease work on it before it attained the height of its companion.

HARBORING A TRAMP

SO Charlie puts you off when you ask him to do odd jobs round the house?" said Mrs. Dill to her daughter-in-law. "Well, I'm not surprised. He gets that straight enough from his father. Why don't you tell him that, if he doesn't do better, you'll be harboring a tramp some day, just the same as his mother did once? He'll know what you mean."

"I was all out of patience that morning," Mother Dill continued. "There were things in the garden and about the house to be done, and I begged Pa to give me a few hours. But he had so many irons in the fire that he simply couldn't stop to potter at home."

"He had scarcely got out of sight when a tramp appeared at the door. He had the usual story—out of money and out of work; and could I give him something to eat."

"Well," says I, "there's one thing I am not out of, and that is work. I can give you some of that first, and afterwards a breakfast."

"I expected him to mutter something and march off. But he didn't. He said, 'All right, mum!' And when I came to get a second look at him, I thought he had a much better face than most of his kind. So I trusted him for his breakfast, and after he had eaten a good meal,—and he had a hearty appetite, I can tell you,—we went at the garden."

"I don't know when I had so enjoyed myself. The man knew how to take orders, and he was real sociable, too, and told me the story of his life, not sparing himself in the least. He said that he was brought up well, and that he was tired of the life he had been leading and wanted to go back to his home."

"It was noon before I knew it, and of course I wouldn't send him off without his dinner. Then while I was talking with him at dinner I found that he was handy with tools; so I had him make over the grapevine trellis and mend the back steps and putty up some of the windows and put up some shelves in one of the closets."

"Along toward night he said he guessed he would have to be moving; so I put him up a lunch and paid him fifty cents, and told him always to think of me as a friend."

"He hadn't much more than got out of the yard when Pa drove in. I couldn't wait for him to unharness before showing him how much a man could accomplish when he was willing to listen to reason. Pa sniffed a little, but he couldn't find a word of fault to say until I took him up to the clothes closet to see the new shelves. Then he

made a dive for the pocket of a vest of his that hung there and roared out:

"Did you leave that fellow here alone?"

"Only for a minute," says I, kind of scared.

"That's what comes from harboring a tramp," says Pa. "My wallet is gone, and your day's work has cost me about forty dollars."

"My heart was right in my mouth, but I kept a stiff upper lip. 'Well,' says I, 'perhaps if you'd spend a little time fixing things up in the beginning, it would save you money in the end.'

"He made no answer, but said he'd start right off after the fellow, and maybe catch him and jail him. Among Pa's irons in the fire was being deputy sheriff. I went along to identify. The man hadn't much of a start, and we soon caught sight of him hurrying along through a piece of woods."

"Hi, there!" Pa yelled, and the tramp stopped right in his tracks, waiting for us to come up. As Pa jumped out of the wagon he clapped his hand into his inside pocket, and the look on his face fairly scared me. Then he walked right up to the poor fellow and laid his hand on his shoulder."

"You the chap that worked for my wife to-day?" says Pa.

"Yes, sir," says the tramp, taking off his cap to me as polite as you please.

"Paid you fifty cents, did she?" says Pa.

"Yes, sir," says he.

"Well," says Pa, "that was a ridiculous price for what you did; here's a two-dollar bill. And see here," says Pa, "if you are in earnest about wanting to work, come back to my house in the morning and I'll try to find you a job."

"Then, after a few more words, he got into the wagon and we turned round."

"Why didn't you arrest that man for stealing?" says I when we were out of earshot.

"Well," says he, "I know a thief when I see him, and he isn't one."

"But I wasn't going to be put off by any such palaver as that."

"Where did you get that two dollars you paid him?" says I. "Out of the wallet that you missed?"

"Then Pa owned up, although he hated to. He had felt that wallet in his vest pocket just as he jumped out of the wagon. He'd been carrying it all day, supposing he had left it at home."

"Well, the man—Duggan, his name was—did come round the next morning, and got his job. He kept at it, steady as a mill, too, until he had saved up money enough to go back home. So my harboring a tramp turned out pretty well that time, although I never have tried it since. For one thing, I have never seen another tramp that resembled Duggan; and then, Pa is a grain better than he used to be about jobbing round home."

HOLLAND SLOWLY SINKING

IF the land of Holland continues to sink, there is danger that the subsidence will become so great that, in spite of the progress of engineering science, it will be impossible to continue the ceaseless struggle with the waters. That is the view which Prof. Molengraaff of the Polytechnic College of Delft recently expressed before the Geological Mining Society.

A large part of the Netherlands, particularly the western and northwestern provinces, lies below the level of the sea, which is kept from overflowing hundreds of square miles of land by the natural barrier of the long line of sand dunes that fringe the coast, reinforced at two or three points by artificial means. The level of the rivers and many of the canals in such regions is likewise higher than the surrounding country, and the nation has to maintain dikes and embankments at great pains and corresponding expense.

"If," declares Prof. Molengraaff, "the total expenditure should exceed the total income, then the common sense of the Dutch people would lead them to withdraw to higher regions."

Opinions differ on the question of whether the ground is still sinking, and what influences are responsible for such a phenomenon. Some experts believe that the phenomena observed are a consequence of certain movements of the sea level.

Mr. J. C. Ramaer is convinced from the results of water-gauge observations that the land of Holland has subsided noticeably, and so has that of the bordering countries and the greater part of the British Isles. He concludes from the entire list of such observations that there has been an average subsidence at the coast line of about eleven inches in each century. Farther inland the subsidence diminishes to perhaps five and one-half inches.

SHE WAS SHOPPING

ALADY had been sitting in a furniture shop for nearly two hours inspecting the stock of linoleums, says the Chicago Journal. Roll after roll the perspiring assistant brought out, but still she seemed dissatisfied. From her dress he judged her to be a person of wealth, and thought it likely that she would have a good order to give. When at last he had shown her the last roll, he paused in despair.

"I'm very sorry, madam," he said apologetically, "but if you could wait I could get some more pieces from the factory. Can you call again?"

The prospective customer gathered her belongings together and rose from the chair.

"Yes, do," she said, with a gracious smile, "and ask them to send you some with very small designs, suitable for putting in the bottom of a canary's cage."

NOT AN ACORN

WHEN James A. Garfield was president of Hiram College, says the Christian Register, a man brought up his son to be entered as a student. He wanted the boy to take a course shorter than the regular one.

"My son can never take all those studies," said the father. "He wants to get through more quickly. Can't you arrange it for him?"

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Garfield. "He can take a short course; it all depends on what you want to make of him. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash."

THE PENALTY OF LARGENESS

THE three-hundred-pound man, of whom Harper's Magazine tells the following story, stood gazing longingly at the attractive goods displayed in a haberdasher's window for a mark-down sale. A friend stopped to inquire if he was thinking of buying shirts or pyjamas.

"Gosh, no!" replied the fat man. "Nothing fits me ready-made except a handkerchief."



THE CHILDREN'S



An Easter Adventure

BY EULETA WADSWORTH

EASTER morning in Yellowstone Park was a real spring day in spite of the great white carpet of snow that was still spread over everything; and Brownie Bruin, who was enjoying the warm sunshine, stretched himself and blinked his eyes at his brother.

"I'm hungry," he said. "I think I'll go and hunt some breakfast."

"You'd better stay right here," replied Bobby. "You'll be getting into more trouble. Mother is out hunting now; she'll find something for us. Besides, she told us not to go away."

"But mother won't find the kind of breakfast I want. I'm egg hungry. I think I'll go up to the hotel and look in the hens' nests."

"How can you think of such a thing?" cried Bobby, jumping up on his hind legs and walking up to his brother in great excitement. "Didn't the keeper's dog chase you up a tree? And didn't the keeper's wife shut you up in the shed until her husband came and put a big chain round your neck and tied you up?"

"Oh, what's the use of getting mad, Bob? The dog didn't get me, and I broke the chain and got away."

"Yes, and maybe you'll have to wear that piece of chain round your neck all the rest of your life."

"Well, it doesn't hurt; and while I was tied up, the keeper's little girl used to throw lumps of sugar to me."

"But perhaps next time you couldn't break the chain, and you'd have to stay tied up all ways," argued Bobby in a shrill voice, filled with fear at Brownie's recklessness.

At that, Brownie shut his mouth tight and would not reply to his brother's arguments. And presently he turned away and padded off through the woods toward the big hotel.

He had gone there many times the summer before, and the people had fed him sugar. So the first thing he had done two weeks ago, when Mother Bruin and Bobby and he came out of their cave under the rocks after their long winter sleep, was to go to the hotel, hoping to be fed with sugar again. But he found the people all gone, and the windows covered with boards; and the keeper's dog had chased him and frightened him terribly. Then, only a few days after that, he went again; and while he was in the shed, smelling about for apples, the keeper's wife locked the door and made him a prisoner. Still, he did not feel very much afraid now as he trotted along. He was thinking of the delicious breakfast he should have if he found some eggs—and if the dog did not find him!

"My!" he said to himself, licking his chops. "Won't Bob be envious when I tell him about those eggs? Eggs! How his mouth will water! If only he wasn't such a coward!"



Jack-in-the-Pulpit's Sermon

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

All of an Easter morning,
Jack-in-the-pulpit cried,
"Gather, oh, gather, and listen,
From all of the countryside!
Hither, my congregation!
Hither, ye flowerets gay!
Hither, ye bouncing bunnies!
Listen to what I say!"

Over the hills they hurried,
Out of the field and wood,
Bunnies and blooms of April,
Whither the preacher stood.
There were the yellow jonquils;
There were the pansies blue;
There were the stately lilies;
There were the tulips, too.

Then to his congregation
Jack-in-the-pulpit said,
"Lo, it is Easter morning!
Lift up every head!
Tell to the world your gladness!
Show it the while ye sing
Songs of the vanquished winter,
Victory songs of spring!"

"Lo, it is Easter morning!
Go to the world, I pray,
Bearing the glorious message
Born of our Easter Day;
Tell how ye lay imprisoned
Deep in the mould and the night!
Tell how ye burst in beauty
Into the warmth and the light!"

So on an Easter morning,
Over the hills and afar,
All of the flowers of April
Carry wherever they are
Messages fair and fragrant—
Do you not get them, pray?
Telling the world the meaning
Flooding our Easter Day.

Whispers the yellow jonquil,
Whispers the pansy blue,
Whispers the stately lily,
Whispers the tulip, too:
"Long did we lie imprisoned
Deep in the mould and the night;
Then we burst in beauty
Into the warmth and the light!"

carefully, stopping every few steps to look and listen. He did not want to get caught again.

He had reached the rear of the shed in safety and was listening again before venturing farther, when the back door of the hotel opened and the keeper's little girl came out.

"Mother!" she called back into the kitchen. "I'm going to set my Easter eggs outside in the snow bank for a few minutes. May I?"

"All right," Brownie heard the mother

in a few minutes. So, with his heart pounding against his ribs as it did when the dog chased him, he made a dash for the pan.

The moment he saw the eggs he stopped short in amazement. Such eggs! Never in his life had he seen anything like them. Some were bright green like the grass in summer, and some bright blue like the blue jay's wings, and some bright red like the sweet berries he and Bobby had found before the snow came. He just stood and stared at them until he remembered that the little girl would be coming to take them inside almost any moment. Then he took a step forward and thrust his nose into the pan and seized a red one, because it was the color of the berries he liked so well; but instantly he dropped it and, letting out a yelp of pain, ran as fast as his legs would take him into the brush.

Swinging his head from side to side, he ran faster and faster for home. Every few minutes he would stick his tongue out first on one side of his mouth and then on the other, and once he stopped and licked the cold snow. All the time he was whimpering and wishing his mother would happen along. When he reached home, his mother and Bobby were just starting off. He could see them a considerable distance away; so he began to follow them. He could not catch up with them, and he could not call to them to wait, he was in such pain; but he managed to keep them in sight, and after a while they stopped by a hollow tree and looked round.

"What's the matter?" called Mother Bruin, when she saw him with his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Oh, I don't know!" wailed Brownie. "It was those Easter eggs."

Brownie went up to his mother and stuck out his smarting tongue.

"Why, goodness me!" cried Mother Bruin. "You have a great blister on your tongue. Were you trying to eat boiled eggs?"

"Oh, I don't know!" wailed Brownie afresh. "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Well," said Mother Bruin, licking the tears from his face, "it's too bad, but, after all, you deserve it because you didn't mind. Come, now, and forget about the blister. I've found a honey tree."

But Brownie could not eat even his favorite honey. He sat by, whimpering and occasionally holding his tongue against the cooling snow, while Mother Bruin and Bobby enjoyed the greatest feast known to a bear family.

Phoebe's Namesakes

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS

"PHEBE! Phoebe!" called little girl Phoebe, imitating little bird phoebe on the clothes wire above her head. "I've a namesake, Aunt Alice, a namesake that is a little bird!"

"You have more than one in the bird world, dear," returned Aunt Alice.

"Why, who are the others?" asked Phoebe. "See if you can search them out by yourself," said Aunt Alice.

One morning on her way to school Phoebe caught a sound that made her stop and listen.

Yes, there it came again! A crisp, gentle little cry of "Phoebe! Phoebe!"

"That's not Phoebe Gray!" she thought excitedly. "It must be one of my other namesakes. Oh, oh, there it is! Why, it's a chickadee! That's not the chickadees' song. I thought they were all gone, anyway."

Phoebe could hardly wait until the close of school to tell Aunt Alice of her discovery.

"Chickadees do have a phoebe note in spring," said Aunt Alice, "so now you have two of your friends. You should hear your third namesake whistle, 'Pewit phoebe!' soon, too."

"I never heard that song," said Phoebe. "I don't believe I know the bird that sings it."

"Oh, yes, you do," merrily assured Aunt Alice. "You saw one the other day."

Phoebe went about the woods and fields chanting softly to herself, "Pe-wit phoebe! Pe-wit phoebe!" and at last one day she recognized an answer.

"I've got it! I've got it!" she ran shouting to Aunt Alice. "It's the meadow lark. I always thought it said 'Spring o' the year,' though."

"You can make it say either," Aunt Alice replied.

A few days later Phoebe and Aunt Alice were walking along the roadside together. Fifteen or twenty goldfinches were warbling and whisking about overhead.

"Aren't they pretty?" cried Phoebe. "But, Aunt Alice, did you hear that?"

"A little note that sounds like a faint 'phoebe'?" said Aunt Alice. "Yes, it certainly does, though usually the goldfinches' song is a tinkle or a jingle of shells, and in the fall it is more like 'Chibec, chibec!' all day long."

"Well, I've found four namesakes, anyway!" cried Phoebe. "That's a good many for one little girl, isn't it?"

An Easter Race

BY HARRIET SUTHERLAND

"Ho, ho!" cried Bobbie on Easter Day. "There are two bunnies beside the way."

"I fear," said Bessie, "that they will try to get the eggs we were sent to buy."

"Well, well!" said Bobbie, "if that's the case, we'll turn about and give them a race;

"And if we win when the race is through, we'll keep the eggs and the bunnies, too!"



DRAWN BY KATHARINE A. MALLETT

By this time the hotel was in sight, and Brownie slipped through the thick underbrush to the side of the poultry house, where he could not be seen from the rooms in the big building occupied by the keeper's family. He edged his way cautiously round to the door and, after looking about and listening, slipped inside. All the way round the row of nests he went, nosing in each one for eggs; but to his disappointment he found every nest empty. Then he decided that he would see whether there were any apples left in the shed where he had once been trapped. That was near the rooms where the family and the dog lived; so Brownie made his way there slowly and

answer. And then the little girl went back into the hotel kitchen again and shut the door.

Brownie shook all over with excitement. Eggs! Easter eggs! He had never heard of Easter eggs, but he knew that they must be good. All eggs were good. He had never tasted any kind of egg that was not delicious. Next to honey, he liked eggs better than anything, better even than sugar. After the door had closed and everything was quiet again, he ventured round the corner of the shed, and saw a pan on the ground in the snow by the side of the door. The eggs must be in that, he thought. He knew he would have to hurry if he wanted them, for the little girl would be coming out

NATURE & SCIENCE

THE ORIGINS OF LIMESTONE.—It is a commonplace of geology that many rocks were built up from the remains of plants or animals. Thus great beds of limestone were formed from shells or corals, the remains of which are still distinctly visible in the rock. Pure limestone consists of carbonate of lime, but there are magnesian limestones, phosphatic limestones, siliceous limestones, and other kinds. The shells or skeletons of the organisms of which they were formed were mostly carbonate of lime, but some of them were magnesian, phosphatic or siliceous. The problem of determining how much material each group of organisms contributed to the marine sediments from which the rocks were formed is interesting and important, and has been carefully studied in the laboratory of the United States Geological Survey, where members of the staff have made hundreds of chemical analyses of shells or skeletons of marine invertebrates, including the calcareous algae, the specimens comprising forms ranging from almost microscopic Foraminifera up to large crustaceans. The molluscan shells and the corals were found to consist of carbonate of lime that contains only trifling impurities, and some groups of organisms that made smaller contributions to the sediments consist largely of the same material. From those creatures, then, come the ordinary limestones. The Foraminifera, the beautiful corals known as sea fans, the echinoderms—which include the crinoids, sea urchins and starfishes—are all rich in carbonate of magnesia, and from them come the magnesian limestones and the dolomites. Phosphatic limestones or phosphatic rocks owe their phosphates in great part to brachiopods, annelids and crustaceans. Vertebrate skeletons, such as those of fishes, are also highly phosphatic, and have added their phosphates to the sediments. Thus we now know with reasonable accuracy the part that each group of organisms has played in building up marine limestones.

A UNIQUE MARKET.—The first market for the sale of horseflesh in New York City, and probably in the United States, has just been opened, and if it is successful the city is to have other establishments for the same purpose. The new market is subject to the regulations of the department of health, and in order that there may be no deception it will sell nothing except horse meat. Veterinarians of the department of health supervise the slaughterhouses and take every precaution to safeguard the consumer. Dr. W. Horace Hoskins, dean of the New York State Veterinary College, has written the following letter to the department of health of New York City in regard to the new venture: "I am much interested, and quite approve of the action of your department in permitting the opening of establishments for the sale of horse meat. So clean an animal, so free from tuberculosis and many other serious lesions common to our flesh-producing animals, and the continually soaring high prices of animal foods make it extremely desirable that opportunities be afforded to obtain cheaper meats. The long prejudice held by so many people against horse meat I trust will soon be eliminated."

A CONDOR'S QUILL.—Few women who wear the quill of a condor in their hats are aware that they are helping to exterminate a magnificent and useful bird. When Mr. Frank M. Chapman was in South America he met a man who had hunted condors for years in the Argentine Andes. Some he shot, some he trapped in nets, others he bought. According to his estimate, he had killed sixteen thousand birds. As a result of such unremitting pursuit, the condor is now comparatively rare in an area more than two thousand miles long, and further killing may exterminate it in western Argentina. Only the feathers of the wings and of the tail, says Mr. Chapman in Bird Lore, have a commercial value. A condor usually has eighty-four of them. Before the war the marketable feathers of a condor sold in Paris for twenty dollars. Now the hunters can get only half that amount; and since our Federal law prohibits the importation of condors' feathers, as well as those of other wild birds, the market is virtually closed. It is to be hoped that other nations will follow the example of the United States in forbidding the traffic.

NETTING A CONDOR IN THE ANDES

TIN, THE INDISPENSABLE.—Nickel and tin are the only important metals that have not been found in paying quantities among our mineral resources, although the fact that we are the largest consumers of tin plate in the world has stimulated the search. Tin ore in small quantities has been found in several places in the United States, but most of what we use comes from Cornwall in England, Banka in the East Indies and Malacca in southern Asia. It is a metal that has played an important part in the history of the world. Combined with copper to make bronze, it was doubtless the first metal that man converted to his use. Weapons, tools and utensils made of bronze were used during a long period before iron and steel came into use. The United States now uses in the manufacture of tin cans as much tin plate as all other countries together use for all purposes. There is no substitute for tin. Price has little effect on consumption, which is not true of other metals. If tin cost fifteen cents a pound, we should perhaps put a thicker coating on our plates and make better solder and Babbitt metal; but if it were a dollar a pound, we should still have to use it for nearly every one of the purposes for which it is now employed. The lack of tin is one of the few things that keep the United States from being self-sufficient. If we were suddenly deprived of our supply of tin and solder, we should soon have serious sanitary troubles. Tin is the only metal that sells to-day at less than the average price of two years before the war. Other metals are selling at prices from fifty-two to one hundred and eighty per cent higher, but tin is ten per cent lower. After the war there will probably be a decided advance.



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AN ARCTIC RESCUE

WHEN the Karluk, the chief vessel of the Canadian Arctic Expedition, which set out in June, 1913, became imprisoned by ice near Point Barrow, Alaska, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the commander of the party, went ashore with five companions to hunt caribou. He never saw his ship again, for soon after he left her a furious northeast gale sprang up and carried her westward.

Near Wrangel Island, which lies north of Siberia, the ship succumbed to the tremendous pressure of the ice, and sank. Eight of the Karluk's company were lost in trying to reach land; but seventeen survivors under Capt. Bartlett succeeded in reaching Wrangel Island, and on that uninhabited spot established a camp. From there, Capt. Bartlett, accompanied by one Eskimo, made the terribly difficult journey of eighty miles to the mainland of Siberia. He then went to Alaska, and reported the fate of the Karluk.

Meanwhile, Mr. Burt M. McConnell, the meteorologist of the expedition, who had left the Karluk with Stefansson, had made his way to Nome, Alaska. Here he joined Olaf Swenson, who had determined to go to the rescue in his little schooner, King and Winge. Almost eight months after the Karluk sank they sailed from Nome, and after encountering the usual difficulties of arctic navigation, successfully drew within sight of the cliffs and beach of Wrangel Island. Mr. McConnell tells the story of the rescue in Harper's Magazine:

The lookout in the crow's nest sighted a tent when we were within two miles of shore, and as we came nearer, under full speed, we could see a flagpole and a cross. Suddenly a man emerged from the tent on his hands and knees. He did not show any signs of joy. He did not wave his arms and shout when he sighted the ship; he merely rose and stood rigidly beside the tent, gazing at us as if dazed. More than once he brushed his hands across his eyes, as if he could not believe that the King and Winge was a real ship come to rescue him.

Our first fear was that the entire party, with the exception of the one man we saw, had perished, but that gloomy possibility was dispelled presently by the appearance of two other men. None of the trio made any demonstration. Aboard ship, even the Eskimos were intensely excited. The umiak was launched, and when it was within a hundred yards of the beach the man whom we had first seen started toward us, taking a rifle from its case. Our natives became greatly frightened. They pointed to their foreheads and muttered, "That man long time not much eat! Him crazy—all same fox."

We landed on the beach and advanced toward this strange individual. His shaggy, matted hair streamed down over his eyes in wild disorder. His grimy face was streaked and furrowed with lines and wrinkles. I recognized him only by his voice when he spoke to Swenson. It was Munro.

"I don't know who you are, but I'm mighty glad to see you all," were his first words.

An instant later he recognized me, and asked in astonishment, "How did you get here?"

Other questions were rapidly asked and answered, and then, "Have you a doctor aboard?" Munro demanded.

"You don't need a doctor," Swenson assured him. "What you need is a cook. We will go aboard and have breakfast."

Maurer then came up, weak and emaciated. I did not recognize him until Munro spoke his name. He smiled in recognition, but was so visibly affected that I refrained from questioning him. Templeman next appeared. He was gaunt and very pale, and seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown; so we talked of general topics and asked no questions about their experiences.

Aboard the schooner, the rescued men had a sumptuous breakfast, but an hour afterwards they were hungry again.

"Mr. Swenson, I want to ask a great favor of you," Munro finally gained courage to say. "For several months I have been dreaming of eating a whole can of condensed milk with a spoon."

Three cans were immediately brought forth, as both Maurer and Templeman confessed to a similar craving. And they ate that condensed milk as if it were ice cream.

At another camp forty miles away the King and Winge rescued nine other survivors. Three had died after reaching the island.

ONE OF THE HEROES

WRITING from Paris, a United Press correspondent tells about the heroic exploit of a young French soldier, Marcel Marco, who, now lying in a Paris hospital, wounded in many places and severely burned, has been the recipient of the French War Medal, conferred only for some signal act of bravery.

When the war broke out, writes the correspondent, Marcel was a stripling, slender as a girl, with beardless face, eyes large and black, and hands white as a woman's. At Verdun one day he gladly faced almost certain death. He emerged with a body like a sieve, a leg broken above the knee and a shattered hand.


A few hours before the French evacuated one of the hills in front of Verdun the commandant of a battalion picked the young man for a dangerous mission. The French planned to steal away from the hill silently during the night. Marcel was to stay behind, conceal himself and take special note of the emplacement of artillery when the Germans arrived. Then when night came he was to fire off a colored light, so that the French could get the range of the German battery and destroy it.

Marcel hid in a hollow tree. Through a knot hole he watched the arrival of the Germans and the placing of the artillery. At nightfall he crept out, set off a yellow light and dodged back into the tree.

Soon he heard loud shouts all about him as the Germans searched the woods. Then he heard a crackling. They had set the woods on fire to burn him out, as one does a rabbit. He gave himself up for lost.

Another sound crashed in his ear. The French were blazing away in response to his signal. The smoke was hurting his eyes. He hoped a shell would end his existence before the flames reached the tree. Then there was an ear-splitting bang and the tree fell into a thousand pieces.

When he regained consciousness he was in a farmhouse. His light had enabled the French to destroy the German battery and to recapture the position. They told Marcel that they had found him unconscious in the burning wood, with the flames licking his legs.



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CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

A NUMBER of the conditions that affect the joints, especially of persons in middle and advancing life, are variously called chronic gout, arthritis deformans and chronic rheumatism. Even physicians do not always distinguish clearly between these different diseases, for their symptoms are very much alike. We have spoken before of chronic gout and arthritis deformans, and here we shall describe briefly the chronic form of rheumatism.

That condition sometimes follows an attack of the acute form, called rheumatic fever, but more often it exists as a chronic disease from the start. Although acute rheumatism may occur at any age, it is more common in adolescence or in early adult life; chronic rheumatism is essentially a disease of later life. It often attacks sailors and outdoor laborers, who apparently bring on the malady by exposing themselves to cold and wet or by overworking or failing to eat nourishing food.

When it occurs as an independent disease, and does not follow an acute attack, the beginning is usually gradual. The joints become somewhat stiff and painful, and gradually increase in size as a result of the effusion of fluid. The trouble is confined almost entirely to the joints, there is seldom any fever, the appetite is good—sometimes too good—and the patient feels well.

After a longer or shorter time the local symptoms subside and the joints return nearly to their normal size; but they are not as good as before—a little stiffness remains, and there are occasional twinges of pain. The stiffness and pain are worse in cold and damp weather, and the sufferer becomes a living barometer, able to foretell storms with greater certainty than the government forecaster. After a time the trouble returns, the joints stiffen and swell again, and after the attack subsides the disability increases.

So it goes on until little by little the patient becomes a chronic invalid and more or less crippled. The smaller joints—knees, elbows, wrists and fingers—suffer the most, and in addition to the stiffness and swelling there are often little pea-shaped enlargements on the finger joints that increase the deformity.

Treatment of chronic rheumatism is very unsatisfactory; no actual cure is known, and the most that can be done is to relieve the pain and stiffness during the attacks and try to prevent or delay their recurrence. Unless the pain is so bad as to call for an anodyne, much comfort can be obtained by rubbing and massage and the application of a hot-water bag to the joints. For constitutional treatment, in addition to internal antirheumatic remedies, benefit sometimes comes from a sojourn at a mineral-spring resort. The patient should have a simple, nourishing diet and should avoid exposure in cold and damp weather.

AUNT RHODA'S JOURNEY

THE second day after Cousin Graham's arrival Muriel felt as if she had known him all her life. Cousin Graham was famous among scientific men, but it was as easy to talk with him as if he were your "chum." Muriel was sure that he would understand what Aunt Rhoda never could: all her longing to do something worth while and be something worth being—really to live, as Muriel had cried to herself uncounted times.

She said as much to Cousin Graham after dinner one evening, when Aunt Rhoda had "run in" to a neighbor's. Aunt Rhoda, although she had lived in the city for fifteen years, lived "just as if she were in the country," Muriel declared. She never made calls, except upon the minister's wife; anywhere else she "ran in."

"I don't see," Muriel said, hesitating a little over her words, "how Aunt Rhoda stands it, living the way she does."

Cousin Graham looked up with quick interest. "You mean here in the city—when she has a country heart? You're a shrewd young woman, upon my word! How did you ever guess it? And isn't it bully—the pluck of her?"

For a famous biologist Cousin Graham had, for common use, a very informal vocabulary. Muriel had observed that before, but just now she was too puzzled by his misunderstanding to notice.

"No, I didn't mean that exactly. I meant just not doing anything with her life."

Cousin Graham's keen eyes had a look now that made Muriel a little uncomfortable.

"Not doing anything!" he echoed. "Why—" He broke off abruptly. "Ever go to market with her?" he asked.

"Yes, sometimes," Muriel answered.

"I did, once. I've never forgotten it. I've been over the world, but the most valuable trip I ever took was that one to market with Aunt Rhoda."

"What do you mean?" Muriel asked in perplexity. "What happened?"

"Everything. Folklore, history, evolution, miracle."

Cousin Graham smiled rather teasingly, but when he saw the utter bewilderment in Muriel's face his voice changed.

"I mean it, little girl. To most people, market

workers are persons of another world. Aunt Rhoda made their world hers. She had a long talk with an Italian fruit dealer; she knew every one of his children. She told me bits of their history afterwards and laughed over the way they were picking up American slang. There was an old country-woman outside—she knew from what parts of her little place different flowers came. She had a bit of a treat for an old negro and a special word for a boy at one of the stands. He had been in the juvenile court a couple of years before; heaven only knows how Aunt Rhoda got hold of him! There was more real living—more faith and hope and love and courage—in Aunt Rhoda's marketing than most of us get into a year!"

The room was very still. Cousin Graham smiled—a warm, friendly smile.

"Be sure you get your values right, little cousin," he said.

CAPT. GYP

A BRITISH soldier stationed at one of the hospitals in France tells of a pleasing incident in which a dog played the main part.

We have had an unusual patient, he writes. A little white terrier came trotting in with rather a nasty gash in his side. He went straight into the receiving room and virtually asked to have his wound dressed. An officer dressed it and sent him off. He returned twice at different times during the day to have the dressing changed. He turned up the next morning, and, for a joke, a sergeant made out a proper sick report and sent it along with the sick reports of the chaps who had reported for treatment that morning.

In due course the medical officer came to this report and called out, "Trooper Gyp, Eighth D. L. I."—the heading that the sergeant had put on the report. The initials in this instance stood for "Doggy's Light Infantry."

Of course there was no answer. The medical officer glanced round at the sick chaps waiting for attention, and again called out, "Which of you is Trooper Gyp?"

Just then the sergeant entered and explained matters. The medical officer took the joke in good part, dressed the dog's wound and entered him in proper fashion: "Shell wound in side; admitted into hospital."

Gyp has now taken up his quarters in the park store, and nothing can persuade him to move. He goes out for a stroll every morning but always returns. He has, however, been promoted, and is now Capt. Gyp, Eighth D. L. I.

THE CAUTIOUS ELEPHANT

A NCIENT chronicles tell us that the Romans sometimes tested their military bridges by sending an elephant out on them and then watching to see whether the cautious beast would cross. The author of From Jungle to Zoo, in explaining the difficulties of transporting wild animals by rail, gives a more modern example of the elephant's cautiousness.

The keepers generally place a heavy platform from the door of the truck to the ground, but few elephants will venture on it. In one case the men sent in a trained elephant first in the hope that the newly captured elephant would follow. The new elephant stopped dead, however, threw up his trunk and made it evident that he would go no farther.

They offered him all kinds of food and addressed him with encouraging words; they led the trained elephant out and then in again with a rush, in the hope that the other would follow in the excitement of the moment. But it all had no effect whatever; there the balking one stood, waving his trunk and glancing from left to right and from right to left with his little crafty eyes.

At last, after two hours of hard work, when the men were exhausted and streaming with perspiration, the elephant suddenly lowered his trunk, seized the inclined platform and threw it away. Then lifting up first one huge foot and then another, he walked quietly into the truck and settled down at once to a good meal.

"FACILIS DESCENSUS"

A GENTLEMAN of large means and atheistic beliefs, says the Scottish American, built a handsome mausoleum for himself in the parish churchyard. It was a massive piece of masonry, and presented an aspect of considerable strength.

One day the gentleman met one of the church elders coming out of the churchyard.

"Weel," said the owner of the mausoleum, with an air of pride, "ye've been up seein' that erection o' mine?"

"Deed I hae," replied the elder.

"It'll tak a man a' his time tae rise oot o' yon on the day o' judgment," said the atheist, mockingly.

"My mon," said the elder, "dinna bother yer head about that. When that day comes, they'll juist tak the bottom oot o' yer concern and let ye slide doon."

TOMMY, ETYMOLOGIST

POPULAR etymology, says the Manchester Guardian, is always more interesting than the learned explanations of philologists. For example, take the barrack-room derivation of the word "canteen." It is of no use trying to convince Tommy Atkins that it comes from the Italian *cantina*, a small cellar. He has his own derivation, which he finds quite satisfactory. "Canteen" is simply "tin can" said backward.

To justify his theory he merely invites you to look round. Certainly, tin enters largely into the utensils and furnishings of the average canteen. The drinking vessels are tin and, in many cases, the tables also are covered with block tin. No wonder Tommy holds that the word has some connection with the metal that is so much in evidence!

HIS CHRISTIAN NAME

THE primary teacher had taken great pains to explain the distinction between surnames and Christian names, after which she called on the children to give examples of each kind from their own names and those of other members of their families.

When Jennie was asked to tell in one statement the surname and the Christian name of her father, she responded, after a little hesitation, "My father's surname is Johnson, and his Christian name is a Methodist."

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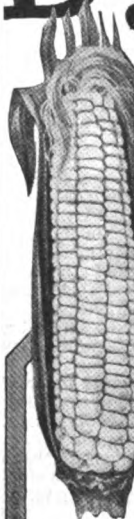
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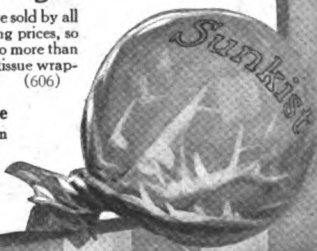
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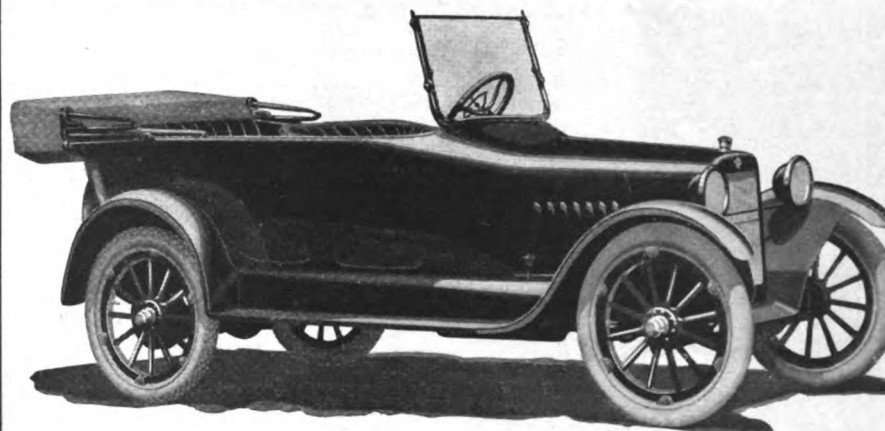
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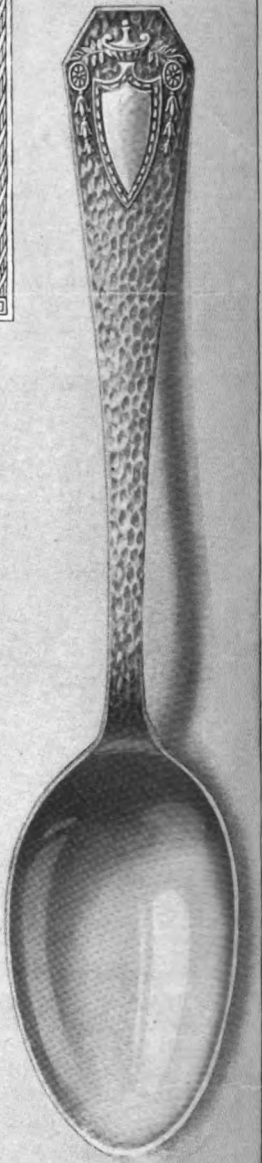
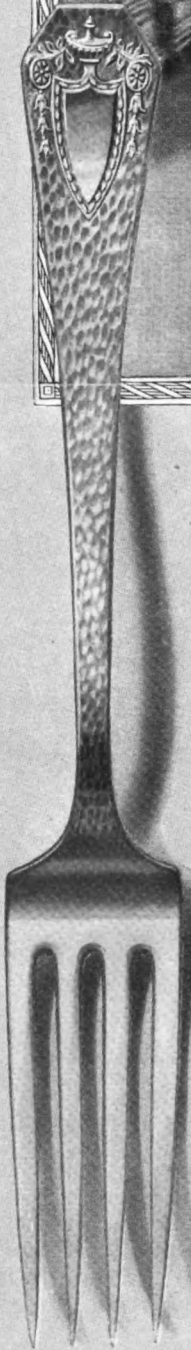
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THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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"If Rusty Miller has hidden Mabel's notebook," said Mr. Phillips to himself, "she shall have zero in all her studies till she brings it back. She's too old for such mischief. She ought to be well shaken and stood in a corner for a baby trick like that—if she did it."

Thus thought the master of the academy while he, and everyone else except Mabel Graham, believed that some one had hidden the book as a joke. But as the morning passed and the book did not reappear, the school began to realize that the affair was serious. The master exonerated Rusty completely in his mind—she might have been guilty of playing a practical joke, but she would not have deliberately taken the book.

Just before the close of school Mr. Phillips addressed the students on the subject of the missing book. After the members of the lower classes had raised their hands to indicate that they knew nothing about it, he dismissed them; the graduating class he detained. Taking the members one by one into a small classroom, he questioned them carefully before he sent them home.

He began with Mabel Graham. By nature she was very slow to anger, but now she had worked herself into violent wrath. In the baldest and ugliest terms she accused Rusty Miller of getting access to the schoolroom by means of her father's keys, stealing the book and burning it in the furnace.

Mr. Phillips could hardly keep his patience. He realized, however, that Mabel's provocation was great, and knew that no girl in the school came from a home where there were fewer ideals.

"Now, Mabel," he said seriously, "we must keep to facts. I am more than sorry for you, and am just as anxious as you are to recover the book, or, if that is impossible, to investigate the circumstances of its disappearance; but random accusations do not help us. Now, have you any basis whatever for accusing Rusty Miller?"

"She's afraid I'm going to get the prize," said Mabel, sobbing.

"So, I dare say," said the principal, "is everyone else in the class."

"Well, she was here in the schoolhouse with me last night after everyone else was gone. I told her distinctly I wasn't going to take my book home on account of the party, and she saw me put it into my desk."

"And who left the room first?"

"Rusty did; but of course she could come back any time. She could take her father's keys without his knowing it."

"And just what did you do with your book? Do your best to remember accurately."

"Put it in my desk—right on top. I had it out, because I usually take it home. So when I put it back Rusty was the only one who knew, because all the others had gone skating. I hope you'll expel her, Mr. Phillips." Again Mabel burst into tears.

"I shall certainly do nothing of the kind unless there's much stronger evidence than there is at present, Mabel," declared Mr. Phillips. "And now I want you to leave this entirely in my hands. Reserve your judgment if you can. If you cannot, keep it to yourself. So long as you are in the building or on the school grounds, I forbid you to accuse anyone. And when you are outside my jurisdiction, I ask you as a friend, Mabel, to do the same."

Each of the other girls and boys denied knowing anything of the whereabouts of the book. Margaret Hatch told Mr. Phillips in confidence that Rusty had said one day on the pond that she would like to hide Mabel's book.

"I'm afraid Mabel Graham will get hold of that," she explained. "You know, like all of us, of course, that it would really only make it the surer that Rusty would never do it."

"Of course, Margaret," said Mr. Phillips,



"AND MIND YOU, MR. PHILLIPS, I'LL GET THE LAW ON THAT GIRL IF YOU DON'T PUNISH HER!"

DRAWN BY CHADE EMERSON

REUBEN'S PORTION

By Joslyn Gray Chapter Nine
In Ten Chapters



"and you did just right to tell me of it. Dear me, what a tangle!"

Rusty was the next to be questioned. Mr. Phillips explained that, because her father was janitor, he had to question her even more closely than the others. Rusty, who had no idea that Mabel suspected her, understood perfectly, and answered every question quietly, directly and quite convincingly. Mr. Phillips promptly dismissed her.

And yet some one must have done it, and only Reuben remained. It seemed a farce to question Reuben; but so had it seemed, for that matter, to question the others. Even Mabel Graham could not be suspected of any duplicity. She was obviously sincere.

Like the others, Reuben knew nothing at all about the disappearance of the book. Unlike them, however, he expressed sympathy for Mabel, and in view of the fact that examinations were to begin on Monday offered Mr. Phillips his notebook to lend to her.

Mr. Phillips agreed reluctantly and Reuben brought it. His notes were neatly kept, and were a real record of thought and study, worthy of a junior in college, the master said to himself. Reuben ought to keep it himself in order to review some of the work; he knew the matter essentially, but would of course run the risk

of missing certain fine points and thus lowering his record. On the other hand, Mabel certainly needed it more. She had lost her all with her book, and Mr. Phillips agreed to deliver it to her that night.

Somewhat cheered by the boy's thoughtfulness, Mr. Phillips left the schoolhouse before dark. On the way out he spoke to the janitor and assured himself that he knew nothing about the mystery. Then he made directly for the Mudgetts' house.

He liked the walk, for the road lay past the pond where the children had skated the day before, through a pretty hollow and up a hill with the coverlet of new-fallen snow glimmering softly over all. He found that Mabel had returned to her home in Wenham. Excusing himself from discussing the matter with Mrs. Mudge, whom he could hardly put off, he hastened back to the Hollow, got out his sleigh and started for Wenham.

Twilight lingered over the snow-clad earth when he reached the Graham house—the largest and the most expensive in the county. Mabel came to the door. She seemed in even a more excited frame of mind than she had been in at school and ungraciously refused the proffered loan of Reuben's book.

"My father says you—" she began, when

Wat Graham himself came blustering to the door.

"What I want to know is," he shouted, "whether you ain't goin' to punish that upstart girl that stole my Mabel's book! See here, Mr. Phillips, I want to know whether you're going to expel her out of the academy?"

"I shall certainly do no such thing," said Mr. Phillips. "Your daughter has no evidence whatever upon which to base her unkind and preposterous accusation. I forbade her to repeat it on the school grounds and asked her as a friend not to do so elsewhere. I am sorry, Mabel, that you have so little regard for a request from me."

"Of course Mabel come straight to her father when she can't get her rights no other way!" shouted Graham. "And mind you, Mr. Phillips, I'll get the law on that girl if you don't punish her!"

He disappeared into the room beyond and slammed the door fiercely behind him. Again the master offered Mabel Reuben's notebook.

"You had better take it," he advised. "I shall have to hold you accountable for the review of the next two weeks. If you refuse the loan of this book, I can make no allowance whatever."

"But I want my own!" wailed Mabel; and although he was indignant and disgusted, Mr. Phillips could not help feeling sorry for her. It had warmed his heart to witness all through the year how solemnly and proudly the senior class had accepted and borne the responsibility of those wonderful notebooks and all they implied; and his heart ached now in sympathy for the unattractive, disagreeable girl before him.

Again she refused, and that night on his way home Mr. Phillips returned the book to Reuben. Mabel was absent on Monday, but returned to school on Tuesday; she failed in all her recitations for that day and the rest of the week, and carried herself with an injured, resentful air that would have seemed comic had not the situation been really so serious.

Meanwhile, Reuben and Rusty were still ignorant of Mabel's accusation. Although it was generally known throughout the school,—and as generally scouted,—and although Mabel's father blustered about it all over Wenham, threatening to "get the law" on the malefactor, no word came either to Reuben or to Rusty.

Nevertheless, Seth Miller was secretly troubled by something that he thought might be connected with the disappearance of the book. A week after the day

of the party he took Rusty aside and confessed to her that he had given his keys into Reuben's hands on the night when the book was supposed to have been stolen. Although Rusty was aghast, she tried to make light of the matter; however, she begged her father to say nothing about it to anyone else. As the full meaning of her father's words came over her, all the ill feeling that she had had against Reuben disappeared.

Of course, was her immediate thought, he had taken the notebook! He had done it for her sake. She might have known. She remembered now that she had said that day at the pond that she should like to hide it. Plainly, Reuben had heard her and had thought that she meant it.

All through the year Rusty had known secretly that Reuben had felt as badly as she about their estrangement. Now that her resentment had disappeared, and she realized that she had been hasty, unfair, ungrateful, she felt that that very estrangement must have influenced Reuben to do this thing. She remembered the two fires, by both of which her family had benefited.

What to do Rusty knew not. She wrestled long over the problem without seeing any light. The only thing she could do was to keep his act from being discovered, without

letting Reuben know that she was trying to shield him. Perhaps by letting herself be suspected she could prevent any hint of suspicion from approaching him.

At recess on Friday morning she went to Mr. Phillips.

"Mr. Phillips, I want to take back what I told you the other day," she said gravely. "I—I am very wretched, and I want to say that I do know something about the book, and—I said once I'd like to hide it."

"Rusty, you don't know where Mabel's book is?" cried Mr. Phillips.

"I—can't tell," returned Rusty.

"Now, Rusty Miller, what have you on your mind?" Mr. Phillips exclaimed. "You didn't have a thing to do with the matter—you know that as well as I do. Apparently you think some one has made way with it, and you'd like me to believe you guilty in order to shield that person. May I tell the school that you have said you are responsible?"

"Oh, no!" cried Rusty, aghast.

He laughed grimly. "Now, Rusty," he said seriously, "suppose you tell me what is in your mind? I feel so sure that you are mistaken. I know your friends pretty well, Rusty, and I don't believe that any one whom you care enough for to try to shield in this way needs protection. You certainly are on a false track. Now, can't you confide in me?"

Rusty shook her head sadly. Of course no one would understand. Mr. Phillips would think it monstrous that she should suspect Reuben of committing such an act. He could never understand, as she understood, that Reuben could do wrong rightly, even nobly.

So, refusing to say anything more, she went back to her seat—thoroughly discouraged because she had accomplished nothing. And from now on she should be in constant dread that some one else would learn that Reuben had entered the academy that night.

At recess that morning Reuben learned for the first time that Mabel suspected Rusty of having taken the notebook. Mabel Graham was taking her continual failures more and more to heart, and Reuben again offered her his book for the week-end. Mabel accepted it,—rather as if she were conferring a favor,—and then went on to bewail her loss, as she constantly did when she could get a hearing. She made no direct accusations to Reuben, but she did let fall one or two dark hints, and suddenly Reuben understood. She thought that Rusty had done it! He was so filled with consternation that he lost her next words. Then he caught something about a light having been seen shining from the window of the big schoolroom on the night that the book was taken; but it was not until later that that light was a light to him.

At first he was merely troubled because Mabel suspected Rusty. But as he went home that noon, the thought suddenly struck him that Rusty had indeed stolen the book—not for herself, but for him. She had done it that he might have the scholarship. He had worked hard this year, and Rusty must have thought that it was all for the scholarship—that that was his heart's desire. And all the more because he wearied her and because he was old and poky, would warm-hearted Rusty be sorry for him and wish him to have what he most wanted. It was like her not to consider anything else—not even poor Mabel's rights—and to do this wrong, quixotic deed for him.

At that moment the recollection of the light seen shining from the academy window flashed as a light on his path. He saw Mr. Phillips ahead and ran to catch up with him.

"O Mr. Phillips, I'm afraid I gave you a wrong impression when I talked with you a week ago!" he said breathlessly. "I want to tell you—well, a light was seen in the academy the night that Mabel's book disappeared. I want to tell you that I got into the academy and into the big room that night. The light was from the lantern I carried."

Mr. Phillips could scarcely credit his ears.

"Reuben, do you mean to tell me that you were in the schoolroom that night?" he asked.

"I was, Mr. Phillips," Reuben insisted, but his honest brown eyes bore witness that he was not the thief. To the master, it was as if his big, faithful shepherd dog had looked up—with much the same liquid brown eyes—and confessed to eating the neighbor's baby.

Mr. Phillips drew a deep sigh. "Do you know, Reuben," he said, "this is getting to be more than I can stand. Now you are trying to shield some one. See here, you're more mature than the others! I can talk to you as if you were a man. You know perfectly well that I'm not the schoolmaster in this instance—I'm just one among you all. Suppose you tell me

what you know, Reuben, and let us work together, you and I, to straighten it out?"

It was terribly hard for Reuben to resist; it was truly the appeal of brother to brother, friend to friend. But the boy knew that he had to seem stiff and stubborn and unappreciative of what really went straight to his heart; for even Mr. Phillips could not understand that impulsive Rusty could do wrong rightly, generously, even nobly. Reuben felt that he must save her from the consequences.

FRITZ AND HIS "YAGER"

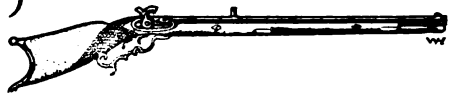
By Charles Askins

A REGIMENT of Illinois Volunteers under the command of Col.

Newby, which were making the journey from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to take part in the Mexican War, were encamped on the South Canadian River in the panhandle of Texas. At the end of a hard day's march through deep, dry sand, the tired command had halted on the north bank of the stream. The guide had earnestly advised the

Before school closed, Mr. Phillips again addressed the pupils on the subject of the missing book. He asked the aid of every student in school in solving the mystery. And he concluded by saying that in case the mystery were not solved,—unless the book were found or its fate discovered,—he should refuse to allow the prize to be awarded at the end of the year. He should request Col. Wadsworth to withdraw his generous offer.

TO BE CONTINUED.



DRAWINGS BY GEORGE VARIAN



THE SIGHT OF RED SIMON CHARGING WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE SOLDIERS, AND THEY WENT WHOOPING DOWN THE HILL

commanding officer to cross that night, since the river might rise very quickly. The officer, however, had not believed that such extreme caution was necessary, for the Canadian had appeared a mere bed of dry white sand half a mile wide; but at daylight the next morning the treacherous river had been fifteen feet deep with a current as swift as a mountain stream.

Now, after a week of very monotonous camp life, the soldiers were beginning to grumble at the delay; they were eager to get on into Mexico before the war was over. However, they knew that it would be foolhardy to try to cross the river in its present condition, and they would probably not have become impatient if they had been allowed to hunt. They wanted the excitement, and they also wanted a supply of fresh meat. Day after day for the last three weeks hardly an hour had passed when some kind of game had not been in sight. Prairie chickens had boomed up from beside the trail, the keonk! and gobble of wild turkeys had wakened the sleepers at daybreak, deer had drifted out of the wooded cañons in droves, antelopes had gazed curiously at the slow-moving train from a thousand ridges, and on the Little Arkansas they had had to halt for half a day to let a herd of migrating buffaloes pass.

From the beginning, orders had been strict that no gun was to be fired either in camp or on the march without permission from the commanding officer; and, with the exception of a few scouts who skirted the train in order to guard against surprise attacks from the Indians, no detached parties were allowed to leave the main body. The dangerous activity of the plains Indians made such strict discipline necessary. Not a command had yet traveled the Santa Fe trail without a brush or two with Indians, and here and there little mounds of stone showed where white men had been buried—buried deep so that the wolves could not dig them up. Although Col. Newby's regiment had seen no Indians,—except the friendly Osages,—the commander well knew that the red men were constantly dogging the train.

When, after a week in camp by the Canadian,

miles to the north, Lieut. Lucky of Company H succeeded in getting permission for a dozen of his men to go buffalo hunting under command of Sergt. Houston. The gray-haired lieutenant smiled as he saw his men stepping briskly away, musket on shoulder, with high anticipations as to the number of bison they would kill.

The old relics of the War of 1812 that the

volunteers carried were not precisely the weapons that experienced buffalo hunters would have chosen. They were flintlocks, smooth-bored like a shotgun, and the charge consisted of a round ball and three buckshot; a bullet fired from such a gun would fall a foot in a hundred yards. The soldiers to a man knew how to handle a rifle, but with one of those war muskets the most expert shot could hardly have been sure of hitting his mark at a distance of more than a hundred yards. Even if the hunter got close enough to hit a buffalo, it was doubtful whether one shot from the ancient weapon would kill.

One man of the detail had a different sort of gun, Fritz Wagner, the wagon master, who had been ordered to accompany the hunters on his saddle mule, Wilhelm, to help carry in the meat. Fritz had a gun the like of which few of the soldiers had ever seen before. It was a German "yager"; compared with a Kentucky rifle, it was short in the barrel, but it had a bore that looked an inch across, and it took a bullet as heavy as three musket balls. The gun, which weighed perhaps fourteen pounds, was much too heavy for military purposes; but it was well rifled, correctly

sighted, had a set, or hair, trigger, and a nipple for percussion caps instead of a flintlock. Fritz declared that with his big gun he could kill a man at a range of half a mile or more; but his comrades, never having seen him perform the feat, were skeptical. They admitted, however, that the "Dutch blunderbuss" made a noise like a cannon and might carry as far.

Although the men considered Fritz as a "furriner," and hence not entitled to the same consideration that a free-born American deserved, they regarded him as a capable train master and a general good fellow. His one enemy was Private Simons, a quarrelsome, refractory man, who had once made the mistake of thinking that he would ride in one of the "Dutchman's" wagons, whether or no. Officers had interfered in the interest of peace and discipline, but Red Simons still bore his grudge against Fritz, and he did not try again to ride in one of the wagons without permission.

Fritz's best friend was the Scotch sergeant, Neal Houston. The bond between them was, perhaps, the fact that the German had served five years in the Prussian army, and that Neal had for double that length of time belonged to the Gordon Highlanders. Neal himself was not a volunteer, but a regular of the United States Army, who had been assigned to duty with the state troops to help whip the raw recruits into shape. Fritz, too, was a veteran; of many trips across the plains, with a wide experience in Indian warfare. Both despaired of ever being able to make real soldiers out of the skylarking volunteers, although Neal declared that the rascals would fight if it came to a pinch.

An hour after leaving camp the detail of hunters were lying on top of a high hill, surveying a great herd of buffaloes in the valley below. The grazing ground, a mile or more wide and as level as a floor, was entirely hemmed in by high hills.

The hunters had come upon the buffaloes from the south, but since the wind was from that direction, Neal had ordered the men to make a detour to the west, in order to approach

the wary animals against the wind. Although the hunters had proceeded very cautiously, something made the buffaloes suspicious, for when the men reached the edge of the westerly hills the herd had moved well out into the valley toward the opposite side. They were not feeding as contentedly as they had been; a number of bulls had drawn together and with raised heads were staring steadily to the west. Doubtless while the hunters were winding their way through the cañons some treacherous, eddying current of air had carried a warning to the buffaloes.

Sergt. Houston's lean face wore a puzzled frown. The bison were quite out of musket range, and it seemed impossible to stalk a yard closer to them. As leader of the party, it rested with him to devise a plan of action, and he could recollect no military tactics that exactly covered the case. Of all the party Fritz was the only one who had ever killed a buffalo, and he had been left well behind in a depression with his mule. While the sergeant pondered the matter, his poorly disciplined force was ready with all kinds of suggestions.

"Let's fire a volley, sergeant, all of us at once—we're just bound to splatter 'em up some."

"Too far," Tim Ables declared. "Thar's no force left in a musket ball after sich a flight; must be six hundred yards—bullets be like so many peas drappin' on a bufler's back—switch his tail and off he'd go."

"It wouldn't s'prise me any if we couldn't overtake them clumsy critters in a straight race," ventured Long John Talbot, who considered himself as something of a runner.

"I crep' up on many a flock of geese like that," remarked Uncle Bobby Russell. "I 'spect if we got down on our stomachs and kep' our heads down and crawled mighty slow, we might git to 'em."

"Silence in the ranks!" ordered Sergt. Houston. "I misdooht the campaign is goin' to be a failure. The trouble is we hae nae cavalry, neither artill'ry. A twelve-pounder, now, would create havoc among 'em, or a coomp'ny of mounted men might detain 'em until the infantry could come up."

"Why not use the Dutch artill'ry and the Prussian cavalry back there?" asked Red Simon. "Accordin' to Fritz, he can hit a bull's-eye every time at a half a mile, and his mule can run close to a mile a minute."

"Some sense in what ye say, Simon, though I doobt if it was so meant. I hae no authority to order Fritz into a buffalo chase; it might mean the death of his mule this hot day. I must consult him. Go back and send him up here. Stay there and keep the beast quiet."

"Fritz can't be cavalry and artill'ry both at once. I'm goin' to mount the mule and get a runnin' shot at close quarters. He can't hit the broadside of a church from here, and we need one buffalo anyhow."

"Obey orders or I'll report ye to the colonel—if I don't take matters into me own hands. Av coorse ye should hae been a major general, Simon, but ye are only a private now, and I am your commanding officer. Send up Fritz."

With a defiant look on his face, Red Simon shouldered his musket and disappeared over the ridge. Presently Fritz came up with his "yager."

"Take a look at the animals, Fritz. They must hae winded us, and we can come no closer without stampeding the herd. The distance is six hundred yards, more or less. Think your big piece will carry over the range?"

"It is not so certain, sergeant, without a sighting shot to give me the range. Maybe I can kill. I will try for the bull nearest. If the bullet goes over his back, some other of the boonch should be in the way. At sefen hoon-dert yards I set the sight. Ha! What happens to Wilhelm?"

The clump! clump! clump! of the mule's hoofs came to them distinctly from the north.

"He's making off with your mule, Fritz! The villain! For this he'll get a lesson to remember his lifetime. Shoot, Fritz, before the herd sees him."

Fritz took from beneath his jacket a pair of sticks a few inches long, riveted together like shears. These he stuck into the ground so that they formed a fork as a rest for his heavy gun. Now the keen-eyed German adjusted his sight, placed the muzzle of his "yager" in the rest, and lay down prone. The group of buffaloes had quieted, and some of them were beginning to graze, but the bull that Fritz had selected seemed to be on guard.

The great rifle roared like a cannon; a cloud of smoke obscured everything in front, and the heavy report, rolling across the valley, rebounded in many an echo from the high hills on the far side. The frightened buffaloes started to flee, then, unable to find the source of danger, stopped and milled about. Throughout the length of the valley the herd had stopped grazing; they were waiting for a leader to start the stampede.

The buffalo bull at which Fritz had fired stood for half a minute without moving; then he turned and trotted stiffly away up the valley.

"You hit him!" Sergt. Neal declared. "I heard the ball strike. Watch him!"

The bull trotted slowly until he came to what appeared to be a buffalo wallow; there he lay down or fell. The other bison had



AT THE TREMENDOUS BOOM OF THE BIG GUN THE PONY WENT ROLLING HEELS OVER HEAD

started to retreat with the stricken bull, but they now halted, and some of the bulls began to bellow loudly.

"Dead as a mack'el!" shouted young Bill Drew. "Load up, Fritz, and down another before they get away. Too late! There comes Simon and the mule!"

It was true. Red Simon and his mount appeared from behind the shoulder of a ridge that jutted out into the valley; he was heading for the buffaloes at full speed.

The sight of Red Simon charging was too much for the soldiers, and they went whooping down the hill, followed by Sergt. Houston, with Fritz, who had been reloading his "yager," bringing up the rear.

Wilhelm was surprisingly fast for a mule, and before the men had covered fifty rods he and his rider were among the buffaloes. Red Simon fired at a bull; but the creature, instead of falling to the ground, wheeled and charged. With his gun empty, Simon could only whip his mule into a hasty retreat. At last Wilhelm began to draw away from his pursuer; the bull stopped, shook his head angrily and, turning, followed after his mates. Simon again took up the chase, and fired one of Fritz's cavalry pistols at the beast; but the only effect was to cause the bull to charge again.

By this time the men were coming within range, but because of the danger of hitting Simon or the mule they could not fire.

"Pull out, Simon!" shouted Sergt. Houston. "Give the boys a chance!"

If Simon heard the order he paid no attention to it, for he was presently hard after the bull again, still directly between the men and the mark. He discharged the other pistol at the buffalo's very flank, and this time the hunter did not escape so easily. As he wheeled and swung in a circle to avoid the lowered horns of the enraged beast, the mule, breaking through into a badger hole, went down and tossed his rider far over his head. A rattling volley from the infantry did not check the bull's charge; but when the creature was almost on top of the man, the "yager" boomed, and the animal went down. Red Simon rose, picked up his gun and, grasping Wilhelm's rein, kicked the mule until the poor beast struggled to his feet; then he climbed into the saddle and, pounding Wilhelm into greater effort with the butt of his gun, rode off after the fleeing herd. The man seemed in a frenzy, for he paid not the slightest heed to Sergt. Houston's emphatic orders to halt.

The men now gathered round the fallen bull, each of them certain that his bullet must have produced a fatal wound; but they all acknowledged that the broken neck had been caused by the big bullet of the "yager."

Sergt. Houston stood watching the obstreperous trooper until man and mule, still in full chase of the buffaloes, passed out of sight over a ridge to the north.

"My good mule," said Fritz sorrowfully, as he came up. "Simon'll run poor old Wilhelm to death. It's a pity that feller didn't break his neck, now."

"A hundred such men would ruin an army," declared the sergeant indignantly. "The only cure for a man like that is a fight where the bullets are flying thick enough to scare him. There was a man like that in an hour." Ellis and Wilson

Skilled hands quickly skinned the game and cut up the meat ready for carrying to camp. There was more than a thousand pounds of good buffalo beef—far more than they could take into camp even if the mule, when it got back, was in good enough shape to take a load. Capt. Cunningham of the commissary department had partly promised to send a wagon if he heard firing, and the men were now on the lookout for the team as well as for Simon, who had been gone three quarters of an hour.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Neal uneasily. "The next thing I'll be hauled up before the 'old man' for not taking care of him."

"Look, sergeant, there he comes! No! It's a horse!"

To the north, nearly half a mile away, a single horseman had ridden to the top of the ridge, and there, outlined against the evening sky, had halted; sitting his mount motionless, he looked down upon the detail of soldiers.

Fritz took a small telescope from its case, glanced through it and handed it to Sergt. Houston. After examining the lone horseman for an instant, the officer turned to his men.

"That's an Indian. I think he's a Cheyenne, but he is not in war paint—most likely one of a hunting party out after buffalo. See him signal! Look to your guns, men! More Indians there!"

One by one the Indians ranged themselves alongside the first horseman, thirty, all told, sitting as stiffly erect as United States cavalrymen, with their ponies in perfect alignment. "Get into that buffalo waller!" Neal ordered sharply. "Take your bayonets and dig a trench all the way round the rim of it. Pile this meat in front of you for a breastwork. Dig yourselves in. They've cooed us and may charge, but they have nothing except bows and arrows, and we can stand 'em off."

Hardly had the hunters got well to work when the Indians came a long whoop and came charging down helter-skelter. They did not swerve until they were three or four hundred yards from the soldiers; then they turned and circled round and round them, well out of musket range. They had strung out in single file, with about thirty or forty yards between warriors; although riding at full speed, every red man sat boldly upright in his saddle. The soldiers dropped their bayonets and seized their muskets.

"Niver mind grabbing your guns!" snapped the sergeant. "They can't touch us with an arrow at that distance. I'll tell you when to shoot. Dig yourselves in—every man in his own hole."

Three times the red riders encircled the soldiers, gradually drawing in closer. When they were within two hundred yards, the bucks swung to the far side of their ponies, and sent an occasional arrow at the white men. Most of the arrows flew wild, but one or two landed in the buffalo

hole. One arrow stuck upright in a piece of beef directly in front of Ables, and its feathered end beat slowly back and forth for a few seconds. John Talbot thrust up his foot and shook it derisively at the Indians as an arrow passed close over him.

"Better keep your long shanks under ye, John," Ables said. "Fore ye know it one of them spikes will pin 'em to the ground."

"Get down, all of you!" came the crisp command from the sergeant. "Remember, not a shot until I gie the word! I will call the name of the man who is to fire. On your lives, now, not a man pulls trigger until his name is called. If they can induce us to empty all our guns at once, they'll charge and finish us. No shooting is to be done until they are within a hundred yards, except by Fritz. When you do shoot, aim at the horse's neck and don't miss."

Neal had guessed right; the Indians, trying to tempt the soldiers to waste their shots, soon began to taunt them. Some of the bucks sat bolt upright and, waving their arms, reviled their foes; now and then one of the red men stood erect on the back of his pony. The sharp Indian yelp came continually from all sides. The circle suddenly narrowed; the red riders swung to the far side of their ponies, and the arrows came thicker and were more accurately aimed.

Fritz and Neal lay side by side. "Getting too hot, Fritz. Won't do to let this go too far. Soome one will get hit, and the boys will all cut loose in a volley in spite of me. We don't want to kill any of 'em, Fritz, unless we have to, for they'll try hard to get even then. See that big black devil sitting up! Shoot for the pony's shoulder, lad, and maybe it will be a lesson to the gang."

At the tremendous boom of the big gun the pony went rolling heels over head like a

stricken rabbit. After a wild tumble, the buck sprang to his feet, caught the horse of a passing comrade and swung up behind. A startled yell in which there was a note of fright came from a score of red riders. Either from hearsay or experience all of them knew something of the white man's cannon, and they must have thought that this thunder gun, with its instantaneously fatal missile, was nothing short of a piece of field artillery. At some signal from their leader they broke away in the direction of the ridge on which they had first appeared. When they reached it they halted and held a consultation.

It was now the soldiers' turn to cheer, and they did so vigorously, springing to their feet and waving their caps.

"I only wish Sergt. Houston had let me fire jist one shot!" exclaimed young Bill Drew. "I bet there'd 'a' been one Indian less."

"Huh!" commented Uncle Bobby Russell dryly. "You had your head tucked down so low you couldn't have aimed at nothing but the moon."

"Good shot, Fritz!" cried the sergeant. "That big piece put more fear into the scamps than killing half a dozen of them with a musket would have done. Now, if the wagon from camp don't come up without an escort, or if they don't run afoul of that fool Simon, we're done with 'em. Hello! What's that? Give me the glass."

Two riders had come up from behind the ridge and had joined the Indians, and one of them was surely mounted on a mule.

"Poor lad! He'll pay for his foolishness now. It's Simon. Our best regiment of cavalry couldn't save him. That last buck is leading your mule by the rein, Fritz, and Simon is tied fast to the saddle. Now, watch the beggars parade."

With Simon and his captor standing in the centre of the ring, the warriors, shouting their war cries, began to gallop and prance about in a short circle.

A dismayed silence fell on the men who had cheered exultantly a few minutes before. Any of them would cheerfully have faced a soldier's death, but torture at the hands of savages was a different thing.

"I take a shot, Neal, if I may—at the buck holding my mule. I might hit him. Wilhelm gets loose, he come straight to the sound of my gun—he always does that when he's loose. Maybe I miss—it's a chance."

"Yes, yes! Aim your straightest, Fritz. It may mean Simon's death instantly, but that be better than torture."

The Cheyennes had once more halted and lined up behind their captive. The pony of the Indian who held Wilhelm stood broadside. Coolly but quickly Fritz settled the muzzle of his great gun on the earth piled in front of him. The men held their breath while he cocked the "yager" and set the hair trigger with a click that rang loud in the



THEY SENT A FEW ARROWS AFTER THE SPEEDING MULE AND THE HELPLESS RIDER

stillness. He took a short, steady aim, and then the big gun belched forth fire that could be seen in the waning light. A shade of a second, and the Indian's horse at which Fritz had aimed dropped to its knees and rolled on its side.

At once there was a confused movement among the Indians. One animal separated itself from the others and galloped straight for the buffalo hunters. Wilhelm it was, coming at his best pace to his master's gun. Superstitious fear must have settled on the Indians—the great gun was "bad medicine," aimed by the evil spirit. They sent a few arrows after the speeding mule and the helpless rider; then, plying the quirt, they turned, passed over the ridge and were never seen again.

The mule charged up to the buffalo hunters and stood panting from his race. An arrow

stuck from his hip, a second was embedded in the saddle, and a third had been driven clear through Simon's lower leg. When his comrades had cut the rawhide thongs that bound him and had bandaged his bleeding leg, Simon turned to Neal.

"Sergt. Houston, I'll mind you next time," he said. "I've learned a lesson, and I'm terrible glad to be back. Give me your hand, Fritz. You're a better shot and a better comrade than I can ever hope to be."

"Ja, ja, but wait till I git the stick out of Wilhelm. He ain't hurt mooch, but he might keeck me if I tickle him."

"Here comes the big, four-mule-team wagon and about forty of the boys!" called Uncle Bobby Russell. "Now, let's hustle into camp and cook a buffalo hump. I'm hungry."

not an animal. "But Marie, the poor soul, had her wedding dress in that burro."

For years little Marie had toiled over lovely things for other people to wear, while her own clothes were of cheap cotton and coarse wool stuff. Only once in her lifetime had she expected to be beautifully dressed. A hundred times she had described to Dorothy the beauty of her wedding gown. She had bought material that was pretty enough for a princess. And the embroidery! Months she had worked on that at night—sometimes until nearly morning. It was the most beautiful thing that she had ever made. And now—

Her needle-scarred hand twitched convulsively.

"Min are born sinseless!" declared Mrs. O'Rafferty. "Them neighbor min wint in to save the furniture, and they looked in Marie's burro and says, 'Nothin' here but lace and stuff they can do without aisy! Save the ice chest; it's got a meal's victuals in it.' The stoopids!"

Dorothy smiled a little as she stood by the window, but only faintly, for a thought had come to her of which she was afraid. "I couldn't do that!" she said to herself.

After a moment she turned to look at Marie. In the French girl's hand was a scorched bit of fine lawn, embroidered with little flowers. "She ran right into the fire," Mrs. O'Rafferty explained; "but them min was right after her. This is all she saved of her dress."

Dorothy went to the table, stood a moment thinking what to say, and then dropped on her knees and laid one arm round the other girl.

"Marie, I have a white dress—you know just what it's like. I'm going to —"

"Well, he said Ralph might be heard from yet—in Shanghai or some such place —"

Dorothy slipped into her room and shut the door—tight. To hear anything said against Ralph was what hurt her most of all. And twice that day she had had to listen to *this*! Was this what people had been whispering all the weeks before they knew that he had been drowned?

She felt that she could not go on. Sitting down on her bed, she twisted her fingers together. And then suddenly she remembered.

"Marie is perfectly happy to have that white dress of mine!" she said aloud. That was something to think about. It helped her as nothing else had all this time.

After a while she rose and went to the window, from which she could see the even ripples of the bay. The water changed to lilac; then—for it was evening—to a radiant gray. It made Dorothy think of Honolulu—where Ralph had had an appointment to begin work in August, and where she had expected to be this summer. The whole thing seemed suddenly unreal, as if she had only read about it in a book. Yet it was true. There remained of her wedding gown only a faint smell of violets in an empty chest.

The next day went by, and the next, and it was Marie's wedding day. Dorothy went to the wedding, and saw Marie, slim and very pretty in her wedding gown, with the new ring looking huge on her worn left hand.

Dorothy had not felt so peaceful since Ralph was lost. She knew now what to do when everything is swept away. If you can get a little share in some one else's joy, you begin to be yourself again. When she reached home, she was singing softly to herself.

As she entered the door the Irish girl called to her, "Ah, while nobody was home, something came from over the sea!"

Dorothy guessed that it was the wedding gift that Ralph's sister, who was a missionary in China, had started overseas before it was known that there would be no wedding.

"I know," she said. "It's my Chinese embroideries."

"Thin they came by cablegram."

Dorothy's heart quickened foolishly. For a year after they became engaged Ralph had been at work on the other side of the world, and the only cablegrams that she ever saw had come from him. So just for a minute —

She knew that it could not possibly be! The very best detectives had worked for weeks in search of Ralph, and then had sent in the final verdict that he must certainly have been swept out to sea and drowned in the storm. Dozens of persons had been drowned in that storm who were never found.

While she stood waiting for the cablegram, Dorothy heard her aunt and uncle come in—with Eliza. Then Katy brought the envelope, and she tore it open with hands that trembled foolishly.

"From Ralph's sister, of course," said her uncle.

Of course! Why had she not thought of that? The writing blurred before Dorothy's eyes. Then she thought that she ought to read it aloud. "She's at Shanghai," she explained. "It—seems to be code. I can't make it out. She says 'Shanghai Arrive Axola' —"

Her aunt came and looked over her shoulder, and screamed, "Why, it is signed 'Ralph,' not 'Reba'! It is from him!"

"That can't be!" Uncle Carey snatched the message, glanced at it, and said in a queer tone, "But it is!"

No one spoke until Uncle Carey said:

"He does not say 'Shanghai,' though, but 'shanghai'd.' Listen! 'Shanghai'd. Arrive Axola. Ralph.' He means that he will arrive on the steamer Axola. He was shanghai'd at that rascally boarding house—carried aboard some tramp steamer. And he an American—the daring of them!"

They began now to realize what had happened. When they had known the facts half an hour, they could see that it was most natural for Ralph to have been shanghai'd—anyone might have guessed. Then Uncle Carey recollected that since Ralph's disappearance the Frenchman had closed his boarding house and had gone away.

"So it's plain," he resumed, "Ralph had a row with them that night; and they had to ship him off to keep him quiet until they could make themselves scarce—the shanghaiers! As for Ralph, he's got no prudence; he was always rash."

Here Ralph's employers rang up to say that they had heard from him, and that they wanted him to leave for Honolulu as soon as possible after reaching America. And Eliza began to feel much distressed that Dorothy had parted with her wedding gown.

"Never mind," said Dorothy. And then—it was strange that she could think about it now in all the excitement—she remembered something very pleasant. "I'm glad Marie had that gown of mine!"

It was a cool sunny afternoon, and the birds abroad. Suddenly a

"SHANGHAI ARRIVE AXOLA"

By Marianne Gauss

WHEN a thing has happened, it always seems as if we might have foreseen it. And Dorothy thought that she should have known from the first that she should never wear her wedding gown.

As she opened the chest to get the "something borrowed" that she was to have carried,—a lace handkerchief of Cousin Eliza's,—she saw the white dress lying there, long and smooth, with its empty sleeves folded over the embroidery that would never be crumpled. She caught the faint smell of violets, and that made her remember all the little things that she and Ralph had planned to do that summer in Honolulu. She hurriedly closed the lid and turned the key.

She should always have the dress. She could not wear it, she could not burn it, she could never, never give it away.

She opened the door to leave the room, then stood still for a few seconds, as she remembered the moment, weeks before, when Uncle Carey had entered her room by this door, had closed it behind him and said, "Dorothy, can you be brave?"

She had begun very bravely. The day after giving up hope she had telephoned the school board and asked them to reconsider her resignation and to let her have her old room in September; but it had been easier at first than it was now, for now she felt all the time that she had nothing to do. There was work about the house, and she had always helped in vacation; but she could not bear the old round of duties. They hurt as walking does when you are bruised all over.

Downstairs Cousin Eliza was saying, "I suppose Dorothy will never be comforted."

"You're very much mistaken; of course she's going to be happy again!" Aunt Margaret answered sharply.

Aunt Margaret had always been brave. When her baby died, she had made all its little embroidered dresses into clothes for her sister's child. Dorothy had not understood how she could do that.

"Now, tell me all about the dreadful time."

Cousin Eliza, whose lack of tact was traditional in the family, was eager to know the details of the story, of which so far she knew only the bare facts.

"The evening of the storm Ralph didn't come," Aunt Margaret began, "and Dorothy wondered why; but there seemed to be no reason to worry."

"Oh, I should think you'd have thought right away he was drowned in that gale!" remarked Eliza.

"Yes, when a thing has happened, it seems as if you might have known; but we didn't. Just before midnight his landlady telephoned to know whether we'd seen him. He had started to go to that Water Street sailors' boarding house to collect some wages that were owed to a Chinaman—one of those round the mission where he taught on Sundays. He was always helping some one. The landlady was worried when he didn't come back, because those boarding houses are rather rowdy places, you know."

"Well, your uncle went right down to Water Street in the storm; but all the Frenchman who keeps the place would say was that Ralph and his Chinaman had come in and had got their money."

"At last your uncle found a man who knew a little more: he had seen Ralph and the 'Chink'—as he called him—start in a small boat to go out to a ship where the 'Chink' wanted a job as a cook. And of course in that storm only one thing could have happened. You see how it came to us—little by little. We didn't positively know he had been drowned until weeks afterwards. We kept hoping."

Just then Dorothy came in. "Here's your point-lace handkerchief, Eliza," she said.

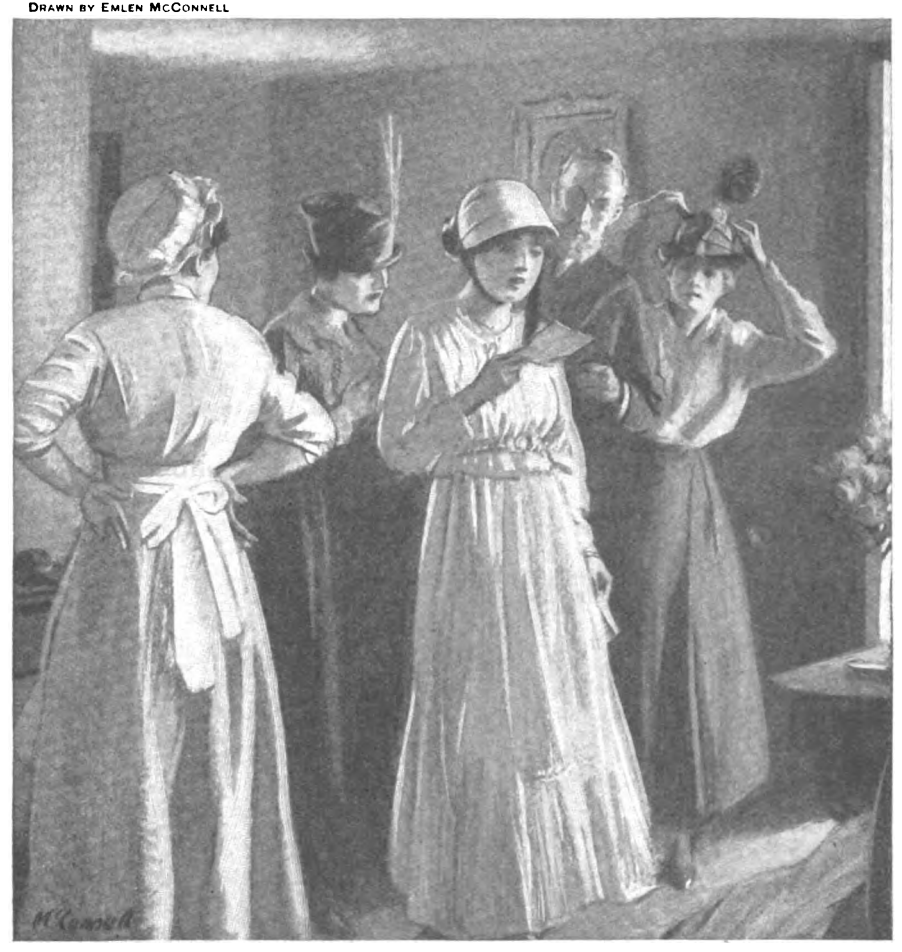
"Of course you'd think you might hear of him some time," Eliza went on, when she had greeted Dorothy. "There was a boy in Oceanola; everyone thought he was drowned,

but they finally caught him in a city in China. He was short in his accounts as a collector and had run away."

The color left Dorothy's face. "I don't think anyone who knew Ralph suspected that he had run away."

Aunt Margaret broke in abruptly: "Dorothy, aren't you going to see Marie? You'll excuse her, Eliza? You see, Marie was burned out this forenoon, and Dorothy promised to go and see if we could do anything."

"Marie?" repeated Eliza, whose mind could



"SHE'S AT SHANGHAI," SHE EXPLAINED. "IT—SEEMS TO BE CODE I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT"

not be diverted. "That's the girl who embroidered Dorothy's wedding gown!"

Dorothy was glad to get away. On her way to Water Street she passed the schoolhouse. She knew how her room looked inside—dark, with lowered blinds, all in order for the new teacher who was to have come into it. She recalled to mind the last day of school—how the others had gathered about her, and had tried to make her confess that she was not coming back. And she knew how she should feel when she unlocked her door in September.

Beyond the schoolhouse was a hill from which she could see the bay. In the afternoon sun the fog was lifting; spots of bright indigo blue showed through it. It seemed strange that the bay could ever have raged and crushed little boats like walnuts or flung them out to sea.

Next, Dorothy turned into a street from which she could see the fish wharves in the distance and the top of the sailors' boarding house. Presently she came to the black shell of the house where Marie had lived, and beyond it to the O'Raffertys', who had taken in the French family. When Dorothy entered the front room, she found the eight O'Rafferty children standing about the table, wondering at Marie. The little dressmaker's head was down on the oilcloth and her thin shoulders shook from sobbing. Her older brother was talking to her in French, and the boy, Louis, was looking on helplessly.

"They saved all their stuff but one burro," Mrs. Rafferty referred to a chest of drawers,

Marie gave a little cry. But no, that was too much! She would not accept!

Dorothy had not taught school for two years without result. When she had made up her mind, other people did as she said. She could not issue commands to Louis, for she could not speak French; but she said firmly to Marie:

"Tell Louis to go straight to our house,—I'll give him a note,—and get my dress from auntie. I'll stay till he comes back and shorten it for you."

While Louis was gone for the dress, Dorothy began to be frightened by what she had done—afraid that it would hurt too much.

But it did not. With all the female part of the O'Rafferty household crowding into the nine-by-twelve bedroom to look on,—knocking her shoulder, shaking the pins from her mouth,—she could not think about her own sorrows. And there was Marie, too, standing up straight and joyful, although her eyes were swollen.

But when the dress was finished, Dorothy suddenly felt that she must get away and cry. So she ran home, and when she reached there slipped softly upstairs. Eliza was just coming from the guest room.

"That was an odd boy you sent for the gown, Dorothy. I don't know French, but he managed to talk to me—about Ralph!"

Dorothy flinched. "Yes, he knew Ralph. He used to work at the sailors' boarding house, and Ralph got him a different job—because it wasn't a fit place for a boy."

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"YES, the plans for the station are all off," said Mr. Winfield. "The railway people say they hope to go ahead in six months, but I think myself that it'll be nearer twelve."

"Oh, then it's only a matter of our sitting tight and waiting a year," said Tom.

"No. I can't hold my option on that Knoxville marble for a year. I couldn't raise the amount if my life depended upon it. The banks won't lend a cent on any sort of security. Tom, what are you grinning at?"

"Because I've turned up at just the right moment. Cheer up, dad. Let the Knoxville option go. I've got something better."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Winfield.

"What do you say to a whole caveful of onyx marble—the finest you ever saw? It can be used for the station instead of the Knoxville stuff, and we'll get twice the price."

"Cave onyx is beautiful, but mighty deceptive. I wouldn't buy a foot of it without inspecting it myself, and then I might get fooled."

"But I went over this carefully, and I reckon I know something about rocks. There must be twenty thousand feet of it. I found it by —"

He checked himself, for he had just thought that his father was too ill to hear the harrowing account of his experience in the cave. Turning to a huge wall map of the state, penciled and marked all over with the locations of quarries, large estates and other data, he studied it carefully. The Matthews estate included only part of Deersfoot Mountain. The line ran north and south across its long crest.

"I'm pretty sure that it lies in the Matthews estate," he went on eagerly. "Brown & Beatty offered to sell us some of it last year, you know. We could buy all we need of it for three or four thousand, I should think. It would be no fraud, for Brown told us frankly that we could take our chance of finding anything valuable on it."

Mr. Winfield shook his head despondently. "I couldn't raise the money, Tom. If I could, I shouldn't feel right in gambling on such a thing."

"I'm going to telephone Brown & Beatty, anyway," Tom declared, and went into the outer office.

When he joined his father again, Tom looked uneasy. "They'll still sell," he said. "But they're negotiating with a big Northern lumber dealer; he's back there looking it over now. I'm afraid he'll stumble on my cave. I think we ought to buy at once."

"I can't do it, Tom," returned his father impatiently. "The deposit may be nearly worthless; and even if it isn't, it would have to be quarried, and the bank won't finance any sort of undertaking for me now. I'll have to let the station job go. I owe money everywhere, and can't collect a cent of what's due me."

"But you needn't lose the station job, father," Tom urged. "That cave marble —"

"Say no more about it! I can't think of it, and I've got enough worries without that."

Tom had never seen his father in such depression. Mr. Winfield was obviously unable to plan new investments, and Tom said no more about the onyx, although he was almost sick himself with disappointment.

"I suppose the railway will go on with their map just the same. They'll take my crystals!" he said at last.

"Oh, yes! Did you get all you needed?"

"Yes, but we shouldn't have got them except for a queer character we met in the mountains," said Tom.

Mr. Winfield remembered reading about Wilson's escape. "That guard wasn't killed; he was all right again in a couple of weeks. I think your wild man can come out to civilization whenever he likes, so long as he stays away from Georgia. I think we can easily get a pardon for him, since he helped you out."

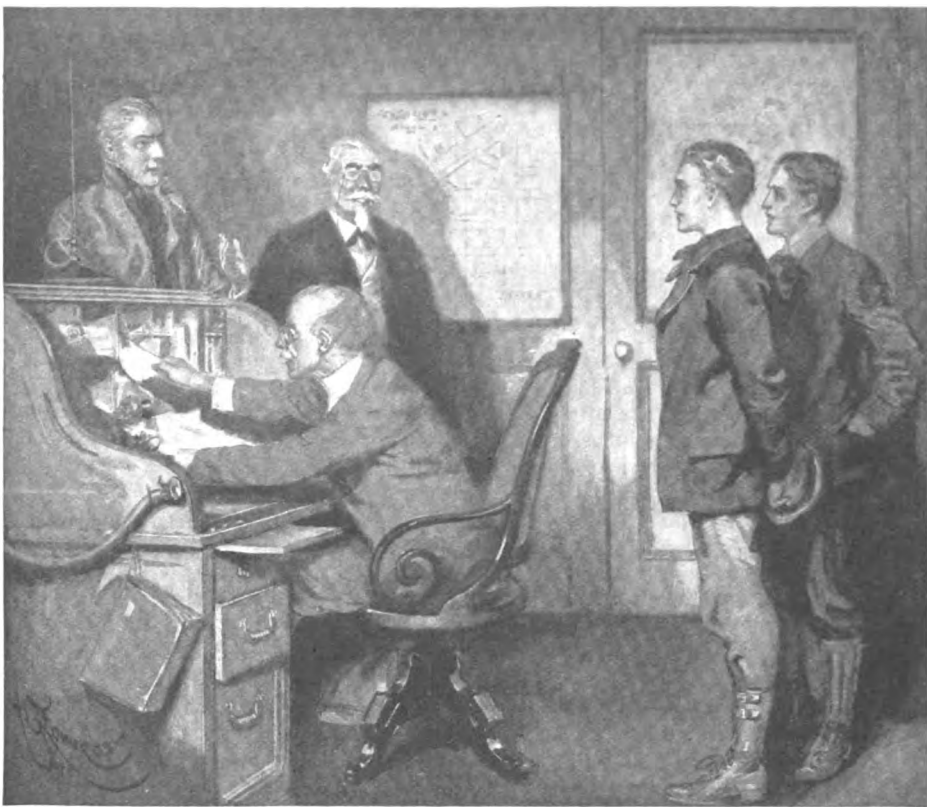
Tom did not broach the subject of the cave onyx again, but in spite of what his father had said he felt sure that if he brought in some good samples of marble to the bank he could get a loan.

But he was desperately impatient to get back to the mountains, for he wanted to make certain that the cave was really on the Matthews estate; and with the Northern lumberman thinking of buying the property there was every need to make haste. So next day he took the train west.

He found Peter safe at Crestville. Deersfoot Mountain was not so easy a mark to hit as the railway had been on the journey out. He lost his directions, and had to camp one night in the woods; indeed, he did not reach the mountain until the next afternoon.

But his wanderings resulted in an important discovery. Near the foot of the mountain he came upon a clearing, in the centre of which stood a surveyor's corner post, with the letter "M" painted on each of the squared sides. There was no doubt now that he was on the Matthews property.

Ellis and Wilson gave him a joyful welcome:



"TOO LATE, WINFIELD," SAID MR. BEATTY. "WE'VE JUST CLOSED THE DEAL WITH THIS GENTLEMAN HERE"

THE CRYSTAL HUNTERS

By Frank Lillie Pollock

In Eight Chapters

Chapter Eight

"There's sholy been some fellers a-scoutin' round yere," Wilson remarked.

"Yes, I went down to their camp!" Ellis cried. "Told them I was on a hunting trip. There's a big fellow who talks like a Northern man. He has a guide with him, and he told me they were looking over the timber."

"I reckon so!" said Tom angrily. "I know who they are."

And he told them what he had learned in Asheville—of the great war, of his disappointment, and of the crisis in his father's business. The news of the war made little impression on Wilson's mind, but Ellis was highly excited, and asked innumerable questions.

"We've got to get ahead of the lumberman," Tom said. "I know we're on the Matthews estate now. All I want is to look over that cave again, get some samples and start back."

Although he was desperately tired, he and Ellis went to the cave that very afternoon. They dug out several large pieces of onyx and Tom closely examined the deposit.

"I'm sure it's a good thing!" he declared, as they went back. "Somehow, we've simply got to raise the money. We'd need all of a thousand in cash to pay down."

As they entered the cave and found Wilson lighting a fire, Ellis gave a wild shout.

"I know where you can borrow it!" he cried. "There's the man who'll lend it to us!" He pointed at the astonished hermit. "Hasn't he got hundreds of pounds of ginseng here? Isn't that good for cash?"

"Hurrah! So it is! It's as good as gold. Will you lend it to us, Wilson? I'll pay you eight per cent, and give it back within a year."

"Sure you kin have it, boys. I don't rightly understand what you-all want with it, but you're shorely welcome."

"Let's see how much you have!"

They hastened to dig out the dried root, and agreed that there could not be much less than two hundred pounds.

"Good for eight hundred dollars anyway!" cried Tom triumphantly. "Wilson, you've saved us—and we'll save you. Father says you're safe in coming out whenever you like, and he's going to get a pardon for you."

"Thank 'e!" said the outlaw hesitatingly. "I'll be powerful glad to feel safe again. But I've been a-thinkin'. I ain't married, nor I ain't got no near kinsfolks, and I ain't fit to live down in the settlements now. If I had a gun and some shells and some coffee and meat and co'n bread, I reckon I'd rather just go on livin' in this yere cave."

"All right," said Tom, laughing. "We'll bring you up whatever you need, and you can guard the quarry."

"But let's pack up this ginseng and get back to town with it!" cried Ellis.

They rolled the precious roots in blankets and tied the bundles with strips of deer hide. In spite of Tom's weariness they planned to set out the next morning.

But when morning came rain was falling in torrents. To get the ginseng wet would lessen its value, and so, fuming with anxiety, they waited all day, while the rain fell in an endless downpour. On the following morning it

was still raining, although not so heavily. Unable to curb their impatience any

longer, they tied the ginseng in a huge bundle, with the tent rolled round it to keep off the wet, and set out. They left all their outfit with Wilson, and took only some provisions, the ginseng, the crystals and the samples of onyx.

After a long, wet tramp they arrived at Crestville on the evening of the second day just in time to catch the night train. They left Peter once more at the livery stable and sent the ginseng by express to Asheville.

When they reached Asheville in the morning, their muscles ached and they felt stiff all over; in their muddy, travel-worn clothing they looked very much disheveled. They stopped at the station lunch room for a cup of coffee. As they were drinking it, Ellis suddenly clutched Tom's arm and pointed at a tall, brown-faced man who, with a suit case in his hand, was striding across the platform.

"That's the man I saw in the woods! He must have come up on this same train."

The boys looked after him hopelessly as he got into a hack and drove away. Undoubtedly, they both thought, he had come back to close the deal for the land.

"But he won't go straight to Brown & Beatty's," Tom said, after a minute. "He'll go to his hotel to wash up. We can sell this ginseng in an hour, and we may beat him yet."

Leaving the ginseng in the express office, the boys drove to the warehouse of a wholesale dealer who, as Tom knew, usually bought ginseng in any quantity.

"I have about two hundred pounds of dry ginseng root," said Tom, as they entered the dealer's office. "What are you paying?"

"We're not buying at all."

The man's words fell on the boys like a thunderbolt.

"All our export trade is disorganized," the dealer explained. "We don't care to stock up much on anything just now. I might take ten pounds or so, at three dollars and a half."

They hurried out, and Tom immediately ran to a telephone, called up Chattanooga, and got into communication with the principal ginseng dealers there. Afterwards he tried Knoxville.

It was the same story everywhere. Not one of the dealers would consider buying a large amount of ginseng. After spending an hour or more at the telephone, Tom came out of the booth looking miserably downcast.

"The bottom's fallen out of everything, it seems to me," he said. "I never dreamed that we couldn't sell the ginseng."

"Let's go round to Brown & Beatty's office and see whether we can't make some compromise with them," Ellis suggested.

Hopeless as the plan seemed, they went, for the mere sake of doing something. As the boys entered the office, they saw three men—Mr. Brown and Mr. Beatty, and the man whom they had seen at the station.

"That Matthews estate land on Deersfoot Mountain—is it still for sale?" Tom faltered.

"Too late, Winfield," said Mr. Beatty. "We've just closed the deal with this gentleman here."

He indicated the lumberman, who looked at

the boys with interest, and then, recognizing Ellis, nodded.

"I understand you want it chiefly for the timber, sir," Tom said to the stranger.

"Would you sell the mineral rights?"

"What minerals? Iron? Coal?"

"No, I mean the quarrying rights only."

"Oh! I'd want to keep any metals for myself, but I don't know anything about stone or marble quarries. Yes, I'd sell the quarry rights—not mining—for, say, a thousand dollars, and five per cent of the output annually."

"Will you give us time to pay the thousand?" Tom inquired.

"No, I must have cash. And I can leave the offer open only four hours; I'm taking the two-o'clock train for Washington. Until then you'll find me at the hotel."

"I'll find you," said Tom.

"How can we possibly raise a thousand dollars?" Ellis asked as they went out.

"The bank!"

He knew the president of the national bank where his father always did business, and in spite of his disheveled appearance he had no trouble in gaining admittance to his office. Tom showed him the samples of onyx, described briefly his prospects, and told him of his need of aid.

"I'd like to oblige you, Tom," said the president, "but I can't do it. The directors have voted against any loans at present. I couldn't even do anything for your father."

Tom's face was pale when he joined Ellis, who was anxiously waiting outside.

"No use!" he said between set teeth.

They had walked on a few paces, when Tom suddenly stopped short. "It's the last chance! Wait at the bank. I'll be back directly."

Boarding a trolley car, he rode to the station and ordered his ginseng driven to a warehouse; there he deposited it, and with a receipt for it in his pocket returned to the bank.

"I've simply got to have that thousand dollars, sir," he said, when, pale with excitement, he stood in the president's office again. "Ellis and I have nearly two hundred dollars on deposit here between us. Here's the warehouse receipt for one hundred and ninety pounds of first-class ginseng; that's worth easily eight hundred dollars normally. Then I have a hundred or so crystals here, which I've contracted to deliver to the railway for five hundred dollars. All this ought to be security enough for a loan of eight hundred dollars."

"Tom," said the president, "the bank can't lend you any money. I've got to do what the board has ordered. But," he added, "you've got pluck and nerve, and I'll lend you the eight hundred dollars out of my own pocket, on your note, if you like. Well, you can leave me that warehouse receipt."

An hour later the papers had been made out, transferring the quarry rights on the Matthews estate land on Deersfoot Mountain to Tom Winfield and Ellis York jointly; and the boys had handed to the lumberman a certified check for a thousand dollars. Then Tom hurried to his father's office. He found the stenographer at the telephone when he arrived.

"Your father was just asking for you," she said. "He's on the line now."

"Is that you, Tom?" came Mr. Winfield's voice. "How did you find that marble deposit at a second look? I've been thinking since you left that if you really were sure of it I might consider trying to buy it, after all."

"Can't do it, dad!" returned Tom, with an irrepressible laugh. "I've bought it myself!"

The beautiful gold and crystal map of the great railway system attracted much admiration at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and is now the principal decoration of the main waiting room in the splendid terminal station of the road. But the chief glory of the building is the four great pillars in the vestibule and the fine stairway, faced with rich onyx marble. All of that stone came out of Tom's cave, besides a considerable quantity that was shipped North to be used in manufacturing clocks and mantels.

The net profits from the onyx cave amounted to more than six thousand dollars, which Ellis, Tom and his father, who managed the quarrying of the stone, divided. Tom and Ellis immediately reinvested their shares in the Winfield quarries, where they both expect to take an active place as partners within a few years. Meanwhile, they are learning the business and drawing dividends.

Wilson clung to his mountain cave until after the last piece of marble was taken out of the onyx cave. Even then, although a pardon had been granted him, he refused to move down to civilization. Mr. Winfield offered him a job in the quarries, and at last the hermit yielded. He still lives alone in a little cabin by the quarries, but at regular intervals he vanishes; after two or three weeks he comes back, brown, refreshed and apologetic, with a haunch of venison, a sack of ginseng or a few rock crystals. He has been back to his cave.



FACT AND COMMENT

BE not like the anchor, which, although long at sea, never learns to swim.

An April Rain that wakes the Fruitful Mould
Is richer than the Ocean's Breadth in Gold.

CHARACTER, always fluid, flows to the pull of experience as tidal water flows to the pull of the moon.

A SUBSCRIBER for The Companion writes hastily to say that "Rush & Doolittle" is a harmless firm in comparison with "Chase & Kilpatrick."

THE children of Washington, District of Columbia, recently gave two thousand dollars for the use of the school playgrounds of the city. How did they get the money? Very simply. During the fall term of school they collected old newspapers at their homes and in public places. In all they gathered one hundred and fifty tons of them.

WISCONSIN is the first state to use the aeroplane as an agency in fighting forest fires. For the past two years it has employed an aviator for that purpose. From a height of fifteen hundred feet a man can detect in clear weather the beginnings of a forest fire sixty miles away. Aeroplanes may yet replace the observation towers in our forest regions.

GERMANY is looking to the completion in 1925 of a canal between the Main and the Danube, by which large cargo vessels can pass from the North Sea to the Black Sea. The Reichstag was asked the other day to vote \$132,000,000 to carry on the work. It is an enormous undertaking, for the canal will be four hundred and forty miles long; but its military and commercial importance to Germany can easily be understood.

THE bird census, begun in 1914 and taken every spring since then, has brought out many interesting things about the bird population. A recent bulletin on the results obtained in 1915 says that the densest bird population was found on a private estate near Washington, where a hundred and thirty-five pairs were nesting on five acres; and the most varied population was in a park near Indianapolis, where sixty-two species were found on forty-four acres.

WEST POINT and a subsequent life of service in the army appeal to many young men who have passed the age limit for admission to the Military Academy. How many such know that the way is still open to them? Under existing legislation any man between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-seven who is morally and physically sound and who can pass such a mental examination as any college graduate should be able to pass can get a commission as a second lieutenant in the regular army. Brig. Gen. Henry P. McCain, adjutant general, Washington, D. C., will give any applicant the particulars.

SMALL wonder that distribution is recognized as one of the biggest problems in the matter of food prices! A Canadian instance makes it plain. A short time ago a merchant in Belleville, Ontario, sold some whitefish that had been caught at Bath, forty miles away. Between the time when the fish were caught and the time when they were sold, they traveled from Bath to Kingston, thence across Lake Ontario in bond to a public refrigerator at Cape Vincent, New York, thence back to Kingston, thence to a wholesale dealer in Toronto, and thence to the Belleville retailer—a journey of four hundred miles to reach a point forty miles away. Meanwhile the price had increased from seven cents to eighteen cents a pound.

THE tactics by which the opposing Senators defeated the armed neutrality bill has again put the word "filibuster" into everyone's mouth. Most people know what it means, but few have any notion of its long and interesting history. First came the Dutch *rrijbutter*, which is our word "freebooter." Then, by mispronunciation or some other kind of corruption, came the French form, *libustier*, which was used even in English

until about 1850, when the present form came in. Meantime "freebooter" had found its way into the language more directly from the German. Both words meant originally one who takes plunder, or booty, by force—in other words, a pirate. Nevertheless, it is always well to discriminate, as the young man did who was asked if his fiancée's father was not "a regular old pirate," and replied somewhat sadly, "No, but he is a free booter."

CHINA AND THE ENTENTE

A GOOD many readers of The Companion must have rubbed their eyes when they read that China alone of all the neutral powers had followed the lead of the United States and broken off all relations with Germany. What, they must have asked, were the causes that urged this clumsy, patient, pacific giant among nations into an action so unexpected?

China, it is true, has not suffered much from the war, or from the submarine policy of the Germans, but it has a score to settle with Germany and something to gain by closer relations with the United States and with the Entente nations. The Chinese statesmen have not forgotten that the Kaiser told his soldiers to emulate the mercilessness of the Huns when they entered China with the Boxer expedition, and they remember that Germany used the killing of two missionaries as an excuse for seizing control of the rich province of Shantung. Frightfulness is not a sure weapon even against so meek a people as the Chinese. Moreover, China would naturally be glad to support this country in any international policy—for its leaders believe that the United States is the only disinterested friend that China has in the world.

The Entente Powers would no doubt like to have China go further and declare war against Germany. There are rich coal and iron mines in China, which under war conditions could be made valuable sources of supply for the Allies; it has several well-equipped arsenals and unlimited resources in men that might be made useful in the field of labor if not in actual fighting. More than a hundred thousand Chinese are already at work as laborers in France and Russia, and have of course released an equal number of soldiers for the front.

By way of payment for active support on the part of China the Entente could offer to remit a part or all of the unpaid Boxer indemnity and so to readjust the Chinese tariff system as to put the republic, from a financial point of view, securely on its feet. So far Li Yuan-hung and his advisers have not taken the final step. If they do decide to enter the war, it may be because they think it best to put their country into the hands of the entire Entente rather than to run the risk of its falling wholly into the hands of Japan. That clever nation has vastly improved its position in the East as a result of the war and would be glad to take over the administration of China without any assistance whatever. But the Chinese statesmen do not want that to come to pass; the question is whether they are shrewd enough to prevent it, and to get for the republic the foreign support it needs without paying so exorbitant a price as the political independence of the nation.

"SHAKAR"

THE reader probably does not know what "shakar" means. It is a Persian word that some Englishman of the fourteenth century who was ignorant of the language misspelled as "sugar"—and sugar it has remained.

When you read that the United States consumes every year four and a half million tons of sugar, do you realize that sugar was not known at all to the ancients? They had only honey for sweetening. There is no Greek and no Latin word for "sugar," for a very good reason. The Latin word *saccharon*, used by Pliny in the first century of our era, meant only the sweet juice of a certain kind of bamboo. From it we have made our adjective "saccharine," to signify sweet.

The earliest fact known about sugar is that it was extracted in India and afterwards in China in the seventh century. Later the Arabs took up the industry and carried sugar to the Mediterranean countries. So far as is known, the first shipment to Great Britain was in 1319, when a small quantity was landed in London. As late as the year 1700 the entire annual consumption of sugar in England was only ten thousand tons—less than one day's supply for this country at the present time. So, unknown for thousands of years, then first

a luxury of the rich, sugar has become a prime necessary of life even for the poorest, and one of the most important foods of the world.

H. C. OF L.

IN these days no householder needs any translation for the term H. C. of L. He or she may not know that from 1900 to 1914 the cost of living in the United States increased forty-six per cent, or that since the outbreak of the European war it has increased some twenty-nine per cent, but, unless he belongs to the large class whose wages have considerably increased or to the small class whose profits have become greater, he does know that his income can no longer maintain him as it used to do. The families thus crushed between the upper millstone of higher prices and the nether millstone of a small fixed income are those who receive from twelve hundred dollars to three thousand dollars a year; it is estimated that they constitute one third of the population of the country.

Fortunately, the members of the group have intelligence and organizing ability, and if they devote systematic and persistent effort to the economies of purchasing they should be able to get a measure of relief; but they will obtain the result, not by vague clamor against real or imaginary oppressors, but by work.

One way to effect economies in buying is to establish a family budget. In the season when our New Year's resolutions have not yet weakened, budget making is a favorite indoor sport; it is a severe criticism on our way of life that we have not learned to take the occupation seriously. Of course, no budget can hope to succeed that does not provide for recreation as a necessary of life. If the theoretical schedules of purely rational expenditures that we have put together have not the strength to withstand the actual pressure of living, the reason may well be that we have neglected to provide them with that safety valve.

In families whose incomes range between the figures given, it is estimated that from twenty-five per cent to thirty per cent of the income goes for food. Household conditions generally prevent the purchase of food supplies in large quantities, and so for the individual purchaser the problem becomes one of buying as cheaply in small quantities at short intervals as he could buy in large quantities only three or four times a year. Coöperative stores, of course, achieve that end admirably, and it is matter for wonder that a device that has succeeded so well in Europe has not found greater favor here. In the absence of such stores, if twenty or more neighbors join forces, their purchasing committee can buy many articles—crates of eggs, barrels of potatoes and apples, canned goods and dry groceries—on exceedingly advantageous terms.

Economies in purchasing cannot be effected without expending time and thought. The day is past when the housewife can afford to telephone to the market to send her up a pound of steak for dinner.

INCREASE YOUR PRODUCTION

IN all the theatre of war the consequences and the lesson of the fact that war is waste have forced themselves on the governments. The world will some day learn the full details of the superhuman efforts of Germany to supply itself with the materials of which it has an insufficient store and a limited production. How to get the most food from the soil, how to eke out short supplies of copper, rubber and other articles, or to find substitutes for them by inventive genius, have been pressing problems. Great Britain faces a shortage in many classes of goods, fears a more serious shortage in the future, and considers plans both to get more and to economize in the use of stocks on hand.

All the present and impending deficiencies and all the measures taken to make them good concern the immediate future—the period during which the war may last. But he is shortsighted who does not perceive that the condition that those countries face will be world-wide, that it will affect the markets for all articles in universal demand, and that it will continue for years after peace is restored. If that is so, the lesson by which those countries have learned to control their present action is one for every American to learn for himself.

Agriculture is the greatest of all industries. Suppose the war were to end this week, what would be the food situation of the world? In ordinary times there are ample stocks on hand in every country—at least in the countries that produce a surplus. It may be doubted whether

the surplus now available of grain, of meat, of vegetables, of fruit, is one half the usual surplus in the month of April, and yet the current consumption is above the average. The margin between abundance and starvation is steadily growing smaller. Not this year only, but for many years, until the deficiency throughout the world is made up, the demand for agricultural products will be great. American farmers will make no mistake if they press production to the limit upon every acre that they own.

That is but one illustration of conditions that extend to almost every article of merchandise. Space forbids us to examine them in detail. We can only hint at the conditions in a few industries. Man's chief wants are food, clothing and shelter. He already feels a pinch in the matter of food. As to clothing, in the last three years the textile mills of Europe have either been shut down or have been making cloth for soldiers' uniforms. Meanwhile all over the world clothing has been wearing out without being replaced. It will take all the cotton and all the wool and all the spindles and looms of the world a long time to restore the condition that existed in the spring of 1914.

Consider, too, what a tremendous demand there is for steel in a thousand forms—how many million tons of shipping must be built to replace that destroyed by submarines! The result of the complete interruption of foreign trade in everything except war material and provisions will appear as soon as peace is restored. Copper is a leading article of American production. Germany is to-day bare both of the metal and of the goods manufactured from it. Leather and rubber will be in active request, and those who manufacture them into shoes or other articles will be compelled to work overtime to meet the demand.

That is not an unduly optimistic view to take of the future. It merely notes a situation that exists and that is growing more acute every day, and suggests the only possible remedy. If there are those who say that the remedy cannot be applied because the world, and particularly the present belligerents, will be too poor to apply it, we shall try to answer them next week.

PROTECTING THE RIGHTS OF THE PUBLIC

MONDAY, March 19, was the climax of a drama in the railway world that will long be memorable in the history of transportation in this country. On that day the railway managers and the unions under the pressure of patriotic necessity made peace. On the same day the Supreme Court by a vote of five to four declared the Adamson law to be constitutional. The events of the drama the American people have watched with absorbed and painful interest; the decision of the court, although less exciting, is fully as significant and far-reaching.

The question that concerned the court was whether Congress had the power to act as it did in order to prevent the threatened strike of last summer. It decides that it did have that power. The business of common carriers by rail is a public business, and the public interest requires "an uninterrupted flow of interstate commerce." If the destruction of that public right is threatened, Congress is justified in acting to protect it.

The court decides, too, that Congress was also within its right as to the way in which it acted. Its business was to settle the dispute that threatened to tie up traffic. It could do it either by fixing the hours of labor or by fixing wages.

The consequences of the decision are exceedingly important. In the first place, the Supreme Court affirms the right of Congress to make use of compulsory arbitration in a railway controversy. In the second place, the decision makes the regulating power of Congress apply not only to those who own and operate the railways but also to the employees. In the opinion of the court the rights of employees "are necessarily subject to limitation when employment is accepted in a business charged with public interest."

That interpretation disposes of the argument that compulsory arbitration, or compulsory investigation before a strike, is unconstitutional because it imposes "involuntary servitude" on the workman. When the matter of legislation on the subject comes up, as it is sure to do, Congress will have to concern itself only with the questions whether such legislation is wise and what form it shall take.

Hitherto in bargains between capital and labor in the railway world labor has had an advantage, in that the men could strike,

whereas capital, being obliged to maintain service, had its hands tied. That disparity is now in the way of being removed.

It is too much to expect that railway strikes in the United States can be wholly prevented, —no country has as yet been able to accomplish that end,—but it is not unreasonable to hope that in the future the rights of the public will be much better protected than they ever have been before.

CURRENT EVENTS

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—The President issued orders authorizing the increase of the enlisted personnel of the navy and of the marine corps to the full war strength. Regiments of the National Guard, numbering fifty thousand men, were also ordered to mobilize immediately. —On March 24 the Council of National Defense met at Washington and began to consider plans for military, industrial and financial cooperation. Among other evidences of patriotic feeling was the offer of a million pounds of copper to the government at a price virtually one half what the metal now brings in the market.

RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.—The American oil steamship Healdton was torpedoed without warning off Terschelling, Holland, on March 21. Twenty-one of the crew were lost; several of them were American citizens. The Healdton, which was bound to a neutral port in Holland, was not in the German "barred zone," and was in waters that never have been declared subject to submarine activities. —The State Department of the United States refused the request of Germany to "modernize" and extend the Prusso-American treaties of 1799 and 1828. In his note Mr. Lansing declined to accept the interpretation of the existing treaties that Germany proposed, and added that this country was not inclined to enter upon any additional engagements with a government that had by its treatment of American ships and American citizens violated grossly existing treaty obligations. —Convinced that our representatives can be of no further service in Belgium, "owing to the German government's disregard of its written undertakings," President Wilson on March 24 directed Minister Whitlock and all consular officers to leave that country. The American members of the Commission for Relief in Belgium will also leave the country, and the work will be taken over by Dutch citizens. —It was reported that Germany would not permit the Americans to leave Belgium for a month, in order to prevent military information from leaking out. —On March 26 it was announced that Germany had finally decided to permit the four American consuls, who were held up in Munich, to go to their new posts in Turkey. —Seven hundred German sailors from the interned cruisers Kronprinz Wilhelm and Prinz Eitel Friedrich were transferred from their ships in Philadelphia to military reservations in Georgia.

CUBA.—Our State Department obliged the Cuban revolutionary junta in New York to disband, and reaffirmed its determination not to intervene in the island, except to help the constitutional government to restore order.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British government announced that it was making another attempt to reach a settlement of the vexed Irish question. It is believed that a commission, including several colonial representatives, will be appointed to conduct the negotiations. The government also introduced a bill extending the life of the present Parliament, which would normally expire in April. —Parliament voted by a large majority its approval of the franchise reform legislation suggested by the Speaker's conference committee; it provides for the extension of the suffrage to women.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.—The United States government formally recognized the new Russian government on March 22, and the other Entente governments followed our example. —The Czar and Czarina were reported under strict confinement at Tsarskoe Selo; some two hundred other persons, who were officially connected with the old régime, are also imprisoned there. —Grand Duke Nicholas has resigned his post as commander in chief of the Russian armies and will probably retire to the Crimea. Gen. Alexieff is acting as commander in chief. —It was announced at Petrograd that women were to be permitted to vote for members of the new Constituent Assembly. —There was some uneasiness in Russia lest the events of the past fortnight should lead to relaxation in the discipline of the army, and the Socialist press, relieved from its long suppression, began to demand a policy of peace on the part of the new government. The indications were, however, that the Duma's Cabinet had the general support of both army and people.

THE EUROPEAN WAR

(From March 22 to March 28)

The week passed in attempts by both French and British to shake the hold of the Germans on their new line of defense. They did make dents in it here and there, and the French were especially successful between St. Quentin and La Fere. They took two of the forts that defend La Fere, and pushed so close to the town that the Germans resorted to flooding the surrounding country from the river Oise. They also established themselves firmly on the Essigny plateau overlooking St. Quentin. Farther south they gained a foothold on the right bank of the Ailette River, and attacked the important plateau of St. Gobain, and were reported to be attacking with some success at Vailly, the point where the new line meets the old one, east of Soissons.

The British advanced more slowly and were not yet in a position to support the French in bringing pressure on St. Quentin. They occupied the important railway point of Roisel on March 23. When this record closed the German line was seriously threatened nowhere except near La Fere.

The French government charged all its representatives in neutral countries to enter a solemn protest against the systematic devastation of public monuments, artistic and historical, the violence against persons and the destruction of every form of private property that characterized the German retirement; it asserted that almost all of this devastation was without the slightest warrant of military necessity, and in violation of every recognized law of warfare.

Reports came from Petrograd to the effect that heavy German reinforcements were arriving at the northern front in Courland and Lithuania, and an early attempt to break through the Russian line and march on the capital was expected. At the same time there

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



"NISSEN HUTS"—SEMICYLINDRICAL HOUSES OF CORRUGATED IRON FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

were rumors that Germany was about to try to make a separate peace with Russia.

In Persia the Russian forces, moving westward toward Bagdad, occupied Kalachahin and threatened the border town of Khanakin. Farther north the Russian right wing drove their opponents across the border in the direction of Mosul. It was reported from Bern that Field Marshal von Mackensen had gone to Constantinople to undertake the reorganization of the Turkish armies.

There were local engagements in the Macedonian, Russian, Roumanian, Berezian and Italian fronts, but none of any particular significance, although Rome believes there were indications of an early Austrian offensive.

Berlin announced the return to port of the raider Möwe, after sinking twenty-six ships in the Atlantic Ocean. It bore with it a number of prisoners taken from the vessels that were destroyed. At least fifty of them are said to be Americans—muleteers who were on the British ship Esmeralda.

The German government has added the waters of the Arctic Sea north of Scandinavia and Russia to the "barred zone" in which no traffic whatever will be safe from submarine attack. The British government has added to the "dangerous area" certain waters near the coast of Holland and Denmark, which have hitherto been open to all shipping.

The Dutch government rejected the offer of the German government to pay an indemnity for the sailors killed when the seven Dutch grain ships were sunk by German submarines, and to rent certain German ships to the owners of the destroyed vessels.

It is still uncertain whether Holland will permit armed merchant ships, either British or American, to enter the Dutch ports; so far it has refused to do so.

Circumstantial reports from The Hague declared that the German Emperor was seriously ill from a nervous breakdown and that he was taking the cure at Homburg.

There were further indications of the increasing difficulty of the food supply both in Germany and England. The bread ration in Germany was reduced by one fourth, and Lord Devonport, the British food controller, announced that compulsory rationing would be necessary unless further private economies were practiced.

Berlin announced that seventy-six vessels had been sunk by submarines within a week, half of them fishing boats. The British report for the week admitted the loss of thirty-five British ships, including ten fishing craft. Among the ships sunk without warning was the British hospital ship Asturias.

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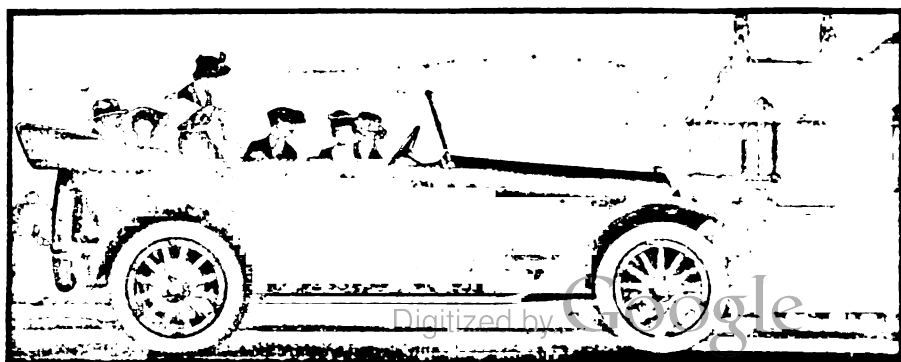
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EVERY BROOK RUNS BLUE AGAIN

By Mary Carolyn Davies

OH, yellow are the waters when spring pours in!
And swollen are the small brooks, and loud's their cry;
And little rapids form and foam, and tear the tree roots from their home;
But every brook runs blue again when spring's gone by!

Then ripples on the stones make a gentle din,
And flowers are on the river banks and grasses high.
The shimmer sky is overhead as smooth as is the river bed.
Oh, every brook runs blue again when spring's gone by!

The brook your heart is turbulent and fierce with pain,
Like broken trees your hopes upon its rapids lie;
The angry floods of grief lay bare your spirit's fields and meadows fair;
But—every brook runs blue again when spring's gone by!

TESTS

THE girl wasted no time. She was so intent upon her purpose that she scarcely acknowledged the minister's greeting. Her eyes, hard but honest, met his with bitter challenge.

"I have come to tell you that it hasn't come true," she declared. "Not one bit of it all has come true."

"What was it you expected to 'come true'?" Dr. Field asked.

"Why, the things that the Bible promises—love, joy, peace. You told me yourself: you preach about them all the time. And I'm not loving—I'm *hard*. I don't really love a soul except Bennie, and I've always loved him. And peace and joy! I don't believe in smoothing things over or calling things by wrong names. I'm just as unhappy as I ever was in all my life."

"You expected love and peace and joy to fall down upon you overnight, didn't you?" the minister asked, with a smile that was full of tenderness.

"Oh, not that! I'm not unreasonable. But I expected something. Didn't I have a right to, when I was giving up a life dream?"

"Because it seemed to you right?"

"Yes, because it seemed to me right."

"Is it any less right now than when you decided?"

"Why—no," the girl replied, uncertainly. "No, of course not!" she added, firmly. "Only when I decided partly because I was a Christian—or thought I was—it seemed as if I ought to get at least *quiet* out of it."

Reaching across the study table, the minister picked up his worn Bible and began to turn the pages with sure fingers.

"Will you read that, Rachel?" he asked.

The girl read it slowly:

"Until the time that his word came, the word of the Lord tried him."

She lifted a puzzled glance from the page; she did not catch the message.

The minister repeated the lines.

"Tried him, Rachel. Not comforted him or cheered him, but tested him. A thirteen-year test. Thirteen years when it seemed as if God had forgotten him. And He had never forgotten for one moment. Every day of those thirteen years He was training Joseph, his servant, trying him by test after test. You know the end."

"Did you ever know of a bank putting an untried man in as cashier? It watches and trains and tests him for years before it trusts him with the handling of money. Do you remember Edison's six thousand tests before he could make a phonograph reproduce a certain sound? The slow training, the discipline, the tests, always come, child, before the great rewards arrive. But if you persevere, you will win in the end. God never fails the soul that seeks Him. Only be sure that you are seeking Him—and not happiness."

The girl rose. "I'll take it home to think over," she promised. "I think I begin to see—a little."

THE UGLY STREET

I THINK what I really mind most isn't having less money or less leisure or less gaiety or more work," said Emily, slowly. "We never belonged to the 'idle rich,' you know. The change isn't overwhelming. What I mind most are the windows—the ugly street. I've hidden all I could with the ferns and ivy; but look out."

"Well?" said Charlotte, having looked. "I don't see anything so very awful, Em."

"Nothing awful," assented Emily, "but nothing—not a thing!—that's beautiful or graceful or pretty or inspiring or refreshing. I can't get used to it—the dim and dingy houses and the dim and dingy people tramping by in swarms to their work somewhere beyond in factories and shops. At home, you know, our street was a green tunnel of elms running right down to the river, and the hills on the other side loomed up like mountains at sunset. I miss it so! Greenness and quiet and a glimpse of wide landscapes."

"I know," said Charlotte, softly. "I'm from the country, too."

"It seems almost too ugly to bear, sometimes. It seems as if I simply *must*, if I'm to keep my nerves in hand, have something different—something big and inspiring and impressive—landscape or seascape."

"Or soul-escape," said Charlotte.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" inquired Emily. "That's one of your queer, incomprehensible ideas—and I'd just been thinking that for once your feet were on solid earth and your head wasn't in the clouds!"

"It isn't incomprehensible and it isn't mine. It belongs to one of the great Russians, whose name I never can pronounce. But when he first came to live in the city he spent hours at his window watching the people go by—the dim and dingy people of a squalid quarter."

"It was a great thing, a wonderful thing, a thing to choke the breath and clutch the heart," he wrote, 'this thing of living for the first time on the brink of a river of souls!'

"A river of souls!" echoed Emily, and her face lighted responsively. "What a singing phrase! Oh,

and more than that—ever so much more! Why, that's what every street is, isn't it?"

"Even the dimmest and dingiest and commonest," agreed Charlotte; "but it takes the commonness and dinginess out to think of them so. At least, for me."

"For me, too, I think," said Emily, as they stood at the window together looking out. Somewhere a whistle blew, and crowds, returning from the day's work, began to stream along the ill-kept sidewalks. Somehow the scene that had been daily under her eyes looked new and different. She repeated softly, in a voice of wonder touched with awe, "A river of souls!"

A DIAMOND ROBBERY IN CAIRO

THE principal street of Cairo is the Muski, on the left side of which, as you go from the Ezbekia square, there used to be several very handsome jewelers' stores. The second of these belonged to Rochmaan Brothers, who dealt specially in diamonds.

One winter a pasha, one of the richest in the country, sent word to Rochmaan Brothers that he wished to select some diamonds for a present to his son's bride. To allow the pasha to make a good selection these jewelers had in readiness a supply of precious stones worth several hundred thousand dollars. Before making his purchase, however, the pasha was obliged to go to Suez, and arranged to have the jewels kept ready for his return.

The store consisted of a single apartment surrounded by massive walls. It had only one door, which opened on the street. Door and windows were well guarded by descending shutters of iron plates, and when the store was closed, a watchman lay outside the door in the open air. This took place not only at night but also for an hour at noon, when the proprietors went to their midday meals.

One day the elder brother returned from his breakfast earlier than usual, and when the Nubian watchman had drawn up the iron shutters, entered the store. At first he noticed nothing unusual, but as he seated himself at his desk he suddenly saw that the door of the jewel case had been violently opened. He rushed to it, and one glance convinced him that a small casket containing the diamonds for the pasha, with some other packages of jewels and some of the most valuable ornaments in the window, had disappeared.

The walls of the shop were uninjured. The Nubian, an old, trustworthy servant of the house, had neither heard nor seen anything. Suddenly, however, the jeweler discovered that two of the stone flags under his feet were loose. He had them raised hurriedly and found a great, dark hole in the ground. By this time the police had arrived and surrounded the house, and now they proceeded to investigate.

At first no one would venture into the subterranean passage, but at last an Arab was found who for thirty dollars undertook to make the search.

Provided with a light and weapons he went down, and the people waited anxiously for his return. Time passed and he did not come. They were indulging in all sorts of suppositions as to what had become of him, when suddenly he made his appearance at the street door. He had followed the passage through many windings until he came out aboveground in a shed.

The police now remembered that three months before some Greeks and Italians had hired this shed and kept a coffeehouse there. Although there were few customers, the establishment received a large number of casks, which were soon sent away again to other places.

The coffeehouse was, of course, only a pretense. The rogues had worked all night at their subterranean passage, and sent away the earth they dug out in the casks. Engineers who examined the mine were astonished at the straightness and accuracy with which it was made.

The elder of the Rochmaan Brothers remembered that a few days before the robbery a well-dressed gentleman had come in to buy a watch, and had left his cane fall two or three times on the floor—doubtless a signal to the workmen below to indicate which of the stone flags to undermine.

On reckoning up their losses, the Rochmaan Brothers found that they amounted to nearly one hundred and forty thousand dollars. They sought an audience with the khedive, and received at least the comfort of a promise that every effort should be made to find the thieves.

Two months passed, and everyone supposed that the robbers were now safely enjoying the rich booty they had secured; but police agents were on the lookout in all the principal cities, and at last news came from Trieste, first that one robber had been arrested, then that five had been captured.

In January three Greeks had arrived in Trieste and taken lodgings at an Italian tailor's in the neighborhood of the fish market. This tailor, who had heard of the robbery in Cairo, happened to see one of them enter a jeweler's store. His suspicions were roused, and he gave information to the police. That led to the arrest of the Greeks, and in a leather girdle worn by one of them the police found numbers of large and small diamonds, nearly a fourth of the stolen treasure.

An Italian was also arrested in Alexandria, and when confronted with the Greeks confessed his guilt. The fifth man was taken in Suez, on a steamer about to start for Bombay. He also had diamonds about him to the value of many thousand dollars. Thus the police succeeded in recovering three quarters of the booty.

SAUL WEATHERBEE'S WARNING

IT happened in 1790, back among the hills of New Hampshire. Saul Weatherbee was long, lank and slow. His nose was a huge beak with a thin, high bridge that stuck up between two little, pale-blue eyes that always seemed heavy with sleep. His neck was long and thin, with an enormous Adam's apple. His retiring chin was half hidden by a straggling beard of the texture and color of a dun cow's tail.

Saul was slow of wit and slower of speech; he drawled his words so slowly that his neighbors had acquired the habit of trying to finish his sentences for him. It was maddening to the quick-witted, quick-spoken hill people to have to wait for Saul to complete one of his remarks.

One day Saul and Joe Fassett had been hunting stray sheep from early morning until late afternoon, and the sun was hot. They found a little, babbling, gurgling brook that made its way among the hills to the river. Joe was thirsty, and lay down to take his drink from the lip of a tiny waterfall.

Joe fully appreciated the fact that water never tastes so good as it does when taken in that way; therefore he drank in a comfortable and leisurely manner. He was engaged in sipping for the third time when he heard Saul speaking. Half listening,

half indifferent, he went on with his enjoyment of the cool draft, while Saul drawled and dragged out a sentence.

"Wal, now, Joseph," he said, in his very slowest manner, "ef yeou knowed what I know, yeou wouldn't lay there a-drinkin'."

Joe heard the words, but they had been coming at such long intervals that he had to turn them over in his mind before he got the meaning. When he did form them into a sentence again, he lifted his head to ask Saul what he was driving at, and looked squarely into the baleful, glittering eyes of a rattlesnake coiled upon a rock within two feet of his face. Saul described Joe's movement to the villagers later.

"Wal, sirs," he drawled, "Joe give that rattler one look, and then he riz straight up like a bag of gunpowder had blowed up under his bellyband and he lit six foot to one side. And fer some reason he seemed real put out with me—I dunno why."

A MODEST YOUTH



The War Lecturer—These are not my own figures, ladies and gentlemen. They are the figures of a man who knows what he is talking about.

—Fred Buchanan in London Opinion.

A FORGETFUL GENIUS

THE fables of La Fontaine may be more edifying, but they can scarcely be more diverting, than some of the tales of their author's absent-mindedness, which are not fables but fact. He succeeded in forgetting the two greatest things in life—birth and death.

When his son was born and a friend inquired a few days later for the infant's health, he had forgotten his existence, and realized nothing more than that his wife was sick and inconveniently incapacitated for attending to domestic affairs as usual.

Later, when the baby had become a youth, whose proper education and requirements the father continued consistently to forget (some were unkind enough to say neglect), friends made arrangements to give the boy his rightful opportunities—at a distance from his parent. "Out of sight, out of mind" was never more thoroughly exemplified; for the second time, La Fontaine promptly forgot his son's existence.

When, after a lapse of several years, the boy returned, one of the famous fabulist's patronesses arranged to have father and son meet in her *salon*. It was to be, for La Fontaine, a surprise meeting; and a surprising meeting it certainly proved.

La Fontaine was much pleased with the modest, winning and intelligent young man presented to him, whose name the hostess purposely neglected to mention. He entirely failed to recognize him, but when, at the close of the interview, he was enlightened as to his identity, he displayed a parental pride and pleasure that seemed to promise at least an intention to cultivate his son's acquaintance in the future. They parted with mutual admiration and regret—and La Fontaine forgot him again.

Another instance of his forgetfulness, less remarkable, perhaps, but more startling, is related in a recent little study of the poet's life by M. R. Peirsall. La Fontaine, he relates, had attended the burial of one of his friends; nevertheless, not very long afterwards, his feet straying naturally toward the familiar doorstep, he went to call upon him. A shocked servant informed the poet that monsieur was no longer living. La Fontaine also was shocked, but, presently recovering from his surprise, murmured regretfully as he turned away: "True! True! I recollect I went to his funeral."

THE PASSING OF A ZEPPELIN

WHEN three Zeppelin airships attacked London one night last September the whole population of the city watched with anxiety to see how the new antiaircraft guns would work. They were efficient; but it was an aeroplane, not a gun, that brought down the L-21 and that provided London with the most remarkable sight it has ever seen and the most wonderful sound it has ever heard. Mr. Lewis R. Freeman tells in the Cornhill Magazine of the fall of the Zeppelin and of the succeeding events:

Not a sound, not a shadow, heralded the flare of yellow light that suddenly flashed out in the north-eastern heavens and spread latitudinally until the whole body of a Zeppelin stood out in glowing incandescence. Then a great sheet of pink-white flame shot up, and in the ripples of rosy light that suffused the earth for scores of miles I could read the gilded lettering on my binoculars. That was undoubtedly the explosion of the ignited hydrogen of the main gas bags, and immediately following it the great frame collapsed in the middle and began falling slowly toward the earth, burning now with a bright yellow flame, above which curled black smoke. A lurid burst of light—doubtless from the exploding petrol tanks—flared up as the flaming mass struck the earth, and half a minute later the night, except for the questing searchlights to east and south, was as black as ever again.

Then perhaps the strangest thing of all occurred. London began to cheer. I should have been prepared for it in Paris or Rome or Berlin or even New York, but that the Briton—who of all men in the world most fears the sound of his own voice lifted in unrestrained jubilation—was really cheering, and in millions, was almost too much.

Under my window half a dozen Australian Tommies were rending the air with "coo-ees" and dancing round a lamp-post, while all along the street, from doorways and windows, exultant shouting could be heard. For several blocks in all directions the cheers rang out loud and clear; the sound of the millions of throats farther afield came

to my ears only as a heavy rumbling hum, a sound disturbing, unearthly, fantastic.

Certainly never before in history—not even during the great volcanic eruptions—has so huge a number of people (the fall of the Zeppelin had been visible through a fifty- to seventy-five-mile radius in all directions, a region with probably from ten million to fifteen million inhabitants) been suddenly and intensely stirred by a single event. I can hardly say yet which stirred me more deeply, the fall of the Zeppelin itself or that stupendous burst of feeling roused by its fall.

QUEER BORNEO NAMES

IT must be a matter of some difficulty for a member of the tribe of Kayans of Borneo to keep track of his own name. Among those people, when a child is born it receives the name of some repulsive object or is simply called "it," so that, not having a distinctive name, the evil spirits cannot identify it and cause it harm.

When the child is two or three or four years old they name it, say, Tijan. The father is thereafter known as Tama Tijan,—Tama meaning the "father of,"—and the mother is known as Inai Tijan,—mother of Tijan. The father's original name, Kebling for example, is dropped and frequently it is forgotten unless there are other fathers of Tijans. In that case the father is known as Tama Tijan Kebling—father of Tijan, formerly Kebling.

If Tijan dies, then Tama Tijan's name becomes Oyong Kebling (meaning "Kebling the bereft," provided Tijan was the oldest child). If a younger child dies, the father becomes Akam Kebling; if his wife dies, he becomes Aban Kebling. If he becomes a grandfather, his name will be Laki Kebling. Laki is distinctly an honorary title, like its equivalent *datu* among the Malays. With those people *datu* is superior to the title *hadjil*, borne by one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. *Datu*, literally grandfather, is equivalent to elder with us.

Among the Kayans it is a breach of manners to ask a man what his name is. If a white man does so through ignorance, the man will turn to a bystander and ask that the stranger, who does not know the customs, may be informed. If a man tells his own name, the evil spirits will hear him, and can more readily do him harm.

SLIGHTLY EXAGGERATED

THE line between purely rhetorical exaggeration and a reprehensible perversion of truth is not always easy to draw. In the high tide of eloquence, even preachers occasionally forget that it exists. A committee of remonstrance once called upon an old-time Newburyport preacher to protest against the unbridled exaggerations that he permitted himself in the pulpit. The preacher admitted his fault very humbly.

"Indeed," he said to them sorrowfully, "I have shed over it barrels upon barrels of tears!"

The "meenister" of a country kirk in Scotland, a century ago, was less amenable to reproach, even if he invited it—as Mr. J. R. McKee has recently related in a collection of theological anecdotes. His clerk had ventured to suggest the ill effect of exaggeration upon the congregation; the minister, rather offended, declared himself unaware of transgression, but requested that if he erred again the next Sabbath he might be reminded, by a discreet cough, to curtail his eloquence.

The next Sabbath he described how Samson tied the foxes' tails together. He said, impressively:

"The foxes in those days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty fut long—"

"Ahem!" coughed the clerk.

"That is," continued the preacher, "according to their measurement; but by ours nae more than fifteen—"

"Ahem!" came the cough, more loudly.

"But sin ye may think that extravagant, we'll juist ca' them ten fut—"

"Ahem! Ahem!"

"Mon," shouted the parson, leaning over the pulpit and shaking a forefinger at the clerk, "ye may cough all nicht if it suit ye, but I'll na tak aff anither fut! Wad ye hae the foxes wi' no tails at a'?"

WHISTLERIAN MALICE

WHISTLER always brought a spirit of fun with him," says the late Lord Redesdale in his recently published *Memories*; and the incident that follows appears to confirm his lordship's words:

There came a day when, to my great regret, Whistler made up his mind to leave the old house in which he had lived for fourteen years and to build the "White House" in Tite Street, mainly prompted, so he told me, by the wish to show what he could achieve in decoration. E. W. Godwin was the architect, and it was not long before they quarreled over the work, in commemoration of which Whistler caused a stone to be inserted in the front of the house, engraved with the words:

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., built this house."

The stone has long since disappeared. Godwin died in 1886, and in 1888 Whistler married his widow—a quaint ending to an artistic feud.

CHINESE TACTICS

AT the beginning of the Chino-Japanese War, says a contributor to the *Washington Star*, one of our military attachés saw a Chinese regiment take the field at a review and go through a very curious performance.

The soldiers carried long bamboo poles like fishing rods, and with these they rushed at one another, yelling wildly and making very queer gestures and grimaces.

"What's the game?" asked the American. "That regiment," a Chinese general answered, "is one of our very oldest. It is now practicing a form of assault that dates from prehistoric times. The idea is to trip the enemy up with the long wand, throw water in his face and, in the midst of his bewilderment at this extraordinary treatment, to cut off his head."

HE ALWAYS HAD

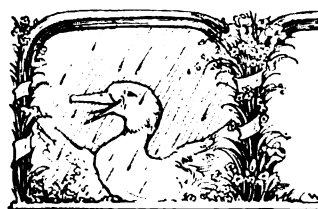
THE "sporting" son of wealthy parents was offered a job by an old friend of his father.

"How much will you pay me?" he asked.

"All you are worth," said the friend.

To which he replied with businesslike brevity:

"No, thank you. I can do better than that."



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



FLUFF AND THE BUTTERFLY

By Abigail Burton

"NOW, for a nap," said Fluff. She rolled herself into a ball on the top step, in the way she had learned from Mamma Cat; and she curled her tail neatly about her toes. Oh, but she was cosy! "Don't you want any more cream?" asked Snuff, her brother. "There are three licks left," added Puff, her sister. "You'd better hurry." And indeed one of the three licks was already gone! "You finish," said Fluff, "For I've had enough!"

Goodness! I never heard a kitten purr in rime before! She had just closed her eyes, when — Woo! Something touched her under the chin! "A naughty mosquito," thought Fluff. "Why does he keep me awake, when I'm so sleepy!" But the mosquito had nothing to do with it. Fluff found a place under the big apple tree. She settled herself again, when — Boo! Something lighted right on the tip of her little pink nose! "An apple blossom has dropped a petal on me," thought Fluff. "And I'm sleepy —" But the apple blossom had nothing to do with it! Fluff wriggled her pink nose, but it kept right on tickling. So she shook her eyes open. And what do you suppose she saw? A white butterfly dancing in the sunshine! So the mosquito and the apple blossom really had nothing to do with it.

"Come back, Mr. Butterfly!" cried Fluff. "Come back and say you are sorry!" She hopped up on her hind feet and tried to catch the butterfly; but he had no idea of being caught, I can tell you! Away he flattered in the sunshine. And after him ran Fluff as fast as she could go. In the field the grasses were all dancing. My, but they were merry! And when they saw the white butterfly and the little white kitten, they danced more gayly than ever. The butterfly lighted on a blade of grass. Oh, but he was a tease! He spread his wings and pretended he was a daisy! And when Fluff came hurrying—she was in such a hurry that she never saw him at all! Away flew the butterfly, while the kitten laughed with the flowers. They laughed so hard that the tears came into Fluff's eyes, and even the daisies shed some petals! And when they stopped laughing, that butterfly was nowhere to be seen!

Fluff scrambled up a big stone; but the butterfly was not on the grasses, or on the daisies, or even in the sky. Oh, but he was a tease! When she turned to scramble down again, she caught a glimpse of her shadow. And there was the butterfly riding on her back!

Away flew the butterfly, while the kitten squeaked with excitement. She squeaked so hard that she lost her balance and tumbled head over heels down the stone and into the soft grass. And that butterfly was nowhere to be seen!

Fluff scrambled up a big tree; but the butterfly was not on the grasses, or on the daisies, or even in the sky. Oh, but he was a tease! When she turned to scramble down again, she caught a glimpse of her shadow. And there was the butterfly riding on the tip of her tail!

I'm not sure that the butterfly flew away, but at any rate the kitten wriggled. She wriggled so hard that she lost her balance and tumbled head over heels down the tree and into the soft grass. And when she stopped wriggling, that butterfly was still riding on the tip of her tail!

Fluff whirled round and round in a circle, trying to catch the butterfly. Oh, but he was a tease! No matter how fast she turned, she could not catch him, for he whirled round and round, too, on the tip of her flying tail.

It was the fastest merry-go-round you ever saw. The ants and the beetles and the crickets and the daddy longlegs and the flies and the gnats—oh, a whole alphabet of insects!—formed in a circle and cheered. It was all so amusing and exciting and wrigglesome! At last both the kitten and the butterfly were so dizzy that they tumbled out of the circle and into the soft grass head over heels. And when the kitten stopped dizzying —

Well, anyway, that butterfly was not riding on the tip of her tail!

But what was that fuzzy tickle? And what was that ticklesome fuzz?

"He's right on my head!" Fluff cried indignantly. "Where I can't scratch him without scratching me!"

She shook her head; but the harder she shook it, the tighter the butterfly clung.

Fluff ran and ran until she came to a fence. And she sprang, and sprang right through the fence. It was wires, you see. But the butterfly did not get through. Oh, no! He was scraped off and left swinging on the tiptop wire—although it did not seem much of a swing, after that merry-go-round; and Fluff ran and ran without ever missing him at all.

DRAWN BY BESS GOE WILLIS



THE BABY PAN

By John Clair Minot

It was in the April meadow, Where the grass the greenest grows, And the birches fling their shadow, And the pebbly runnel flows, That a vagrant bit of laughter Rippled round a little hill, And the music that came after— Oh, how sweet it was and shrill! There are times I hear it still.

Then I crept a little nearer, Till I looked adown the slope, And I saw then, clear and clearer, What I'd never dared to hope: There sat April's music master Where the pebbly runnel ran, Piping shriller, sweeter, faster, On his reed, the Baby Pan! Hoofed and horned but like a man.

Little lambs came skipping, prancing, Through the greening April glade: Strange it was to see them dancing To the music that he made. And the birches, swaying, swinging, Leaned above him, giving heed, While the Baby Pan was bringing Springtime magic from his reed. Was it Spring that piped, indeed?

Then he saw where I was hiding, And he promptly ceased to play: Laughed at me with roguish chiding, Turned and scampered fast away. But his tracks were plain before me: It was not a dream, I knew, For around me still, and o'er me, Music thrilled the morning through. Lambs and birches heard it, too.

DRAWN BY CORNELIA MORRISON



BUT TEASER ONLY PULLED THE HARDER

MENDING MELISSA'S DRESS

By Dorothy French Newbury

ELIZABETH sat on a hassock mending Melissa's dress. Melissa was her oldest and largest doll, and Elizabeth did not know how she had managed to tear her new spring dress. Still, it did not matter much how it happened, after all. The only thing to

do was to mend the dress, and since Melissa was not able to mend it herself Elizabeth was trying hard to do it for her. Besides, it was Elizabeth's birthday, and she was going to have a party in the afternoon. Of course Elizabeth could not allow Melissa to wear a torn dress to the party.

It was a beautiful spring morning, and it was the hardest thing in the world to stay in the house on such a morning, let alone mending a dress that should not have been

RAINBOWS

By Clinton Scollard

When, with soap, I bubbles blow, Rainbows form and gleam and glow: So, when rainbows arch in air, Some one's blowing bubbles there!

torn. Just outside the window there was a robin singing in a maple tree where the leaves were barely out of the buds.

"Oh, come out! Oh, come out! Oh, come out!" the robin was singing, almost as plainly as a person could speak the words.

"I can't stand it much longer!" sighed Elizabeth. "But I just must mend this dress so that Melissa can go to the party. O dear! It's such a job!"

Then, just as she was putting some more thread in her needle, Teaser came bounding in through the door.

"Don't you dare to bother me, Teaser!" said Elizabeth. "I'm as busy as I can be!"

But Teaser was not to be put off in that way. He jumped round the room in little, short leaps, stopped in front of Elizabeth long enough to bark sharply, and then bounded to the door and back again.

"Yes, yes, Teaser," said Elizabeth, "I know that it is a beautiful day, and I want to go out and play with you, but this dress simply must be mended."

Teaser barked again. No doubt he knew very well what she said, but he had no idea of giving up so easily. Suddenly he seized Melissa's dress in his teeth and pulled it.

"Stop, Teaser!" cried Elizabeth. "Stop, I say, or you will tear it worse!"

But Teaser did not stop. He only pulled the harder. Suddenly, with an extra tug, he pulled the dress from Elizabeth's hands and dashed through the door, with the dress flying behind him. Elizabeth leaped from her hassock and ran after him.

"Come back! Come back!" she cried. "Come back here this instant, Teaser!"

Teaser looked over his shoulder and tried to bark, but, with the dress in his mouth, he did not succeed very well. Out of the yard he ran and down the road, with Elizabeth, now on the verge of tears, calling to him in vain as she pursued him.

Not far from the house Teaser suddenly stopped in the middle of the highway. He dropped Melissa's dress and began to sniff at a parcel that looked as if it had just fallen from a passing wagon. At first Elizabeth was so eager to pick up Melissa's dress, now more soiled and torn than ever, that she did not see the parcel; but Teaser barked again and danced round her in such a way that she had to notice it. She picked it up and ran with it back to the house.

"See, mother!" she called. "See what Teaser found in the road, where he had dragged Melissa's dress—the horrid thing!"

The parcel bore no address. It was a long box, wrapped in plain brown paper. What could it be? Who could have lost it?

Melissa's mother decided to open it. Perhaps there would be a name or an address inside. And when they took off the wrapping paper and removed the cover, what do you suppose they found? A beautiful doll, about the size of Melissa, dressed in the loveliest clothes!

"Oh! Oh!" was all that Elizabeth could gasp; and Teaser, who was much excited over the box and its wrappings, barked two or three times as loudly as he could.

Just then Elizabeth's father came in. "Would you like that doll?" he asked.

"Like it!" cried Elizabeth. "Of course I would like it, but of course I can't have it! Some little girl has lost it—or some little girl's father was taking it home to her."

Then Elizabeth's father laughed, and took her on one knee and the wonderful doll on the other knee.

"Well," he said, still laughing, "that new doll has come to your birthday party. I was bringing her home from the village, and the parcel fell from the wagon just before I got here. Teaser saw it fall, but it was too large for him to carry, and he made you go and get it before I could go for it myself."

"Oh, then she's mine, after all!" said Elizabeth, and she seized the beautiful new doll from her perch on her father's other knee and hugged him and the doll at the same time. "And Teaser knew it all the time and was trying to tell me!"

A little later, when Elizabeth looked deeper into the box that the doll had come in, she found there several extra dresses. One of them she promptly gave to Melissa to take the place of the soiled and torn dress that was now fit only to be thrown away. And what a merry birthday party they had that afternoon, and Teaser enjoyed it quite as much as Melissa and the new doll enjoyed it!

WITH a cry of dismay, Rosemary sprang up and, scattering behind her scissors and lawn and spools, ran to the window. "Mother, look here!" she cried. "Do you suppose the men have that line in the right place? The lilies will be on the other side of the fence. I thought they were on our lot, didn't you?"

"I'm sure I supposed they were yours by right of discovery, to say nothing of possession," replied Mrs. Sewall, with a laugh. "Why don't you go to Mrs. Handley? I am sure she would let you move them if she understood."

"I wouldn't ask her for the world. She would think it childish. She is so stiff and cold and unfeeling, and I don't believe she has a bit of imagination. How could she understand?"

Mrs. Sewall glanced at her daughter uneasily, but made no reply; she had already exhausted her resources in trying to reconcile her daughter to an uncomfortable situation.

"I do wish they had never come there to live!" moaned Rosemary. "It would have been bad enough to have anyone build on that lot; but if they had been congenial people, I would not have minded so much!"

Mrs. Sewall smiled faintly, and Rosemary added, "I believe you like them, mother."

"I do. They seem to me to be excellent people, quiet and well-bred; and I feel quite sure they are the sort that do not show their best points on short acquaintance."

"But, mother, it isn't a question of points—good or bad. It's a thing you can't reason about. And dad feels toward them as I do. And he ought to know, when he is the treasurer of the company that Mr. Handley works for."

She turned to pick up her sewing. Suddenly, as if struck by a sudden thought, she said, "How much alike the Handleys are, mother. Did you ever see husband and wife resemble each other so? They look like brother and sister."

"That's not uncommon," replied her mother. "People who are alike are sometimes very congenial. They understand each other for one thing, and then there is less jarring than between opposites. Shrinking, sensitive people like the Handleys would instinctively avoid anything of that kind."

Rosemary laughed incredulously. "Well, you certainly do beat all, mother! The Handleys shrinking and sensitive! To me they look as hard and cold and sharp as nails."

Mrs. Sewall made no reply, and a moment later Rosemary went out into the garden. She walked slowly over to the lilies and stood looking sorrowfully at the long row of reddening buds. Twelve years before, when she was a little girl, Rosemary had come with her parents to look at the site of their new home; here, in the tall, wild grass that covered the lot, she had found the lilies—a single plant then. They were something like tiger lilies, but smaller, of a brighter red, and less freckled. At first, her father supposed that they had strayed from some garden and gone wild, but later he found that they were a species of wild prairie lily—a veritable lily of the field, more splendid than Solomon in all his glory!

When the grass was mowed that first spring in their new home, Mr. Sewall gave the man instructions to spare the lilies, but as they were not then in bloom, and looked like weeds, the man forgot; there were no red lilies that summer.

After that, the appearance of a man with a scythe was the signal for Rosemary to take her stand beside the lilies and remain on guard until he had gone. Under Rosemary's unflinching watchfulness the plants had thrived and spread until there was a long, broad row of them.

Now the precious flowers that she had cherished so long had been snatched from her without warning and dropped at the feet of people who, she felt, were incapable of appreciating them. At the thought of losing the lilies her eyes filled with tears.

Suddenly, through her tears, she saw Mrs. Handley coming toward her; Rosemary would have fled, but it was too late.

"O Miss Sewall!" cried Mrs. Handley. "Do you suppose this line is in the right place? Your lilies are on the wrong side of the fence."

"Your lilies!" This unhesitating acknowledgment of her ownership dealt Rosemary's antagonism a staggering blow. In spite of herself, she softened toward the woman whom she had so disliked.

"I thought they were on our ground, but it seems they're not," she replied, with a smile that was somewhat forced.

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Handley. "I wonder if you could move them this fall?"

Rosemary spoke this time without a touch

The RED LILIES and ROSEMARY

By Mary M. Parks

of constraint. "Oh, I wouldn't like to do that, Mrs. Handley! They are wild lilies, and were here when we came."

"They are glorious!" replied Mrs. Handley; she looked admiringly at the beautiful flowers. "We noticed them when we looked at the lot last July; Mr. Handley said then he would like to live where we could see those flowers." She hesitated, and her face flushed as she continued shyly, "Mr. Handley is a great admirer of your father. It is really amusing, he is so boyish about it. So we had a double motive in choosing this particular lot."

Rosemary glanced aside in embarrassment. "Thank you! We think dad is fine, of course."

"You used to spend a good deal of time over here before our house was built, didn't you? I saw your hammock and a little rustic table under the trees the day we looked

suddenly. "I'll take half of them, and we'll have a row on each side of the fence."

"Very well, we will compromise on that. There comes your father, and Mr. Handley will be here soon," answered the other, as she hastened back.

Rosemary flung herself down in her hammock and pressed her hands to her hot cheeks. All the bitterness that she had been nourishing for weeks had disappeared before Mrs. Handley's sympathy and understanding.

"Mother is a wonder," she said to herself. "She was right about the Handleys."

How easy it was to misjudge others! Who, for instance, that had heard the words that had passed her lips during the past hour would have believed that she was not shamefully two-faced? And yet she had been absolutely sincere in every word she uttered, both to her mother and to Mrs. Handley. When she entered the house her parents were already seated at dinner. Rosemary ate silently, for she was thinking of her talk with Mrs. Handley.

"What about your lilies?" her father asked, after a little. "I see they are on the wrong side of the fence."

"Mrs. Handley wants me to move them, but I shall take only half," replied Rosemary, with some constraint.

"Really, that is very generous of our neighbors—only to keep half of your flowers."

Rosemary winced. His mocking tone jarred on her.

"Father, I've been mistaken in the Handleys," she said tremulously. "I have just been talking to Mrs. Handley, and she is very sweet and kind and gentle, and you know how much alike they are. From things she said I am sure he is the same."

"Nonsense! I came to the Weston Department Store as treasurer three years ago, and in all that time I've never known Handley to show the slightest feeling of interest in anything. He's a good enough fellow, I suppose, but he's a fish. He hasn't a drop of red blood in his veins."

"O father, indeed that isn't true! I thought the same about her. And she says he likes you, father. Now, did you ever suspect it?"

Mr. Sewall laughed heartily as he rose from the table. "Never," he answered, apparently with amused indifference. Then he turned soberly to his wife. "I'm sorry, dear," he said, "but I shall have to go back to the store for a little while this evening. Jerrold, the secretary of the company, is ill, you know, and his work is at sixes and sevens. I must straighten it out as much as

I can this evening. Jerrold's a pretty sick man—dangerously sick, we fear."

"Oh, what a pity! He is much liked, isn't he?"

"Yes; he and Handley are about at opposite ends of the scale of popularity," replied Mr. Sewall.

Rosemary looked at her father and turned sadly away. Mr. Sewall, who had spoken half in a bantering mood, noticed her reproachful expression. All that evening he could not forget it. He wondered what she could have discovered in the Handleys.

Three days later, to the sorrow of all his associates, Mr. Jerrold died, and after a short interval the executive staff of the Weston Department Store met to choose his successor.

"We can't fill his place, but I suppose we must have some one to rattle round in it," said Mr. Hurley, the president, as he handed to Mr. Sewall a slip of paper on which some names were jotted down. Mr. Sewall glanced down the column; at the last name his eye paused. In his mind rose a picture. He saw the red lilies, now in brilliant bloom, swinging their scarlet censers in the glowing July sun; he saw his daughter's face, flushed with earnestness, as she warmly defended the Handleys, and the look of troubled reproach she had given him when he scoffed at her view of the matter; and he heard again her words, "She says Mr. Handley likes you, father."

"James Handley!" he murmured thoughtfully.

"Oh, Handley!" laughed the president. "I shouldn't consider him at all. I hope I am not superstitious, but I have a strong liking for the number seven. Like the ancients, I think it the perfect number, and I added his name in order to complete the list."

"Well, if there is anything in the number

seven, he is seventh on the list," replied Mr. Sewall, with a smile.

"Oh, but the man is a stick, Sewall!" protested the other. "He hasn't a grain of magnetism or initiative. Let's pass on to the other names."

"Handley lacks magnetism, true enough," Mr. Sewall persisted. "I wonder if we have let that work against him? Most of us dislike him."

"See here, Sewall," said the president tartly. "You know in business magnetism is a tremendous asset, and I think young Simpson is the man for us. You will notice that I put his name down first."

"But shouldn't we first make sure that we have not let our personal feelings govern us somewhat in our attitude toward Handley—unconsciously, of course. Speaking for myself alone, I am afraid it has been the case. I can recall several instances where I may have allowed my dislike for Handley's personality and my hasty estimate of his character to work against him."

"I should be sorry to think that we had been unjust to any of our men."

Mason, the bluff old advertising manager, the senior of them all in years and service, had been biding his time with extraordinary patience; now he suddenly straightened his big frame and smote the table with the flat of his hand.

"I'm glad to hear you speak that way, Sewall!" he boomed. "I've always said that Handley has not had justice from this house. He started in here as a mere boy, and he never has had a genuine promotion. He has stood by the firm through two receiverships. When others deserted, Handley was on the job, and he simply gravitated into their places until he reached the head of his department,—not an important one, as you know,—and there he has stuck. He's a disappointed man. You fellows of the new management don't know his history as I do. Handley is without exaggeration the most dependable man I have ever known."

"That's all very true, Mason," replied the president slowly; "but after all Handley is more or less of a squeezed lemon. I will keep him in mind and try to do something for him; but we need live men at the head of our house."

The slender young vice president had been sitting motionless and silent, with his large, calm eyes apparently fixed on vacancy. Now, for the first time, he changed his position and spoke in his dry, cool voice:

"I think we are all losing sight of the main issue. Our secretary has no special need of magnetism or initiative. The things in his charge are routine matters that require merely the carefulness and watchfulness that Handley is noted for. I had not seriously thought of him for the position until Sewall spoke about him that way; but after careful consideration I believe that he would be a far better man here than in his present position. In fact, I think we could hardly find another man so well fitted for the place; his long familiarity with our business is invaluable in that position."

"Well," said the president, with a smile, "you fellows seem determined that he shall have the position, and you're beginning to convince me that he's the man for it. Let's talk this over a little more thoroughly."

When Mrs. Handley heard her husband's step on the walk that night, she ran to the door to meet him. For an instant the two faced each other in silence. Handley was breathless with haste and excitement; and his wife was so much surprised at the change in his appearance that she could find no words with which to greet him. He looked ten years younger.

"Come out where it is cool!" he exclaimed, as he fanned himself with his hat and tried to speak calmly. "A most astounding thing has happened, Martha. I have been appointed secretary of the company."

"Jim! In Mr. Jerrold's place?" exclaimed his wife joyfully. "And you always thought they were prejudiced against you. Didn't I tell you that your faithfulness and loyalty would be rewarded in time?"

The man shook his head, with a puzzled look. "It wasn't that. Of course those things have their weight. I couldn't have hoped for advancement without them; but something else turned the scale, and I may never know what it was. I've been called to the office many times. We all are, and often we know that there are squalls ahead. But the instant I stepped inside the door, I saw that—well, that the wind had turned south—for the first time in twenty-five years, Martha."

There was a catch in his throat, and he paused a moment. "Not even you can know what this means to me. It is a bitter thing to put one's whole self into a business as I have done, and then to feel that the business doesn't reciprocate, so to speak. And I can't even guess what brought about this sudden change."

And yet, at that very instant, his eyes, attracted by the flaming mass of color and the swaying hammock just beyond it, were fixed on the red lilies and Rosemary.

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



"I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I WILL DO," SAID ROSEMARY. SUDDENLY, "I'LL TAKE HALF OF THEM, AND WE'LL HAVE A ROW ON EACH SIDE OF THE FENCE."

at the lot. You must miss your old summer resort. I didn't realize then that we were ousting you."

"But, dear me, Mrs. Handley, the lot didn't belong to me. I have been rather silly about it, I am afraid. You see, I played there when I was a little girl, and had almost lived there for years; but the east veranda is really a fine place for my hammock and tea table."

She smiled brightly as she spoke, but in spite of her her voice shook.

"I understand," replied the older woman, in a low voice. "It is alive with beautiful memories. You must have felt very badly when we cut the big oak from the house site. I begged James to spare it."

The sympathetic words soothed the girl's sore heart. Impatiently she shook the tears from her eyes. "He couldn't," she said. "The house had to go right there on that knoll. The ground slopes away so evenly in all directions."

"I am so sorry," murmured Mrs. Handley. "It seems sometimes that everything we acquire in this world is wrested from some one else. Mr. Handley says he finds it so at the store. He has been disappointed so often; but he says each time that if he had won promotion some one else would have lost. I wish sometimes that we could live on an uninhabited island where there wouldn't be so much jostling."

"Why, Mrs. Handley, you ought not to feel so!" Rose said quickly. "You have the same rights in the world as anyone else."

"Oh, rights, rights! The longer I live the more I hate that word." Then she went on more quietly: "You must move your lilies this fall. I will help you. We can still see them; for the division fence will be very low."

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Rosemary,

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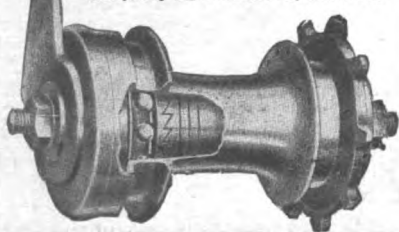
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FINDING STANLEY

HOW Stanley found Livingstone in Africa is a familiar story, but how Vizetelly found Stanley in Zanzibar is less well-known although equally interesting. Mr. F. L. Bullard tells the story in Famous War Correspondents.

James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, commissioned Vizetelly, one of his correspondents, to go to Zanzibar and find Stanley, who then had been away from the outside world for eighteen months on his expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. The instant he got news of Stanley, Vizetelly was to hurry to the interior to meet the explorer and get from him a letter for the New York Herald. Above all else, he was to beat a New York World man named Thomas Stevens, who was also looking for Stanley.

For six months Vizetelly was at Zanzibar with time hanging heavily on his hands. There were rumors in plenty about Stanley; of reliable information there was none. It was known that Stanley had met Tippoo Tib, but the rest was conjecture.

A telegram came from Bennett ordering his representative to get an American flag for presentation to Stanley, but no such flag was to be had in Zanzibar. Vizetelly, however, was equal to the occasion; he borrowed one from a United States warship that happened to be in port, and had a Genoese outfitter make him a half-size copy of the huge banner. The flag was barely ready when definite news of the explorer arrived at last.

Alas! To meet Stanley it was necessary to travel through German territory that had recently been the scene of an insurrection. When permission was refused, Vizetelly cabled the facts to Bennett in Paris. Through his friendship with the German ambassador in the French capital, the publisher arranged matters so that the German consulate at Zanzibar received a cable from Prince Bismarck, ordering that Vizetelly be allowed to pass through the territory.

The correspondent organized his caravan and plunged into the interior, and lo! his rival appeared one day in his tent. The World man had been refused permission to traverse German territory, but he had watched Vizetelly's start and pluckily enough had followed his rival. Vizetelly made him a guest at his mess, although he knew that Stevens meant to beat him if he could. The World correspondent proved to be ready enough to eat Vizetelly's food, but not to acknowledge the courtesy in his paper. Vizetelly felt justified, therefore, in arranging with the German authorities to have any messages Stevens might send back stopped at the coast. Bennett, meanwhile, had telegraphed Vizetelly a promise of two thousand pounds sterling if he succeeded in his enterprise.

Finally the two correspondents reached Stanley's camp. Mounted upon an ass from Muscat and side by side with a German lieutenant riding an African ox, Vizetelly rode forward with dignity to the meeting, while Stevens left the column of his protector and ran ahead, in order to be "first." Vizetelly duly presented the flag, and that evening sent to the Herald the first message that reached the outside world with definite tidings of Emin's rescuer.

The next morning the traveler handed the correspondent a long letter for the Herald, which Vizetelly at once sent off by special runner. Thus it reached Bagamoyo; thence it went by German steam launch across to Zanzibar, and from there it was cabled to London. A note in the New York paper stated that the cost of sending the fourteen hundred words was thirty-five hundred dollars. Stevens was beaten.

On returning to Zanzibar, Vizetelly found this telegram awaiting him:

"My congratulations. In accordance with my promise two thousand pounds sterling to your account with Rothschild to-day.—Bennett."

SEA SNAKES

MANY persons are familiar with the names of the most dreaded and deadly of the poisonous land snakes, writes a contributor to Country Life, but very few, apparently, have any knowledge of the innumerable sea snakes, most of which are highly venomous, that infest the waters of the Indian Ocean and the western Pacific.

Nearly all of them differ from the land serpents by the laterally flattened and oar-like shape of the tail, and also by the scales of the under surface of the body. When cast ashore accidentally, the majority are quite helpless and soon die, for they are unadapted for getting about on land. Three species, however, differ from the majority of the sea snakes. One of the most common kind is a three-foot snake that lives in the waters from the Bay of Bengal to Oceania. This species easily crawls on land, and sometimes makes journeys of a considerable distance inland.

Most of the sea snakes have brilliant colorings. They feed on fish and other marine creatures and are extraordinarily active. In length, they vary from about two feet to as much as ten or twelve feet. Sea snakes, also, differ from land snakes in the shortness of the tongue. In their natural element they thrust only the extreme tip of this organ through two small notches in the closed mouth. They have comparatively small nostrils, placed on the top of the snout, and furnished with a valve that opens to admit air and that closes to exclude water when the reptile is beneath the surface.

Statement of ownership and management as required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912.

The Youth's Companion, published weekly at Boston, Massachusetts, for April 1, 1917.

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk.

Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edwin Stockin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is one of the owners of The Youth's Companion and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership and management of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Perry Mason Company, Boston, Mass.; Editor and Managing Editor—Charles M. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; Business Managers—Seth Mendell, Kendal Green, Mass.; James M.E. Drake, Boston, Mass.; Charles E. Kelsey, Newton Center, Mass.; Edwin Stockin, Watertown, Mass.; John A. Dickson, Evanston, Ill.; Oliver B. Merrill, Summit, N. J.; Francis W. Hight, Winchester, Mass.

2. That the owners are: Seth Mendell, Kendal Green, Mass.; James M.E. Drake, Boston, Mass.; Charles E. Kelsey, Newton Center, Mass.; Edwin Stockin, Watertown, Mass.; Charles M. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; John A. Dickson, Evanston, Ill.; Oliver B. Merrill, Summit, N. J.; Francis W. Hight, Winchester, Mass.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are none.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of March, 1917, Joseph W. Vinal, Notary Public.



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THE AUTOMOBILES' DEATH LEAP

DURING the great retreat of the Serbians in the face of the Teutonic invasion, the condition of the roads was such that many motor cars had either to be destroyed by their Serbian owners or left to fall into the hands of the invaders. The former alternative was generally chosen.

In Ipek, writes Mr. Fortier Jones in the Century Magazine, there were many automobiles, motor lorries, limousines and touring cars. They were drawn up round the public squares in imposing rows. Apparently from habit, the chauffeurs potted about them, polishing the plate glass and nickel and cleaning the engines. But when evacuation was announced they drove a little way out of the town. Some of them had brought hand grenades, and, leaving the engines running, they lifted up the hoods, struck the percussion caps of the bombs, which they dropped beside the cylinders, and then ran. Seven or eight seconds later the racing motor would be blown to scrap iron.

Other chauffeurs saturated their cars with petrol and set them on fire. Limousines became roaring furnaces and then exploded into glorious bonfires. But those methods were as nothing compared with that which one chauffeur conceived and, by setting the fashion, brought several others to adopt.

Three or four kilometres out of Ipek one of the roads turns at a right angle and shrinks into a two-foot trail cut in the side of a sheer cliff three or four hundred feet above a stream. There is no fence; the earth ends and space begins. Having arrived at this point, to step out of the car, let in the clutch and push down the accelerator was less dangerous than the grenade, easier, quicker and far more exciting than the fire. It was a great game.

There was a long gray car that took the brink like a trained hunter, leaping far out over the edge. As its power was suddenly released from the friction of the road, the engine roared and trembled like a live animal during the infinitesimal instant that the car hung upright, held by its own momentum. Then the motor dragged its nose downward as true as an arrow until it struck the steep slope, down which it went in quick somersaults. The tires burst with loud reports that could be heard above the crash of the breaking car. Before it rolled into the stream it became a ball of fire.

A ponderous limousine followed and tucked its nose into the slope without a spectacular leap. It was like a fat old lady falling downstairs. A large French motor lorry ploughed a terrible path down the cliff, pretty well giving knock for knock, and finally grinding to splinters the wreckage of the other cars on which it landed at the bottom. Each make of car took the leap in an individual manner. Sometimes they flew almost to bits. The tires invariably blew out with loud reports.

One famous and inexpensive American car made the leap. It had up good speed, and its lightness sent it far beyond the brink, where it floated four hundred feet above the river. It acted almost as if it wanted to fly. But once started on its downward course, it gyrated with incredible swiftness and, bouncing on the river bank, flew beyond the other cars, swam the stream and came to an eternal resting place on the farther side.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS

THE cat-o'-nine-tails is now long out of date. As a writer in Lloyd's, of London, says, there are very few punishments in the British army at the present day. The discipline is strict, but it is enforced in a manner that makes obedience easy.

Until comparatively recent years, however, military punishments were frequently inhuman. The cat was the great weapon, and British soldiers were stripped to the waist and triced up and cut to pieces for offenses that were sometimes trifling. The passing of the first Mutiny Act in 1689 authorized the application of the lash. Courts-martial had the power of inflicting corporal punishment to any extent; and not infrequently those tribunals flogged men to within an inch of their lives. If a man could not stand the whole of his punishment at once, he was carried to hospital and probably brought out again, when his wounds were only partly healed, to receive the remainder.

Again and again the question was raised in Parliament. Generals and colonels used to rise in their places and solemnly protest that flogging was necessary to the maintenance of discipline. Time has proved them a little in the wrong! Can we imagine a cat-o'-nine-tails in the ranks of the democratic army of to-day?

The French were the first to abolish the penalty. Discipline in the French ranks, however, has always been very rigid. In the days of the French Revolution a general who did badly was likely to have his head chopped off. Commissioners of the Convention were on hand with portable guillotines!

In the Russian army of old the most formidable punishment was running the gantlet. The bayonet of the prisoner's musket was held against his stomach so that he should not walk too quickly, and he was then compelled to march between two lines of the regiment, drawn up to form a long lane. Each soldier was armed with a plant hazel wand, with which in turn he struck his wretched comrade. Up to the middle of the last century two and three thousand blows were given at a time, and under Peter the Great twelve thousand could be ordered. If the sentence was that those should be dealt "without mercy," the victim was, of course, flogged to death. Needless to say, that appalling punishment has long disappeared, and the Russian army is now disciplined on much the same plan as the British army.

VALUABLE CRITICISM

THE author of Children of the Dead End, Mr. Patrick MacGill, who is now serving at the front, received a striking reminder that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" when he took advantage of a week's leave to visit his native village in the west of Ireland.

The villagers, with all of whom he had been acquainted from boyhood, now looked at him askance. He had written a bad book, he was told, and it followed, therefore, that he must be a bad man.

"Then you don't like my book?" Mr. MacGill asked one of them.

"Like it?" was the indignant reply, according to the Tatler. "I wouldn't read it for a hundred pounds, money down!"



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Dept. 203, Galesburg, Kansas.

STAMPS 75 var. foreign 2c. Name paper. QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio

"Kant Slip" Inner Liner

For Automobile Tires. A complete inside fabric reinforcement. Enables you to get 500 to 1000 miles more from a nearly worn-out tire. The flaps prevent slipping, therefore liner isn't stuck to tire and can be transferred from one to another and used over and over. Try the "Kant Slip" Inner Liner now, and get a few hundred miles more out of your old tires. It will pay. Sold by dealers and by mail. Send for circular and price.

Patent applied for. **FORD & LYON, Fitchburg, Mass.**



Hit the Trail

Now is the time to actually live those dreams you've dreamed all winter

—to get that bicycle which is going to take you back and forth from camp—off to the fishing pond, to the swimming hole, to the ball game, or on glorious rides along the open road.

Of all your outfit for summer sports, first and foremost comes the

Columbia Bicycle

It is a speedy, sturdy bicycle, wonderfully well made. It is the bicycle your father will recommend, for he probably rode a Columbia when he was young.

There is a new model to meet every need—a model at a price to fit every pocketbook.

The handsome **Motobike** has all the advantages of motorcycle equipment—long handlebars, roomy saddle, storage tank, stand, electric lighting outfit and other features.

Ideally adapted for earning a little spending money during the summer is the **Service Model**—while, with its carrier removed, it is an excellent all-around bicycle.

You should see the many models at the bicycle store. And read all about them in the big 1917 catalog—write for it.

Westfield Manufacturing Company
Dept. 48 Westfield, Massachusetts

Grape-Nuts

contains the rich supplies of phosphate of potash grown in wheat and barley.

Its mission is therefore clear and plain—it supplies what ordinary food lacks. And it does its work in a sturdy, straightforward, dependable way, as tens of thousands of its users can testify.

"There's a Reason"

A High School Course In Two Years

Learn in your own home. Here is a thorough, complete, and simplified high school course that you can finish in two years. Meets all college entrance requirements. Prepared by leading members of the faculties of universities and academies.

Write for booklet. Send your name and address for our booklet and full particulars. No obligations. Write to-day—now.

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Clear Your Throat

ZYMOLE TROCKEYS

Quick Relief for Husky, Hoarse, Tickling Throats. 25c at all Drug Stores. Sample for two-cent stamp. Frederick Stearns & Company, Detroit, U.S.A. In Business Over 60 Years



THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is an illustrated weekly paper for all the family. Its subscription price is \$2.00 a year, in advance, including postage prepaid to any address in the United States, \$2.25 to Canada, and \$3.00 to foreign countries. Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

New Subscriptions may begin at any time during the year.

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Payment for The Companion, when sent by mail, should be by Post Office Money Order or Express Money Order. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a Registered Letter. Silver sent through the mail is at the sender's risk. It is liable to be stolen or to wear a hole through the envelope.

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Always give the name of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

Letters should be addressed and orders made payable to

PERRY MASON COMPANY,
The Youth's Companion,
Commonwealth Ave. and St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

PERNICIOUS ANAEMIA

THIS is a chronic form of anaemia, characterized by a great reduction in the number of the red blood cells and also by changes in their character. It generally has a fatal termination. Some cases progress rapidly and end quickly in death; others go on for years, with intermissions and relapses, but still progressing slowly to the same end; a few end in recovery.

Many patients in the early stages of the disease feel well, and refuse to consult a doctor. The family may notice an increasing irritability and weakness, and the patient, although fat, is pallid and looks ill. He may insist upon attending to his work, but if that involves much physical effort he soon finds that he cannot do so.

An examination of the blood made between the severe attacks may quite fail to establish the diagnosis, so that the condition may for some time be mistaken for Bright's disease or a valvular heart trouble. A very characteristic thing about the affection is its tendency to improve and then relapse. These relapses are limited to three in most cases.

Although medical science can do little to preserve life in pernicious anaemia, still it can do something for the sufferers. The main thing is to restrain the energy that impels them to unwise effort. They should not be sent away from home with a promise that "change of air" is going to do them any good, nor should they be permitted to dissipate their energies, either at work or at play. The state of the teeth and of the intestinal system should be carefully seen to, for it is possible that the disease may be caused, or aggravated, by auto-intoxication from one of those sources.

In the treatment physicians often resort to transfusion of blood, but that seldom brings more than a temporary improvement. In some cases they give arsenic apparently with good effect, but the remedy that seems to offer the greatest promise is radium injected into the veins. That, however, has been used in so few cases that it is impossible to say whether or not it is really curative.

MARTHA HALE'S MAKE-UP WEEK

"BUT, Ellen, the climax of that wonderful sermon came when the minister said, 'Some of you have friends who are no longer friendly. They love you still, but they haven't the courage to tell you so. They are waiting for you to take the first steps toward making up. I hereby appoint next week as make-up week. May it be filled with the richest experiences of your lives.'

"When I heard those words, Ellen, I forgot I was in a great city church, and was back here in Hillsboro living next door to Nettie Clarke that I hadn't spoken to for ten years."

"Why, Martha," remonstrated Mrs. Hale's cousin, who was spending the day with her, "you have always spoken to Nettie Clarke."

"Yes," admitted Martha Hale, "but not in spirit. Discussing the weather and asking where the next Ladies' Aid meeting is to be don't require much grace. Well, Ellen, during the closing hymn my heart chanted, 'Nettie loves me still! Nettie loves me still!' Our quarrel seemed so foolish, and I was so glad that in twenty-four hours I should be back in Hillsboro keeping make-up week."

"When I stepped off the train the next day there stood Nettie on the corner talking with Agnes Noyes. I was sure I heard her speak my name, and she laughed in a way that I didn't quite like. Then when she saw me, and deliberately crossed the street to walk on the opposite side, I felt something freeze inside me. It was much easier to forgive Nettie when we were fifty miles apart than it was when I met her face to face."

"I just couldn't go over to Nettie's that night, I was so tired and troubled, and the next day I wouldn't go. I felt my heart grow harder and harder every hour, and I wished, oh, how I wished, that the minister had told us how to make up!"

"Thursday afternoon I was resting out on the piazza when little Doris Blake rolled her hoop over the walk and called joyously, 'O Mrs. Hale, Mabel and I ain't mad any longer. We *splained* it all out, and we *love* each other now!'"

"Explained it all out!" I repeated wonderingly as Doris skipped down to Mabel's house. Was it possible there was something that Nettie didn't quite understand? Before I had time to change my mind I wrote a letter to Nettie, telling her everything I knew about our trouble. Then I ran over and slipped it behind her key blind, where she would find it when she came back from the village. Half an hour later Nettie was standing in my kitchen doorway. There was something that she hadn't understood.

"At the next Ladies' Aid meeting Nettie and I sat side by side on my parlor sofa and 'explained it all out' to our astonished friends. And we all agreed we would have a make-up week in Hillsboro as well as a clean-up week, for it is as important to keep our hearts clean as our back yards. You can't imagine, Ellen, what a change it has made here. It was one of the proudest moments of my life last Sunday when our minister referred to Hillsboro as the 'village of neighborly love.'"



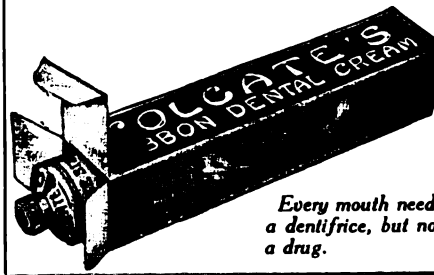
On July 30th, 1747,
Lord Chesterfield
wrote to his son:

"DO you take care to keep your teeth very clean by washing them constantly every morning, and after every meal? This is very necessary to preserve your teeth a great while, and to save you a great deal of pain."

Lord Chesterfield's advice holds good today—and with this great advantage—you have Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream to help you—as good to the taste as it is good for the teeth.

Sold everywhere—or a trial tube sent for 4c. in stamps.

COLGATE & COMPANY
Dept. 25, 199 Fulton St., New York



Every mouth needs a dentifrice, but not a drug.

A linen store for one hundred years

Boston Maid DRESSES

See the New Spring Styles

Ideal for home wear, Boston Maid Dresses are manufactured to new high standards of quality and workmanship, assuring wonderful attractiveness—beauty and service above the ordinary.

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In gingham, plain chambray and percale. Sent on receipt of price.

"THE LINEN BOOK" sent free on request.

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Everything in Linens
Temple Place and West Street
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Style 1406
Dainty morning dress in blue, brown and lavender.

Hardy Everblooming
6 ROSES Postpaid For Only **25c**

All Sure to Bloom All Summer
Clothilde Souper, delicate variegated.
Star of France, the reddest of all reds.
White Cochet, a magnificent white.
Hermosa, the popular pink.
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6 Fuchsias 25c
6 Geraniums 25c
6 Geraniums 25c
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6 Tuberosus 25c
12 Gladioli 25c
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The 10 collections, including the 6 Roses, 72 Plants, for \$2.00.

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Our 1917 catalog, "Floral Gems," showing over 100 flowers in natural colors, sent FREE
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"BET-U-CAN'T"

The Prince of Puzzles—The Slickest Thing Yet. Just out—Send 10 cents.

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STAMPS. 500 foreign including Mexico War, Salvador official, China, etc., 10c. Approval Sheets 60¢ to 80¢ discount. Big List Free! We Buy Stamps. **HUSEMAN STAMP CO.**, Dept. 20, St. Louis, Mo.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR!

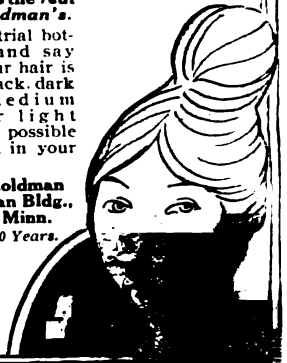
The free trial bottle of **MARY T. GOLDMAN'S HAIR COLOR RESTORER** proves how quickly gray hair disappears when this scientific restorer is used. Simply applied with special comb: leaves hair clean, fluffy and natural; does not interfere with washing. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist. But be sure that the bottle you buy is the real **Mary T. Goldman's**.

Send for trial bottle today and say whether your hair is naturally black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown. If possible send a lock in your letter.

Mary T. Goldman
444 Goldman Bldg.,
St. Paul, Minn.

Established 50 Years.

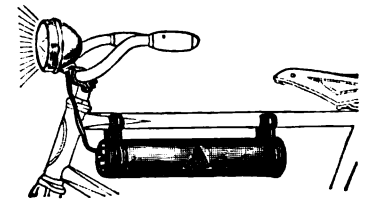
Free Trial Bottle



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER—30 days free trial on this finest of bicycles—the "Ranger." We will ship it to you on approval, freight prepaid, without a cent deposit in advance. This offer is absolutely genuine. **WRITE TODAY** for our big catalog showing our full line of bicycles for men and women, boys and girls at prices never before equaled for like quality. It is a cyclopedia of bicycles, sundries and useful bicycle information. It's free. **TIRES, COASTER-BRAKE** rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, equipment and parts for all bicycles at half usual prices. A limited number of second hand bicycles taken in trade will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$8 each. **RIDER AGENTS** wanted in each town to ride and exhibit a sample 1917 model **Ranger** furnished by us. It costs you nothing to learn what we offer you and how we can do it. You will be astonished and convinced. Do not buy a bicycle, tires or sundries until you get our catalog and new special offers. Write today. **MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. R-50, CHICAGO**

BOYS!

Something New for Your Bicycle



Electric Bicycle Lamp

New Style

This two-cell Bicycle Lamp has a powerful silver-plated reflector and handmade tungsten bulb. The battery case, which is of a new design, is finished in rich black enamel, and clamps to the crossbar of bicycle. The switch is on the battery case, within easy reach. The Lamp operates on two common dry batteries. These are not included in our offer, but may be purchased at local store to save transportation charges.

OUR OFFER. Send us one new subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion, with 60 cents extra, and we will send you this Electric Bicycle Lamp, postpaid. Sold for \$2.00. See note below.

New Bicycle Horn

Automobile Type

Every man or boy who rides a bicycle will want one of these new Bicycle Horns. The slightest touch of the plunger produces the well-known automobile warning note, which commands instant attention and gives ample notice of the rider's approach. The Horn is finely finished with black enamel, measures 3 x 3 inches, and may be attached to any part of the bicycle tubing. Good for motor cycles, too.

OUR OFFER. Send us one new subscription (not your own) for The Youth's Companion, with 15 cents extra, and we will send you this fine Bicycle Horn, postpaid. Sold for \$1.50.

NOTE.—These Premiums are offered only to our present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into homes where it has not been taken the past year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street
BOSTON, MASS.



Every Day's a
Circus Day
for the boy who rides a 1917
Electrically Equipped

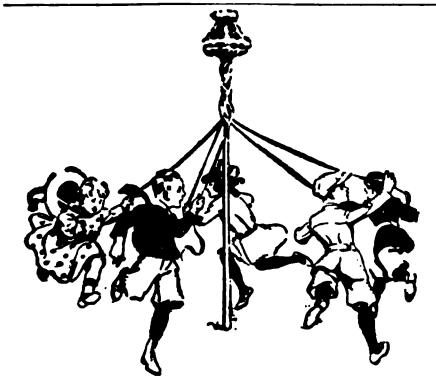
Indian Bicycle

Ridden wherever wheels are popular—and that's everywhere this season—by boys who believe in getting for their money the most dependable construction, highest quality materials, greatest strength, finest appearance, and month-in-and-month-out service without the least bit of trouble. And those things hold good in every one of the eleven models of the 1917 Indian Bicycle line, for the Indian nameplate's on 'em all!

Indian Motorcycle effect throughout—Tank Battery Holder; Front Fork with Quadruple Crown and Braced Members; Indian Crank Hanger; motorcycle type Handlebars; big, comfortable Troxel Saddle; Coaster Brake; strong Rear Wheel Stand; Mud Guards; large Electric Light with powerful Reflector, so necessary in those states where the law requires that bicycles be lighted—the finest and most completely equipped Bicycle a boy ever owned.

Built and backed by the makers of the Indian Big Twin Powerplus and Light Twin Motorcycles and Indian Side Car.

Send for illustrated 1917 Indian
Bicycle Catalog
HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO.
828 State St. Springfield, Mass.
Largest Motorcycle Manufacturers in the World



Don't Inflict a Truss Upon Your Child

GROWING children need a great amount of care and attention. Especially is this true when the child is unfortunate enough to be ruptured. But the parent who harnesses a ruptured child with a truss is inflicting an injustice. Trusses seldom fit well. Spring trusses are dangerous. No truss can be comfortably worn in bed. Most trusses are conspicuous. Few of them are uninjured by water. The Brooks Rupture Appliance has none of the drawbacks of a truss. It is especially adapted for wear by children because it is made to the individual measure of the wearer. It rests flat and smooth, and its soft cushion adheres to the flesh, making slipping impossible. This cushion is always cool and comfortable, owing to a constant circulation of air.

SENT ON TRIAL
To convince you of the great comfort and relief which your child will obtain from the Brooks Rupture Appliance, we shall be glad to send you one on free trial. If you are not entirely satisfied, we will cheerfully refund your money. You may deal with us with the knowledge that you are receiving the care and attention of a sanitarium. We are not a factory. The Brooks Rupture Appliance has the endorsement of the country's leading physicians. Thousands of happy wearers daily sing its praises. Do not permit your child to suffer any longer. You owe it to the child and to yourself to learn more about this Appliance without delay.

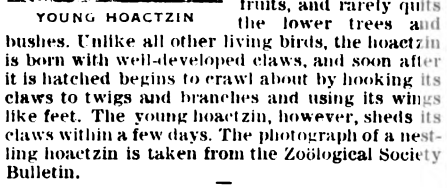
Use the Coupon. Use It Now.
BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY
Manufacturers of Orthopedical Appliances
470 State Street Marshall, Mich., U. S. A.
I should like to receive, in a plain wrapper and without obligating myself in any way, full details concerning the Brooks Rupture Appliance.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

NATURE & SCIENCE

BIRDS AND THE CLOCK.—When the clocks were set ahead an hour in Paris last June, in accordance with the new daylight-saving regulations of the French government, the change had no effect upon the habits of the birds of at least one part of the city. The author of a communication to the Société de Biologie reports that for two years she had been accustomed to walk through the Luxembourg Gardens every morning at eight o'clock and to give bread crumbs to the birds, who knew her well and who gathered every day to wait for her. On June 15 she walked through the gardens at eight o'clock, as usual; but as the clocks had just been set forward an hour she was really sixty minutes ahead of time. Nevertheless, the birds were there waiting for her, apparently already familiar with the change. The incident seems to show that city birds, at least, depend for their knowledge of time more upon the life and movement in the streets than upon the height of the sun.

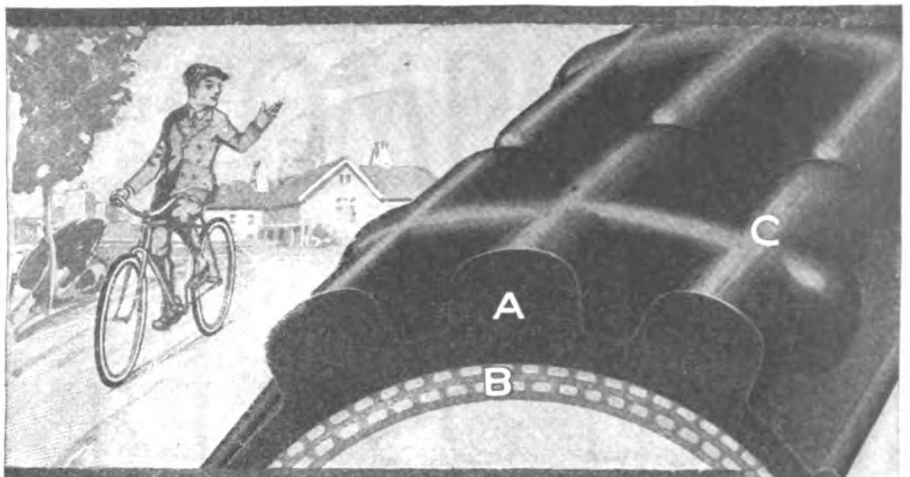
A NEW FIRE PERIL.—The careless use of electric irons, toasters, pads and other electrical contrivances causes so many fires every year that the National Board of Fire Underwriters has issued a warning to the public. There is no danger from any of the utensils so long as they are used with care and according to directions; but some owners do not realize how unsafe it is to leave them in circuit when they are not in use. In such cases they become overheated, and are likely to set fire to anything combustible with which they come into contact. Most of the fires that start from such causes are small, but the aggregate loss is large, and occasionally the fires are serious. In Boston recently a house was damaged to the extent of \$350,000 by a fire that was traced to an electric plate warmer in the butler's pantry. Fires of that class are a special peril to life, since they usually occur in dwellings and often break out at night. The commonest cause of fires of that kind is leaving an electric flatiron on the ironing board with the current turned on. In such a case the fire may not break out for some hours. Most of the fires are entirely preventable. They can be charged to nothing except carelessness on the part of the person who was using the electric implement. Many of the manufacturers of such articles have provided safety appliances for them, among which are some that are fairly effective; but there is only one thing that will really insure safety. That is to shut off the current the moment you actually cease to use the electrical tool, whatever it may be.

STRANGE NESTLINGS.—From the zoological point of view, says Mr. William Beebe in the Zoological Society Bulletin, the most interesting bird living on the earth to-day is probably the hoactzin, in spite of the fact that its flight is like that of an overfed hen, its voice as harsh as that of the peacock and its odor like that of putrid flesh. The hoactzin has defied time and space, and in voice, actions, arms, fingers and habits recalls the relationship between birds and reptiles that existed in long-past ages. It lives in bands in the tropical forests of South America, frequents the borders of streams, feeds upon leaves and fruits, and rarely quits the lower trees and bushes. Unlike all other living birds, the hoactzin is born with well-developed claws, and soon after it is hatched begins to crawl about by hooking its claws to twigs and branches and using its wings like feet. The young hoactzin, however, sheds its claws within a few days. The photograph of a nestling hoactzin is taken from the Zoological Society Bulletin.



PUMPING OUT HOLLAND.—Holland has called electricity to its aid in its never-ending fight against the encroachments of the sea. In January, 1916, tremendous storms from the west drove the North Sea into the narrow bottle neck of the Zuider Zee. Because of a simultaneous windstorm from the north, the pressure became so great that the dikes gave way and the Waterland region of Holland was flooded. Only the elaborate system of inland dikes and drainage canals and a hastily built cofferdam kept the flood from the larger cities. As it was, the flooded area reached almost to Amsterdam. According to the Edison Monthly, three and one half billion gallons of water covered the land. The existing pumping stations had a capacity of twenty-eight thousand cubic feet a minute—one quarter, perhaps, of what was needed. In the emergency the Dutch decided to use electrically driven centrifugal pumps stationed at many points throughout the flooded area. The floods occurred on January 14. By March 31 the pumps had been built, the motors delivered and installed, the cross-country electric cable had been stretched from Amsterdam and the work of drainage had begun. By the end of April all the polders had been drained, and in another month the lower lakes were emptied. Thus modern pumps and electric motors did all the work in four and one half months, whereas it took a year and a half to clear the land of the flood of 1825, which covered a smaller area.

BELOW THE MOUNTAINS.—Researches of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, carried on in recent years, prove beyond doubt that mountains are not held up by the rigidity or strength of the earth's materials, but by the fact that the materials under them (in the outer portion of the earth) are lighter than normal. The higher the mountain or the plateau, the lighter is the material under it. The principle is exactly the same as that which makes an iceberg float. The portion of the iceberg that is above water is held up by the large mass of ice—which has a density lower than that of water—in the submerged portion of the berg. So, in the case of the mountain, the portion above the general level is held up by the lighter material under the mountain, which extends down to a depth of about sixty miles. Although the mountain is held up or floated by a lighter material under it, the bottom of the ocean is depressed because the material under it to a depth of about sixty miles below sea level is heavier than normal. What may be considered as the normal condition is that which obtains in the large river valleys and under the coastal plains.



Ride the Goodrich GIANT

Here, boys, is the strongest, finest-built Bicycle Tire ever made—the Goodrich GIANT Safety Tread, made in the World's Largest Rubber Factory. It has no rival!

The GIANT—and only the GIANT—has two plies of specially-woven *motorcycle fabric*, with pure rubber forced through the loose meshes until it becomes one solid and inseparable unit, as you can see ("B").

The GIANT—and only the GIANT—has such a thick tread ("A") of black, sinewy rubber—the same kind used in the big Goodrich Automobile Tires.

See the massive three-bar tread design ("C"). No other bicycle tire can support you so safely on slippery streets, muddy roads, or on quick turns. This Safety Tread design has been made famous on millions of Goodrich Automobile Tires.

Ask your dealer about the GIANT and the other Bicycle Tires in the complete Goodrich line, "each a leader in its class." A price, a tread, and a style to suit everyone.

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio
Branches and Dealers Everywhere

GOODRICH

BICYCLE TIRES



Let Us Hope This Baby Won't Reach The Poison

106 children were reported poisoned in the last three years by arsenical fly destroyers. And this is but a fraction of the actual number. Arsenical fly poisoning and cholera infantum symptoms are almost exactly the same. Diagnosis is difficult. And first aid in arsenic poisoning must be quick.

Don't subject your children to this danger. Use the *non-poisonous* fly catcher

TANGLEFOOT



safe, sure and efficient, which catches the fly and embalms its body and the deadly germs it carries in a coat of disinfecting varnish.

GOVERNMENT ISSUES WARNING

Earnest A. Sweet, Passed Assistant Surgeon in the United States Public Health Service, makes the following statement in Supplement No. 29 to the Public Health Report: "Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made, merely for a purpose of condemnation, of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the resemblance of arsenical poisoning to summer diarrhea and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly-destroying devices must be rated as extremely dangerous and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand."

The O. & W. Thum Company
Grand Rapids, Mich. Another Form of Arsenic

Just a few of the 100 or more

D&M Boosters



When such men as these use D & M Bats, Mitts, Gloves, etc., all the season, and then write such stunning letters indorsing them, there can be no doubt about the quality of D & M goods.

BOYS, if you would play a winning game, and would get the greatest possible enjoyment, follow the example of the Big Leaguers and use the D & M.

Highest quality goods at lowest possible price.

It's time now to look over the line at your dealer's, and send to us if the dealer hasn't what you want.

Send a postal any way **TO-DAY** for Catalogue and Official Rule Books on Baseball and Tennis **FREE**.

The Draper-Maynard Co.
Dept. C.
Plymouth, N. H.

Rucker Daubert Olson Smith



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By
Arthur
Stanwood
Pier

In Ten Chapters
Chapter One



DRAWINGS BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

EVEN ON THE FACE OF THE CLERK WHO WAS MEASURING
TED THERE WAS A SMILE



GREINER, AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM, REMARKED, "YOU
HAVE THE BOY SCOUTS' UNIFORM HERE, TOO, DO YOU?"

WHEN Ted Ripley read the application blank and saw that he had to set down his height and his weight, he groaned aloud. For a moment he was tempted to overstate them both; but he was a truthful little soul, and therefore with a sigh he wrote, "Height, 5 feet, 5 inches; weight, stripped, 118 pounds." Then he posted the application and resigned himself to face inevitable disappointment.

"I bet I'm the puniest freshman that ever came to Brampton College!" he muttered. It was his most frequent, even if not his favorite, remark.

He was indeed so slight and delicate that his efforts to take part in sports had met with either kindly or derisive discouragement.

"Say, you little fellow, you'll get broken in two!" the coach of the freshman eleven had said when Ripley presented himself as a candidate for quarterback.

"No, I won't, either," Ripley had answered, with such appeal in his blue eyes that the coach grumbled:

"All right, we'll give you a trial."

He let Ripley get into the scrimmage one afternoon, and when the practice was at an end he said to him, "Your spirit's all right, kid, but you're too light; you haven't the strength—so you needn't come out any more."

It had been the same with baseball, except that there the coach had been more brutal. "You've got to have strength enough to hit the ball outside the diamond," was the comment that had erased Ripley from the squad of candidates—the first man to be dropped. Even when it came to tennis, Ripley had to play with a lighter racket than the ordinary man uses—and then he did not play well.

Ripley's spirit was bigger than his body. He was not afraid to attempt anything that other fellows of his age were accustomed to do, and he was always weighing himself and measuring himself in the hope of discovering that his growth was not stunted, only belated. In his room morning and night he did exercises that no doubt kept him in good physical

heart, Ted wanted to qualify himself for the little-thought-of yet always ultimate and possible duty of a citizen—the bearing of arms in defense of his country.

"It will mean taking a whole month out of the summer vacation," protested his easy-going roommate, Mark Perrin.

"It will be a month of the finest kind of vacation," Ted declared.

He telegraphed to his father for permission to enroll himself for the camp, and received it. And that day he got the necessary application blank at the office of the Messenger, and in spite of its discouraging requirements, which to his mind intimated a strong probability of rejection, he mailed it at once to the camp adjutant.

"Perhaps if I'm one of the first to apply, they'll take me," he thought.

He tried not to let himself dwell hopefully on his chances. As the days went by and he learned that more than a hundred men from Brampton had sent in applications and that among them were most of the prominent athletes of the college, he felt depressed. Of course now there would be no place for him. He even felt little satisfaction at hearing that the applications from Brampton were almost twice as many as those from Crane College, Brampton's historic rival.

Mark Perrin was finally enmeshed in the growing popularity of the Plattsburg idea. When he told Ted that he, too, had sent in his application, Ted expressed his satisfaction, and then added mournfully, "If they turn me down and let you in, I'll be awfully sore—and I'll bet that's just what will happen. That's usually the way; you come loafing along at the end and without half trying get what I've been vainly struggling for from the start."

Mark laughed his good-natured laugh and said, "It does seem as if it were a mistake sometimes to be too keen about things."

"He thinks they're going to turn me down," thought Ted gloomily; and the fact that another person should think it made Ted more than ever certain of it.

When the communication came in the long envelope marked War Department and bearing

condition, but he could not see that they increased the power of his muscles, or promised to add a cubit to his stature.

When the Brampton Messenger, the college newspaper, published the first announcement of the military training camp for students, to be held at Plattsburg under the auspices of the War Department, Ted Ripley made up his mind at once that there was the place for him. He had never shot a rifle, he had never had any military drill, he had never gone camping; and now here was a wonderful opportunity to have all those experiences in the best possible way. And more than that, deep down in his

the frank of the government, Ted opened it with a feeling of faintness. Then exultation flashed over his face, for he read that his application had been approved and that he was ordered to report at the Plattsburg camp at ten o'clock on the morning of July 6.

"They took me, Mark!" he cried to his roommate, who came in at that moment.

"Me, too," said Mark. "I almost wish they hadn't. I bet the food will be something fierce."

"You think of some very funny things," remarked Ted. "I'm going right down now to order my uniform."

Early as he was, he found two other

Brampton men ahead of him, getting measured by the tailor for the khaki trousers and olive-drab flannel shirts and canvas leggings prescribed in the circular of instructions. They were both juniors, known to Ted by name and reputation, for they had both of them played on the junior football eleven, which had defeated the freshman eleven for the class championship. Richard Greiner and Henry Carton were two of the prominent upper classmen who were fully conscious of their importance and resented being brought into relation with any persons of less importance than themselves. This fact Ted did not know; he watched them admiringly while their measurements were being taken, and he was unaware of the disapproval in their glances at him.

A clerk came up to Ted and asked what he could do for him.

"I want to be measured for the uniform," Ted answered.

"Yes, sir." The clerk got out his tape measure and Ted took off his coat.

Greiner, at the other side of the room, remarked to the man who was setting down his measurements, "You have the Boy Scouts' uniform here, too, do you?"

The remark was accompanied by a disdainful glance at Ted, who caught both the words and the glance. Carton and the tailor's clerk both chuckled; even on the face of the clerk who was measuring Ted there was a smile. Ted tried to look as if he had not heard, but he knew all the time that his burning cheeks proclaimed his injured sensitiveness.

"The leggings aren't made to order, and I'm afraid the smallest size will be too large for you," said the clerk apologetically, yet with a trace of amusement in his voice.

Ted was irritated, but strove to be dignified. "Never mind; I'll take the smallest size, and I guess they'll do," he answered.

He saw Greiner bend toward Carton and heard him say something about "a soldier with sparrow's legs." Carton laughed again, and Ted's cheeks burned hotter than ever. He was annoyed with himself for being so hurt.

"Shucks!" he said to himself, as he walked to his room. "I must get over being bothered

by remarks about my looks. So long as I can do the job—that's all I need to think about."

Every night and morning he did his physical-training exercises more vigorously than ever; in the afternoons he took long runs. If his muscles were small, they were firm and flexible, and by his conscientious efforts he increased his power of endurance. Mark Perrin, who did not alter the lazy tenor of his life, laughed at Ted's earnestness. "Anyone would think you were in training for the crew," he said. "The way you're working you'll go stale before you ever see the camp."

Besides trying to make himself as fit as possible physically, Ted endeavored to acquire such information as he could from studying the infantry drill regulations and the field service regulations of the army. He found much of the reading technical and difficult, but there was a good deal in the "school of the soldier" and the "school of the squad" that he could understand; he felt that he should not be going to the camp absolutely ignorant. Again his roommate ridiculed his preparations and assured him that they would not help him a bit.

"It's well enough for you to talk," Ted answered. "But I've got to make myself as good as possible, so that they won't send me home when they see how small I am."

After the close of the college term, Ted had ten days with his family at the seashore. They all accompanied him to Boston and saw him off on the special train that was to convey the Brampton contingent to Plattsburg. Ted was rather ashamed to have such a fuss made over his departure—almost as if he were actually off to war. No other fellow seemed to have his entire family—a mother, a father, two sisters and a little brother—standing about him on the platform and saying last words to him. If he had been big it would have been all right, but as it was it would probably make people think him more of a "kid" than ever. There he was, thinking about his size again, in spite of all his resolutions!

And there were Greiner and Carton standing close by and taking it all in!

"Now, Ted, you must get aboard," said

Mrs. Ripley. "It's almost time for the train to start, and I don't want you to get on while it's moving. Good-by, dear!"

She kissed him, and then his sisters kissed him, and then his little brother kissed him. His father only grasped his hand, and Ted was conscious of a great feeling of relief.

His mother unfortunately made one last damaging speech—one that Greiner and Carton must have heard:

"Do be careful with the gun, Ted; do be careful, and don't shoot yourself or anyone else."

Ted felt annoyed, and then, when he was seated in the train and the train was pulling out of the station, he felt remorse that he should have been annoyed by anything his mother could have said.

The train was filled with Brampton men, but they were mostly upper classmen, and among those of his own class who were on board there was no one with whom Ted was especially intimate. Mark Perrin and the few others whom Ted knew well were going up from New York. So, as there was no one in the car that seemed particularly to invite his society, Ted turned in early and went early to sleep. He was roused the next morning by the porter, who announced that in twenty minutes they would reach Burlington.

It was a fine, warm summer morning—a perfect morning for the trip by boat up the lake. Ted roamed round the deck, enchanted by the views across the water of the Green Mountains on one side and the Adirondacks on the other.

Two hours after leaving Burlington he had his first glimpse of the camp. On a broad open slope running down to the lake were spread the khaki-colored tents—rows and rows of them; the camp was laid out in streets. Between the railway at the foot of the slope and the camp was a broad stretch of green, and Ted heard some one remark that there must be the parade ground. In the centre of the camp there were grouped some tents much larger than the others, and from open spaces near them smoke was ascending. Men in khaki uniform could be seen moving about the camp streets—and some who were not in uniform at all were to be seen bathing off the pier that projected into the lake. Ted gazed eagerly, excitedly, while the boat several hundred yards out from shore passed by the camp. He felt the thrill of anticipation and adventure more keenly now than at any time since he had left home.

In a few minutes he was in the midst of the crowd swarming off the boat out on the Plattsburg wharf. He gave up his trunk check to a soldier with a yellow cord round his hat, followed the crowd, boarded a trolley car, and after a ride of a mile or so alighted with the others at the entrance to the camp. Soon he found himself in line for the adjutant's tent; and while he was waiting, who should pass by, in full uniform from service hat to army boots, and looking quite soldierly, but Mark Perrin.

"Hi, Mark!" Ted shouted; and his roommate turned and came up, grinning proudly.

"All settled?" Ted asked.

"Yes. I got here early this morning, and I'm all fixed up. I'm over in Company G."

"What's the first thing I do?" asked Ted.

"Well, after the adjutant assigns you to a company, one of the company sergeants assigns you to a tent. Then you go to the quartermaster for your blankets and sweater, and so on; and to the ordnance table for your rifle and stuff. And you have to go to the surgeon's tent and have a medical examination."

Ted's heart sank.

"Have you done everything, Mark?"

"All but the medical examination; and that's a cinch. Well, I hope I see you in G Company, Ted."

Mark moved on at a pace more brisk than his usual loitering gait. Ted wished he were as near to being a soldier!

At last Ted reached the adjutant's tent and received from the officer there an assignment to Company B. He was disappointed that he was not to be near Mark, but he took his assignment card and went in search of his quarters. At the head of Company B street a tall youth in khaki looked him over.

"They're arranging us according to height," said this person. "You'll go down with the short fellows. Way down at the end—last tent on the left, tent 26. Go in there and make yourself at home."

Ted walked down the street, looking curiously into the tents on either side. They were large enough to hold six cots; and inside all of them there was hustle and activity; fellows stowing away their things, making their beds, changing their clothes. In front of every tent were a tin pail and a basin, and in the

middle of the street was a hydrant at which one of the recruits was performing the belated ceremony of brushing his teeth.

Ted passed on down to the end of the line and entered tent 26. Two fellows who were getting into their uniforms greeted him with a surprised stare and then a cool nod of recognition; they were Greiner and Carton.

They had already made up their beds on one side of the tent. Four canvas cots lay folded in a heap on the ground. Ted dragged one of them out and began to set it up. The wooden supports were stiff and worked hard; he finally succeeded in snapping the crossbar at one end into place, but he could not manage to slip the bar into its socket. He pushed and pulled and bruised his fingers and felt the sweat pour down his face, but his efforts were

in vain. Neither Greiner nor Carton offered to help him. And Ted had made up his mind to one thing before coming to the camp: he was going to do everything for himself without ever asking for help.

"Let's go and get our rifles, Harry," Greiner said; and Ted felt glad enough that the pair were leaving the tent. They may have forgotten that the walls of a tent are not like those of a house, or their carelessness may have been more or less intentional; at any rate, when they were outside, Ted heard Greiner remark, "Hard luck having that kid shoved in on us," and Carton reply, "Yes, he'll queer the whole squad."

Ted thought that it was hard luck, too, but felt that he, and not Greiner or Carton, was likely to be the sufferer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

and had run in quite handy by to Seguin when it came nighttime; but about then the breeze commenced to peter out on him, and finally mod'rated down like, till there wa'n't nothin' left of her to speak of; but still seems's though there was this scand'ous heavy old easterly sea heavin' in, so's every laidge along the whole shore was breakin' a clear torch.

"Jim, he'd kind of fanned her along in up abreast of Seguin somewheres, same's I said; but bimeby, after the wind had let go complete, he begun to git so ter'ble sleepy seems's though he couldn't hold his head up noways he could work it. The pore feller was all tuckered and beat out, you see, and not to blame, neither; but he turned to and tried all manner of ways to git woke up a grain, till bimeby he seen 'twa'n't the least mite of good in the world to fight agin natur' no longer. He

seen he was jest bound to go to sleep spite of fate, and all the thing he could do was to take and fix his boat so she would look after herself the best while he was takin' him a few winks below.

"Of course, he might have hove over his killick, and all the reason he didn't was that he knewed the bottom was so ter'ble broken all along down that ways, and the sea bein' rough as a grater, he cal'lated 'twould chafe off his warp in ten minutes' time.

"Seguin Light, he figured, laid a matter of half a dozen miles inshore of him, and what little air there was goin' had give up, till she was nigh stark calm. He took and hauled down his jib, give the mainsheet a few foot of slack, sot his alarm clock to go off in jest one hour's time, and turned in.

"Wal, sir, nobody can't never tell jest ex-actly what did happen after this 'ere. Nigh's ever you can come to it, the wind went to work and breezed up from the east'ard quite spiteful, and instead of wakin' him up at the time she was sot the blame' alarm clock must have went back on him altogether, or else he was so dog tired he never paid no attention to her at all.

"Anyways, the fust thing ever Jim Fairway knowed, his boat fetched up all standin' with an unrighteous old crash, and the next second a big sea piled aboard of her till Jim like to have been drowned right there in his bunk. But he got out and fetched a leap on deck, and by good luck the next sea swung the dory chock in alongside, so he jumped into her, cut the painter, and finally was hove end over end clean up in amongst the rocks, consid'ble bruised and rattled, but alive jest the same.

"'Twas jest beginnin' to come on daylight then, and he soon see that he was on Small P'int, a short piece to the west'ard of Kennebec entrance, and pretty nigh the raggedst berth his boat could picked to lay herself, too, for in no time at all there wa'n't no sign of her to be seen, without it was a mess of rub-bidge the sea had throwed up about him amongst them laidges.

"Wal, now, that was some hard lines, to take and lose his boat and gear, and all his trip of fish so fashion, wa'n't it, though? Total wreck, she was—never once save so much as a tholepin out of the dory, even, and pore Jim he finally come ploddin' of it home there feelin' blue as a whetstone, now I tell ye.

"Wal, of course folks all allowed 'twas 'too bad,' and a 'plague-gone shame,' and all them things; but this 'ere old Mister Preacher over across, soon's ever he heard tell of it, off he starts right away with a paper amongst his acquaintances to home, and planks his own name down on her too for a clean two hundred dollars, fust thing!

"Inside a week's time after he'd commenced to amplify round with his paper, them folks had chipped in money enough so's Jim started right off down-east to buy him a new boat.

"He'd had his eye on a one for quite a spell back, you see, and so never lost no time lookin' round to find what he wanted. All the thing this one lacked was a gasoline engyne, and there was pretty nigh cash enough left over to buy that with. But old sir over across here, down he went right into his pocket again, and had the machine ordered slap bang, for he allowed he didn't cal'lato to resk stoppin' outside no more nighttimes whenever he took a notion to go fishin' along of Jim Fairway!

"So that's all the reason I tell Jim that little nap of hisn was the luckiest thing he ever done, and what's more, I tell him that settin' under a preacher same's this one over across must do folks an extry lot of good, and I'd admire to take and try it on a spell myself!"



"SAME TIME, IT DON'T ALWAYS WORK JEST THAT WAY, NEITHER"



"BIMEBY HE BEGUN TO GIT SO TER'BLE SLEEPY"



"HE WAS POSSESSED TO GO FISHIN' ALONG OF JIM FAIRWAY"

A LUCKY NAP By George S. Wasson

"NO, sir!" declared old Capt. Bowse, as he stood at the helm of his fishing sloop. "Aboard vessel in pertic'lar, a man can't take and go to sleep on his job without he's liable to git into all manner of trouble. Same time, it don't always work jest that way, neither. I've got a son-in-law over across river from here that turned to one time and slep' himself right plumb into an almost bran', spangin' new boat, and the ablest little thing of her bigness that fishes out of this river, too! I tell him that nap of hisn was the luckiest one on record sence Adam was a yearlin'!"

"That sounds interesting, captain," one of his passengers said. "Why can't you give us the yarn? We're all ears, as the donkey said."

"Oh, wal!" Capt. Bowse replied modestly. "'Tain't no great of a yarn as I know of, but anyways 'twas one of them kind of things that seldom ever happen every day in the week.

"You see, this 'ere Jim Fairway over across here, that married my Clarry, he had him a little old schooner-rigged boat that he kep' on the move pretty nigh the year round, scrabblin' and scrutchin' every way he knowed how to git a living out of her. Jim was always a master young chap to work, and it's safe to say that nobody round here ever fished any harder than what he doos.

"But there! He's had a scand'lous lot of sickness in his fam'ly to buck against for a consid'ble spell back, and his doctor's bills has been something tremenjis. But he's kep' a-pluggin' right at it early and late in that old drag boat of hisn, always in hopes some day he'd be able to git holt of a better one, but same time never once seeing no great prospects of gittin' a dollar ahead for boats or nothin' else.

"There's consid'ble many summer rusticators stops over across here, you know, and Jim he'd make a fair thing of it for a few weeks summer times takin' 'em out fishin' and pleasurin' round, like. Jim's a nice, clever-appearin' feller as ever you seen, and seem's though them rusticators always sot quite a store by him; but the thing of it was, his plaguy old boat wa'n't noways fittin' for the business, and was notorious dull, too. Dear sakes! She wouldn't sail no more'n a toad in a bucket of tar, and didn't have no accommodations, neither.

"But seems's though there was one old rich feller in pertic'lar amongst them summer folks—a preacher, accordin' to tell; he used to be in some one of them big churches up to the west'ard. He was possessed to go

fishin' along of Jim Fairway, and allowed how he knowed where to find fish the best of ary man in this river. The pair of 'em, though, got left out over-night once or twice for lack of wind, and then I know one time they got ketched clean away off here on the Outer Ridge in a heavy nor'wester, and like to went adrift altogether in the old basket.

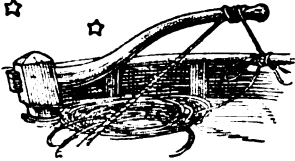
"Wal, this last fall we had a spell of consid'ble good fishing chock off here on the Mon-hegin fall ground, you see. There was fish there, all right; but the way I look at them things at my age, this 'ere running fifteen or twenty mile broad off'n the main with these small-size open boats late in the fall of the year ain't jest what it's cracked up to be. I seen that the fust trip ever I made out there in this boat of mine here; and when she won't fetch ye back to the turf, there ain't many of her bigness that will!

"Wal, though, I run in one pretty good trip of fish to market there to Portland, and then come to the conclusion I wouldn't resk no more sech chances. I ain't quite so spry as I was fifty year ago, and besides I guess likely my blood may have cooled down like, a little mite, too. But land! Jimmy there, he hung right to it same's a dog to a root, and made nine trips runnin' that fall out to the Mon-hegin ground, all soul alone, mind ye, in that crazy old packet of hisn.

"Wal, sir, come to take it the ninth time ever Jim Fairway went out there, he was pretty nigh done up and beat out complete, now I tell ye what! You see, the way it was, was this way with him. Besides hand linin' them cod and pollack tight as ever he could jump by daytimes, he'd have to be up by nighttimes, too, a-jiggin' squid for bait to work with. Then quick's ever he'd made out to git a trip of fish, he'd have to hustle for market there to Portland, and 'tain't no great wonder that nine trips of them kind, one comin' right atop of the other, should take the kink clean out of ary man, no matter if he was built of boiler iron.

"Wal, this 'ere ninth trip in to market was an extry good one—consid'ble more'n an average good fare, 'specially for one man all soul alone. He had aboard two thousand pounds of cod and pollack, besides three big-sized halibut; and bein' that fish was chock up and fetchin' a master price jest then, he nachally cal'lato to hustle 'em to market fast as ever he could shove his old hooker, so's to make sure and git all there was comin' to him.

"Seems's though he held a nice, pretty little air of wind from the s'uth'ard at fust,



A KENTISH HOP GARDEN

By Eden Phillpotts

IN southern Kent on this summer day the plains of The Weald extend basking under sunshine and blue sky. The grasslands stretch for miles, and the russet of the hay and the silver of the mown hay are broken by the dark and heavy green of a thousand hop gardens. Seen afar they present no great charm; but approach them, and you will see the fairest growing thing that man cultivates.

Let us go to the hop gardens in early July, before the bur has thickened and while the glory of growth has brought them to their utmost expression. The pageant of leaf and line is at the full. The alleys stretch away ten feet and higher above The Weald—the pale, bright mould of which sparkles in sunlight and fades to purple through the dim tunnels of shadow between the hills.

Above each alley the hops rise massive on twin poles of stout chestnut or ash. Each pair of stakes is separated from the next by six feet, and round and round them tightly twines the bine, to get a grip for its aerial leap aloft. The lower, mightier leaves overlap one another and shadow their neighbors. They are three-lobed and five-lobed and serrated—the embodiment of health and vigor, for these are prosperous hops and bear no scar of blight or trace of mould. Here and there shines the yellow dust of sulphur or the metallic stain of spraying—to show that their perfection was not won without battle.

The master bines cleave to the main supports, then climb aloft and run every way along the network of cocoanut twine above. The whole garden is crisscrossed with this yellow twine—thirty miles of it to little more than an acre. The setting of the stakes and the weaving of the string meant many a long day's toil in early spring, when men prepared the theatre for this spectacle. Now noble arches span the green alleyways, and from them on all sides fall traces and streamers of life, sweeping and springing and tumbling away into threads so delicate that they seem no more than rays of light trembling against the green. The riot and medley of their twiners

one a little cone of translucent leaves, all bend downward and introduce a symmetry of pattern into the tangle of the growth. Now is the fruit full ripe, and to-morrow's dawn will see the pickers in a little army stream to the attack.

Hop picking is a great annual event for many thousands of Londoners, and throughout the strenuous year of the East End many men, women and children look forward to this month of work amid green things and under summer skies. Toward the middle of August, and sometimes earlier, the great main crop comes into bearing, and then there is mighty exodus from city to countryside. Special trains bring the townsfolk to the gardens. They live in shanties erected for the purpose, or under canvas tents, like an army; and the country welcomes them with mingled feelings, for, while many companies are orderly enough, others introduce a restless and lawless element into the sylvan scenes of their labor, and the villagers are glad when they vanish.

But not all the picking is done by cockneys. Here, in the gardens with which we are concerned, local people answer the hop master's summons. From a neighboring hamlet they come to him; and as the August sun creeps at five o'clock from a bank of white fog that

thins into blue and reflects the gold of day, along winding lanes and over field paths streams a company of old men and maidens, women and children.

A hundred people enter the gardens with their parcels of food, their perambulators of babies, their stools and umbrellas and other luggage. A few veteran men there are, glad to earn a pound or two at the picking; but young men are rare—it is not their work. The greater number of hoppers are women, old and young, with their daughters and granddaughters, their little sons and grandsons, to help them. They

chat together cheerfully, praise the hops and praise the weather, then draw their numbers and scatter through the fallen ranks of the harvest to take up the stations prepared for them.

The pole pullers have been at work since dimmest dawn, and already the steadfast front and ranks of the garden are broken. Rifts and rents gape every way. Masses of tumbled bine, clinging to the fallen poles, await the pickers, and down each alley stand the empty bins—great canvas bags on wooden legs—waiting for the hops to fill them. They look like fat, brown, four-footed animals in the shadows.

The people take their places in companies round each bin. Sometimes a family with common interests set to work to fill a single

receptacle; sometimes, where different pickers labor together, the bin is divided, so that each may fill her own division of it. The poles are dragged to the edge of the bin and the hops swept off to drop therein. Then begins a steady pluck! pluck! pluck! like the sound of cropping animals in a grass field; but louder still runs the ripple of laughter, the chatter of voices, the prattle and the shouting of children. Each little one has his own box or basket to fill, and all, to the smallest, work busily at first. Then the younger children grow idle and wander away to play together; but the women pick on steadily, bushel after bushel, and strip the bine with quick, practiced fingers that never tire.

Above the elderly pickers are perched great, rusty, black and blue umbrellas that make a pleasant harmony with the green hops and the azure sky above. Some workers wear gloves, some an old stocking with the toe cut off, which protects their arms but leaves their fingers free. Up and down the rows plod the tallymen with their books and bushel measures to record the pickings and to credit the folk at each bin.

"Must keep the people sweet," said an old tallyman to me as I went along with him. "'Tis very tiring work when the sun's overhead; and if I was to drive 'em and order 'em and be too harsh with my bushel measure, they'd grumble against me, and a bad spirit would come into the garden. If we start well, we go on well, and the better the spirit the better the work. 'Tis all right on a day like this, but we've got to keep their tempers against the bad weather, when like enough they'll have to work all day in a torrent of rain and half a foot of mud."

Before noon there came a great "wain" laden with empty sacks, into which the bins, now full, were swiftly emptied. Then the whistle for dinner sounded, and the pickers, stopping work, took their way to the shelter of hedges and tall trees, and to the brinks of cool water holes, scattered at the edges of the fields. Here they ate their sandwiches and drank from their bottles; and sometimes the women made a little fire to boil their teakettles, while the old men smoked their pipes and told their stories.

Meanwhile the "wain," laden now with five and twenty full sacks, lumbered away up a grassy hill, where the farm stood beside its lofty pair of twin oasts—the drying kilns.

Those great buildings are built of red brick; red tiles cover the cones above; and, to crown them, heavy cowls—wooden, hood-shaped covers—swing on the wind. A weather vane protrudes from each cowl mouth, and on these broad, horizontal bars, which catch the wind and turn the cowls, there prances in miniature the White Horse of Kent. The whole horse is stamped in black also on the master's hop pockets, and every one of these mighty sacks, seven feet high, and soon to be filled to bursting, carries the famous symbol to market.

Everywhere through the hop lands you see the great oasts rising, like humpbacked giants, above the farms and beside the gardens. Here they stand singly or in couples; here, at some great centre of the industry, where a hundred acres of hops need simultaneous drying, the oasts cluster half a dozen at a time.

We enter the oast to find that it is divided

into two chambers by a floor of open timbers upon which is stretched cloth woven of horsehair. Beneath on the ground there glow open ovens fed with anthracite and charcoal, upon which sulphur is thrown liberally to sweeten the flame. A great heat without smoke ascends to the horsehair floor and, looking down through it, you see the red eyes of the fires glowing beneath and notice a genial warmth that begins at your feet and creeps upward. Overhead rises the shadowy dome of the oast narrowing to the cowl; and from the mouth above a white feather of steam will fly anon—the fragrant reek of the hops.

To the hair they come fresh from the hands of the pickers. The sacks are shaken out, and a hop drier with a mighty rake spreads a layer fifteen inches deep over the floor. The glory

of the bunches and tassels is gone; they lie in a level, green mass dim in the twilight of the oast, and there are little points of darkness in the green, where the last small leaves, stripped away with the hops, litter their surface.

In five minutes begins the change, and the life and sap of the newly plucked harvest surrender slowly to the heat rising from beneath. A visible steam begins to rise from them—a vapor rich and fragrant. Slowly it ascends, grows denser and fills the dome above. Then the sweet cloud flies away through the mouth of the cowl to scent the outer air. The



WOMEN, OLD AND YOUNG, WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS AND GRANDDAUGHTERS

door of the drying chamber is shut, the fires are stoked, and the green carpet aloft is left to desiccate and shrink and yield up its nature to the heat.

For twelve hours the process continues and the hop drier tends his ovens; then, at midnight, when the last vapor has sped, the bed of hops is raked out and piled in a golden green heap, rustling and dust dry, on the wooden floor of the cooling chamber. Their weight has much diminished. The heavy, aromatic reek has gone and in its place an odor, brisk and tonic, fills the cooling room. Lanterns flash and overhead a bat or two flutters in and out from the open doors.

In the floor of the cooling room yawns a round hole and in it hangs the hop pocket now to be packed. It opens under the press and is soon filled, with the help of a great wooden "scoopit," or hop spade. Down tumble the rustling hops in a great cloud, and the air, gusting upward, lifts a little fountain of dust and dry petals at each full shovel. Then the press grunts and stamps on the pocket with its iron foot, until the hops are trampled tightly in. One hundredweight and three quarters, say the scales,—more than enough,—and the hop drier, who gets a shilling for every pocket filled, decides in the back of his mind that the next bag shall not be quite so heavy.

That is all to tell. The black horse will be stenciled on each of the great sacks, and anon, by dozens and hundreds, they will find their way to the London Hop Exchange.

But the hop gardens offer better entertainment than the oast, and you turn again to them for refreshment, glad that all the glory of the year's yield is not yet garnered. Now, at evening time, the folk have gone, and where all was cheerful noise and murmur of laughter there is silence. The sun has westered, and its light beats against the wall of the hops and splashes the entrance of each tunnel with a golden blaze, making the inner darkness great by contrast. These battlements with all their bravery will fall to-morrow; they face the sunset for the last time.

As the magic light sinks and passes, the many aisles grow dim and the earth's mighty shadow creeps up the walls of the hops until only a final blaze flickers along their crests. A roseal tinge warms the western sky, and the



NOW, AT EVENING TIME, THE FOLK HAVE GONE



THEN BEGINS A STEADY PLUCK! PLUCK! PLUCK!

and spirals, their entanglements, their drooping sprays that rain down over every column, the expression of lush, unconquerable life, the sparkle and delicate magic—for these phenomena words are indeed a medium too clumsy.

Overhead the main runners soon reach to pole top and swing into the air, seeking for further support. Against the blue sky their green is changed, and they shine radiantly transparent where the bine turns and knots and doubles upon itself and weaves volutes and circles, scrolls and spandrels of fairy architecture with little fanlights and oriels opening on heaven. And every form is living; every day sees these emerald palaces put forth new spires and minarets above their sturdy battlements.

But the glory of growing will soon cease and the fruit begin to appear. The little clustered pin points on the bine swell swiftly at this season, and every rainstorm that sweeps the garden to set the alleys glittering and every hour of July sunshine advance the promise of the harvest. In a month there is a magical change; the hops are laden with countless clusters and bunches of golden green fruit, here grape-like in bunches and here set in knobs and tassels. Every pole seems to bend under them, and where before was light movement, as of a dance, now the breeze makes the weighted streamers bend slowly, jealously, as if reluctant to bruise the increasing crop. Unnumbered the bunches hang and seem to drip their amber beauty over the dark leaves behind them: their silvery fruits, each



THE "WAIN," LADEN NOW WITH FIVE AND TWENTY FULL SACKS, LUMBERED AWAY

hops take leave of the good sun from which they have drawn their fullness and their glory. Ruin already spreads round where their fallen neighbors lie.

Masses of the hop poles stripped of bine are piled stark together, and the growth that flouted so bravely at sunrise is heaped in tangled masses—a welter of leaf and stem and twine—its treasure gone. By and by the stuff will be stacked for winter use in the cattle byres.

The naked earth is visible again, and here and there upon it still tower poles with growing plants climbing over them. These are the "male" hops, whose sterile catkin sparkled like showers of silver over the leaves in June, but which now are withered and brown. The pole pullers in the full bustle of work, when fifty busy people at the bins are calling for more bine, waste not a moment to cut down those fruitless hills.

In the gathering dusk there is a pattering of small feet among the hops, and gray shapes move through them. They are lambs that have wandered into the garden and are feeding joyously on the leaves within their reach. They are not trespassers, for, although sheep would greedily pull down the bines and commit a fault, the lambs are not strong enough to do harm, and are suffered to enjoy their supper without rebuke.

Then night welds all into a dusky mass. The stars twinkle above and earthborn lights answer them from below; nocturnal things peep about and enjoy the fragments of the hop pickers' dinner; glowworms light their little lamps; the corn crake croaks in the corn and overhead hoots the owl. Soon the short night is ended and day returns, bringing back the pickers with it. For a month they will labor steadily here, wet or fine; and you heartily wish them fair weather, since the work once begun cannot stop until the last pocket is full and the last oast grown cold and empty again.

Then will the ceaseless and punctual round upon the land begin again; for the work, of which we have witnessed only the crown and completion, extends throughout the year, and the hills, from which all growth and life have been so relentlessly shorn away, demand much enrichment to support once more so great a shock.

There are varieties of hops and the hop masters have their predilections. Tolhurst Golden, Fuggle's, Brambling, the Prolific—such are the hop kings of the Kentish Weald.

With winter begins the hop pole cutting from the copses of chestnut and oak, ash and beech, which give a harvest of this light timber that is gathered every fifteen years. The poles are trimmed and their points soaked in creosote to defy the action of the soil. Then, in February, the men begin to dress the land, to clear away all dead stuff and to trim the hills; for although a growth begins at that season, all the early sprouts are cut away. In March and April the men are setting the poles anew and weaving the web of the twine that binds them in its mesh for the climbing hops to cover presently. Then there is the business of charcoal burning, to prepare the fuel of the future oast fires.

In May come women to fasten the infant bines to the poles. They use rushes for this purpose and tie each climbing point a yard above the earth. The rushes were gathered last July and are now ready for their service.

In May, too, artificial manure is chopped into each hill, and during June and July the "shimmer"—a sort of harrow drawn by one horse—works through the alleys, loosens the soil and keeps the garden clean. With late July one deep furrow is ploughed down the middle of every alley for winter drainage, since a wet winter is bad for the plants; and all this time, from the spring onward, the sprayer works and pours tons of disinfectants upon the growing canopy of the foliage to keep down the evils that endanger the crop.

Then comes the yield again. Bad years are not uncommon, but the shrewdest husbandmen know how to fight them, and in skilled hands the industry, for all the heavy expenses incidental to it, offers a return more generous than can be counted upon from roots, or pulse, or corn. Hops are grown successfully in America, in Canada and in Austria; but the needs of the plant are peculiar both above-ground and below, and only in certain regions have the many experiments made therewith succeeded.

Hop growing is one of the world's minor industries; yet none that I have studied ever offered me more pleasure in its beauty, its simplicity and the kindly folk of the field who practice it under the open sky.

REUBEN'S PORTION

By Joslyn Gray Chapter Ten

THE weeks that followed were dreary indeed—like to those persons who considered the disappearance of Mabel Graham's notebook to be a baffling mystery and to Reuben Cartwright and Rusty Miller, who both thought it not so much a mystery as an unhappy secret. Everyone in the village knew about the missing book; some began to wonder whether Rusty Miller, in one of her fits of temper, could have destroyed her classmate's book. Mr. Langley was as eager as the head master to clear up the mystery.

It was a backward spring. A second and heavier snowstorm followed the one that had spoiled the skating on February 29; snow lingered on the hills and in the woods until May. The roads were in the worst condition within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Children who had no rubber boots to wear to school had wet feet constantly; and elderly persons scarcely got out at all, for driving was as uncomfortable as walking, and more perilous.

At last May came—bright and warm and yet exhilarating. The very first day was one to make the most indifferent catch his breath. A week of spring sunshine dried the roads and cleared the last vestige of snow from the hills

course, a difference of a day had not greatly mattered.

That very evening he drove over to Wenham to see Mabel Graham.

Mabel was overwhelmed first with amazement and later with chagrin. When she was able to answer the master's questions, she admitted that on the day when the notebook was lost she must have changed her mind and decided to take the book home with her. She remembered that she had stopped by the wall for a few minutes to watch the others skate, but she had not the slightest recollection of carrying the book. And not having it when she reached home, she had really supposed that she had left it at school, since she did not remember taking it from her desk.

There was little to be said. Mr. Phillips told her that he should explain the matter at school on Monday morning, and asked Mabel whether he could say anything for her. The girl shook her head. At that moment Mr. Graham's voice, raised in anger, came through the closed door from the other room, and the girl looked beseechingly into Mr. Phillips's eyes.

"Has pa got to know it?" she asked.

"Surely, Mabel," he said, and then, pitying her, asked whether she should prefer to have

she was so happy that the mystery had been cleared, and partly because she suddenly realized how terribly Mabel must be suffering, her anger vanished. She felt that, in Mabel's place, she never could have borne it; and when she saw her appear at school looking so very forlorn and disconsolate, her warm heart began to ache in sympathy.

Rusty, for the first time, was really kind to Mabel. And Mabel, who, like everyone else, knew that whatever Rusty's action might be, it was never other than thoroughly sincere, was touched. On Tuesday she went to Rusty at the close of school.

"Rusty, I'm sorry I said mean things about you," she said; and her face was very red.

"Oh, that's all right!" cried Rusty, coloring in turn, and held out her hand impulsively.

"And I'm—I think it's only fair that you or Reuben get the scholarship," Mabel went on.

"Oh, but, Mabel, no one can tell yet!" Rusty declared, although everyone knew that Mabel's week of failures in the review must have seriously lowered her record.

The girls parted cordially. And in the glow of warm feeling that was upon her Rusty felt equal at last to doing what she had longed to do for many days. She set out to find Reuben.

He was on his way home, and she saw him at a distance. Rusty felt that violent exercise was exactly what she needed to work off superfluous excitement, and she ran after him as if it were a matter of life and death. She was breathless when she caught up with him. He looked so startled that, being unable to reassure him by words, she laughed.

"O Reuben," she cried, as soon as she could speak, "what do you think? Mabel Graham

and I have made up, so that I am at peace with all the world. Come with me till I tell mother, and then I'll go back to Miss Penny's to tea, and afterwards we'll make candy and be jolly, you and I and Anna and Miss Penny."

"O Rusty!" cried Reuben, with shining eyes.

"Reuben, you know I was just fierce because I thought you didn't want me to come back to Miss Penny's," Rusty confessed, "and I couldn't get over it; but now —"

"I thought you didn't want to come back on account of my being such a log," said he.

"Why, Reuben Cartwright!" she exclaimed. "Of all things in this world! How could you?"

"Oh, easy enough," he said, and smiled frankly.

Rusty smiled, too, but then her brow clouded.

"But, O Reuben," she said, "I'm afraid you'll never forgive me! I'm afraid I really thought you—did something to Mabel's book—not for yourself, you know; but I thought maybe you were sorry for me because Anna is prettier and sweeter, and you wanted me to have the prize to make up. I don't see how I ever thought you could do it, though."

Reuben smiled. "It's all right, Rusty. It's—rather funny. For—what do you think? I thought perhaps it was *you* that did it. Not for yourself, but I thought you were sorry for me because I was a log, and wanted me to have the prize to make up."

Rusty did not smile. Her face grew white. Her eyes flashed.

"Reuben Cartwright, do you mean to say you thought I stole that notebook?" she demanded.

"I didn't think you *stole* it, Rusty; I only thought —"

"I *took* it?" Rusty stopped short and confronted him angrily. "All right!" she exclaimed, and then bit her lip. The color flooded back into her face.

"O Reuben, I don't know what I'm saying or doing!" she said remorsefully. "Of course it was no end worse for me to think that of you than for you to think it of me, and here I am getting mad right in the midst of making up! Whatever will become of me? I'm sure I don't know."

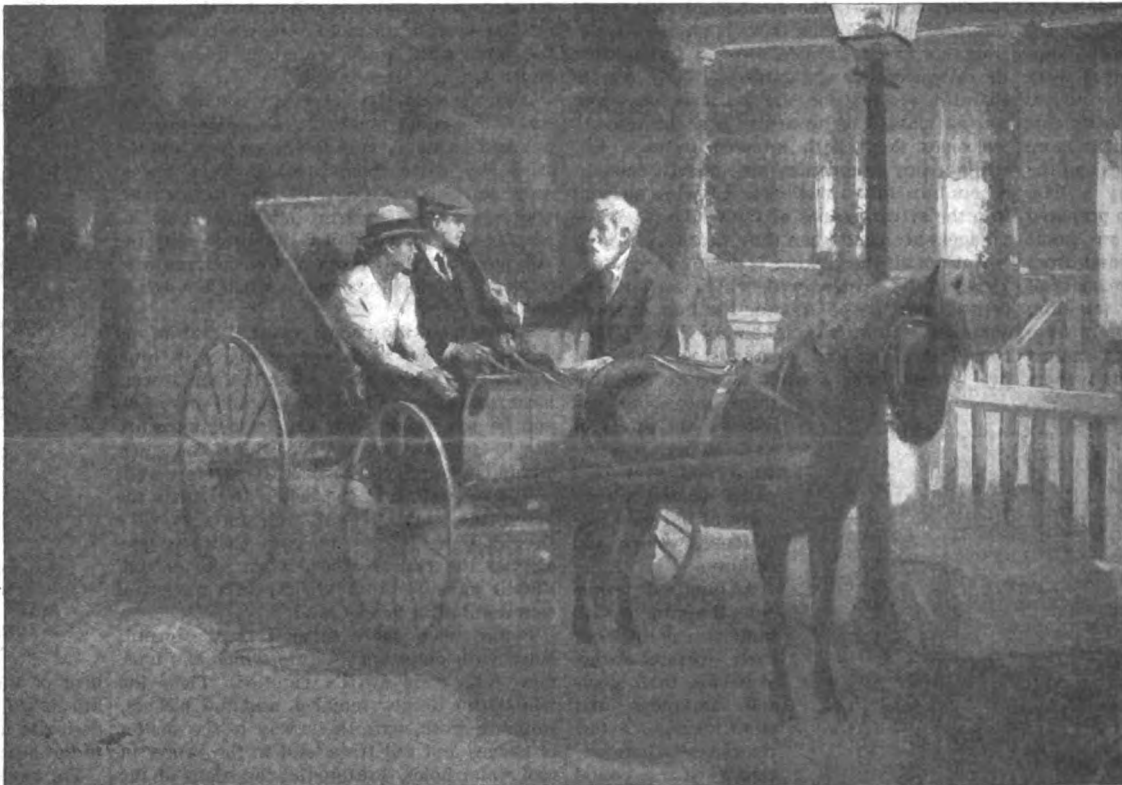
"Let's not bother about it any more, Rusty," he suggested. "Let's just think how good it is that the book is found and we're friends again. Now everything will turn out right if only you get the prize."

"I don't care so much now," said she. "Poor Mabel! If I had a father like hers, I should want the prize to make up for it."

Poor Mabel, indeed! For right in the midst of their merrymaking that night a neighbor came in with the news that Wat Graham had been arrested and that the Mudgetts were flying hither and yon to get bail for him. He had not only lost every penny of his own but he had nearly wrecked the bank.

Of course that news spread. Mr. Langley was thinking of it later that evening when his doorbell rang. Answering it himself, he was startled to see Rusty Miller on the step

DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON



"I'LL TELL MR. PHILLIPS HOW THE CLASS FEELS," HE SAID QUIETLY

and shaded nooks; and the late arbutus in the woods burst into sudden luxurious bloom.

At the end of that week, a farmer who lived on a back road near the pond where the children had skated in the winter came one evening to Mr. Phillips's house. The master himself opened the door.

Without speaking, the farmer held out rather gingerly a pulpy mass that looked like water-soaked newspapers, but that might have been the decayed top of a monster toadstool. Mr. Phillips eyed it critically and made no move to take it; he stared in amazement at the visitor and his strange bundle.

"We found this yesterday over the wall of our cornfield, my man and me," said the farmer, at last—"the piece that lies near the road on the side toward the pond; there was a big drift there and it's just melted away."

Still Mr. Phillips peered at the mass without moving to take it into his hands. Then suddenly the thought flashed over him that this was the missing notebook! He took it eagerly, with his thoughts in a tumult. Had some one taken the book and buried it under a snow-drift? Had —

"Soon as ever I fetched it to the house," the farmer went on, seeing that Mr. Phillips understood, "my wife knew what it was. 'It's that very notebook,' says she, 'that there was all that row about.' And then she recollected how a big sort of overgrown girl in a purple bonnet had stood right there by the wall for a spell watchin' 'em skate on the day when the snow come at night. If you recollect, sir, it was the 29th of February. She must 'a' laid it down and then gone off without it. See, here's a handkerchief that was with it, marked with a G. I found 'em yesterday, but my wife thought as how I'd better not fetch 'em in till to-day, so as to give her time to do up the handkerchief."

Mr. Phillips groaned inwardly, although, of

him tell her father now. Mabel finally decided that this would be the easiest way.

Of course Mr. Graham was rude and overbearing. His business affairs were said to be approaching a crisis. He was certainly worried about them, and that did not make him any easier to deal with; but when Mr. Phillips left, the master had the satisfaction of knowing that the worst was over for Mabel.

On the way home he stopped to impart the good news to Mr. Langley, who begged to be allowed to pass it on to Reuben and Rusty. By Sunday afternoon it was generally known in the village, which was a very good thing, for the excitement at the academy on Monday was at fever pitch. Even the janitor was observed in a corner of the basement with his handkerchief to his eyes, a circumstance that his mention of dust did not explain—a *lucus a non lucendo*, as the master said to Mr. Langley.

Just as the bell rang at nine o'clock, Mabel Graham entered the schoolroom and dropped into her seat. She had begged to be allowed to stay at home for the rest of the year, or even to return to the high school at Wenham; but her father had insisted upon her going on at the academy, and had warned her to put in her best work toward the prize. Her classmates treated her much more kindly than perhaps might have been expected; no one "rubbed it in," as Anna Miller expressed it. Reuben, who had always been his natural self, had no need to change his manner. It was Rusty Miller, of course, whom Mabel most dreaded to meet.

She had perhaps more reason than she knew. Now that the matter was settled, the other girls had told Rusty that Mabel and her father had accused her of stealing the book, and that Mr. Graham had threatened to have the law on her. For a little while Rusty was, of course, full of wrath. Then, partly because

and Reuben waiting at the gate with the pony. It was after nine o'clock, and when people called at the parsonage later than half past seven in the evening it meant illness or trouble; but Rusty quickly reassured him by explaining that she had not come to see the pastor, but the chairman of the school committee. Mr. Langley took her into the sitting room. Reuben could not leave the pony.

"I trust," Mr. Langley said politely but plaintively, "that your business with the representative of the school committee has nothing to do with prizes or scholarships or college educations. I've had enough of such this winter to last all my life."

"O dear!" said Rusty. "But that's exactly what it is about! Just this once, please, Mr. Langley?"

He smiled kindly and begged her to tell him what he could do.

"We are sick to death of it, too, Mr. Langley, Reuben and I. He would a lot rather work his way through college anyhow, only he gave Mr. Phillips his word to try, so he can't not study, you know. And Mabel Graham wants to go just frightfully, and—you heard about her father?"

Mr. Langley nodded.

"Well, the truth is, as the thing stands now, the prize is between Reuben and me. Mabel has lost her chance through getting all zeros the week after her book was lost, and, being examinations, it counted fearfully. She was all to pieces because of her book, and at the end of the week she was sorry and borrowed Reuben's, and did well ever since, but—"

"Well?" he asked.

Rusty rose and came to Mr. Langley's side, standing by his chair just as little children did, and as she had done when she was a little girl—just as his own little Ella May would have done.

"O Mr. Langley, if that week weren't to be reckoned in, Mabel would get the prize! Reuben and I have been all round the class, and we all agree we'd like not to have it count for any of us—just have it blotted right out, you know. And if you would only agree and put it up to Mr. Phillips, why, it would go through."

He gazed at her questioningly.

"You see, it was so sudden," she said, "and Mabel was so upset. If she'd had time to think, she wouldn't have done as she did. I do such frightful things myself when I'm mad that I understand how hard it is on Mabel. Honestly, I don't think it's fair to have that one week when she was all to pieces spoil everything for her."

Mr. Langley led her gently out to the carriage and helped her in. Reuben jumped in and the two looked at him eagerly.

"I'll tell Mr. Phillips how the class feels," he said quietly. "And I'll say that I quite approve. And, children, it's right good of you to let me be your messenger—it warms the cockles of my heart. Good night!"

He returned to the house with a glow within, yet more than ever yearning for little Ella May.

Six weeks later, at the academy on graduation night, he stood talking with a clergyman from an adjoining town who had had a part in the programme that had just been completed. The young people had gone through their parts and received their diplomas, and Col. Wadsworth had made a little speech and awarded the prize in person.

"Doesn't it seem rather a pity?" said the stranger. "Some one was telling me that the boy and girl who just missed the prize were both unusual, whereas the stout girl who won it isn't above the average, and got it only on the score of a remarkable memory. Now, that won't mean much in college—and the gifts of the other two might."

"And will, I hope. No, it isn't a pity; it's just right as it is," declared Mr. Langley. "I rather think the boy and girl will both get to college somehow; and if they have to work their way through, why, that isn't a calamity—particularly in the case of Reuben. I know if I had had my own way to make, I should be a very different man to-day."

"It isn't bad for the boy, as you say," said the other, "but the little girl—she looks too high-strung. It's hard on any girl, making her way, but this particular girl—it would seem to me like using a delicate, high-stepping horse to haul stone."

He looked really distressed.

"There, now, you've gone and done it," said Mr. Langley reproachfully. "I shall have to tell you a secret that I didn't mean to divulge just now." He hesitated, and then, after a short pause, asked, "You remember my little Ella May?"

"I never saw her," said the other gently, "but I remember, Brother Langley."

"Well, the day she was born I put a sum of money in the bank in her name as the beginning of a fund for her education. It was a small legacy that had fallen to me. Then a week after she was taken away from us a gift of one hundred dollars came from her aunt out in California, who never saw Ella May. I added that, and I have kept on every now and then, so that now it amounts to a tidy little account. I have always meant to use it for some other little girl, and, though I've

never confessed it even to myself, I suppose I've really had Rusty Miller in mind a good many years now."

Mr. Langley paused and, turning his face a little to one side, cleared his throat gently. When he looked again at his friend there was a suggestion of tears in his eyes, but on his lips there was a smile.

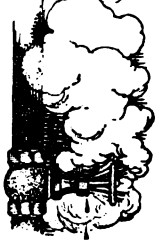
"You see, I have felt, and more strongly as the years go by, that I should have liked Ella May to be just like Rusty—even to the red hair and freckles. Well, when this prize was

offered, I hoped Reuben would get it, so that this money of Ella May's should fall naturally to Rusty; but at one time this spring, when it looked as if Rusty would win the scholarship, and I heard of Watson Graham's bad luck, I began to think I might have to devote it to his daughter—she that got the prize to-night. That, I confess, was a hard alternative to face, but I hope—well, it's all right now; but mind, brother, that you keep it dark!"

THE END.

IN THE LARD VAT

By Dwight B. Pangburn



A PACKING plant contains hundreds of manufacturing processes under one roof, and there are just as many chances of getting into trouble if you are careless, according to Henderson, the chief engineer, who told me the story of Jimmy Brett.

Jim always prided himself on being a quick workman, and on never wasting time with any superfluous motions. So one day, when the report came that the steam valve on lard vat No. 2 was leaking, the superintendent, wanting the job done in a hurry, sent Jim to see to it.

There are four lard vats in the plant—large, vertical iron tanks, somewhat like boilers standing on end. Each vat is about six feet in diameter, tapering at the top and bottom, and



WANTING THE JOB DONE IN A HURRY. HE SENT JIM TO SEE TO IT

extends through three floors of the building. A large pipe drains it at the bottom. In the next story there is a gauge glass to show the depth of the material inside. The vat is filled from the third floor through a circular opening about two feet and a half wide; a tight-fitting door covers the opening. The iron rim at the top of the tank projects about three or four inches above the floor of the room in order to keep out dirt and to prevent waste water from running into the vat when the floor is scrubbed.

When the materials from which the lard is to be made have been dumped into the vat at the top, live steam is turned on. The steam pipe enters near the top of the tank, and the valve is beside the filling door close to the floor; the pipe runs down inside nearly to the bottom, so that the escaping steam will the more thoroughly agitate the mixture. After a charge has been run through, the vat is filled with water, into which steam is injected; the water boils and bubbles until the interior of the tank is clean. Since the materials that are used in making lard are very inflammable, the "charging" room, into which the vats open, is isolated, and is cut off from the rest of the plant by fire walls with self-closing doors.

The report of trouble with vat No. 2 did not show where the valve leaked, but Jim quickly saw that the steam was escaping badly at the stem. He thought that that was the whole of the matter, for when he turned the steam off and on the valve seemed to work all right. As the valve was of the type that can be packed under pressure he did not take the time to turn off the main valve, which controlled the supply to all the vats; besides, he did not wish to stop work in the other vats, which were in operation. No. 2 had been cleaned the day before, and the lid was standing open. Although the valve was almost directly over the edge of

the opening, Jim, who always avoided an unnecessary motion, did not close the lid.

He loosened the packing nut at the stem and put in the new packing. He had begun to tighten the nut again, and was leaning over the opening, when suddenly his foot slipped on the greasy iron floor, and his weight came full on the wrench. The tool shot off the nut, and before Jim had time to catch his balance he fell headfirst into the vat.

It was fortunate that there was ten feet of water in the tank, for otherwise he might have broken his neck. On account of the trouble with the valve, the water had been allowed to stand in the tank since the day before; although he found the water uncomfortably warm, it was not unbearable.

Jim was a good swimmer and his first act was to get his head above water. He wondered why he had such a hard time in keeping himself afloat; then he noticed that he was still clutching his pipe wrench firmly in his hand. The level of the water was a little less than ten feet below the top of the vat, and it occurred to him that with some effort he might be able to throw the wrench out; he hoped that the noise it made in falling on the iron floor would attract some one's attention.

First, however, he tried to call; but after a minute he remembered that there was no one in the room, and that, even if his voice were not entirely muffled by the tank, it would never carry through the fireproof doors. For the same reason it would avail him nothing to throw the wrench into the "charging" room. He tried pounding on the wall of the tank with his wrench; but apparently the boiling and bubbling in the other vats drowned the noise, or if anyone did hear it he would think merely that some workman was making repairs.

Jim had been in the tank only a few minutes, but he was already much exhausted; the sturdiest athlete, burdened with a heavy weight of metal, as Jim was, could not keep afloat long if he tried to swim in hot water with his clothes on. But Jim did not become panic-stricken; indeed, the fast-growing danger seemed merely to clear his head. In spite of the weight of the pipe wrench he clung stubbornly to it, for it seemed his only resource for attracting attention from outside.

As he glanced about he noticed the steam pipe that ran vertically through the vat; a moment later he was clinging to it. He was indeed grateful to be freed of the strain of keeping himself afloat.

He had hardly taken hold of the pipe, when a new idea came to him. Treading water, he clamped the wrench to the pipe about two feet below the surface. Then he tore off one strap of his old overalls, and tied one end to the pipe and the other to the wrench, so that if the tool should slip he could regain it. That done, he worked himself gingerly upon the handle of the wrench, which gave him a fairly comfortable seat.

When he put his hands on the pipe above the surface of the water, he made a horrifying discovery. It was hot—too hot to touch, in fact! Under the water the heat had been rapidly carried away; and so he had not felt it much there. When he had tried the valve he had evidently failed to shut it entirely, or else it leaked at the seat as well as at the stem.

It was not a pleasant prospect to perch on the handle of a wrench and wait for some one to come and rescue him. He had thought of trying to climb out of the vat on the pipe; but he could not have done that even if the pipe had not been too hot to touch, for it passed out at the lower edge of the tapering part of the tank a foot more than his arm's reach from the top.



HE LOOSENED THE PACKING NUT AT THE STEM

He realized now that it was not merely a question of waiting for some one to rescue him. The steam was flowing steadily into the vat, and before anyone came he might be parboiled, or even actually scalded to death. He already imagined that the water was considerably warmer.

He found that by splashing water against the pipe he could keep it fairly cool for a foot up from the surface; he guessed, therefore, that the steam was not entering the vat very fast. Taking off his clothes, he wrapped all of them, except his overalls, round the pipe from the water level up, to serve as insulation against the heat.

Then, slipping off his seat, he moved the wrench up to the water line, where he made it fast again as well as he could. Next, he wrapped his overalls about his hands and wrists, to protect them from the hot pipe in the attempt that he was about to make. When he had buckled his belt in the last hole to make as large a loop as possible out of it, he was ready.

He had left his shoes on to keep the tender soles of his feet from the hot pipe. Now, putting his feet against the pipe just above the wrench, and grasping the pipe with both hands, he managed after a struggle to pull himself into a standing position.

To his joy he found that the upper part of his body was now in the tapering top of the tank, so that from where he stood he could just reach the sloping side opposite; thus he could partly support himself, and had to keep only one hand at a time on the hot pipe, which was already burning him through the cloth protectors.

He could reach within a foot and a half of the opening at the top. Just above the edge of the opening he could see the valve—the root of all his troubles. Was it near enough for him to carry out his plan?

It seemed as if his left hand were grasping a red-hot bar as he leaned out and with his right hand swung the looped belt toward the hand wheel of the valve. Twice it struck the wheel and fell short. As he made his third cast he let go of the pipe, for he could bear the pain no longer, but as he let go he threw himself upward. The loop caught over the pulley!

But his sudden leap had loosened the wrench, which had fallen to the bottom of the tank. With his footing gone, therefore, he dangled by one arm from his belt.

For a moment he hung there, nearly ready to give up the struggle and to drop back into the vat. Then his will gained the upper hand again. To get out now meant a climb no harder than he had made many a time as a boy, merely to get a few coveted apples. He would not give up. Bringing his badly burned left hand into play again, he painfully worked his feet up through the opening. One hand caught

the rim, and slowly the rest of his body followed. Then he fell in a heap on the floor.

"Ach himmel, lazy-bones, couldn't you find a better place as dot to schleep?" growled Dutch Franz, the assistant engineer, a few minutes later, as he stepped into the dusk of the "charging" room on his way to another part of the plant; but when he saw that except for his shoes Jim was naked, he changed his tone.

Jim was out for several weeks with his burns, and to this day his left hand is a little stiff; but since that time he has been the most careful man in the company and the greatest advocate of "safety first." He has charge of all the accident-prevention work in the plant now.



COULDN'T YOU FIND A BETTER PLACE AS DOT TO SCHLEEP?"



PRINCE LVOFF.
THE PREMIER OF RUSSIA

FACT AND COMMENT

SOME men are always at their post—leaning against it.

Forgive completely. They whose words recall
Forgiven Faults, have not forgiven All.

APPREHENSION that the withdrawal of the American Commission from Belgium will mean the end of relief work should not deter anyone from making contributions to the Belgian Relief Fund. The Commission for Relief has taken up its headquarters in Holland, and will conduct its work in Belgium through Dutch agents.

THE United States Bureau of Fisheries is working hard to make the public see the value of hitherto neglected sea food. It has introduced tilefish and grayfish and sea mussels, and given them a popularity that seems certain to grow; and now it follows with a good word for the sablefish, sometimes called the black cod, which abounds along the Pacific coast from San Francisco to Alaska.

THE Alaska reindeer—which, curiously enough, are wards of the United States Department of Education—have increased from the small herd brought from Siberia in 1892 until they now number 70,243. That, too, in spite of the fact that about nine thousand were killed last year for meat and skins. Two thirds of the reindeer belong to the natives, for whom they are solving the problems of food, clothing and transportation. The rest belong to the missionaries, the Lapp immigrants and the government.

APRIL has been our war month ever since the Battle of Lexington and Concord in 1775. On April 12, 1812, Congress imposed upon British trade the embargo which may be taken as the first step toward the second war with Great Britain. On April 21, 1831, the Black Hawk War began. On April 24, 1846, the war with Mexico began. In April, 1861, occurred the attack on Fort Sumter that precipitated the Civil War. On April 21, 1898, the United States declared that a state of war between this country and Spain existed.

THE Episcopalians are the first of the American church bodies to raise the minimum sum that they agreed upon as necessary for an endowment fund to sustain aged and infirm ministers. A few weeks ago they announced that they had in hand the fund of five million dollars that they began to raise only a year or two ago. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists and other denominations are raising or preparing to raise similar funds, which are to contain from two million to fifteen million dollars.

AN agent of the White Sox-Giants baseball combination, which intends to visit the southern continent next winter, has returned from a reconnoitring tour with reports of great anticipatory enthusiasm. He says that the people of all the large South American cities are eager to see the great North American game. How great the interest of our own people is in baseball appears from the fact that the agent carried a letter of introduction from President Wilson and approached the men who are interested in outdoor sport in South America through the American consuls.

WHO can tell how extensively our preventable fires count in the cost of living? In the United States there is a fire for every minute of the year. The daily destruction of \$600,000 means an economic drain that affects all business life and all domestic life. When an Illinois elevator burns, with a loss of 700,000 bushels of corn and 300,000 bushels of oats, or

a fire in a Maine warehouse destroys whole trainloads of potatoes, it is easy to see what it means; but every fire affects the cost of all commodities, although the effect, like many of our taxes, may be obscure and hard to trace.

WHY AMERICA IS AT WAR

THE great step has been taken. The United States, reluctant to admit that in its dealings with a nation hitherto friendly it must resort to the last crude argument of force, reluctant to cast aside the traditions of a century and to engage in the warfare of the European peoples, has learned at last that anything less would prove us untrue to the principles and the ideals we inherit from generations of forefathers who loved both liberty and justice, and who were ready if need be to die for them.

Who, as he read the President's address to Congress, could doubt the justice of our cause? We have not entered the war hastily or thoughtlessly; we have not entered it revengefully or with hatred in our hearts. We take up arms because we know that autocracy must be struck down if there is to be any room on the earth for freedom or any hope of peace. We fight, in the President's own fine words, that the world may be made safe for democracy.

The people of the United States have been gradually coming to understand that for a long time; the final precipitation of national sentiment was brought about by the revolution in Russia. It was astonishing to see how that revolution cleared the air. A war that began as a war of national aggression, of commercial rivalry, of dynastic ambition, was at last seen clearly to be an epochal struggle between the forces of absolutism and democracy. It was that all the time, but because Russia, the most absolute of monarchies, was fighting on the side of the Western democracies, it has been hard for some of us to understand.

The Russian people have opened our eyes. They have shown us that the Czar's government was all the time an unwilling and treacherous participant in the war. The oligarchy, knowing that its own existence depended on the victory of Germany and Austria, betrayed the nation into defeat after defeat, and planned to desert the allies it had agreed to support. It was the treason of the bureaucrats that gave the people the motive and the strength to overturn the ancient dynasty and set at defiance the political and religious traditions of centuries.

Only in the empires of Central Europe and Turkey does the principle of absolutism and "divine right" still exist. It was that principle that plunged Europe into this war; it is that principle that is responsible for the barbarities that have marked its course. But the events of the war, and especially the democratic triumph in Russia, have shaken its hold even upon its most devoted adherents; there are millions of Germans who question it to-day as they never have questioned it before. "Must the whole world be free except Germany?" exclaimed a Socialist in the Reichstag when he heard of the Czar's abdication. He need not fear. The world cannot forever exist half free and half absolutist. The German people themselves will in time strike the decisive blow for freedom.

The great wars that ended at Waterloo began with a tremendous movement in behalf of human liberty—the French Revolution. When they closed, that movement had been betrayed in the country of its origin and overwhelmed by the forces of reaction. The present war began as a daring attempt of autocracy to impose its will on the world. Shall it not end in a momentous advance of the human race toward freedom and brotherhood?

ANOTHER ADVANCE

CONSTERNATION struck the politicians of both the great parties when it was announced that all postmasters, even those classed as "presidential," were henceforth to be appointed in conformity to the civil service law. It meant another blow at the spoils system, under which the local Congressman or the Senator of the party in power virtually makes the appointments.

What an absurdity the spoils system is! The United States Post Office is nothing but a great business institution. It employs nearly or quite two hundred thousand persons, and in the course of a year receives and expends more than three hundred million dollars. Since it is used by almost everyone in the country, it is to the last degree important that it be run with extreme efficiency; but if there is any device less calculated to produce efficiency than choosing postmasters because they

have rendered partisan service, and changing the whole force every time there is a political overturn, such a device has yet to be found. When anyone can show that there is a Democratic way and a Republican way of distributing mail, and that one is better than the other, The Companion will cheerfully join a campaign to restore the old system.

Politicians of the baser sort are opposed to the change. Under the old order of things they have "patronage." Just now there are Democrats who oppose it because there are still some Republican postmasters who have not been turned out by the present administration, and Republicans who oppose it because they cannot bear the thought that any Democrats who now hold the offices shall be permitted to retain them when the Republican party comes back to power. But of course, if the change is ever to be made, it must be made by the party that at the time is in power, and therefore in possession of the offices; and if postmaster-ships are hereafter to be non-political positions, as they should be, it does not matter whether the man who sells you postage stamps votes on your side or on the other.

HOME vs. STREET CORNER

AS a part of the recent entrance examination at an American college of high standing, the candidates for admission were asked to write upon what they regarded as the reforms most necessary to be made among the boys of their acquaintance. The replies taken as a whole brought out two facts of great interest: first, that the writers almost all mentioned cigarette smoking, the use of bad language, boastfulness and loafing on street corners as the evils most common to boys of seventeen; and, second, that they agreed even more generally in naming the corner loafing as the most serious fault, both in itself and as a cause of the others.

To older people the information is not new, but it is none the less important. Those college boys, for all their youth,—perhaps, indeed, because of it,—see with clear eyes. The earnestness with which they announce their discovery and ask for reform should awaken the zeal of those who have the remedy so largely in their hands.

One obvious way to prevent a boy from spending his evenings in the streets is to make home more attractive to him. How many parents try to do it? Listen to what one college boy says: "Although sometimes a boy will not seem to care whether his father is interested in him or not, he is secretly pleased when he coöperates with him." Fathers and mothers who have never tried the plan should act on that hint for a week, and watch the result on the boy. They will also find it of interest to notice, too, whether the inconvenience to themselves is real or only fancied.

But every boy has the "gang" instinct, which must play its part at a certain stage of his development. The trouble is that it is difficult to use it for the boy's good because of the absurd but undeniable fact that boys at one period of their lives take pleasure in appearing worse than they really are. "The time-worn philosophy of boyhood and youth is that the brave men are the bad men. The worse a man may be, the more worthy of imitation he is."

Most youths soon outgrow the days of their allegiance to the motto, "Seem and not be." None the less, street-corner loafing can do them nothing but harm. The tone of the individual, instead of being raised by that of the group, is lowered by it. He loses the inspiration that springs from common feeling and action in a good cause, and for that loss he may suffer all the rest of his life.

The faults in boys are due partly to themselves and partly to their parents. The best way that fathers and mothers can help their sons to correct their shortcomings is to try to remedy those for which they themselves are responsible.

GERMAN STRATEGY

THE first striking event of the spring campaign in France was not an offensive but a retreat. The Germans withdrew along a line from Arras to Soissons, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, and abandoned not only the region over which the battle of the Somme was fought, but also the wide salient at Noyon, which brought their line within seventy miles of Paris.

The retirement was conducted with the greatest skill. Tactically the German army is as efficient an instrument as ever, whatever may be the truth about its striking power. Whether that army will be able to stand on its

new line as firmly as it did on the abandoned line remains to be seen; if it cannot, it will have to give up nearly the whole of France in another retreat; if it can, the German general staff can use the men it has released by shortening its line, together with the reserves that this year become of fighting age, to aim a tremendous blow at some one of its enemies—probably at Russia.

There was at first great confusion among the military experts who tried to explain the German retirement. Berlin declared that it was intended to disconcert the Allies' preparations for a spring drive, and to get the armies out of the trenches into a position where Hindenburg could use the strategy of manoeuvre.

But the movement, as a matter of fact, surrendered at the start almost everything the spring drive was expected to win, and the Germans have had all they can do to hold their new positions. It is more likely that Hindenburg gave up a line made dangerous by the continual pressure from the British and French, and retired to a straighter, shorter and more easily defended line—especially since the retreat gave up nothing that it was essential for the Germans to hold.

The Allied armies are doing their best to turn him out of that line; if they succeed, it will be the most serious defeat Germany has suffered since the Marne; if they fail, we may expect to see a great German offensive against the Russians, who, for all the spiritual uplift of their successful revolution, may be supposed, as a result of the confusion of the moment, to be less able to resist than they will be when the new government is firmly established and wanted to its task. The Russian republic, like the first French republic, must fight for its life. We who sympathize with democracy everywhere shall hope for another Valmy.

BUSINESS AFTER THE WAR

Sequel to Increase Your Production

MOST of the writers who have speculated upon the conditions that will prevail after the war lay great stress upon the impoverishment of the belligerent peoples. There can be no question as to the facts they present. Yet they may not be altogether sound in their conclusions—in their belief that trade, commerce, manufacturing and other enterprises will be depressed by reason of a lack of buying power.

The end of the war will see, in the belligerent countries, an enormous depletion in the stocks of goods that have been deemed necessities. They have been drawn upon and not replaced. Besides that, the governments have incurred billions upon billions of debt, on which they must pay interest, to be drawn from the people by taxation. Those are the conditions that are held to hinder, even to prevent, business prosperity.

But let us look a little further. To whom does each government owe those mountains of debt? Mainly to its own people. Moreover, the device of popular loans has distributed the debts widely. Great financiers have lent the governments huge sums, but also the merely well-to-do and even the poor have lent according to their means. The interest, then, will go to millions of public creditors to whom it will represent income on their investments. Taxation and the payment of interest will therefore not destroy the particular forms of wealth useful in recuperating from disaster, which are ready money and bank credit, but will merely transfer them.

There is another element in the situation that must not be overlooked. During the continuance of the war there has been no unemployment. Every man and every woman who could work has been occupied, and in most cases at wages higher than have ever before been paid. After making all allowances for the improvident, the wage earners must have made great savings, which will be available as soon as the time comes to put them to use. Although there is an unparalleled deficiency of almost all commodities in ordinary use, there is also an unparalleled abundance of the means to purchase them. The situation, then, portends not stagnation of business, but extraordinary activity.

In support of this theory, it is interesting to recall a similar condition in the past: that of this country after the Civil War. Our public debt in 1865 was more than two and a half billion dollars, and the interest on it averaged four dollars to every man, woman and child in the country. Those figures, of course, are small in comparison with the great debts of the European countries, but when the increase of wealth in the last fifty years is taken into account, the actual burden on the people of

the United States was perhaps as great as that which will rest on any people of Europe. Yet the nation, which owed most of the debt to its own citizens, paid it with ease, and the close of the war was followed by an expansion of business that did not end until over-speculation brought on the panic of 1873. History may repeat itself.

CURRENT EVENTS

WAR WITH GERMANY.—The Sixty-fifth Congress met in special session on Monday, April 2. The House re-elected Champ Clark, Democrat, of Missouri, as Speaker. He received 217 votes, to 205 for Mann of Illinois, 2 for Gillett of Massachusetts and 2 for Lenroot of Wisconsin. —On Monday evening the President appeared before the two houses in joint session and read a message that asked Congress to declare a state of war against Germany. The President said that the course of the German government was a challenge to all mankind and a warfare against all nations, and that neutrality was no longer possible. He declared that the United States must enter the war against autocracy, seeking no conquest or indemnity, but solely to make the world safe for democracy. He urged (1) the utmost practical cooperation in counsel and action with the governments already at war with Germany; (2) extension of liberal financial credits to these governments so that the resources of America may be added so far as possible to theirs; (3) organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country; (4) full equipment of the navy, particularly for the means of dealing with submarine warfare; (5) an army of at least 500,000 men, based on the principle of universal liability to service, and the authorization of additional increments of 500,000 each as they are needed or can be handled in training; (6) raising necessary money for the United States government so far as possible without borrowing and on the basis of equitable taxation. —When the President had finished speaking, resolutions that declared a state of war were introduced in both branches of Congress. By insisting on a point of order, Mr. La Follette made it impossible for the Senate to take immediate action, but on April 4 that body passed the resolution by a vote of 82 to 6. The next day the House took similar action, after passing four big appropriation bills that failed to go through at the last session of Congress.

RUSSIA.—Dispatches from Petrograd, although meagre, indicated the continued success of the revolutionary movement. The provisional government on April 1 transferred to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul all the persons with the deposed Emperor and Empress at Tsarskoe Selo, thus leaving the former rulers isolated at their place of detention. —Political prisoners to the number of nearly 100,000, released from their Siberian exile by the new government, have returned to their homes.

SPAIN.—Prompt measures by the government at Madrid crushed, at least temporarily, what threatened to become a serious revolutionary movement. Premier Romanones said that the government considered the disturbances as labor troubles without serious political significance.

SWEDEN.—Carl Swartz, the Premier of the new Swedish Cabinet, said on March 31 that the policy of Sweden would continue to be that of strict neutrality.

DANISH WEST INDIES.—Denmark formally transferred the Danish West Indies to the United States on March 31, and Admiral Oliver became governor of the islands.

THE GREAT WAR

(From March 29 to April 4)

To Americans, and perhaps to the world as well, every other event of the week was overshadowed by the momentous determination of the President and Congress that the United States could no longer maintain its neutrality, owing to the affronts that the nation had received from the German government. The great events of April 2, 3 and 4 at Washington are reviewed in another column. They were naturally received with enthusiasm in London and Paris. Berlin was apathetic, and seemed to be more interested in the rising movement for internal reform in Prussia than in the addition of another nation to the list of its enemies. German officials said that Germany would not declare war, although submarines would continue to sink American ships that entered the war zone.

The most interesting activities in the field took place on the western front. Little by little the British and French troops drove back the Germans defending the new line from Arras to Vailly until it began to be seriously questioned whether the line could hold. The most important British gains were made in front of St. Quentin, which is regarded as the key

point of the German line. The British drove through Savy and Savy Wood and took and held important positions on the ridge that runs northward before St. Quentin. On April 4 they were only a mile from the city, and the official reports spoke of indications that the Germans were preparing to abandon it. The British also took the important town of Croisilles and moved nearer to Cambrai.

The French pushed forward on the plateau that overlooks St. Quentin, and reached the outskirts of the city. They also counter-attacked in Champagne, where they drove the Germans out of trenches taken a few days before.

The report came from Copenhagen that the great German headquarters had been moved from Charleville, in France, to Kreuznach, which is only a few miles from Bingen on the Rhine. If that is so, it seems to imply a general retirement from northern France, and perhaps a blow at Nancy or some other important point in eastern France. The Germans have called up their last resources in man power; men of fifty, or even more, are to be put on the firing line, it is announced, in the hope of building up a larger strategic reserve than ever for Hindenburg's use.

The French Senate passed an indignant resolution arraigning the German high command for the wanton pillage and destruction wrought along the line of retreat in France.

The British forces in Mesopotamia moved up the Diala River to Dely Abbas, driving the Turks before them. The Russian column advancing from Kermanshah is only about fifty miles away, and the Turks will probably soon abandon Khanakin, the intermediate position that they still hold.

In Palestine the British army met what appears to have been the chief Turkish army in that region near the ancient city of Gaza, and defeated it; nine hundred prisoners, including the entire staff of the 53d Division, were taken. Gaza is on the seacoast nearly due west of Jerusalem. Sir Archibald Murray, the commander in chief in Egypt, mentioned in his report that a military railway was being constructed behind the British front, along the seacoast.

In the region of Kovel, in Volhynia, the Germans began an offensive and forced their way across the Stokhod River.

German submarines kept busily at work. Berlin gave out a long list of vessels sunk in



THE OLD BRIDGE IN KREUZNACH

March, and the British official report admitted the loss of 31 vessels during the week. Among the ships sunk were the Aztec, an American armed merchantman, which went down with the loss of at least eleven American lives, and the British steamer Alnwick Castle, which was sunk 320 miles out at sea, with a heavy loss of life. The British government warned Germany that it would exact stern reprisals for the offense of sinking hospital ships. The German defense for sinking the Asturias is that the British have in the past used hospital ships to transport unwounded soldiers.

A new German sea raider, the Seeadler, is at work in the South Atlantic. According to reports from Rio de Janeiro, it had up to the end of March sunk eleven merchant vessels.

Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg spoke in the Reichstag on March 29. He declared that Germany had never wished war with the United States, and had acted only in self-defense. He also said that Germany would not assist the forces of reaction in Russia.

The proceedings in the Reichstag are not reported in full, but it is clear that Ledebour, Scheidemann and other Socialist leaders are demanding immediate political reforms in the empire, and, above all, in Prussia. The tone of the Chancellor's speech indicated that he appreciated the growing strength of the reform party, although he made no concessions that could be expected to satisfy it. There were reports from Holland and Denmark of popular disorders in Berlin, Hamburg and elsewhere. Berlin officially denied that any such disorders had taken place.

Mr. Penfield, our minister to Austria-Hungary, has been called home for a conference with the President. Count Czernin, the Austrian Foreign Minister, took occasion to say during the week that the Central Powers were still ready to enter a peace conference at any time, and he suggested that one might be held without an armistice as well as with one. Three members of the Austrian Cabinet are said to have resigned, having been detected in collusion with a banker who sold army supplies at exorbitant prices.

France has called the recruits of the class of 1918 into training. Germany and Austria are understood to have called out the class of 1919.



Flour Facts

Unusual weather conditions during the last growing season have produced a smaller, lighter kernel of wheat, making it necessary for flour millers to take extreme precautions in wheat selection and in milling.

The Pillsbury Flour Mills Company is fully prepared and equipped to meet this situation. Huge wheat-storage capacity and unexcelled laboratory facilities make it possible for us to select the right wheat and to mill it the right way.

As a result, Pillsbury's Best flour is being produced on the same high quality basis which has always characterized it. It costs us more money this year to maintain the Pillsbury standard, but we are making the same good flour and will continue to do so.

You who already know and use Pillsbury's Best need not worry about spoiled bakings. You can rest assured that with Pillsbury's Best your usual methods will produce the same delicious bread, cake and pastry.

The Flour Question Settled "Because Pillsbury's Best"

Send 10c for a copy of the famous Pillsbury Cook Book. Address Dept. 19.

Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

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THE DEAD DAUGHTER

By Eleanor Hammack Northcross

THE people soon will fill the rooms,
The rooms she kept so fair;
So many flowers—she would have loved
To set them here and there:
They are too huddled in one place,
The lilies seem to stare.

I wonder if things are done right?
So many will be here:
She would have known; I hate for them
To find things looking queer.
I want pink roses on her breast—
The lilies are too near.

The lace is out of neck and sleeves—
The dress I want to wear;
She took it out a week ago
To make some slight repair.
I want to wear the dress she loved,
I wish the lace were there.

I am so tired! So many things
She had done swift and right
Went halting in my bungling hands—
Their ease was her delight.
More lilies? Here, close to her feet.
Where will they be to-night!



BEING PERFECT

"Be ye perfect!" quoted Nancy, looking up from her Testament. "Be ye perfect!" I do think that's the most appalling command, Aunt Molly, don't you? Why, it's impossible to be perfect. There's no use in trying, for the harder you try, the more discouraged you are sure to get. How do you suppose—anyone—ever expected us to be perfect?"

Aunt Molly smiled reassuringly. "I know just how you feel, Nancy," she said. "I used to worry over that, too, and think it was quite impossible, and all that, just as you do. But one day I heard a very wise man talk about it; since then, it's never troubled me at all.

"He explained that 'perfect' is really a relative term, not an absolute one, as most persons think. And your perfection is measured by the standard that is set before you at a given time. For instance, Nancy, when you were a little girl doing arithmetic,—multiplication, let us say,—and you came home with the mark of one hundred per cent, did that mean that you were a perfect mathematician—or were expected to be? Not at all. It meant merely that you were perfect in that day's work."

"So that, Nancy, is all, I believe, that is asked of us human beings now: to be perfect in each day's lesson as it comes. The rest of that verse, we are told elsewhere, we are to 'grow up into.'"



"HARMLESS GOSSIP"

WHAT were you talking about?" demanded Celia Wray as she joined the two younger women on the piazza. "Don't stop. Your faces were all lighted up; it must have been interesting. Can't you go shares?"

"Oh, it wasn't anything," said young Mrs. Hart, with a deprecating laugh. "Just a little harmless gossip. You wouldn't care for it, Miss Wray; you're above such trivialities, I'm sure."

"Harmless gossip!" echoed Miss Celia. "Of all the overworked conventional phrases, I believe there's none I find more annoying. It's so inadequate."

Leila Hart flushed. "There was really no harm in what we were saying," she began, rather stiffly, but Miss Celia cut her short.

"Of course there wasn't. Don't I know you and Mary Fordham by this time? When you two put your heads together it's not to hatch mischief; quite the contrary. That's what I object to; you had nothing to be ashamed of, really,—all three of us know that,—yet because I've happened to catch you gossiping like the two nice, natural, neighborly human women that you are, you think you must apologize, and defend yourselves—and of all possible weak defenses, 'harmless' is the weakest!"

"Well, but, Miss Celia," argued Mary Fordham, "it was harmless; and what else could we say? You don't call gossip exactly—uplifting, do you?"

"Not precisely that, perhaps; but it's often expanding, broadening, softening, enlightening, humanizing and awakening! Oh, yes, my dears, it is! You know that as well as I do, if you'll stop a minute to think."

"There's very little gossip that's merely negative and 'harmless'; most gossip is definitely bad or good, friendly or unfriendly, kind or unkind. Most bad gossip is bad enough to deserve other names than gossip, anyhow. Spying, prying, slandering, talebearing, backbiting, ridiculing, exaggerating, bearing false witness, or true witness so presented as to produce an effect of falsity—there are words to name such hateful things frankly in all their hatefulness; they oughtn't to be sheltered under the 'harmless' cloak of gossip."

"But the good gossip, Miss Celia; you've just called it 'harmless' yourself!" cried Leila Hart, triumphantly.

"It's harmless, of course; but it's so much more than that that it ought to be more positively characterized," explained Miss Celia. "It's right and normal to enjoy gossip; to exchange news and comment and even fair and kindly criticism upon the actions, adventures, fortunes and misfortunes of persons we know. It's because it's the first, fundamental, primitive, persistent, necessary basis of conversation that it tends to crowd out other subjects so often. To care for nothing except gossip is, of course, wretchedly narrowing and petty; to take no interest in even the right kind of gossip is, once in a great while, the indication of an able mind given wholly to greater subjects, but, nine times out of ten, it indicates something widely different—not a superiority of brain, but an inferiority of heart. It's the plain and simple fact that a lack of interest in other people's affairs usually means a lack of warm, human, comradely feeling for other persons. Bad gossip is contemptible; good gossip—not 'harmless,' but good—is the medium in which the old-fashioned, indispensable virtues of sympathy, neighborliness and mutual service oftenest live and thrive."

"Oh, good! good!" cried young Mrs. Hart. "It's grand to have our self-respect bolstered up so powerfully, isn't it, Mary?"

"It certainly is," agreed Mrs. Fordham. She added, with a shy laugh, "We were gossiping about poor, dear little Dolly Heriot's love affair. It really looks now as if it might come out right after all,

and we couldn't help being excited. Shall we tell her all about it, Leila?"

"Do!" said Miss Celia, settling back to listen, "and don't skip anything—not a single, least thing. Dolly is a darling, and I'd rather hear whatever we outsiders have a right to about her love affairs than read a dozen novels—bless the child!"



IN THE NAME OF HWA CHENG TOON

ALTHOUGH the Japanese are passionately devoted to the oldest of imperial dynasties, they have great respect and admiration for the founders and maintainers of our young republic. The history of *Washington Kuen* (Mr. Washington) is well known among the educated, and an illustrated popular life of him by a Japanese has wide circulation.

Twenty years ago a little pamphlet biography of *Yurishesho Shimusun Gurando* (Ulysses Simpson Grant) enjoyed great popularity; its introductory chapter briefly reviewed the lives of other personages conspicuous in American history, notably *Korobusu of Itaria* (Columbus of Italy), *Amerikusu, Washinton Kuen*, and *Taitoryo Rincorin Shi* (President Lincoln, Mr.).

Now, M. Fernand Farjanel in his recent book, *Through the Chinese Revolution*, shows us that in China no less than in Japan the name of Washington is known; more, it was a word of inspiration to the revolutionists, in the movement that so lately overthrew the autocratic Manchu dynasty. Oddly enough, as M. Farjanel points out, the Chinese republicans, remembering of Napoleon only that he rose upon the ruins of ancient monarchy and fought the league of sovereigns of Europe, frequently invoke together the name of the Father of his Country and that of the ambitious warrior who made himself an emperor and his brothers and marshals kings. The queer conjunction occurs in the popular battle hymn, which the Frenchman calls the "Chinese Marseillaise."

Let all strong men with one accord
Acclaim the Revolution!
Washington! Napoleon! Sons of Liberty,
Come and live again to draw the sword!

So sang the revolutionary soldiers of China as they marched and drilled. So sang the crowds gathered in the streets of Chinese cities, under the swinging lines of colored lanterns:

"Hwa cheng toon! Na po loon!"

No true republican of the Occident, capable of understanding the words of the "Chinese Marseillaise," could fail to respond to the Orient's apostrophe to Liberty, with which it concludes:

O Liberty, the greatest boon from heaven
Peaceful and strong, thou bringest to the earth
Ten thousand wonders new.
Grave as a ghost thou art; thy giant arms
Reach upward to the skies.
Thy chariot is a cloud, the wind thy steed,
Come, thou, and rule the world!
Pity the dark night of our slavery
And shed thy rays of light upon our need!



A STRANGE TRAP FOR DEER

WHEN Capt. Kimball, my mother's grandfather, settled on the Connecticut in New Hampshire and named the place Haverhill, after his birthplace in Massachusetts, writes a contributor, the country was swarming with wild game, and he often killed deer and bears on his own place.

One day, soon after the Revolution, he went out in his wood lot with a hired man to chop some trees. The captain had a dog named Watch, known far and wide as "Kimball's bear dog." Watch followed his master and began scouring the woods for game. He soon started a deer, and his excited yelping made the woods ring. The deer seemed to be running in a circle, and the two men stood, axe in hand, listening.

In a little while the deer turned, and they could tell by the dog's voice that it was heading straight for where they stood. They had very little time to wait before the deer, a large buck, burst from the brush and dashed across the little space where they had felled several trees, putting his whole soul into speed. When he had nearly reached the shelter of the trees once more, he encountered a tree that had fallen across another in such a way that its trunk at that point was about eight feet from the ground. The dog was too close to allow a turn, and the buck leaped to clear the obstruction; but he "took off" too far back, and landed on his stomach fairly across the top log.

With a leap nearly as long as that of the buck, Capt. Kimball seized both of the animal's hind legs as they were kicking vigorously and swung his weight on them, so that the buck could not get across the log. As the captain clung he shouted to the hired man to run round and kill the buck, but the fellow was afraid of the big horns that looked so formidable.

"Then come here and hold these legs!" yelled the captain. "And if you let go before I tell you to, you'll wish you'd chosen the other end and taken a chance with the horns."

The hired man came up, took hold under the captain's hands and put his weight on the buck. When he was sure that the man had it nicely balanced, the captain killed the animal, and the Kimball family ate fine fat venison for supper.



WITHIN RANGE OF THE GERMAN GUNS

A CORRESPONDENT of the Bystander tells a touching story of an old couple who live in a little French town where they are in constant danger of bombardment. Before the war the town had twenty-five thousand inhabitants; there are about a thousand civilians living in it now, and it is full of soldiers.

When the correspondent asked the woman what sort of life she was leading, she laughed and replied, "As always! When the shells come we don't get excited as we used to. We say, 'Tiens! they're bombarding again!' and we go below. Of course we only go below for the big shells, the 305's. We have got quite used to the others."

Her basement is comfortable as basements go. It has a tiled floor, a kitchen table with American cloth on it, a few chairs, a cupboard, a handsome old armchair, a funny, old-fashioned bed, a little petrol stove, a cage with a canary in it, and on the walls some pictures cut from illustrated papers.

The rooms above are mostly in rags now, but the old man is going to build up his house again as soon as the Germans leave off bombarding, he says. "We have a son at the front," he explained, "and you know we want to have everything ship-shape for him when he comes back home again."

"Now and then," said the old lady, "when the shelling gets very fierce, we go down into the cellar, and then we're not so comfortable."

I looked up at her, and the old couple laughed.

"I'll show you," said the old man.

He lifted a corner of an old carpet that hung on the wall, and I saw a great breach in the wall and some rough stone steps. The whole town is honey-combed with deep cellars. "They say the Spaniards built them," he said.

Down there in the dark pit he showed me a little embrasure in the wall. There were two rough wooden benches and a box marked in squares.

"We come down here and play drafts when the bombardment gets too fierce," said the old man. "Sometimes a shell drops nearer than usual, and then the whole house shakes. I won a game the other day when that happened. My wife got nervous. She beats me, as a rule—but she lost her head that time."



THE GREAT HUDSON-RIVER CHAIN

A TABLET erected by the Daughters of the Revolution marks the site of the furnace where our forefathers forged the great chain that stretched across the Hudson River during the latter part of the Revolution. One of the huge hammers used in the manufacture of the chain lies in front of the tablet.

In October, 1777, the ships of the British expedition, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, ascended the Hudson as far as Kingston, considerably above West Point, after having broken a large chain and other barriers. The river towns were lost and Kingston was burned, but the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga disarranged the plans of the British and compelled Clinton to withdraw to New York. Nevertheless, Washington expected him to return in the spring, and ordered that suitable defenses should be made.

While numerous batteries were being constructed at West Point and at Constitution Island the proprietor of the Sterling Iron Works offered the opinion that an iron chain could be made that would be strong enough to prevent any ship from passing upriver. Work began at once. The workmen made the great links, which averaged two feet in length, of iron bars two and one half inches square. Each weighed about one hundred and forty pounds.

If we compare these links with the anchor chains of the big liners of to-day they do not seem so large. Each link of the Mauretania's chain, for example, weighs four hundred pounds, is about four feet long and is made of four-and-one-fourth-inch iron. The chain makers of 1778 provided a large margin of safety, however, for the difference in size of the ships to be held by the respective chains is far greater than the difference in the size of the chains.

Two or three links at a time were carried over the mountains on ox carts and mule back. At West



REMAINS OF THE OLD STERLING FURNACE



A SECTION OF THE ORIGINAL CHAIN

Point the workmen welded them together at the edge of the water, and on April 30, 1778, suspended the completed chain, which was one hundred and eighty-six tons in weight, on logs across the river.

It is said that Arnold ordered a link to be taken out and carried to the smith's for repairs that he pretended were needed. He assured Maj. André, that the link would not be replaced. But the discovery of Arnold's treason frustrated his plans; and as his order was never carried out, the chain remained intact until it was removed after the conclusion of the war.

At West Point a section of it, consisting of twelve unbroken links, part of a thirteenth and two cleaves, now surrounds a monumental group of mortars captured from the English. A larger part of it is on the lawn of the Hewitt Homestead at Ringwood, New Jersey, while many towns in New York proudly display sections of this interesting relic of the Revolution.



HE BROUGHT THE DOOR ALONG

ONE of the most original characters I ever met, especially in his ways of doing things," began Snagsby, with a reminiscent smile. "was a man named Ephraim Joggins, who owned a side-hill farm a mile or so from Basswood Flats. I lived in that place for several years and got pretty well acquainted with Joggins and his ways, and during that time I never knew him to do anything in the same manner that any other man would have done it. If there was any wrong or outlandish method of doing a thing, Joggins was sure to find it out and do it that way. His mental faculties seemed to work differently from other persons'; or, as I may say, he possessed a left-handed intellect, so that what appeared to be the wrong way of doing things to other people, appeared to be the right way to him.

"One incident that happened while I was living in the place illustrates his peculiarity.

"Joggins lost the key to his front door and wanted to get another. Anyone else under those circumstances would have unscrewed the lock and taken it to the locksmith's to have a key fitted to it. But Joggins didn't. He carefully took the door off the hinges, although he had to remove nine screws in the operation, and then, hitching up his team to the big lumber wagon, he drove round to the front of the house, lifted the heavy door into the wagon and calmly drove off to the locksmith's, a mile and a half away.

"When he went in, empty-handed, and told the

locksmith he wanted a door lock fitted with a key, the locksmith looked up from his work and said:

"All right; bring in your lock any time you happen to be going by and I'll attend to it!"

"Got it here now," says Joggins, kind of careless-like. "Didn't know but you'd come out to the wagon and do the job out there; but if you'd rather have it in here, all right. I'll bring it right in."

"And Joggins went out and tugged away until he got that door out of the wagon, and a minute later he came staggering into the shop with it on his back.

"There you are!" he sang out, as he propped the door up against the counter.

"I didn't want to offend a good customer," said the locksmith in telling some friends about it later in the day. "Joggins always paid cash down for everything he bought or for any job he had done; but it was mighty hard work keeping my face straight while I was fitting a key to that lock and helping Joggins get the door back into the wagon. But I never even smiled until Joggins was out of sight and hearing. Then I sat down and laughed until my sides ached!"



MORE PROVERBIAL WEATHER

A READER who was interested in the article on proverbs about the weather, published in *The Companion* last January, sends us these old English verses, which, he says, are attributed to no less distinguished an author than Dr. Jenner, the conqueror of smallpox:

The hollow winds begin to blow.
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head;
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell,
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark how the chairs and tables crack!
Old Betty's nerves are on the rack.
Loud quacks the duck, the peacocks cry,
The distant hills are seeming nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine;
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings,
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings,
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits winking o'er her whiskered jaws.
Through the clear streams the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glowworms, numerous and light,
Illumed the dewy dell last night,
At dusk the squalid toad was seen
Hopping and crawling o'er the green.
The whirling dust the wind obeys
And in the rapid eddy plays;
The frog has changed his yellow vest,
And in a russet coat is dressed.
Though June, the air is cold and still.
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
My dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton bones on grass to feast;
And see yon rooks, how odd their flight.
They imitate the gilding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
'Twill surely rain; I see with sorrow,
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.



THE FLAG OF LEXINGTON AND CONCORD

UNDER what flag did the "embattled farmers" fight? That was no national flag then, no state or provincial flag even. But, says Mr. Peleg D. Harrison in *The Stars and Stripes* and Other American Flags, there was a flag there nevertheless.

The farmers of Lexington carried the cornet or standard of the Three County Troop. That banner was designed for a local company of cavalry raised in the counties of Essex, Suffolk and Middlesex, Massachusetts, in 1659. The office of color bearer of this troop was a kind of inheritance in the Page family. The standard was carried in King Philip's War in 1676. When the minutemen were organized Nathaniel Page, 3d, of Bedford, carried the old flag to the drills. At the midnight alarm Capt. Page snatched up the standard and carried it with him to Concord, where it "waved above the smoke of that battle."

The flag is now preserved under glass in a fire-proof safe of the Public Library at Bedford, Massachusetts, and can be seen by arrangement with the librarian.

The ground is crimson-colored satin damask emblazoned with an outstretched arm, in the hand of which is an uplifted sword. This representation is the color of silver, as are three circular figures that are probably intended to represent cannon balls. Upon a gold-colored scroll are the words, "Ince aut Moriture" (Conquer or Die). The flag is about two feet long by one foot six inches wide.



CONCERNING ICE CREAM

ICE cream was certainly first served in the United States by Dolly Madison, the wife of President Madison, and it has often been said that she invented the popular dessert. A writer in the *Illustrated World*, however, says that the first ice cream was made by Gunton, a London confectioner. But Gunton's method of freezing was crude and uncertain, and it remained for Nancy Johnson, the wife of an American naval officer, to invent the ice-cream freezer.

The ice-cream business has far outgrown the small hand freezer. Vast quantities are frozen by special machinery. The industry has become so great that fortunes have been made out of it. Last year, according to the *Indianapolis News*, the American people consumed two hundred and fifty million gallons, which, figured at only a dollar and a quarter a gallon, means a business of more than three hundred million dollars.



THE WRONG DIAGNOSIS

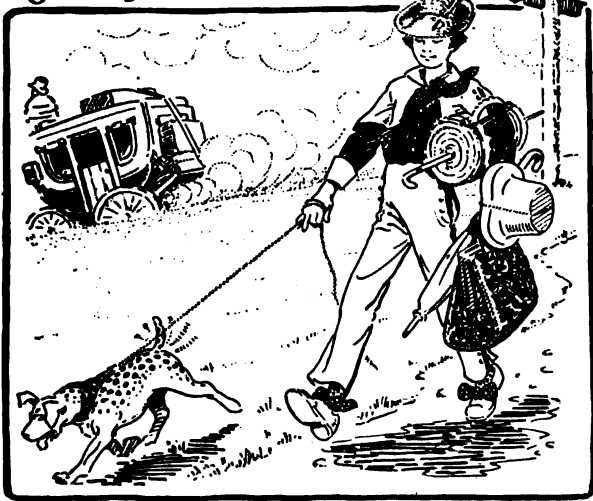
WHEN one John O'Shea appeared in a police court to answer to the charge of being drunk and assaulting the police, an officer declared that the man had been dismissed from the army with ignominy.

"No," O'Shea protested, "it wasn't that at all that I was suffering from; it was varicose veins."

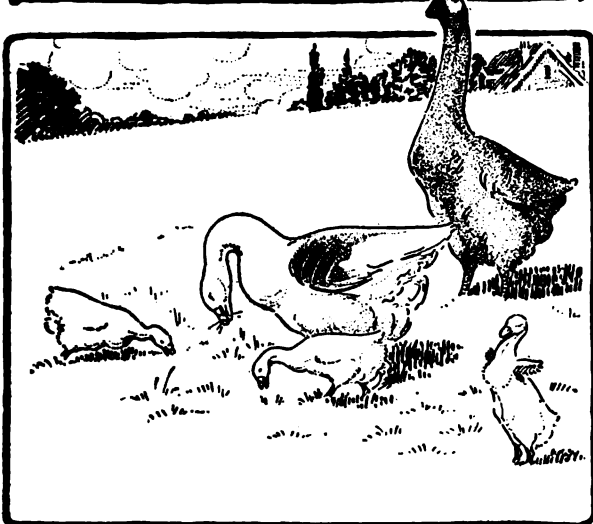
THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

The POLKA DOT PUP and the GEESE

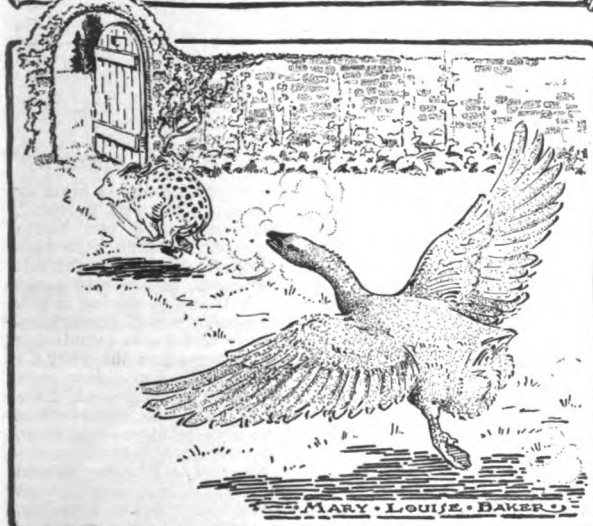
By Mary Louise Baker



Peter S. Pindle took his Polka Dot Pup . . .
Where the pumpkins grow when the sign is "up".
There the Pup in his zeal to investigate
Kept spinning his tail at a terrible rate.



A stately old Goose with her own precious three
Greenest of Goslings - if green they may be . . .
Were cropping the grass in a garrulous mood,
When the Polka Dot Pup discovered the Brood.



The meeting was brief, for Sir Lucifer Gray
Taught our gay Puppy his Manners that day;
The speed he attained was prodigiously great
When once he discovered the wide open gate.

WHY THE TURTLE CARRIES HER HOUSE

BY ABIGAIL BURTON

TILLY TURTLE stood sweeping the front steps. It was a wet day, but Tilly Turtle did not mind a little rain. All that she was afraid of was dust, for she was a tidy housekeeper. But why was she wearing her bonnet? And, dear me, if she did not have on her best shawl!

Chatty Chipmunk was watching from her doorway. You know Chatty Chipmunk is much interested in other people's doings. She had seen Tilly Turtle drive up in the stage. Why, there had not even been time for Tilly Turtle to unpack her bags! And here she was cleaning house!

Chatty Chipmunk could stand it no longer. She put on her overshoes and went splashing across the road.

"So you're back from your visit to your cousins," said Chatty Chipmunk.

"Yes," said Tilly Turtle.

"And how are all the Snappers?" asked Chatty Chipmunk.

"Well," replied Tilly Turtle, and she went on sweeping. The water flew off her broom and splattered her caller.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Chatty Chipmunk. "It is wet!"

"I'd rather be wet than dirty," said Tilly Turtle.

"But what about your bonnet?" asked Chatty Chipmunk.

"Good gracious!" cried Tilly Turtle.

She had forgotten her bonnet! And she went right into the house. She did not ask Chatty Chipmunk to come in. However, Chatty Chipmunk did not mind. She shut her umbrella and took off her overshoes and followed Tilly Turtle.

Fanny Field Mouse came hurrying in after Chatty Chipmunk. She brought a plate of cookies just out of the oven.

"I was baking," she explained. "And I knew, Tilly Turtle, that you didn't have any cake in the house."

"Here is a dish of cheese," said Molly Mole, taking off her cloak and wiping the rain from her spectacles.

"How kind you are!" cried Tilly Turtle. "Draw up to the fire, ladies, and I'll make a pot of tea."

The house was swept now, and the bonnet was not hurt. Tilly Turtle was in a better humor. She bustled about, making her guests comfortable.

"Are you having a housewarming?" asked Sally Sparrow.

She carried a basket with a glass of jelly. She was a famous hand at jellies.

"There are some nuts in my cupboard that I meant to bring," said Chatty Chipmunk, not to be outdone. "I'll go for them."

"Don't be long," said Tilly Turtle, "for the tea's ready."

Chatty Chipmunk dearly loved a cup of tea. It made talking so comfortable! So she was not long, I can tell you. And she began talking just as soon as she came back!

"But why were you cleaning before you even stopped to unpack?" asked Chatty Chipmunk.

"Such a looking house you never saw," Tilly Turtle explained. "And I left things in mud-pie order, too!"

"Everyone says you're the best housekeeper in the meadow," replied Fanny Field Mouse.

"If you had seen it!" Tilly Turtle waved a saucer impressively. "Crumbs all over the floor and dust in the corners!"

Molly Mole nibbled a cookie without speaking. She was conscious of several cobwebs at home!

"That was the Ants," Chatty Chipmunk put in eagerly.

"When they had their party."

"What party?" Tilly Turtle demanded.

"Well, Augustus and Angey Ant were going to be married," Chatty Chipmunk began chattily. "And you weren't home, so they had the wedding here."

"I can't believe it!" cried Tilly Turtle.

"It's true," said Sally Sparrow. "Granny Glowworm told me about it. She goes to all the parties, you know."

"They say Angey made a beautiful bride," added Fanny Field Mouse.

"And have you heard about the Beetles?" Chatty Chipmunk asked.

"Heard what?" asked Tilly Turtle.

"They gave a party here two nights ago," said Chatty Chipmunk. "They had planned to have it under the hawthorn bush, but it rained."

"So they used my house as if it were a public hall!" said Tilly Turtle.

"They thought it wouldn't make any difference, my dear, after the Ants," Molly Mole put in mildly.

"Oh, it's quite true!" said Sally Sparrow. "Granny Glowworm was in charge of the lighting. They had five hundred Glowworms about the walls."

"It's a mercy they didn't set the house afire," said Tilly Turtle grimly.

"Granny Glowworm said there wasn't the slightest danger," said Sally Sparrow, and she put on Molly Mole's cloak by mistake.

"Though it's well to be on the safe side," said Chatty Chipmunk, hunting for her overshoes.

"I'll never live here again!" Tilly Turtle declared.

"Chatty, I'm coming to spend the night with you. And tomorrow I shall hunt up a new house."

"But you won't move out of the neighborhood?" cried Fanny Field Mouse.

"No-o-o," said Tilly Turtle. "I shall get a small place, just to fit me. The Ants and the Beetles and all their friends can stay outside. And when I go visiting again, I shall take my house with me! I know it can be done!"

And that is why Tilly Turtle carries her house on her back.

THE FAIRY OF THE ROSES

BY ANTOINETTE D. COURSEY PATTERSON

MOST people thought the old lady who lived in the house that stood all by itself was very queer and very cross; but Alline said she was cross only because she had rheumatism, and that if you could get her to tell a fairy story she would forget all about the pain, and be just as pleasant as anything.

"I'm going to her house now," said Alline, "for she promised she would tell me to-day about the fairies of the roses."

"Can you see that rose tree?" said the old lady, when Alline was comfortably seated on a stool beside her. "Well, it is owned by a fairy who, like the old woman who lived in a shoe, has more children than she knows what to do with. She is so dreadfully afraid of having anything happen to them that she has shut each one up tight in a rosebud. There they will stay until they grow big enough and strong enough to burst the buds open, and then each one will fly away."

"And where will they go?" asked Alline.

"That I cannot say," answered the old lady; "there are so many of them, and they choose such different places. They are also very fond of disguises—sometimes one might take them for butterflies, at other times for humming birds. Often, when you can't see them at all, you can find out just about where they are by listening."

"Oh," cried Alline, "what do they say?"

The old lady shook her head. "Who can tell what they say? If that were possible, mortals would perhaps be wiser than they are. You can often hear them either whispering among the leaves—though there are some who will tell you it is only the wind—or singing by the brook a little tinkling song."

While the old lady and Alline were talking, a sudden shower that had come up passed over, and the sun shone again in all

its warm brightness. The birds began to sing, and in through the window darted a humming bird. It darted right out again; but not before the old lady and Alline had both seen it.

"Alline," the old lady said, "a bud on my rose tree looked this morning as if it might be pushed open soon. Go to the window and see if the fairy hasn't come out."

Alline ran to the window. "I see a great white rose," she said. "That little humming bird must have been the fairy. Oh, I'm so glad we both saw it!"

A VISIT TO IRELAND

BY CHARLOTTE BREWSTER JORDAN

Oh, when we visit
Ireland,
We take a jaunting
car,
And jog along o'er
hill and dale
To see the things
afar.



We pause beside the Wishing Well,
Where fairies live, they say;
We kiss the Blarney Stone, and pluck
The shamrocks by the way.



But best we like in
Ireland,
Of all that we have
seen,
The lads and lassies
merrily
A-jigging on the
green.

PUZZLES

1. VERSATILE AL

The al confined to one place; the al praising himself; the inferior al; the al true to country, love and duty; the actual al; the al on which life depends; the fatherly al; the injurious al; the rural al; the illustrated al.

2. GEOGRAPHICAL DELETION

Take a letter from a river in Europe, transpose, and find a word that denies or renders negative.

3. CHARADE

My first is a boy's name often seen;
My second, the smallest part you can mean;
My third is something we use each day;
Don't feel my fourth—it doesn't pay.
My fifth is a letter. My whole, when guessed,
Is a poet the children love the best.

4. RIDDLE

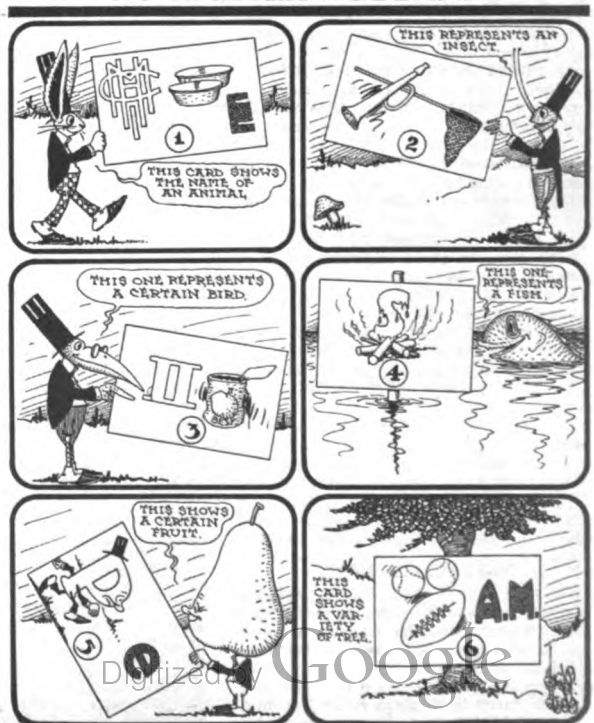
It bosses me around all day,
And tells me "work" or "sleep" or "play."
It has a pair of small, hard hands,
But carries nothing. There it stands
And says the same words o'er and o'er
(You'd think in time 't would learn some more).
Oh, in its face I'd like to stare
And say, "You stop!" But I don't dare.

5. NUMERICAL KNIGMA

I am a word of eight letters. My 3275 is a flower; my 456 is a number; my 238 is a metal compound; my 3564 is a fissure; my 426 is two thousand pounds; my 186 is a fowl; my 41385 is a number; my whole is a girl's name.

A MIXED PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN



Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE for APRIL

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



RELAY GAMES

PLAY is nature's method of preparing the young for the bigger game of life. A child comes in after an hour of hide and seek rosy-faced, happily tired, ready for supper and sleep, but he has gained something more than physical benefit. He has attained mental alertness just as surely as he has acquired the ability to run with greater speed. Closely associated with his mental benefit is the moral development that comes when he begins to grasp the meaning of "fair play."

Of all the different kinds of children's games, none surpass in variety, interest and training value the relay games. Their appeal is universal, and they have this advantage over the games in which each player is independent of his comrades: the spirit of teamwork is part and parcel of them. On playgrounds, in the school yard, at parties—wherever children or adults gather in numbers—there is an opportunity for one or more of the many kinds of relay games.

Readers of The Companion who were interested in Neighborhood Play in the Family Page for April, 1915, will find in the games that follow suggestions that will help them in any work that they may have undertaken for the purpose of guiding community play.

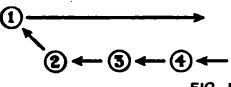
These games are complete in themselves. But you will find it interesting sport to use them as suggestions upon which to build games of your own.

PASSING AND THROWING RELAYS

Relay games in which the players throw a ball or some other object are of primary appeal. In the classification at the end of this article games of that sort appear under the head of Passing and Throwing Relays. One of the commonest is pass and toss.

Pass and Toss. The teams form in a line facing sidewise with the two end men of each line a long pace forward, as shown in Fig. 1. At the signal to begin, No. 1 throws a ball or a bean bag to No. 8 and runs toward the rear. No. 8, on receiving the ball, passes it to No. 7 and steps into the line. No. 7 takes a step forward and passes the ball to No. 6, who in turn passes it on. In the meantime, No. 2 has stepped into the place of No. 1, and when the ball reaches his hands he immediately throws it to No. 1, who is now in the position that No. 8 first occupied. The game goes on in that way until No. 1 is back in his original position at the head of the line.

Baseball Relay. A still more active game is baseball relay, which requires a baseball diamond, but not necessarily one of the regulation size.



Any even number can play, but the game is most enjoyed when there are six on a side. The only apparatus needed is a baseball or a tennis ball for each team. The players form in two lines, as shown in Fig. 2, one team at first base, the other at third base.

The first to start—Nos. 1 and 6—have each a baseball, and stand with one foot on first and third bases respectively. The next to run—Nos. 2 and 7—must not be less than six feet from their bases. At the word "Go!" the leaders run.

Each player must run at least three bases and must touch each base in turn. After touching his third base he may at any time throw the ball to the next player, who must be standing in his proper place in line, not less than six feet from the base. As soon as that player catches the ball he may run, but if he drops the ball he must pick it up and return to his original position, six feet from the base, before starting again. The second and subsequent runners do not touch the base after they have caught the ball. They start from a sub-base or line six feet behind the base. As each player after the leader leaves his place to run, the lines move inward one step, in order to bring the next runner into the place that has just been vacated.

After having run three bases and thrown the ball, the players drop off to one side, in order to be out of the way; but the last runner of each team will have no one to throw the ball to, and therefore must run all four bases.

The umpire, who stands at the point shown in Fig. 2, decides which of the players, No. 5 or No. 10 in the figure, first crosses the finish line.

Bean Bag. The relay games in which players stand in a row and pass objects from hand to hand are usually less violent than those in which throwing and running have an important part, but they are no less interesting to the players, and often are more amusing to the spectators.

In bean bag each player stands in front of a stack of bean bags. At the signal, No. 1 of each row takes up a bag and passes it back to the team mate behind him, who in turn passes it on. In that manner the team handles all the bags, and the player at the end stacks them on the floor. A familiar and highly entertaining variation is to let the players pass the first bag between their feet, the second over their heads, the third between their feet, and so on.

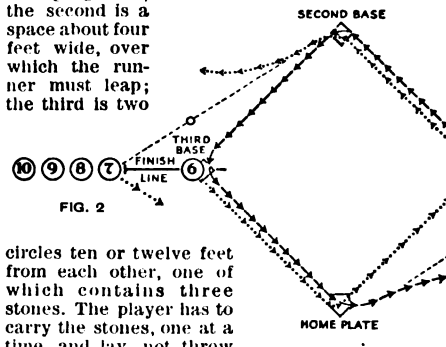
OBSTACLE RELAYS

Obstacle relays are almost without number. To children each new obstacle makes a new game. In the classification that follows are listed a few of the more common games. One that is obviously an outgrowth of the game in which the players carry bean bags to and from a circle marked on the floor is especially



interesting. It is in reality a combination of an obstacle game and a carrying game.

Divide the players into squads of equal numbers with a captain for each squad, and draw two lines to mark the specified distance for the race, which of course should depend on the age of the players. Between the lines arrange three obstacles for each squad, as shown in Fig. 3. The first obstacle is an oblong space about ten feet long marked with cross lines, through which the runner must hop on one foot without stepping on lines or changing feet; the second is a space about four feet wide, over which the runner must leap; the third is two



circles ten or twelve feet from each other, one of which contains three stones. The player has to carry the stones, one at a time, and lay—not throw—them down in the other circle. The second runner shifts the stones again, and each successive runner repeats the manœuvre.

The squads line up behind the starting line, and at a given signal the first runner in each team runs the distance, overcomes the obstacles, and passes over the finishing line. As soon as he crosses the line he raises his hand high in the air, and the second runner starts. It is a good plan to station judges at the obstacles to record the fouls. In determining which squad is the winner, every foul made is added to the number of the position in which it finishes. The team that has the lowest score wins. Thus, if squad A should finish first but makes two fouls, its score would be three, and therefore it would lose to squad B in case squad B should finish second and make no fouls.

A Japanese Relay. In Japan the schoolboys play an amusing game in which the contestants have their hands tied behind their backs and at the signal run a few yards to where waste-paper baskets have been placed in a row on the ground, one for each participant. Without touching the basket or the ground with his hands, each boy has to get a basket on his head and finish the race.

This game can be made a relay game by having teams of players whose hands are tied and making the conditions of play as follows: each player in turn runs to the basket, gets it on his head, runs to a line, turns, and on his way back to his team mates replaces the basket on the spot where it originally stood.

ATTITUDE RELAYS

There are several games that may be grouped together under the classification of attitude relays. Many of them are grotesque, and therefore full of fun. The rabbit race, which savors of an Indian origin, is a good example.

Two teams of boys form on the starting line in a stooping position, with their hands on the line and their feet behind it. In running the race each player must make leaps, in imitation of a rabbit. First both hands should move forward, then both feet should pass the hands as a rabbit's hind feet pass his forefeet.

On reaching the line at the opposite end of the grounds, the two "rabbits" cross it with both hands and both feet, turn and continue the race to the starting line, where No. 2 of each team takes up the sport.

One-Foot Relay. Another game, a combination of carrying and attitude, is one that girls play more often than boys. Two or more teams form rows at a starting line, and at the signal "Go!" each leader, standing on one foot, kicks with the other foot a bean bag placed on a mark in the line. As the bean bag slides along the ground ahead of her, she hops after it and kicks it again and again until it crosses a line thirty feet from the point where she started. She must then kick it back to the starting line.

No. 2 of the same team now places the bag on the mark and takes her turn, and so on until all the members of both teams have played. If a player begins to hop on her right foot and to kick with her left foot, she must continue to play in that manner, and *vice versa*. At no time may she place both feet on the ground until the bag has crossed or reached the starting line.

Book-Balancing Relay. It is small girls who most enjoy this game, which is valuable in teaching

them to control their muscles in walking. Two teams, each consisting of five or more players, stand in place at the starting line. Forty feet distant is another line on which two players stand, one opposite each team.

At the signal "On your mark," the first girl, A, of one team places a light book on her head. At the signal "Get set," she places her hands on her hips and stands in position to start. At the word "Go," she starts forward with a skipping step and advances toward her team mate, B, who is standing on the line forty feet away.

When halfway there she must turn all the way round, still using the skipping step, and then continue forward until she reaches the line. Then her team mate, B, removes the book, places it on her own head and skips toward the team on the starting line, turning all the way round when halfway there, as did the first girl, who is now standing on the forty-foot line.

When B reaches the starting line, C removes the book, places it upon her own head and advances toward A. Meanwhile B has gone to the foot of the line. C and A now change places as A and B did. D takes the book, and so the game continues until everyone has balanced the book twice. The game ends when the team is in its original order. A is on the starting line with her team behind her, except B, who is on the forty-foot line.

If the book falls during the race, the girl must pick it up, place it on her head again and start at the point where she dropped it. When a girl returns from the forty-foot line to the starting line, she takes her place behind the team and gradually moves forward until the game brings her to her original place. Team No. 2 is of course playing at the same time; the contest is to determine which team can finish first.

CARRYING RELAYS

As the classification suggests, carrying relays, like the attitude relays, are almost numberless.

All up is a game that makes use of circles drawn on the floor or marked on the ground. In front of each team and at a distance of thirty or forty feet are two three-foot circles, in one of which stand three Indian clubs. Each player in turn runs to the Indian clubs and, using one hand only, transfers them to the empty circle; he then runs back to his team and touches the player next in line, who runs forward and shifts the clubs back again, and so on.

That time-tried favorite, the potato race, becomes a relay by the simple expedient of having alternate players *replace* instead of pick up the potatoes. It is a game for boys and girls of all ages.

The same adaptability cannot be credited to the knapsack race, which is nevertheless one of the most exhilarating and amusing of relay games. Only well-grown boys of good physical development should take part in it, for each player carries a partner a certain distance on his back, and then, in turn, is himself carried.

The rules of the game are few. Two lines are marked out on the greensward about thirty yards apart. The players who are to carry line up on the mark. At the word "Go," one player gets on the back of his partner, who carries him pickaback to the other line. There they shift; the carried becomes the carrier, and runs back to finish with his burden. Players may not touch their partners before they receive the word to start if they are at the head of the relay line, nor may any succeeding pair touch each other until their team mates whom they follow have crossed the line. Falls during the race do not disqualify, so long as the runner does not take any steps beyond the point of fall before his partner is again on his back.

It is necessary, of course, to have the partners of equal strength. A small boy may be a light load for a big boy, but a big boy would halt his small partner on the return trip. Proficiency depends on making the shift quickly.

The following brief classification does not, of course, include all relay games. Its purpose is to list the various types and to be of suggestive value rather than to serve as a catalogue.

RELAY COURSES

Circular Track. One member of each team starts at the same mark, runs round the track and touches an object or passes one to the next man of the team, who continues the race. If the track is large,

the runners may be stationed at regular intervals; if it is narrow, two teams may be stationed on opposite sides.

Parallel Track. Each team runs round two separate objects, such as posts, trees or chairs, on courses parallel to each other.

Straight Track. There are two kinds—shuttle and succession. In shuttle races, half of each team stand at opposite ends of a straight course. One player runs down and the next back, and so on. In succession relays, all members of teams start at the same mark, and as each one crosses the finish line a judge at the line drops his raised hand as a signal for the next in line to start.

Convergent Tracks. The teams start at widely separated points, run to a central point and return. Each runner covers the same distance.

KINDS OF RELAYS

- Passing and Throwing Relays.**
- Pass and toss.
 - Baseball relay.
 - Ball passing. After the ball has been passed down the line, the rear player runs with it to the head of the line.
 - Bag pile. The players, standing in a line, pass bean bags from the head to the foot, stack them and pass them back again.
- Obstacle Relays.**
- Sack race. Each team has one sack, which each runner uses in succession.
 - Leapfrog race. Each player vaults over all of his team mates.
 - Barrel race. The members of each team crawl through a barrel.
 - Climbing relay. Over a fence or other object.
 - Tumbling relays. Each player does some simple feat, such as rolling over, turning a handspring or a cart wheel.
- Attitude Relays.**
- Run backward.
 - Hop forward or backward.
 - Jump forward or backward.
 - Skip forward, backward or sidewise.
 - On all fours, either face down or face up, forward or backward.
 - Rabbit race.
- Carrying Relays.**
- Egg and spoon. The players carry the egg in a teaspoon.
 - Knapsack. Each runner carries another on his back.
 - Water carrying. A cup, dish or pail is used.
 - Transfer races. Indian clubs or other objects, such as stones, placed in a circle must be carried, one at a time, to another circle.
 - Potato races.
- Skill Relays.**
- Each contestant runs to a certain spot and does something previously agreed upon, such as driving a nail, sawing a piece of wood, hitching and unhitching a horse, drawing a picture, doing a problem in arithmetic.
- Combination Relays.**
- Any two or more of the above races combined in one. For example, each member of a team runs a certain distance, then hops, then stands rolls over, then jumps a fence, then carries a pail of water, then drives a nail.



APPLICATION OF BRAID BINDING

THERE are three ways of applying braid or tape as edge trimming—entirely by hand, entirely by machine, and by a combination of hand and machine work. In each case care must be taken to "ease" the braid with the left hand, as the work proceeds, in order to avoid shrinkage in wash material and puckering in silk or woolen goods. Braid invariably shrinks in laundering more than other material.

When the application is to be made by hand alone, place the braid on the right side of the material close to the edge, and backstitch the two together. The stitching should lie very near the edge, but not near enough to cause fraying. After the backstitching is completed, fold in half and crease the braid and hem it down on the wrong side of the material. The braid should just cover the backstitching on the wrong side and the hemming run close to it.

In the combination method the process is the same except that the first stitching is done on the machine. In the machine work special care must be taken to keep the braid sufficiently lax. To do the work by machine alone, fold the braid in half, place the material between the folded halves and baste carefully, then with one stitching on the machine catch in the three thicknesses.

A NEW WAY TO RAISE POTATOES

THERE is a method of planting white potatoes that gives a maximum yield from a minimum area. It is the banking system, which, although not to be recommended for extensive planting, is admirably adapted to the home garden.

Suppose the space available is but three feet wide and only of moderate length. By the common method of planting on the level, only one good row of potatoes could be grown in it, or, at a pinch, and by injudicious crowding, two rows. If, however, good earth is heaped to a depth of two feet over the three-foot width of space, and the top of the bank is flattened, and the sides are packed gently but firmly to prevent slipping, three rows of potatoes can be raised, all of them under conditions that will favor their



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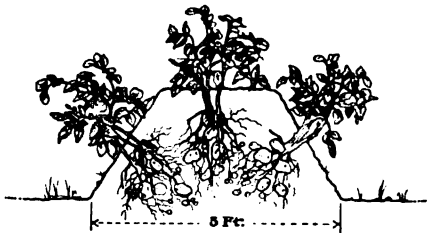
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CONTINUING THE FAMILY PAGE FOR APRIL

growth. Potatoes need a moderately rich soil, and it is essential that the soil be well drained. A bank like that described can, in the making, be made as rich as you please, and the drainage of it will be nearly perfect. Moreover, the stalks and the foliage of the plants, falling over the sloping surface of the bank, act as a natural mulch that helps to keep the bed from drying out. The long potato roots will pierce deeply into the heart of the soil and find moisture there.

The danger from drying out is the only one to which this method is exposed. It will be minimized if early potatoes are grown. They get the benefit of the abundant spring rains, and are nearly matured by the time the heat and the drought of



summer come on; in any event, they are so far along that they will withstand conditions that would injure younger plants.

The use of this method presupposes that the gardener has plenty of good earth at his disposal—leaf mould, sand, path scrapings, loamy drift, and so forth. Well-rotted compost is excellent to add to the bank, but the richer ingredients should, of course, be well mixed with the heaped-up soil.

Where one row of plants will produce two bushels of potatoes by the ordinary method, the same amount of land will produce six bushels by the terrace system. If one row produces four bushels, the bank will produce twelve. And because of the advantages that have been mentioned, the proportion may be even greater. The system requires extra labor, but it pays.

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SERVING RICE

THE foundation of all proper rice cooking is boiled rice, and this must be prepared right. Before it is boiled, rice must be washed in three or more waters. Slowly add one cupful of washed rice to two quarts of vigorously boiling water. Add one tablespoonful of salt and boil twenty-five minutes. Drain it in a colander, rinse with cold water, and steam it in the oven five minutes. The water in which rice has been boiled contains nourishment in an easily digested form. With the addition of beef broth it tempts and strengthens an invalid. It may be used as a basis of many soups. Boiled down, flavored and sweetened, it makes a delicious blancmange.

Potato and Rice Croquettes.—Mix thoroughly one cupful of cold mashed potato, one cupful of cold boiled rice, one well-beaten egg, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Add gradually one half cupful of sweet milk. Form the mixture into croquettes; roll them in flour, and fry them in deep, hot fat.

Rice Pudding with Ginger.—Cook one cupful of rice until it is well done. Add one half cupful of sugar, one large tablespoonful of butter, a dash of nutmeg and one half cupful of finely chopped preserved (dry) ginger. Mix the ingredients thoroughly, add one quart of sweet milk, and turn the mixture into a pudding pan. Let it bake in a moderate oven for three quarters of an hour.

Rice and Tomato Soup.—Pass through a sieve one pint of cooked tomatoes; then stir into them two quarts of beef stock, or other prepared stock, and add four heaping tablespoonfuls of uncooked rice that you have thoroughly washed through several cold waters—to remove the sticky substance with which it is coated. Boil the soup slowly for three quarters of an hour, and serve it very hot.

Rice with Prunes.—Cut into quarters prunes that have been slowly stewed with sugar and a little grated lemon peel. Make a rice custard by pouring over one cupful of cooked rice one quart of milk, two well-beaten eggs, one cupful of sugar and a liberal dusting of grated nutmeg. Cook the mixture until the custard is smooth, then add the boiled prunes, syrup and all. Cook it five minutes longer, and serve it cold with cream.

Rice with Green Peppers.—Select even-sized sweet green peppers; remove the stem end and scrape out the seeds and inner white fibre. Scald the peppers with boiling hot salted water, and remove them from the water at once. Fill the peppers with cold boiled rice seasoned with salt and a slice of bacon cut into very fine bits. Place them in a buttered pan and let them bake for fifteen minutes. Serve them with a meat course.

Rice and Ham with Eggs.—Mince cold boiled ham, and add to it either hot or cold boiled rice in the proportion of two parts of rice to one of ham. Put the mixture into ramekins, drop an egg on the top of each, and add salt, pepper and a bit of butter; set the ramekins in a quick oven and leave them until the egg is set. Serve very hot in the ramekins. If you wish, of course, you can dispense with the ramekins and bake the mixture in a large serving dish.

Spanish Rice.—Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter. When it is very hot add half a cupful of rice that you have washed well and then allowed to dry. Fry the rice until it is brown, stirring it frequently; then add an onion chopped very fine, two tablespoonfuls of cooked tomato and a little salt and pepper. Cover the mixture with hot water and let it cook until the rice is tender. Add more hot water as needed, but do not stir the mixture after you have added the water.

Rice Cheese Cakes.—Put over the fire half a cupful of sweet milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter; let the mixture reach the boiling point, then stir into it a tablespoonful of flour that you have mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cold boiled rice. When the milk has been absorbed, add gradually four eggs thoroughly beaten, and then a cupful of grated cheese. Season the dish with salt, pepper and a little Cayenne, then remove it from the fire. When the mixture is cool enough to be handled, shape it into small cakes and fry them in hot fat.

Rice Scallop with Cheese.—Boil one cupful of rice in salted boiling water for half an hour. While it cooks do not stir it, but shake the pan occasionally. At the end of the thirty minutes drain the rice through a hair sieve and arrange a layer of it in a deep baking dish. Over that layer place a layer of grated American cheese, and alternate rice and cheese until you have used all of the rice. For the last layer use rice. Dot the top with bits of butter and pour over all a cupful of sweet milk. Bake it in a quick oven for half an hour, and serve it from the baking dish. If the cheese is very fresh, add a little salt to each layer.

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Recipe

At berry time use berries. At other times any sort of fruit.

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Add sugar and cream. This is all done in a minute.

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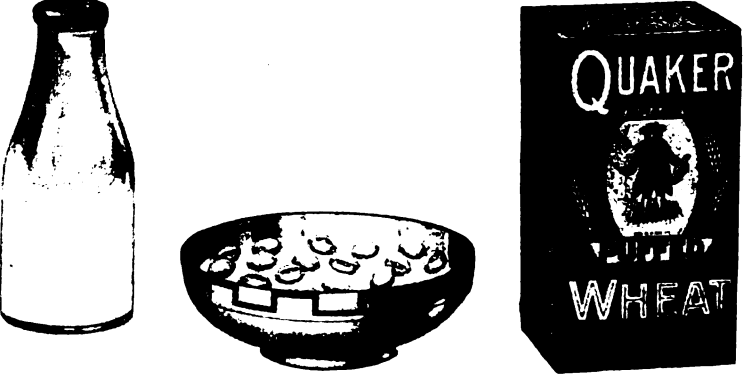
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The GIRLS' PAGE for APRIL

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MAKING AND APPLYING DESIGN

III. Color Printing with Linoleum Blocks

An interesting and convenient method of transferring a design to the fabric that you wish to decorate is by block printing. The process, in brief, is to carve the unit of your design upon a block, color the printing surface of the die and stamp the design on the fabric at regular intervals.

In its uses block printing has many similarities to stenciling; you can use it effectively for decorating curtains, bureau covers, table runners, scarfs, waste-paper baskets and many other articles. The restrictions that the process imposes are that the fabric must not be too dark in color, and that it have no heavy nap, as velvet or plush has. Also in block printing, as in stencil work, the design must be very simple. That means that you must select as the form of nature from which you derive your motive a simple subject.

The crocus, of which a plant analysis is shown here, lends itself admirably to the purpose of block printing; but any simple flower that appeals to you will serve your purpose equally well. When you have decided what you intend to make and on what material you will make it, you are ready to create the unit of your design. A careful study and analysis of the flower will give you a choice of many pleasing forms that would serve admirably for the unit. If you will compare the accompanying plant analysis and the photograph of the bag, you will see what elements were chosen as the unit for the all-over pattern and the border of the bag.

When you have created your unit and planned its distribution over the material, you are ready to prepare the block. By using linoleum mounted on a wooden block instead of a plain wooden block you will save much time and work, for the linoleum is easier to cut than the wood, it does not split so readily, and its printing surface is as good. You can buy linoleum in various styles and thicknesses; for block printing you want linoleum that is as heavy as you can get, and that is of the natural color. If it has a printed design on it, it is useless.

Cut a piece of linoleum in some regular shape, as a square, triangle or rectangle, whichever best suits the character of your unit, and glue it on a piece of wood of similar shape about an inch thick; in order to get a perfectly flat printing surface, keep a weight on the block until the glue is thoroughly dry. No block should be more than three or four inches square. If you are to make several blocks, you can mount a larger piece of linoleum on a larger piece of wood and then saw out whatever shapes you want. The simplest method of transferring the design to the block is to make a tracing with a soft pencil on heavy paper; you can do that by holding the sheets against the window. Then hold the heavy paper against the window and trace the design on the back of it; now place the paper on the block with the side first traced in contact with the linoleum, and with a hard pencil go over the design again. The lines of the soft pencil will remain on the linoleum.

With a sharp penknife—wood-carving tools, if you have them, are better—remove the material round the design as deep as the burial that forms the foundation of the linoleum. Keep the edges of the design sharp and clear-cut.

The next step is to prepare the fabric for stamping. Pin it securely on a table with a pad of several newspapers or pieces of cloth under it. Next measure the surface and mark with pins or a soft pencil the position of the spaces to be filled with the unit. If, for example, the block is two inches square and the design is a border, the part of the pattern that is to receive the border should be divided into two-inch spaces. You must use care in that work, for the final stamping must be done quickly and accurately.

You are now ready to color the printing surface of the block. On fabrics use artist's oil colors. The following four are all that are necessary for this kind of work: alizarin crimson or crimson lake, chrome yellow No. 2, permanent blue and flake or zinc white. The first three are primary colors, and you can get all other colors by combining those three in different proportions. White serves to

lighten and soften the other colors. In mixing colors add turpentine, for they are too thick to use as they come from the tubes.

The colors should always be a few shades darker than the material or background, and yet not so dark as to make the design seem like a hole in the fabric. On a very light material you will naturally use lighter and softer colors than on a darker material. Do not apply the colors so thick that they destroy the texture of the fabric, or so thin that they run. You will be wise to experiment on some scraps of the material before you begin.

You can put different colors on the different parts of your unit and stamp them at the same impression. For example, if your unit is a blossom, you may have the petals pink, the centre a dark red, and may repeat that dark red on the outer tips of the petals. You can effectively blend two colors in large units, but do not try to do it in units that are less than one inch square.

The natural colors of the plant from which you derive your design need not limit the colors that you use; you can conventionalize the color just as you conventionalize the design. Indeed, you should avoid the full colors of the natural flower, for they are too suggestive of pictorial effect, which, as was pointed out in the earlier articles of this series, is to be avoided in this kind of design.

All that remains to do now is to stamp the impression of the block on the cloth. Guided by the pencil marks or pins, place the block firmly on the material and give it a sharp rap with a hammer. The block will leave a clean, clear print of your unit. Repeat the process until you have filled the necessary number of spaces.

The bag shown in the photograph gives an application of the process of decoration described above. It is made of natural-colored pongee silk, and is ten inches wide and fourteen inches high. A yard of material thirty inches wide will make two bags, and besides, furnish remnants for experimenting with the block.

To make the bag, cut a piece thirty-four inches long by eleven inches wide; fold it lengthwise and crease along the fold that forms the bottom of the bag. After turning the side edges in half an inch and the top edges three inches, sew the bag together. Run two rows of stitching five eighths of an inch apart round the top about two inches from the edge; through the casing thus formed in the double thickness run silk cords. You can finish off the cords with tassels. Line the bag with a pretty colored silk.

Transfer the design to the fabric before you sew the bag together, for thus you can spread your piece of goods flat. The unit of the border design is one and a half inches wide by one and three quarters inches high. The small rosette that forms the unit of the all-over pattern is repeated at regular intervals of two inches vertically and three inches horizontally.

The color scheme of this bag consists of a cool red and a subdued orange about equal in tone. In the border red is used at the top and blended to orange at the bottom; the pattern gains variety by having the middle petal of each unit entirely of red. In the dot design the three large petals are orange and the four smaller divisions red.

PRACTICING WITHOUT A TEACHER

THERE are many girls who have acquired some facility in piano playing and who are anxious to progress but are unable, for one reason or another, to employ a teacher. Finding that they are falling into careless habits and that their practice is becoming spasmodic and unprofitable, they get discouraged and are tempted to give up their music.

If you are one of those whose music is in that precarious state and you should come under the instruction of a good teacher, he would immediately put thought and system into your work. If it is possible for you to take only one lesson a month or even one every two months, by all means avail yourself of the opportunity; but if that is absolutely out of the question, you can become, by a little careful planning, your own instructor.

You must first have a daily period for practice. Perhaps other occupations make it difficult for you to accomplish it, but even a very little regular time every day—say from twenty minutes to an hour—is better than several hours one day and no time at all for several subsequent days. A good half hour of steady, concentrated practice just before or after breakfast will prove the most wonder-working thing that you can do.

Observe the custom rigorously for five days a week, and on the sixth give yourself a lesson. With a critical ear, and taking the attitude of an impartial listener, go over what you have previously practiced, and assign yourself a definite amount of work for the next week. Write down on a card just what you are to practice each day and the time that you are to give to each item. The morning practice, when brain and fingers are fresh, will furnish the foundation of your musical work; such other playing as time permits you can add during the day.

Assuming that you adhere closely to your half hour a day, let us see how you can most effectively employ it. Begin with five minutes of technical work.



BAG MADE OF PONGEE SILK DECORATED WITH A DESIGN BASED ON THE CROCUS

In that you should strive to acquire flexibility of muscles and command over the principal finger motions. Strike a key with each finger several times, making the motion prompt and flexible. Then play one or two scales or arpeggios slowly and evenly for a few times. If you are not familiar with scale and chord fingering, you should get one of the fingered editions of scales and chords, of which there are many in print.

Ten or fifteen minutes should next be devoted to the careful study of that part of a new piece that you have selected to learn. In order to keep your interest alive you should constantly supply yourself with fresh material for the purpose. There are many ways in which you can keep on the track of new music. If there is a music store accessible, the salesman will suggest pieces of the required grade. Otherwise you can write to leading publishers for graded catalogues; they are glad to furnish them. Most publishers, too, advertise albums of classic compositions that contain an abundance of good music.

Be sure that the music you select is worth while—that it is really good music. Use only the best editions, those that are fingered and phrased especially for students. Above all, select music that is well within your ability—pieces that are neither too long nor too intricate.

Taking a short passage, perhaps a line or two, of the piece that you have chosen, divide it into single measures and analyze each measure, at first with separate hands, in order to make sure of the position of each note and the fingering and the time it should have. Afterwards build those measures up by degrees, and finally unify them by the proper phrasing. On the following day study a few more measures on the same plan, and join them to those that you have previously learned. So day by day you will master new passages until you have the entire composition under your fingers.

The remainder of your half hour you should devote to a review of one or two pieces that you have previously learned on this plan. Use all care to discover any omissions or mistakes, and every day commit to memory a few measures of the piece that you review. Try to invest the composition with significance. Attach some imaginative conception to it, or give it some emotional stress that will make it interesting to one who hears it.

There is not room for much sight reading in your brief half hour; but if you can occasionally devote a few minutes to it you will be well repaid. Collections of simple piano pieces are useful for that purpose, and the playing of duets with a friend or of accompaniments for instruments or singers is excellent practice. Be careful in such reading to proceed slowly, and, having once begun a composition, to pursue it to the end, unless it proves utterly impracticable.

Regularity and care are the requirements for success; with them you ought to move steadily forward. Seize upon any helps or criticisms that present themselves. Your friends who are studying with teachers will be glad to give you hints. Read constantly one of the musical magazines devoted to the interests of students and teachers. Join a musical club, if one is available; and, above all, take every opportunity to hear good players at recitals or concerts.

By keeping your mind alert toward the newest and the best musical thought and your enthusiasm alive and active you should be able to make such an improvement in your work as will put to shame those of your companions who are neglecting to take advantage of the expert instruction with which they are favored.

DOLLARS FROM GINGHAM AND BEANS

[The third in The Companion series Earning Money at Home]

A FEW years ago a young girl found it necessary to earn some money if she was to continue to live at home, as she wished to do. The family residence is on a much-traveled highway, over which great numbers of motor cars pass every day and along which crowds of children go to and from school. It occurred to the girl that the site offered a good chance to sell things.

She spent ten cents for seeds of common garden bush beans, which she planted in an unused sunny spot in her father's garden. When she had harvested the crop, she bought five yards of strung,

bright-colored gingham and made it into bean bags. Some she made square, some round, some in the shape of animals, and on them she embroidered eyes, mouths and noses in colored worsted.

These bags she displayed for sale on a large square of canvas that she stretched on the roadside fence. The whole supply sold almost at once.

The gingham had cost seventy-five cents and the beans ten cents. The hundred bags that she made sold at ten cents apiece, so that she had a profit of nine dollars and fifteen cents.

The next year she made six hundred bags, and by making them a little more elaborate sold them for twenty-five cents apiece. Her profits that year were a hundred and forty-five dollars. By degrees she added other things to her stock, such as eucalyptus buds and pine-needle pillows, the materials for which she collected while the beans were growing. Now the profits from her little business keep her in spending money the year round.

NOVEL MAY BASKETS

THE good old custom of "bringing in the May" calls for a great number of baskets, as every observer of May Day knows. There is a need for all varieties, from the roomy kind intended for large, broad-leaved flowers to the smaller shapes used to hold the tiny, short-stemmed blossoms for which the Maytime season is famous. The baskets here shown are pretty and unusual.

The foundation for each basket is a paper cup—either an ordinary drinking cup, such as may be had for less than a cent, or a cup made out of smooth, flexible cardboard. Baskets having that kind of foundation may be filled with damp earth or moss without danger of injury, and therefore are well adapted to holding flowers in warm weather.

Cover the cup neatly with a strip of white or colored crepe paper seven inches wide by eight inches long, finish the base with a disk of heavier paper, and add a ribbon hanger in some prettily contrasting color. To make the tulip basket shown in Fig. 1, paste round the cup neat flower designs cut from crepe or other colored paper. All cup-shaped flowers—such as poppies, snowdrops and daffodils—lend themselves well to this purpose. By way of variety, the extra paper turned inside for a lining may be brought up and



FIG. 1



FIG. 2

tied or gathered into the shape of a bag. A decoration that will please children is the figure of a bird (Fig. 2) or of a fairy fastened to the inner edge of the cup and apparently poised on the rim.

The rosebud basket (Fig. 3) requires a little more work, but it is pretty enough to be well worth the trouble. Its long stem and broad, up-reaching petals make it appear a good deal larger than the other baskets. Cover the cup with pink, white or yellow crepe paper, and build the rose round it. To make the flower itself, cut out from the same paper, and crimp at the edges, seven petals five and a half by six inches (Fig. 4) and three larger petals (Fig. 5). The easiest method is to cut patterns first from plain paper, and then, folding the crepe paper as often as is necessary, make all the petals with only two cuttings. Sew the smaller petals, lapped like rose leaves, round the lower edge of the cup, and over them, in the same place, sew the three larger petals. The top edges of the larger petals will fall just a little below those of the smaller petals and thus furnish the pretty, irregular outline of the real rose.

To make the calyx, fold green paper in three thicknesses and cut a pattern like Fig. 6. Take care to cut the pattern all in one piece. Spread the calyx round the rose with the clefts half an inch above the base of the cup. Make a stem by twisting green paper round a six-inch piece of flexible wire, and ornament it with two or three paper leaves with saw-tooth notches round the edge. Stuff a little raw cotton into the bottom of the calyx, insert the stem, and secure the whole as naturally as possible. Hangers or handles of narrow green ribbon will provide the final touch. If you choose, you can give the basket a flat base instead of a stem by pasting flat the bottom of the calyx and finishing it off neatly with heavy paper.

The same working plan can be followed with other flower forms. Such baskets should find ready sale at church fairs and bazaars. They would serve well, too, for decorative purposes on such occasions. A festoon of giant rosebuds or a dozen yellow daffodils hung in a ring will prove a pleasing addition to any booth.

There is no limit to the designs and color combinations that can be used for baskets of this kind. The necessary materials are inexpensive, and the work is so simple that even a small girl can have an attractive collection ready for hanging on the first of May.

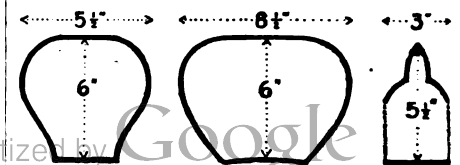
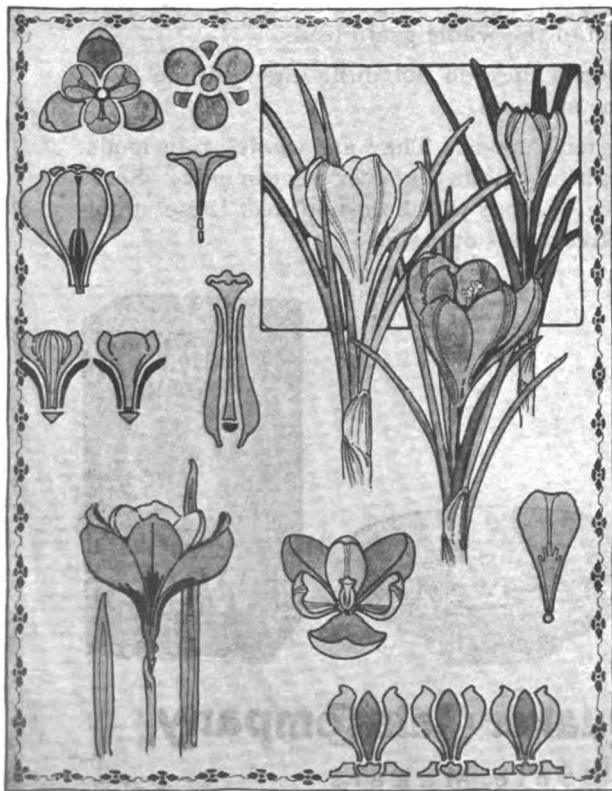


FIG. 3


FIG. 4

FIG. 5

FIG. 6



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BILIARY COLIC

IT is difficult to say which is the more painful, biliary colic or renal colic. The origin of both is the same—the slow passage or the arrest of a solid body in a membranous canal intended to transmit liquids only.

They are both marked by paroxysms of agonizing pain that radiate in every direction. In renal colic the pain is chiefly, or primarily, in the back and loins; in biliary colic it is on the right side of the abdomen just beneath the ribs; but in both cases the pain darts and spreads to such a degree that the sufferer can hardly remember where it began or tell where it is worst.

Biliary colic is very likely to begin in the night or in the early morning, after an earlier period of rather broken sleep. Its cause is the passage of a gallstone from the gall bladder to the intestine, and as there may be several stones in the gall bladder, the trouble is very likely to recur in those who have suffered one attack. The immediate occasion of the attack sometimes appears to be indulgence in an unusually heavy dinner, although it may come on without any apparent cause.

The pain is agonizing and may even cause death in a person who has a diseased heart. Vomiting, which often comes on, only adds to the distress unless by some happy chance the abdominal movements concerned in the act force the gallstone out of the canal into the intestine. Then the pain ceases at once.

Ordinarily the attack lasts several hours, and stops as suddenly as it began; it afflicts persons over forty; and women more often than men.

Apart from the pain, an attack of biliary colic is a very serious matter; a person who has had it should at once seek medical advice as to the means for preventing further attacks. A surgical operation may be necessary if many gallstones are present. Fortunately, this is now not a very serious procedure.

MRS. REYNOLDS AND THE BORROWERS

MRS. HAYES had finished her call and risen to go, and yet, very clearly, there was something on her mind. At the door she turned impulsively.

"I don't know what you will think of me, Mrs. Reynolds, but I feel as if I must warn you—as if it wouldn't be right not to. Have the Carletons been over yet?"

"No one has been here to call, but Mrs. Carleton has stopped at the gate once or twice."

Mrs. Hayes hesitated. She was no lover of idle gossip, that was clear.

"It's just—the way they borrow," she said. "And you never get things back—or, if you do, nine times out of ten they are spoiled. They borrow everything—almost the shoes off your feet."

"Thank you, very much," Mrs. Reynolds responded cordially. "I appreciate it. I have several things I should not care to lose." She was laughing a little, and her warm handshake sent her caller away comforted.

Half an hour later Mrs. Reynolds had another caller, the oldest Carleton girl. She made her errand known without any embarrassment.

"Mother's broke her carpet sweeper, and she wanted to know if she could borrow yours, 'cause company's coming."

"Won't you sit down?" Mrs. Reynolds asked pleasantly. "When is your company coming?"

"No'm, I guess I can't. She's coming to-night."

"So you want the sweeper for to-day. That is very convenient for me since my sweeping day is to-morrow. I know you will be busy with company, so tell your mother not to bother to return it; I'll come for it myself in the morning."

The Carleton girl gave her a puzzled look.

"I dunno as we'll be through with it," she ventured. This was clearly an experience for which she had no orders.

A glint of laughter lighted Mrs. Reynolds' eyes.

"If you are not through with it you can send for it again," she said.

She was as good as her word. The next morning she went over to the Carletons' for her sweeper. Mrs. Carleton received her somewhat stiffly, but Mrs. Reynolds chatted so pleasantly that she soon "thawed." She even gave evidence of her good feeling by sending over in the afternoon for the ice-cream freezer.

Mrs. Reynolds was glad to lend it. She herself, it appeared, was to make ice cream Saturday. Mrs. Carleton need not bother; she would send for the freezer.

In the next week the Carletons borrowed a lawn mower, cake tins, curtain stretchers, a ladder and a pair of scales. Mrs. Reynolds lent each thing cheerfully, and went for it within two days. The second week they borrowed only garden shears and a cutting table. The third week Mrs. Carleton came, but only to call.

"I've wanted to ask you," Mrs. Hayes said, hesitatingly, one day when she met Mrs. Reynolds, "how you get on with the Carletons."

"Oh, very pleasantly. They haven't borrowed anything for a month."

Mrs. Hayes' eyes widened. "I don't see how you do it!" she exclaimed.

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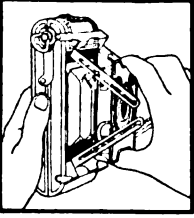
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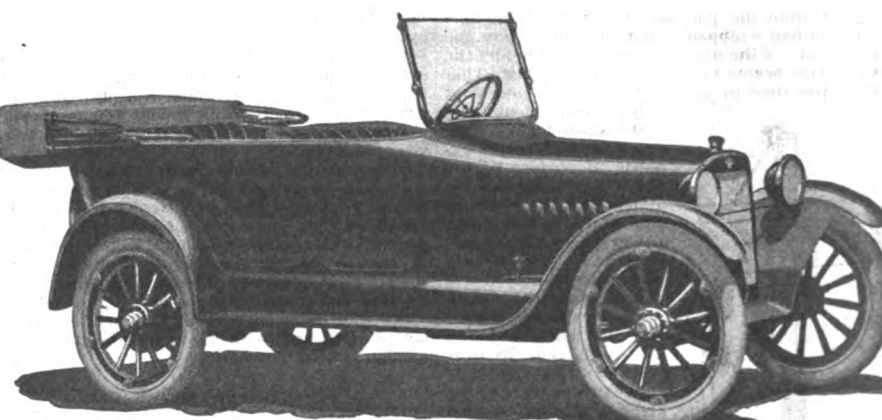


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Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The BOYS' PAGE for APRIL

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

"RED FLAG UP!"

FLOAT fishing is a good deal like fishing through the ice, except that you do it in a boat instead of on skates. You can put the equipment together with the aid of a small saw, an auger, a hammer, a jackknife and a few pins and tacks.

The float is a piece of board about five inches square. A long board of hard wood half an inch thick that will not crack easily or splinter will furnish you with plenty of material.

In the centre of each square bore a hole about three quarters of an inch in diameter, as shown in Fig. 1. Then with your knife fashion an upright about seven inches long, of the shape shown in Fig. 2. Its diameter at the top should be a fraction of an inch smaller than that of the hole you have bored through the square, and the lower section a little larger than the diameter of the hole, so that when you thrust the upright into the hole from beneath only the upper three and a half inches can pass through.

To fasten the upright to the body of the float (Fig. 3), tie a bit of cord round the upper part of the upright close to the top plane of the square, bring the cord down over the side of the square, and tie the other end of it round the lower part of the upright close to the lower plane of the square.

Now you have the superstructure completed, and you find that it rests upon the water with the stick through it pointing straight up and down, the round part out of the water, and the square part under the surface.

The next step is to attach the line, which should be about twice the length of the line that you would ordinarily use from a boat. Fasten one end of it securely round the upper portion of the upright (as

In Fig. 3) close to the upper plane of the square; wind on half of the total length, leaving the other half of the line free. In the upper end of the upright insert an ordinary pin and bend it as shown in Fig. 3. Make a small loop knot in the line, fasten it loosely over the pin, and let the free length hang down into the water. Now comes a very important detail in the sport of float fishing: from a red rag—flannel is the best material—cut an oblong strip several inches long and an inch wide, and tack one end of it to the under-water end of the upright. (Fig. 3.)

Perhaps you have half a dozen or twenty or thirty of these floats—according to the area of water in which you intend to fish. You and your "chum" now set forth in a rowboat or in a sailboat, carrying your pail of live bait; you put out the floats, one at a time and some yards apart, and then wait for the sport to begin.

The perch or the pickerel or the bass or, in salt water, the bluefish comes along, lingers hungrily about your bait, and then gobbles it, hook and all. As he swims away, his weight overturns the float above him.

You shout, "Red flag up!" and the chase is on.

Away you row in pursuit of the fish, which endeavors to run off with your float. The loop has slipped from the pin, and the half of the line that you had wrapped round the upper (now the lower) part of the upright must unwind before the float itself begins to move away very fast. That gives you time to get started toward your float before your float gets really started away from you. The five-by-five expanse of surface of the board is a handicap too difficult for the ordinary fish to carry along for any great length of time. Eventually—the smaller your prize the sooner it will be—you are going to catch up with that float.

If the fish are biting well, you soon discover that you do not have time to rebait the hook of the first float you have pulled in, for off to the starboard another red flag is up, and that float perhaps is disappearing. It has been under for two minutes now. The fish must be a "whopper"! "Red flag up!" shouts your "chum," who has been gazing sternward. And "Red flag up!" you yourself cry, almost at the same moment, for you have just given a hasty glance to port.

And so sometimes you will find seven or eight red flags in as many directions. Which shall you choose to pursue first? This one that is nearest is hardly being pulled under at all; that one farthest out, which you started for first, has reappeared for a moment, only now to go under again; and as it undoubtedly is a big prize in prospect, you row in that direction.

Perhaps you have to row clear across the lake before you catch up. The fish probably is making for the seclusion of those lily pads that you see near the opposite shore. It is a massive pickerel, and you sigh with relief when he is safe in the boat; then off you go again, back to the region where the other flags are bobbing.

Such is the sport of "red flag up." Once a boy and his father in a sailboat on Massachusetts Bay chased a float for more than a mile. The wind was blowing so that they had to tack often; and, at last getting close to their quarry, they found it necessary to sail off in still a new direction when the gamy fish decided to seek deeper waters in another part of the bay. They spent an hour in overtaking the float, but the reward was a bluefish too large for the boy to handle alone.

The oceans with their bays and harbors are free for this sport at all times, but in the inland waters of some states the method is restricted to certain kinds of fish; in a few states it is not permitted. Therefore, anyone who wants to try the sport on inland waters should ascertain definitely what the law is in regard to it. Your postmaster or your legislative representative or perhaps your town librarian may be able to furnish you with the



YOU SHOUT "RED FLAG UP!" AND THE CHASE IS ON

information, but the safest way is to write to the commissioner of fish and game of your state.

A word about live bait: you need not keep your minnows in water. Spread a layer of dry sawdust on the bottom of the pail, then a layer of minnows, then a layer of sawdust, and so on. There is a chemical property in the sawdust that will keep your bait alive longer than will water that is growing stale. Another advantage is that your pail and its load will not be nearly so heavy to lift.

THE WAY TO START

TO get the proper starting position for the sprints, kneel on the ground with the toe of your front foot about four inches behind the line, and the knee of your back leg alongside the joint of the great toe of your front foot. If your legs are long, place your front foot about six inches behind the line, and your back knee an inch or two behind the great-toe joint of your front foot. With your fingers on the line, come to "set" position by pushing slowly with both feet until the front thigh is at exactly a right angle with the calf of the leg and the back thigh is at a little less than a right angle, with the shin parallel with the ground. That will bring your shoulders about two inches over the line, your back level, about four fifths of your weight on your front foot and one fifth on your hands. Keep a firm, steady pressure against your back foot.

Be particular about every one of those details. Have a friend see that you get them right. If you are long-legged and short-armed, you may not be able to get your back level when your legs are at the proper angle, but do not let that discourage you. The leg angle is the more important, because the power of the leap depends entirely on that.

When the starter calls, "Get set!" concentrate attention on the gun. Think of nothing else. Have every nerve and muscle tense. Be ready to explode every ounce of energy at the crack of the pistol.

When it cracks, give a quick, powerful leap straight forward from both feet. Do not try to leap as far as you can—try to leap quickly. Do not leap mostly from the front foot; that will throw you up into the air. Do not leap mostly from the back foot; that will throw you too low and may cause you to stumble.

Take a short, quick second stride and come up gradually into your running form, "digging" as hard as you can all the while. Not until you have gone ten or fifteen yards should you reach your regular running form. Straightening at once slows your progress.

Your arms should help you in getting off quickly. As you leap from your marks, sharply jerk forward the arm opposite the back foot. Throw the other arm back rigid and bring it forward in turn with the first stride of the front foot, so that the opposite arm and leg move in unison. That will require considerable practice, but will more than repay the time and trouble that you give to it.

Dig your heels parallel with the starting line, not at right angles to it, and make them deep enough to hold four spikes.

AN OPTICAL TOP

ONE of the latest optical illusions is a little contrivance that will furnish a great deal of amusement for anyone who makes it. The materials needed are some ink, a piece of cardboard, a pin, some sealing wax, a pen and a pair of compasses.

On the cardboard describe a circle about two and one half inches in diameter. Divide the circle into halves and fill in one half with jet-black ink. Now divide the other half into four segments, and in each segment draw in ink with your compasses and pen three lines, as shown in the figure. When the ink has dried, cut out the circle of cardboard with a pair of scissors.

Push a pin through the centre clear to the head, turn the disk over, and drop a piece of melted sealing wax round the pin on the side opposite the head. Hold the pin erect until the wax has hardened, and the top is complete. Now hold the top, inked side up, under a strong light, and spin it slowly by twirling the pin with your fingers. Some of the lines that you have drawn on the cardboard will appear colored, and the colors will change if you reverse the rotation. A strange thing about the top is that different colors will appear to different persons.

A Test For Your Shoulder Joints.—To test your shoulder joints, hold a tapeline at arm's length in front of you, with your hands about thirty inches apart and your knuckles up. Now try to pass the tape over your head and downward behind you. It is natural and permissible to bend one of your arms and to bring your hand near the shoulder. Reduce the distance between your hands as practice permits. You will find that below thirty inches "every inch counts." Two other interesting

"stunts" to prove your suppleness appeared in the Boys' Page for February. Look them up again.

A SIMPLE METHOD OF LEARNING THE STARS

MOST boys wish that they knew more about astronomy, but many of them are deterred from taking up the study because they think that it is too "deep" for them. It is as easy to learn interesting things about the stars as it is to learn interesting things about flowers or birds.

If you wish merely to be able to converse intelligently about the night skies and to answer the questions that your friends ask as to the names and movements of the bright stars, you can acquire the necessary knowledge in a few evenings, and with no working materials except instruments that you can make in fifteen minutes, and a star map that you can buy of almost any publisher of school-books or dealer in optical goods. If you have difficulty in finding such a map, write to the Editor of the Boys' Page. He will gladly tell you where you can get one.

You can get a good idea of what a star map is by imagining a photograph of the whole night sky. The stars appear in their relative positions, and indeed for practical purposes their relative positions may be said not to change. That makes it possible to identify stars after having first learned one or more of them.

For example, if you learn to know Arcturus you can easily learn Spica and Denebola, because the three together form an equilateral triangle.

If you do not know the polestar already, it will be well for you to learn that first of all. A great many persons who can name no other know the polestar, and know that the two stars in the bowl of the Dipper opposite the handle point to it. It is an interesting star, because it is the only one in the whole heavens that apparently never moves. It is always in the north, and, although you will notice that in the course of a few hours other stars set behind the horizon or move across the sky, the polestar holds its place.

Why is that? Well, in the first place, the movement of the stars across the night sky is due to the motion of the earth. The stars rise and set—or seem to—just as the sun does. For our purpose, we shall speak of them as moving, just as we speak of the sun as moving. Stand facing the north some night and imagine that you are holding the handle of an open umbrella with the tip of the central rod just touching the polestar. The sky itself is the inside of the umbrella, and the stars are bits of white paper pasted on the black cloth of the umbrella. Now, if you slowly twirl the handle of the umbrella toward the left, the west, the stars, although they keep their relative positions, will move all together toward the west. The only star that does not move is the polestar; that merely spins in its fixed place, because it is the pivot—the tip of your umbrella. That illustrates the movement of the stars, and explains why the polestar is stationary, and why the farther a star is from the polestar the larger the circle it describes.

Having learned how the stars move, you know why it is always possible to identify one star from its position among other stars that you already know, for the relative positions of the stars do not change. By comparing the stars, then, with the pictures of them on your star map, you can learn their names. To a great extent you can do it "by eye," because star groups are characteristic, and you can remember them accurately enough to recognize them on your map. In some cases, however, you will make mistakes. Then it will be necessary to be a little more scientific and measure star distances. That is simpler than it sounds. Star distances are measured in degrees. The diameter of the moon is half a degree. The Dipper from end to end is about 26°. You can prove it in this way:

With a pair of calipers as a hinge, fasten together two straight sticks about a foot long, so that you have what looks like a large pair of wooden compasses that can be moved to form any angle. Squinting along one arm of your compasses as if along a rifle barrel, sight the end star in the handle of the Dipper; then with your eye still at the apex of the instrument, point the other arm at the end star in the bowl of the Dipper. The angle between the two arms of your compasses will be 26°, which is the distance between the two stars.

You can measure the angle of your compasses by placing the apex of them at the centre of a large circle that you have drawn on a sheet of cardboard and marked on the circumference with degrees. The whole circumference is of course 360°, half of it is 180°, a quarter of it is 90°, and an eighth is 45°. A little experimenting will enable you to divide the eighth of the circle into forty-five equal parts, each of which will be a degree. With your compasses and the circle that you have drawn, you can determine, roughly, the distance

of any star from any other. Then you can determine the angles that represent certain lengths on the star map.

An article in the Boys' Page for May will tell you something about the planets, which are, of course, quite different from the stars.

KICK THE BAR: A NEW GAME

IN all the large cities there are thousands of boys whose parents live in the tenement-house districts, and who have no place in which to play except the open streets. Those conditions exist in Boston, where the narrowness of the streets and the crowds place still further restrictions on sport. Most of the boys have little or no money to spend, even for such necessary and inexpensive articles as a baseball and a bat; yet out of their small resources they have created a new, original game that is as lively and as exciting as baseball or football, and that requires but a single implement, which costs them nothing and is almost indestructible.

The boys call the game kick the bar, obviously from the implement with which they play it and the use to which they put the implement. It is a piece of old rubber garden hose or single-tube bicycle tire fourteen or fifteen inches long, cut diagonally across the ends to enable it to stand against the side of the curbstone, convex side out, as shown in Fig. 1.

The players on a side may be any number from four or five up. The regular clubs, of which there are many in different parts of the city, usually have nine members.

Although they call the field of play a diamond, it is really a square. The home plate is usually an electric-light pole or the post of a street lamp. It may be only a paving stone near the curb, with a chalk mark on it; but it must be on the right-hand side of the street, as the catcher faces.

The line from home plate to first base extends along the curb; that from first to second crosses the street to the opposite curb; that from second to third returns along the left-hand side of the street; and that from third to home recrosses to the starting point. A glance at Fig. 2 will show the arrangement and also the positions that the players occupy.

The positions, however, are not arbitrarily fixed. As in baseball, each player takes the place where he can do the most good, and covers as much ground as he can. When fewer than nine players take part, the positions indicated by the higher numbers are left unfilled.

Play begins by placing the piece of rubber—the bar—against the curb. The fielders on the "out" side are in their places. The first player on the "in" side takes a short run in the gutter, parallel to the curb, kicks the bar as far as possible into the diamond, and then continues on toward first base.

If anyone of the "out" side catches the bar on the fly, the runner is out and the next player takes his turn at kicking. If, on the other hand, no one catches the bar on the fly, whoever gets it throws it at once to the catcher at home plate.

Here comes in one of the peculiarities of the game: all players must be put out by the catcher and at the home plate, except such as are caught out on flies. There are no basemen in the ordinary sense. The players whose stations are at or near the bases are merely fielders who try to catch the bar on the fly or to recover it and throw it home.

If the first player was not caught out on the fly, he is safe at first base if he reaches it before the catcher at the home plate receives and holds the bar. If he does not reach first base in time, he is out, and the next player on his side kicks off.

Another peculiarity of the game shows itself when the bases are full. That is the rule that permits the catcher to say, as soon as he has caught the bar, which runner he wishes to put out. Since it is also a rule that after a kick the men on bases cannot start to run until some fielder has caught or recovered the bar, the game is full of excitement and unexpected turns, and calls for the utmost agility.

When three members of a side have been put out, the teams change places, as in baseball.

Playing the game in the street is, of course, only a makeshift. Where space is available, the boys prefer to play in a field. There a square stone or a stake or a block of wood takes the place of the curb; and the lines of a baseball diamond are followed, rather than those of a square.

No small part of the fun of kick the bar comes from the fact that the boomerang-shaped piece of rubber pipe has a most wobbly and erratic flight that is hard to judge and that makes it difficult to catch. To drive the bar a long distance it is necessary to strike it, not with the toe, but with the top of the foot halfway between the toe and the highest part of the instep.

A STAMP FOR CANADIAN TROOPS

ONE of the most interesting stamps the world war has produced has only recently reached the hands of American collectors. It is one issued in Ottawa, Canada, for use by relatives and friends of Canadian soldiers stationed on the Bahama Islands. The Canadian government issued a stamp for special dispatch of mail matter from Canada to the Canadian soldiers on the Bahamas. It seems odd that Canadian stamps were not used. This is a philatelic mystery yet to be solved.

The stamp employed is the fivepence orange of the Bahama issue of 1903, but surcharged in black, SPECIAL DELIVERY. The picture on the stamp is of "the Queen's Staircase," near Nassau, one of the most beautiful views on those islands. It is understood that only eight hundred were issued; if that is true, the stamp will become one of the war rarities.

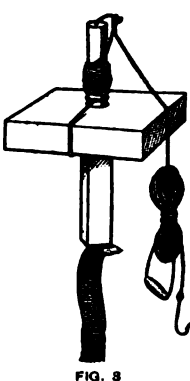


FIG. 3



FIG. 2

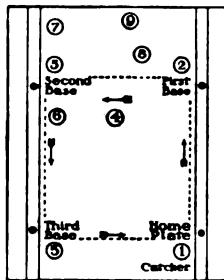
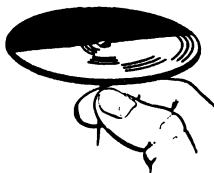
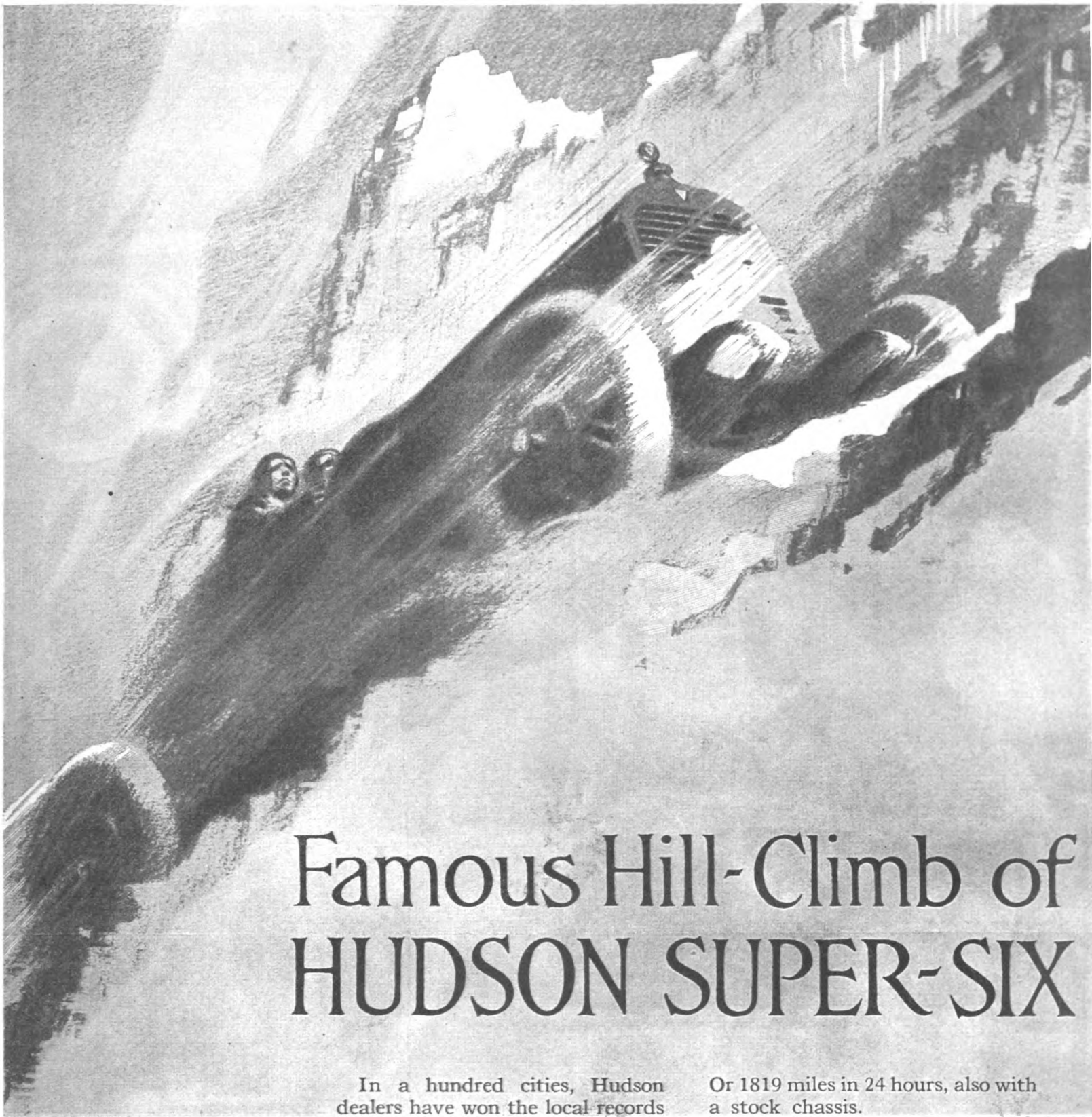


FIG. 2



Famous Hill-Climb of HUDSON SUPER-SIX

In a hundred cities, Hudson dealers have won the local records with the Super-Six.

Not in America only. In several countries Super-Sixes have won the hill-climbing records.

But the Pike's Peak climb last September was the world's supreme test. There twenty great cars, all specially built, met for a race to "the top of the world." And the Hudson Super-Six made the best time of all.

What They Drove

The Super-Six, remember, is a small, light Six. It doesn't win by size. It won these tests just as it won all other worth-while records—by endurance.

This invention—patented by Hudson—has minimized motor friction. It thus added 80 per cent to the motor's efficiency. It nearly doubled the motor's endurance.

You don't care to climb Pike's Peak at the speed the Super-Six showed it could do. You don't care to go 102 miles per hour, as a Super-Six stock chassis has done.

Or 1819 miles in 24 hours, also with a stock chassis.

But you want the car which holds those records, if you buy a great car. Not because they prove capacity, but because they prove endurance—prove that no service you will ever demand will equal its capacity.

All-Round Ruler

But the Hudson is now more than monarch in performance. It is fully as distinctive in style and beauty this year, in finish, in equipment and in luxury. It has a new gasoline saver, in the form of radiator shutters, which, through controlling the heat of the motor in part, overcomes the disadvantages and waste of the present poor grade of gasoline. It has a patent pneumatic carburetor, exclusively Hudson, self-adjusting to every engine speed.

In whatever you prize most—performance, style, beauty or economy—you will find the Hudson leader. That's why it leads all other front-rank cars in sales.

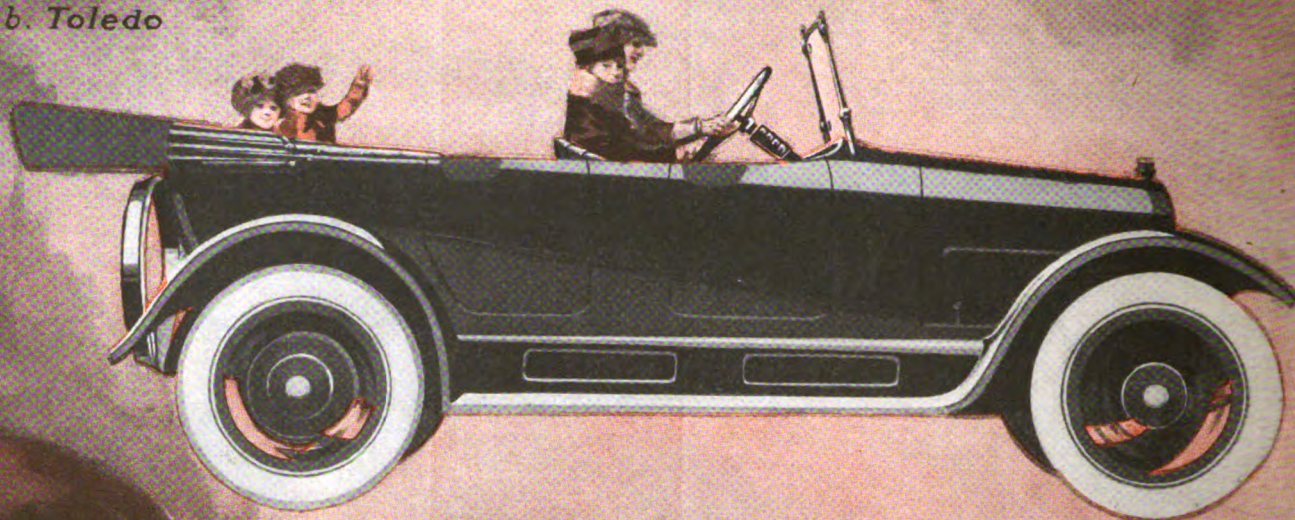
Phaeton, 7-passenger . . .	\$1650
Cabriolet, 3-passenger . . .	1950
Touring Sedan	2175
Limousine	2925
Limousine Landaulet . . .	3025
Town Car	2925
Town Car Landaulet . . .	3025

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Every indication points to a demand very much in excess of the possible supply of automobiles this year.

We are prepared.

This year we apply the economies of vast production for the first time to a *complete* line of automobiles—an end toward which we have been working for eight years.

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There is now an Overland or a Willys-Knight for every class of buyer.

Every one of these beautiful cars is a better car—better in appearance, in performance and in riding comfort.

One of them is the car of your dream under the evening lamp.

See these cars now. Get a car yourself this spring.

LIGHT FOUR		LIGHT SIX	
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Roadster - -	\$680	Roadster - -	\$970
Country Club - -	\$795	Coupe - -	\$1385
		Sedan - -	\$1585
BIG FOUR		WILLYS-KNIGHT	
Touring - -	\$850	Four Touring - -	\$1395
Roadster - -	\$835	Four Coupe - -	\$1650
Coupe - -	\$1250	Four Sedan - -	\$1950
Sedan - -	\$1450	Four Limousine - -	\$1950
		Eight Touring - -	\$1950

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 Manufacturers of Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars and Light Commercial Cars.
 "Made in U. S. A."

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

KNEE-DEEP in snowy billows of fine cotton cloth, long ravelings of which clung to her trim dark-blue morning dress, Fair Ellicot looked with troubled eyes across the quiet, grassy square.

From the other side of the square a row of quaint dormer windows above laden apple boughs peered placidly back at her. Those dormer windows were old friends of hers.

"It's a shame!" she declared to herself and the billows, as she reached for two selvages and began to measure one against the other. "A thorough shame!"

She snipped emphatically with her scissors; then, with repeated tugs that relieved her disturbed feelings, she rent apart the breadths of new-smelling cotton cloth. "Ten!" she counted. "And if it's true, I think —"

"In my day," observed some one behind her, "we had to overcast seams down the middle. It wasn't just tear and hem."

"O Aunt Molly!" Fair turned impulsively to the newcomer. "My Great-Aunt Molly Grandon! Did you hear that John Halpine intends to —"

"Sheets first!" Great-Aunt Molly remarked crisply. "Finish tearing — and then we'll try John Halpine for all his future sins."

The brisk little lady—in spite of the silvery curls that framed her fresh-colored face, no one ever thought of her as old—sat erect on the straightest of the available chairs, and looked on while Fair swiftly doubled the remaining piece of material, clipped the fold, and, with a sweep of her round young arms, tore apart the last two sheets.

"A whole dozen?" asked Miss Grandon.

Fair nodded happily. "I told father thirty-nine yards, but he brought me forty. He said he might as well buy an even number of yards while he was at it. So I've allowed for splendid wide hems. Forty whole yards of sheeting! The glory of it nearly took my breath away when I began to measure them!"

"You'll have a proper setting out. Did you ever make up a set of sheets before?"

"Never all by myself," said Fair, "though I helped Cousin Martha hem hers, two years ago."

"And how did you measure them?" inquired Miss Grandon.

"Why, with a yardstick, of course! Wasn't that right? First I thought of doubling and cutting the whole big piece in two, then in two again, and then each of those pieces in three; but it was so bulky to handle that way that at last I figured out exactly how many inches to allow for each one, — a hundred and twenty, — and measured the first one; then —"

"You cut each of the other eleven by that?"

"It came to the same thing. I folded the first so that I could use it to measure the second one, then tore off the first so there would be less to handle, then

used the second to measure the third by, and so on."

"All the way down the dozen?" A queer twinkle lighted Miss Molly's blue eyes.

"Until I reached eleven and twelve, of course," said Fair. "The last piece had just two sheets in it so I didn't have to measure by number ten. I simply halved the piece."

Great-Aunt Molly raised her hands—then let them fall helplessly at her sides. "Fair Ellicot! Bring me that yardstick! Now, you measure the last two."

There was a rustle of the sheeting; then the young girl looked up perplexed. "I—I can't make them come out right. They ought to be a hundred and twenty inches long, but they're almost a hundred and thirty! The piece must have run over forty yards, don't you think?"

Great-Aunt Molly shook her head. "Now, measure number ten."

Fair measured, and then remeasured. Her brown eyes opened wide.

"Scant hundred and seventeen! Aunt Molly, it's bewitched! I can't make it any other length! What ails it? Why are you laughing?"

"It's a lesson you'd have had to learn some time, and no great harm is done, thanks to your father's extra yard. Why, I've known some people who measured that way, instead of making sure that each piece matched the first in length, and got only eleven sheets and a piece over. Some folks tear scant, and some

allow over without knowing it. But I'd let them stay as they are; some day you may need a pair extra long, and there they'll be.

"Now," she went on, "you can tell me what's wrong with John Halpine. I didn't know that he had come back."

"I—I don't think he has," began Fair, bringing her mind with some effort away from the blunder she had made. "But the whole township ought to get up a protest! Think of any man's having the heart to tear down the old, old homestead, where his family had lived for ever so many years before the Revolution, and to put a new house with modern improvements in place of those sturdy old walls! And all because the town council wouldn't pay an exorbitant price for it, when there was a question of turning it into a historical museum! Hasn't he any pride in it? Why, artists and writers have come from all over the country to see it! And think of the old stories of how the Halpine women barred the windows and doors, and kept the Indians from burning it, for days and days, while all the men were away hunting!"

"Who told you?" asked Miss Grandon.

"Oh, Mrs. 'Lias Moody. Imagine a *portecochere* in place of that lovely old pointed trellis with the trumpet vine! It would be sacrilege!"

"You feel proper certain, Niece Fair? You know last week you were so worked up because

the Farrowes were going to let their little granddaughter be adopted by strangers out West, so's not to have the expense of keeping her—and 'twas all talk. And then the fuss about the new rules in the Sunday school that made you feel so discouraged. It was all smoothed over easier than not. Mrs. 'Lias Moody, eh? And she said who told her?"

"She said the whole thing came to her direct from headquarters."

"H'm! Now, I'd give something worth while to know what she'd call headquarters this time. Niece Fair!"

"Yes'm!" with a start.

"How strong in you is the 'Ellicot grit,' as your father calls it? You used to have a plenty — walking little narrow fences, and keeping from crying when you fell down."

"Why, — I hope — there ought to be a good stock of it inside me somewhere!" asserted Niece Fair stoutly. "It's a thing you have to bring out and prove, though, before you can be altogether sure."

"Precisely!" said Miss Molly. "Well, if you've enough 'Ellicot grit' to follow this story back to what Mrs. 'Lias Moody calls headquarters, and bring me word *exactly* how it started, step for step, you shall have those double-damask napkins with the clover pattern for your linen chest. Will you do it?"

Fair gasped. She was not afraid of Mrs. 'Lias Moody—but the rumor might have reached her through half Wilchester. She looked up quickly, catching a queer expression — was it quizzical or doubtful? — in

Great-Aunt Molly's eyes that roused "Ellicot grit" in every inch of her. With a sudden swoop she gathered all the sheets remaining on the floor and tossed them recklessly on the couch, whisked the clinging threads from her skirt, hastily pinned on her sailor hat and marched downstairs.

Mrs. 'Lias Moody, mending a huge faded blue-yarn sock with royal-purple cotton, was rocking comfortably on her side veranda. Fair sat down on the step and glanced up at her.

"Mrs. Moody," she began, trying to assume a casual ease of manner, "did they—whatever it was—tell you what firm in the city was getting out the plans for John Halpine's new house?"

"They?" repeated Mrs. Moody. "'Twas Barby Farrow heard all about it, and happened to mention it to me, comin' home from Sewin' Circle. You might find out from her."

"You say Barby told you it was really certain that John Halpine intended to pull down the old homestead because he resented the town council's not buying it?"

Mrs. 'Lias Moody stirred heavily—perhaps uneasily.

"Well—leastways she 'lowed that was the only reason there could be for his doin' it. She said there'd been talk of persuadin' him to sell it, so's it could be used for a library and museum, sort of, but he set the price higher'n they'd



"SHEETS FIRST!" GREAT-AUNT MOLLY REMARKED CRISPLY. "THEN WE'LL TRY JOHN HALPINE FOR ALL HIS FUTURE SINS"

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

By Aldis Dunbar



DRAWINGS BY ADA C. WILLIAMSON

a notion to pay. I don't hold with gettin' even that way, nohow; but it come straight to Barby from them as knew."

"Perhaps, then, she will know about the architect," said Fair, with a queer little quaver in her voice as she stood up to go. Barby was—well, Barby was abrupt.

"Let me-know who she says 'twas!" Mrs. Moody called after her.

Barby Farrow, tall and angular, was frying doughnuts in her small summer kitchen when Fair knocked. Barby turned with a disconcerting snort, and with a jerk of her head motioned the visitor to a chair.

"Hot day!" she said grimly.

"There's quite a breeze in the shade. I found it pleasant on Mrs. Moody's porch."

"H'm!" Barby Farrow sniffed. "What'd she have to say?"

"She had been telling me what is being said in Wilchester about the old Halpine house. Have you any idea what firm of architects Mr. Halpine is employing to make the plans for him? For the new house, I mean? Great-Aunt Molly was interested in hearing about it, so I stopped in to ask Mrs. Moody."

"What'd she know? All I told her was what her that was Car'line Babbitt told me—that he'd have to get some of them high-toned city fellows to draw out his plans for him. There'd likely be no one here in Wilchester good enough to do it for him, now he's been to the legislature and Cuba, and got notions! I told Sarah Moody I s'posed he'd be havin' party-cosheers and all them fancy sort of fixin's on it. All else I know is that he's plannin' 'bout tearin' down the old place soon as he gets here from his trip. And there's to be modern improvements all over it—lectric push buttons and steam-heatin' radiators, and the like, I s'pose. Her that was Car'line Babbitt had it come to her right from them that ought to know, if any do, so there ain't no mistake 'bout that part of it. Have a fried cake. Them on the platter ain't too hot to eat."

The doughnut of ceremony eaten, Fair went on in quest of "her that was Car'line Babbitt." Wilchester offered no other title to Israel Briggs's wife, who still kept the sign that bore her maiden name swinging above the door of the one real "Dressmaking Establishment" in the village. Caroline was too good a manager to let a perfectly good blue-and-gold-painted sign be wasted.

"Specially when folks has come to know it all through the county," she argued. "If I took it down and put up 'Mrs. Isr'el Briggs,' instead, they'd go away thinkin' 'twas some stranger had bought out the 'establishment.' Isr'el ain't never been what you'd call a public character."

Fair looked up at the sign and wondered whether it would prove the mark of "headquarters." But "her that was Car'line Babbitt" had gone to "the store," and the "Dressmaking Establishment" was, for the time, in charge of the mild-faced little man who sat with his chair tilted against the worktable, contentedly whittling.

"Perhaps you'll know, then, Mr. Briggs," pleaded Fair. "Did Car'line tell you anything about the firm of city architects who are to make the plans for John Halpine's new house? Barby Farrow heard of it from Car'line."

"Why," piped Israel Briggs, "all Car'line knowed was what she happened to hear some one 'at was settin' on Hawtree's porch talkin' over with Kathern. They was sayin' that John Halpine would be sure to tear down the old place and put up a spandy new residence. And as Car'line's got the notion as how some day John and Kathern's likely to make a match of it, why, Kathern ought to know what she's talkin' 'bout."

Katherine Hawtree! Was she "headquarters"? Fair shrank from going to her tall, handsome friend, with the dwindling story that grew ever more elusive; but she braced herself and entered the Hawtrees' gate.

Katherine, in the side garden path, noticed the little stiffening of her shoulders.

"You'd better tell me what it is, Fair," she said, slipping her arm through the young girl's. "I've seen you setting your courage for an encounter before this, and I know the symptoms. Out with it!"

"Katherine! It's—it's such a queer thing to do,—to ask,—but I've promised. A queer story came to me, and made me—hot. I told Aunt Molly, and she offered me something I want very much if I'd show enough 'Ellicot grit' to find the headquarters from which it started. It hasn't been easy."

"And you've traced it back to me?"

"I think so," said Fair honestly.

Katherine's face grew puzzled. "I wonder what it can be? But your Great-Aunt Molly is a wonderful person, and my special chum. She wouldn't have started you on such a chase if there hadn't been some good reason."

"You see," said Fair, "each person had heard it straight from one who knew. Mrs.

Lias Moody, who had told me of it, passed me on to Barby Farrow—and Barby wafted me into the 'establishment' of 'her that was Car'line Babbitt.' Car'line happened to be out, but Isr'el told me that she had overheard a talk between you and some person unknown on your porch in which it was said that John Halpine would be sure to pull down the old house and build a modern residence in its place."

Katherine's face was a study in bewilderment and interest; then suddenly it lighted up.

"I'm not headquarters, Fair, but I can send you direct to them. The person with whom I was talking is your Great-Aunt Molly Grandon. And I believe she knew it when she sent you out!"

Fair hastened homeward, half tempted to laugh and to cry at the same time. She found Great-Aunt Molly still in the straightest chair, with her hands folded in her lap.

"You," said Fair, "are headquarters, Great-Aunt Molly Grandon."

"So?" Miss Grandon's eyebrows went up visibly. "Who told you?"

"Katherine Hawtree. Isr'el Briggs told me

that 'her that was Car'line Babbitt' overheard a conversation between Katherine and one unknown, which conversation she passed on to Barby Farrow, who was Mrs. Lias Moody's informant."

"And how much of the story did you have left to take to Katherine?"

"You—or Katherine—said that John Halpine would be sure to tear down the old house and put up a new one—with modern improvements."

"Why, so we did! A new henhouse, in place of that ramshackle old lean-to that fills up the corner of the meadow. It's been an eyesore for years. You know, John is an enthusiast on scientific poultry culture, and means to take it up in earnest. He wrote me so last week."

"Niece Fair," went on the little lady, with a twinkle in her eyes, "did it occur to you, while you were out matching one story with another,—and finding 'em fall short when you got right down to measuring,—that history sometimes repeats itself proper quick? Before you went out, you know, you were —"

"Tearing sheets!" said Fair Ellicot.

Of course the orange and gray of Chamberlain was everywhere.

We went into our dressing tent, put on our running clothes, and then went out and limbered up a bit.

At two o'clock the half mile was started, and we were pretty well pleased with ourselves when it was over. Maynard got third place, but the one point for Maynard did not look important against eight that we won.

Then came the trials for the hundred yards; two of our men qualified. We did not expect much from the sprints, and we did not get much. In the finals we took third place; Maynard won first and Chamberlain second. That started the cheering, for the orange and gray was pretty well represented on the stands, where Maynard and Preston had each only a handful of fellows. When they called us for the trials of the high hurdles, I did not have any trouble in winning from the two Chamberlain runners and the one Maynard man opposed to me. Then came the mile run.

Each school was allowed three starters; our entries were Carl Atherton, Dick Bannet and

Bobby Hart. I heard the trainer giving them their instructions.

"This is Bannet's race if he can get it," he said. "But if Bannet can't win it, you must, Atherton. Hart, here, will start in and make the pace for you two, and at the end of the third lap you must draw up to the front. Save yourself for the two miles if you can, Atherton; but if you have to win this, do it. We can't take any chances. And you see if you can't take third place, Hart."

The nine runners did some pretty manoeuvring for the pole. When they went down the back stretch on the first lap, Bobby was making pace and Carl and Bannet were running fourth and fifth. That was the order for two laps. Then a Maynard chap named Green sprinted and took the lead. Bannet pushed up to third place.

Bobby held on for a while, then dropped back. He had just about used himself up. Beckner, the Maynard "crack," was running strongly in sixth place, and Carl was watching him closely at every turn.

When the last lap began only five men were left in the running—Green, Bannet, Fuller of Chamberlain, Carl and Beckner.

That was a pretty race; but it did not come out right for us. When the home stretch began, Fuller passed Bannet and Beckner got away from Carl. Then it was Fuller, Bannet and Beckner all the way to within twenty feet of the tape, with a couple

of thousand spectators yelling like mad, and crimson and blue and orange flags waving.

Carl was trying hard to come forward, but he had waited too long and was out of it; just as much out of it as Bobby, who was jogging doggedly along half a lap behind. Twenty feet from the finish Fuller spurted again and left two yards between him and the two others, who were fighting hard for second place.

"Come on, Dick!" we shrieked. "Come on! Come on!"

But Bannet could not do any more, and Beckner drew slowly away from him in the last half dozen strides. Bannet was used up when we caught him. And Fuller, too, was pretty tired. Only Beckner seemed fresh, and we knew then that he could have had first place if he had wanted it, and that he was saving himself for the two miles.

Things did not look so bright for us after that race. And after the next one, the finals in the one-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdles, they looked worse; for all I could do was to get second by a hairbreadth; Maynard took first by several yards and Chamberlain third.

I was pretty well cut up over that, but there was still the two-hundred-and-twenty, and I vowed that I would do better in that. There was need of improvement, for we had thirteen points to Maynard's fourteen, with Chamberlain not far behind with nine. Things were not happening at all as we had figured them.

We had counted on eight points in the quarter-mile race, but all we got was three, for almost at the start Carstein of Chamberlain left everyone behind and won by fully thirty yards! That was the trouble with Chamberlain; you never could tell what mischief it would cause.

They called us out for the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race. The Maynard man and I were nip and tuck at the second hurdle. I was a little quicker on the cinders than he, but he hurdled a good three inches lower than I, and that made things even. But at the fourth hurdle he got down too low and over went the bar. That put him out of pace a little, and I ran for all I was worth. I tipped the next hurdle myself, but not enough to throw me out.

At the seventh, I think it was, I was running even with a chap at the far side of the track and the Maynard fellow was behind. After that I put every ounce into beating the unknown,—for there was no time to see who he was,—and we had a battle royal. We came over the last hurdle right together, and

DRAWN BY T. D. SKIDMORE



THEN THE PISTOL POPPED AND THEY WERE OFF

THE TWO-MILER

By Ralph Henry Barbour

WE were sure of winning that spring. John Blake, the manager of the team, said that if we did not win he should walk home when school closed. And as John lives in the western part of Ohio and is a man of his word, you can see that we were pretty cocksure.

We met Maynard College and Chamberlain College every June in what we at Preston called the "Tri-Track," which was a quick way of saying Triangular Track Meet. The year before, Maynard had beaten us by five and a half points. Chamberlain usually did not produce a strong team, although it had a way now and then of upsetting our calculations in an irritating manner.

We had been hard at work all the spring, and when the Saturday of the "Tri-Track" came we had seventeen men ready to do their best. The meet that year was at Chamberlain, and in consequence we put Chamberlain down for twenty points, five more than she had ever won. There were one hundred and seventeen points in the thirteen events; to win first place in any event counted five, second place three and third place one.

As I say, we allowed Chamberlain twenty points, mostly seconds and thirds, although we did think that her man Cutler would capture first in the high jump. Then we put ourselves down for seven firsts. That made thirty-five points. We felt likewise sure of five seconds. That gave us fifteen points more, making fifty in all—more than enough to win. We conceded the rest to Maynard.

Of those seven events in which we expected firsts, only one seemed in the least doubtful; that was the two-mile race.

Carl Atherton, the captain of the team, had run the distance the year before in 10 minutes, 41 4-5 seconds, and had cut that down a second this spring in practice. But all the year we had been hearing a good deal about a new runner at Maynard named Beckner, who was said to have done the two miles in forty "flat." We felt willing,

however, to trust Carl for the two miles.

John Blake decided that for once the whole team should go to Chamberlain. Usually our funds were low, and only the men who were absolutely necessary were taken; but this year the subscriptions had been more liberal.

Bobby Hart was almost as much pleased as anyone at John's decision. Bobby had worked hard during the two years he had been in school, and deserved to get into a real race. He was not a great runner, but there is plenty of room on the track in the "distance" runs.

"I'm going to try for third in the mile," Bobby confided to me on Friday night. "I think I can do better than I ever have done."

"Yes, but I'm afraid you can't get third. First will go either to Carl or to Dick Bannet, and Maynard's sure to have a man close to them. I shouldn't wonder if Carl let Bannet have the mile and saved himself for the two."

"Well, anyway, I'll have the fun of trying," answered Bobby.

We went over to Chamberlain Saturday morning, and nearly the whole school went with us.

Bobby was in great spirits. He kept us laughing all the way over, and I could not help thinking what a difference there was between him and Carl Atherton. There was Bobby, as happy as a clam because they had entered him for the mile and the two mile with no chance in the world of his winning better than third, and small hope of that; and there was Carl, happy, too, perhaps, but not showing it a bit, just sitting down at the end of the car talking to the trainer or reading a magazine, yet knowing all the time that he was sure of one cup, if not two. I could not help thinking that of the two perhaps Bobby would have made the better captain, if getting close to the fellows and heartening them up had anything to do with it.

We had luncheon at twelve o'clock, and at half past one we piled into a coach and drove out to the field. The old village was much decorated, and the crimson of Preston was more plentiful than the Maynard blue.

MODERN EXPLANATIONS OF GIANTS AND DWARFS



The small boy who, in giving an example of a phenomenon, said, "A cow isn't a phenomenon, a tree isn't a phenomenon, but a cow up a tree is a phenomenon," illustrated the common human interest in the unusual. Perhaps because we quickly become accustomed to the objects that are always round us, we are ready to pay attention to strange and exceptional occurrences.

Among the most striking of the unusual appearances in nature are marked variations in the size of human beings. From childhood our wonder has been awakened by tales of immensely large or remarkably small individuals and of their marvelous deeds. Indeed the fascination that giants and dwarfs have always held for ordinary mortals is reflected in the legends of mythical beings of great size and power, or of small size and unusual cunning, that have come down to us in the folklore of many different races.

Whenever phenomenal persons of that kind have been willing to appear in public they have aroused great popular interest. The Irish giant, Patrick Cotter, was more than eight feet high. His thumb was as large as an average man's wrist; his shoes were seventeen inches long. He once terrified a watchman by reaching out to a street lamp and taking off the top to light his pipe!

Charles Byrne, another Irish giant, was even taller than Cotter; and a Finlander, studied by the anthropologist Topinard, was nine feet and four inches in height.

Dwarfs have been quite as much the objects of interest and attention as giants. From very early times, as shown in ancient Egyptian sculptures, it was a custom of princes to have dwarfs among their retainers. In the Roman court they were regularly a part of the retinue; the Emperor Domitian had a band of dwarf gladiators, whose antics in mimic gladiatorial exhibitions enchanted his courtiers. Later, dwarfs were sought for the royal households of European states.

GEN. TOM THUMB



The dwarf, Geoffrey Hudson, who lived in England in the time of Charles I, was only eighteen inches tall, and was on one occasion served in a cold pie, from which at the proper moment he stepped out fully armed and accoutred. Many persons to-day can remember seeing performances in which Gen. Tom Thumb, the American dwarf, represented such statues as Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, the fighting gladiator, and Hercules with the Nemean lion.

The family records of dwarfs and giants show that they are the offspring of parents of normal stature. They are, therefore, isolated departures from the ordinary size of man. They do not leave descendants. Scientific examinations and studies carried on in a comparatively recent period have given us an interesting glimpse into the conditions that determine these curiosities of growth.

The size of a person depends chiefly on the bony framework of his body. If the bones are thick and long, he is large; if slender and short, he is small. At birth, of course, the bones of all persons are very small, but they



By Walter B. Cannon
Professor of Physiology, Harvard University

have remarkable arrangements for increasing in size. Surrounding each bone is a sheath in which there is a continuous layer of minute active bodies, or cells, that lay down on the surface that they face deposits of new bone. Thus the structure gradually enlarges.

The long bones of the limbs would be heavy if that action alone occurred. But something else happens: the middle part of the shaft, which is originally solid, begins to be absorbed until the shaft is hollowed out; and thereafter, as the outside of the bone grows the inside is taken away, until a strong, hard cylinder filled with soft material has been formed. The ends of those long bones are in contact with one another, of course, at the joints.

HOW BONES GROW



In all probability the pressures and motions in the joints are unfavorable to the deposit of fresh bone immediately under the joint membranes. At any rate, the long bones of the limbs are not lengthened at the surface. Instead, there is, during the period of growth, a cap at either end of the shaft that acts as a sort of buffer between the shaft and the joint surface, and between the caps and the ends of the shaft there is a region that remains softer than the rest and that is made in part of the cells that lay down bone. It is there that the shaft elongates. As the shaft thus increases in length the caps continue to serve as buffers at the joints. And when full maturity is reached, the soft regions between the shaft and the caps become ossified with the rest of the bone, all distinction of these parts disappears, and the entire structure then has its completed size and form.

After this explanation of the process of growth in bone, the reader can see that any condition that interferes with the work of the bone-making cells will stunt the person in whom such a change occurs. On the other hand, any condition that delays the union between the caps and the shaft permits the bone-forming agencies to continue their work, and thus to lengthen the shaft abnormally.

Before we can have deeper insight into the conditions that affect this bone-forming process we must know about some other bodily activities. These activities will best be understood if we first consider an example. The salivary glands near the angle of the jaw are commonly known. Those glands take material from the blood and make it over into the saliva, which they pour through a tube or duct into the mouth for use as a lubricant and as a digestive agent. There are certain other glands in the body that likewise take material from the blood and make it into a new form, but they deliver this newly made stuff back to the blood rather than to one of the body surfaces. They are called, therefore, "glands of internal secretion" or ductless glands. The thyroid gland in the neck and the pituitary gland at the base of the brain are examples of those peculiar structures.

The substances manufactured by the ductless

glands are in many cases essential to normal existence. If, for example, either of the ductless glands mentioned above fails to perform its proper service, profound disturbances occur in the bodily activities. The effects are seen especially in altered chemical changes in the body and in unnatural growth.

THE IMPORTANT THYROID GLAND



Occasionally a child is born with a defective thyroid gland. His body then does not receive enough of the peculiar substance made by that gland, and dire results follow. The skin thickens, the bridge of the nose fails to grow, the tongue enlarges and protrudes from the open mouth, and there are other irregularities, including a stupid or idiotic mind and a stunted growth. Such children are called cretins. Some of the dwarfs recorded in historical accounts probably belonged to that class, especially those described as "silly dwarfs," "hideously deformed," "misshapen pygmies, deaf and dumb."

It has been found, fortunately, that by feeding to such a defective child the thyroids of sheep and cows, he can get enough of the necessary substance that the thyroid gland gives; his face loses its ugly and dull appearance, he becomes alert and intelligent, his skin regains its normal texture, and growth is resumed in him.

A disease called rickets, which may begin before birth or which may appear in infancy and early childhood, probably accounts for other dwarfs. That disease is characterized by an arrested or a perverted bone formation. The shafts of the long bones become thickened and often stunted. The bone may be so soft that it can be easily cut with a knife. Then the weight of the body or the pull of the muscles warps the bones; and when the bones solidify they naturally show many results of the early disturbances of growth, including a shortness that stunts the whole stature of the person. The softness of the bones of the skull permits the brain to enlarge; as a result, the so-called rachitic dwarfs have stunted and possibly misshapen bodies, but massive heads. They do not, however, have the mental dullness that is typical of the cretin. There is no evidence that rickets is a disease owing to a defect in one of the ductless glands.

THE WELL-HIDDEN PITUITARY



The pituitary gland, which is situated at the base of the brain and near the roof of the back part of the nasal chamber, also markedly affects growth. It is hidden so deeply in the head that we have hard work to find out much about it; it is surrounded by hard bone, but by means of the Röntgen rays we can photograph its nest. If the cavity is small, the pituitary body must be small; and if large, the gland is correspondingly large.

In cases where the long bones have failed to

grow, Röntgen-ray photographs show a striking shallowness and smallness of the bony cavity in which the pituitary rests. Dwarfs whose bodies, although short, are well shaped, who have large heads, and who have quick intelligence, can best be accounted for by assuming some lack in the proper activity of the pituitary gland.

Examinations show that in giants the pituitary gland is usually enlarged; either the gland itself is overgrown or it has changed into a gland tumor. In a person of average size the length of the bony pocket that holds the gland is about one third of an inch; in one giant recently studied, —a man eight feet and three inches tall,—the pocket was more than three times as long as the average. In all probability, the increase of bony growth is caused by too great a secretion by this gland.

The gland may increase in size at any time of life, but only when the overdevelopment occurs in youth does it cause the production of a giant. Then union of the caps of the long bones with the shaft is much delayed, and at the same time bone growth is actively stimulated.

Usually nothing extraordinary is noticed in those persons until they are thirteen to fifteen years old, and then the body lengthens remarkably fast. Magrath, one of the best-known Irish giants, is recorded as having grown in height from a little more than five feet when fifteen years old to six feet eight inches and three quarters during the following year.

NOT A QUESTION OF FOOD



If the gland enlarges after the parts of the long bones have become united the growth occurs only in the bony parts that project. The ridges over the eyes grow forward, the cheek bones become prominent, the nose expands, the lower jaw begins to extend, until the face appears like that of a huge Mr. Punch. At the same time the feet and hands enlarge. The sufferer does not increase in height, probably because the growing parts between the caps and shaft of the long bones have disappeared. If the disfiguring process is going on, it is now possible to stop it by removing some of the active gland substance.

Fairy tales have already acquainted us with the idea, which man has long entertained, that he might find a food that would make him grow to gigantic proportions. Bishop Berkeley, who for a time took care of the giant Magrath, was once accused of having applied some of his ideas of diet to the orphan boy, and thus of having caused his ward to reach a great height. There is, of course, no warrant for that tale either in history or in present knowledge.

There is no food like the cake that Alice saw in the Adventure of the Rabbit Hole, which could make anyone grow large. Only by leaving out necessary elements from the food or by slowly poisoning the body, or by changing certain of those remarkable ductless glands could anyone be kept small. Even feeding with the pituitary gland does not produce unusual stature. Perhaps, however, as knowledge increases, the processes of growth may be placed within our control; then we shall need to have no more giants and no more dwarfs.

only my speed on the ground beat him, and then by very little. Maynard finished a close third. And when I turned round and looked at the chap I'd beaten, I found it was one of our own men, Bert Poole, who had never won a place before in his life!

We felt better after that, for those eight points put us ahead; but when presently Maynard won six points in the furlong dash and Chamberlain got the remaining three, we began to worry again. The results from the field events then began to come in, and added to our anxiety. Chamberlain had taken first in the high jump, as we expected, but Maynard had left us only third place. In the broad jump Maynard had won first place and third, and given us second. In the pole vault that troublesome Chamberlain had again taken first; Maynard had taken second and Preston third. In the shot put we had first and second, and Maynard had taken third. In the hammer throw Maynard had beaten us for first, we had taken second and Chamberlain third. When we had finished figuring we could hardly believe our eyes. The score stood:

Preston 40
Maynard 40
Chamberlain 28

The two-mile run, the last event, would decide the meet. And there was Beckner.

Of course we had not lost faith in Carl, but big, strong Beckner was clearly the freshest man on the field, and he would take a lot of beating. We had to have first place to win the meet. Second and third would not be enough, unless Fuller of Chamberlain got first. In that case the championship would go to the school that took second. We did not know whether Fuller was

going to run or not, and we were pretty anxious to find out. Only Bobby seemed cheerful.

"We can beat them," he said. "Why, Carl can make circles round Beckner, and as for Fuller, that mile run used him all up."

"Maybe you will do something yourself, Bobby," said I.

"I shouldn't mind trying, but I guess they're not going to let me enter. I didn't show up very well in the mile; you can't go in and set the pace and have anything left for the end. I came in fifth, though." Bobby really looked pleased with himself.

"All out for the two-mile run!" called the clerk of the course, and we went down to the start. John Blake was looking blue.

"It's a long way out to Ohio," he said ruefully. "And the roads are dusty, too."

"Fuller's going to run, isn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, and I don't know whether that makes it better for us or worse."

"Answer to your names!" called the clerk.

There were seven entries there: Carl and Bannet of our school, Beckner, Green and another Maynard runner, and Fuller and one other Chamberlain fellow.

"On your marks!" called the starter.

"Hold on, please," said our coach. "We have another man coming. Where's Hart?"

"Here," said Bobby, stepping out from the group beside the track.

"Get in there," said the trainer.

So Bobby, much pleased, took his place in the second line.

"Get ready!" said the starter.

"Set!" Then the pistol popped and they were off.

For the first mile and a half a two-mile race

is generally rather uninteresting; but when the meet depends on it, that is different. We turned and watched the runners jog round the turn and come along the back stretch.

When they had covered a quarter of the distance, Fuller was no longer dangerous. He was running in short strides and had dropped back to seventh place. At the end of the first mile the runners were strung out all round the track. Green was making the pace. Behind Green was Beckner, running with a fine long stride, and almost treading on Beckner's heels was Carl. Carl was not quite so pretty a runner to watch as the man in front of him.

Ten or twelve yards behind Carl ran Bannet; Bobby was following close. A third Maynard runner and Fuller were disputing sixth place. A long way behind them the last man, a Chamberlain chap, was lagging along. And that was still the order when the sixth lap began.

Beckner alone seemed untired. Carl's cheeks were white, and had two spots of crimson in them. Bannet was looking pretty well used up, but Bobby seemed not yet fagged and hung on to Bannet closely. He had never tried himself to any extent in the two miles, but I thought that he was doing better than he had done in the mile.

Getting tired of making pace Green swung aside and let Beckner take the lead. Green fell in behind Carl, who was still treading in Beckner's tracks. Then the distance between the first group and the second began to open; Bannet was tiring. For a while Bobby regulated his speed by Bannet's, but soon he went round outside Bannet and passed him. That seemed to do Bannet good, for he spurred and kept close behind Bobby all round

the track. The third Maynard man and Fuller were out of it for good by this time, and the eighth man had left the track.

There were only two laps left now, and the shouting was pretty continuous. Up at the head Beckner seemed to want Carl to take the lead, but Carl refused. That cheered us considerably, for it seemed to show that Beckner was weakening. Finally Green went to Beckner's rescue; but he almost pumped himself out in doing it, and only set the pace for a few hundred feet, making it so slow that Bobby and Bannet closed up half the distance between them and Carl. Then Green fell out again and Beckner was once more ahead, but Carl was holding on grimly.

So it was when they turned into the home stretch. The shouting was tremendous now, for the spectators had left the stands and lined up along the track.

"Last lap! Last lap!" shouted the judges.

We shouted to Carl to keep it up! And the Chamberlain people, who liked us better than they liked Maynard, shouted the same thing. Even Bobby and Bannet were applauded, and I shouted to Bobby to go on and win.

On the turn Bannet stumbled and half fell, and lost several yards; that seemed to take the heart out of him. When the runners turned into the back stretch, Bobby was all alone a dozen yards behind Beckner, Carl and Green.

About the middle of the stretch Beckner started to draw away from Carl; but he only opened up about three yards before Carl was after him. That put Green out of it. We saw him wobble once and then throw up his arms and go over on the turf.

"Bobby's going to get third place!" cried

John. And, sure enough, there was Bobby still running, and running strong.

But our eyes were on Carl and Beckner. They were having it out, and as the turn began Carl crept up to the blue runner and tried to edge past; but he couldn't quite do it, and Beckner held the lead by a few feet until they were in the straightaway and headed for the finish. Then Carl actually got in front. A lot of us had gone halfway down the track to meet them and were yelling ourselves hoarse.

"Come on, Carl! Come on! You can do it!"

The Maynard fellows were shouting to Beckner at the top of their lungs. Carl was just about holding his lead, when suddenly he staggered, got one foot on the raised board that runs along the inside of the track, and fell on the cinders. He was up in a second and running again, but he had lost three or four yards, was limping and was plainly exhausted. And Beckner, none too fresh himself, came on down the home stretch all alone, wabbling a bit, but apparently an easy winner.

"Look at Bobby!" cried John. "Oh, look at Bobby!"

How he ever got there I don't know, but there was that blessed Bobby coming along

only a few yards behind Beckner and gaining on him at every stride. Now he had passed Carl; now he was almost up to the Maynard man; and we were racing alongside, leaping and shouting, while twenty yards ahead at the finish the judges were leaning forward with excited faces and their fingers on the "stops."

Stride by stride Bobby overhauled Beckner. Now he could have touched him with his hand. Now he was running even. Now —

"Preston!" we cried. "Preston! Preston!"

And then there was the finish—Bobby flying down the turn and Beckner falling into the arms of his fellows.

"Who won?" I shouted, dancing about in the crowd.

"Hart, by two feet!" said some one.

And John and I grabbed each other and danced.

"Hurrah!" shouted John. "I don't have to walk home!"

"Did you hear the time?" cried Poole, hitting me on the back. "Ten minutes, thirty-six and four fifths seconds! It breaks the record!"

We did an unusual thing that spring. We elected a track-team captain who was not a senior. His name was Robert Hart.

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier
In Ten Chapters Chapter Two

AFTER some further vain struggles with the refractory cot, Ted desisted from his efforts. "I guess I can sleep on it even as it is," he thought; and he went in search of his trunk. He found it in a pile of baggage, and dragged it without assistance to his quarters. Upon his arrival he found another occupant of the tent, a well-set-up, light-haired, pleasant-looking fellow, who addressed him with a friendly smile.

"I've just been told to bunk in here. My name's Stevens."

"Mine is Ripley," said Ted. "I hope this trunk of mine won't be in your way."

He dragged it to the foot of his bed, and Stevens, glancing down, remarked, "Don't you want some help setting that bed up? It really takes two to do it."

And without waiting for an answer, he seated himself on the foot of the cot, braced with his feet against the side bar and so forced the supports apart and enabled Ted very easily to slip the crossbar into its socket.

"Much obliged," Ted said gratefully. "I never would have thought of that trick."

"I've seen these cots before and struggled with them, so I've learned that putting them up is a two-men's job," said Stevens. "Want to help me, now, with mine?"

Ted was glad to feel that he could be of some help to a person who had so willingly helped him.

When they had set up the cot, Stevens suggested that they go and get their blankets from the quartermaster's department. As they walked up the company street, they told each other something about themselves; Stevens, Ted learned, was a junior at Crane College. The fact made Crane College seem to the Brampton freshman a much less hateful place than he had hitherto supposed it to be.

At the quartermaster's tent each of them received a pillow, a mattress, three chocolate-colored blankets, a chocolate-colored sweater, half of a shelter tent, a poncho, five aluminum tent pins, and a jointed wooden tent pole. They had these articles piled in their arms and on their backs in such a way that, walking carefully, they were able to carry them without spilling. Ted made his bed under Stevens's directions: "You fold your blankets so that they're just the size of the pillow and lay them, two under it and one on top of it, and turn your mattress back to touch it," Stevens said.

"Where did you learn just how to do things?" Ted asked.

"I've had militia experience; I was at camp last year for a couple of weeks. I know mighty little, though. Let's get our rifles now."

The distribution of ordnance was being made at the head of the company street from tables piled high with equipment of various kinds. What impressed Ted when he emerged from the line of fellows waiting to be supplied was the calculating skill with which articles were thrust into his hands and hung upon his shoulders and round his neck. He managed to carry to his tent, without dropping any of them, a rifle, a sheathed bayonet, a condiment tin, an aluminum water bottle, a drinking cup, a dish, a knife, a fork, a spoon, a cartridge belt, and an arrangement of various straps and buckles so complicated that, although he knew it must be the pack and haversack, he could not

possibly imagine how it was to be used. The rifle was copiously dabbed with cosmoline, much of which was soon smeared on Ted's coat.

Ted and Stevens found two fellows setting up the two remaining cots. One of them was short and chubby, the other was short and spare.

"Golly!" said the chubby one, as Ted dumped his load on his mattress. "We have to lug an awful lot of junk, don't we?"

With the next breath he had announced that his name was Charley Gray and that his companion was Frank Bradford, and that they were sophomores from Thorpe College, the old-time rival of both Brampton and Crane.

"We have got all kinds here now," said Stevens. "But Crane is outnumbered—three Brampton men and two Thorpe. I guess I shall feel lonely."

Just as he was expressing this apprehension, Greiner and Carton entered. Ted, after a moment's hesitation, performed the ceremony of introduction.

Greiner and Carton talked cordially with the others, but to the Brampton freshman they paid no attention.

"Capt. Hughes told me to tell everyone that in a few minutes we'll be ordered to fall in," said Greiner. "He doesn't want anyone to leave the company street."

"Does he want us to fall in, whether we're in uniform or not?" asked Stevens.

"Yes; he just wants to say a few words to us. Have you seen him? He's a peach! And Lieut. Wharton, too; he's a corker."

"How do you tell an officer when you see one?" asked Bradford.

"By the braid on his hat for one thing," said Greiner. "The privates and noncoms all wear colored cord round their hats, and the officers wear a gold cord with tassels in front. And then there are the little marks on the collars of their coats and their shirts—a bar for a lieutenant, and two bars for captain, and a star for major, and so on. And the officers all wear leather puttees, while the enlisted men wear leggings something like ours."

Outside sounded the command, "Fall in, B Company; fall in! Pass the word along!"

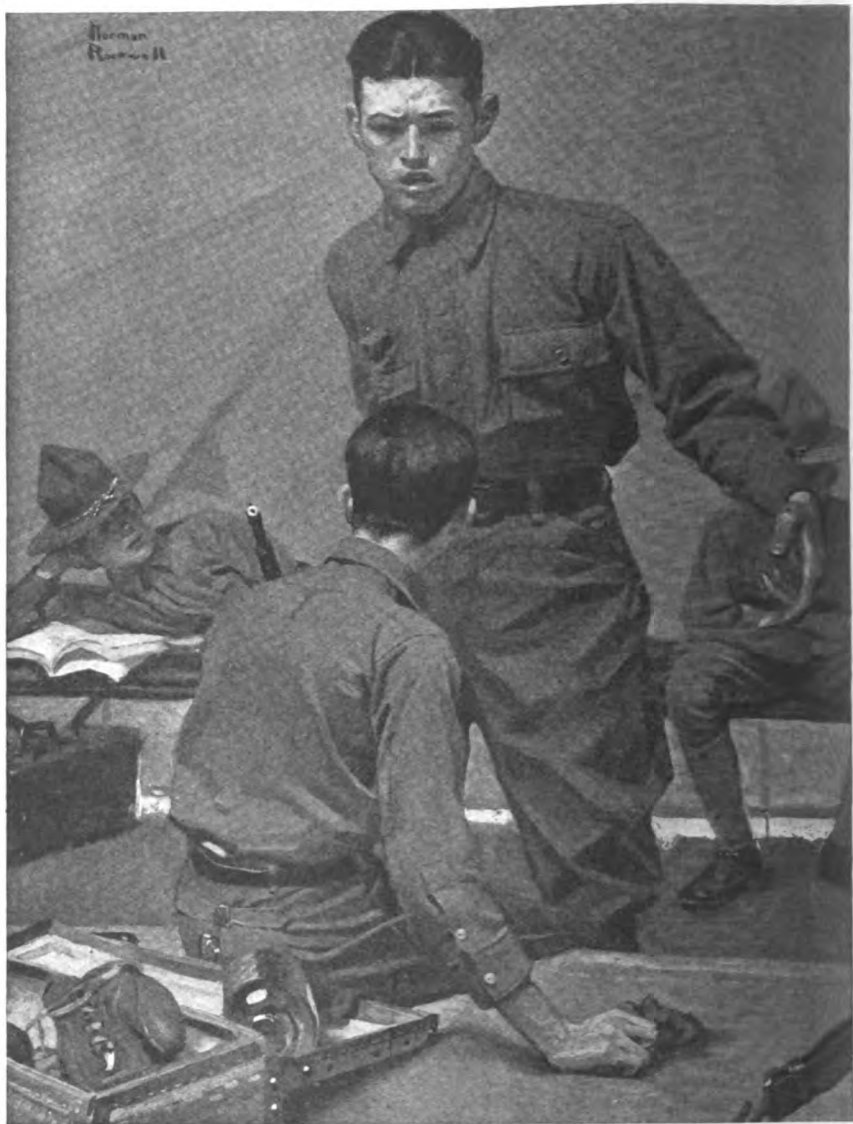
And from different tents it was echoed, "Fall in! Pass the word along!"

The occupants of tent 26 were prompt to respond. The members of the company were assembling at the head of the company street; there a big man in uniform with a megaphone in his hand stood on a table and surveyed the crowd with a smile. For it was a nondescript-looking gathering indeed, some fellows in uniform, some in their ordinary clothes, a few coatless and without collars.

"B Company, form in two ranks, facing to the left. Men from tent number one at this end; next, tent number two, and so on. Three men from each tent in the front rank, three in the rear rank. Lively, now!"

When they were lined up, they "counted off,"—first the front rank, then the rear rank,—beginning at the head of the line and going down, one, two, three, four, and then repeating and repeating that series of numbers. Ted found himself number one in the front rank of the last squad.

Capt. Hughes now descended from his table and took his place in front of the double line. By his side stood a younger officer, slim, ruddy of face, keen of eye,



"DON'T QUESTION ORDERS. I'M CORPORAL OF THIS SQUAD. AND YOU'LL DO AS I TELL YOU."

"Attention!" commanded Capt. Hughes. Not more than half the company understood the command.

"At the command, 'Attention!' bring the heels smartly together, head up, eyes to the front, thumbs along the seams of the trousers, and hold the position; no talking in the ranks. Attention!"

There was a rattle of heels, a slapping of palms against trousers; the captain and the lieutenant scanned the recruits closely.

"At ease!" ordered the captain. "That means you relax from the position of attention, but you don't talk. When the command, 'Rest!' is given, you may talk. All the men who have had previous military training in school or in the militia advance three paces."

In Ted's immediate neighborhood Greiner and Stevens were the only ones to step forward.

"You men report to Lieut. Wharton at the head of the company street. Now, there's just one other thing: the company call is one long blast on a whistle, followed by three short ones. Whenever you hear this,—the captain put a whistle to his mouth and blew,—it means, 'Company B, assemble.' Dismissed."

Ted walked back to the tent with Gray and Bradford. "I suppose they're going to pick the corporals now," he remarked.

"It makes no difference to me who's chosen," said Bradford cheerfully. "Both Greiner and Stevens look good to me."

"I'm hungry," said Gray. "When do they feed us?"

"Twelve o'clock," replied Ted. "The schedule's posted on the bulletin board at the head of the street. It's half past eleven now. Have you fellows had the medical examination?"

They had not, and they decided to accompany Ted to the hospital tent.

The medical examination, which Ted had so dreaded, proved to be not at all rigid. He did not have to show his strength, or his lack of it. A doctor looked at his feet and listened for a few moments with a stethoscope to his heart and his lungs. "O. K.," said the doctor, and Ted slipped on his socks and shoes and buttoned up his coat. "Cinch, wasn't it?" he said, when he rejoined Gray and Bradford. They agreed with him and expressed the opinion that anyone who was able to walk could pass such a medical examination as that.

They all decided that they had just time enough before luncheon to get into their uniforms. They unpacked their bags and strewed the contents about on their beds. In order that he might fold up his clothes without further smearing them with cosmoline, Ted took up his rifle, which had been lying across his bed, and leaned it against Greiner's cot. His back was toward the tent entrance, and he did not see Greiner come in. He did, however, hear his rifle fall; he turned to pick it up, and Greiner said insolently, "Oh, that yours? It was leaning against my bed; it didn't belong there."

Gray and Bradford looked at him with unconcealed surprise, but he busied himself

making his bed and paid no attention to their stare. Ted picked up the rifle without speaking. The barrel, the muzzle and the sights, which had all been smeared with cosmoline, were now encrusted with sand; Ted threw back the bolt and found sand in the breech.

"That gun will have to be pretty well taken apart before it can be cleaned," said Gray.

"Well, I suppose that's one of the things I must learn to do," Ted answered. "I guess I've got to be mighty careful how I put things down round here."

"You certainly have," said Greiner, with his back turned. "I'm corporal of this squad, and it's my business to see that everyone keeps his things in their proper place."

"That's all right, but you needn't go throwing things round on the ground. That's not putting them in their proper place."

Greiner disdained to answer. He finished making his bed, and then turned.

"That trunk of yours won't do there, Ripley. Put it over there." He pointed to a spot between Ted's cot and Stevens's.

"Why isn't it all right where it is?"

"Don't question orders. I'm corporal of this squad, and you'll do as I tell you."

Ted hesitated. Then he dragged the trunk into the place that Greiner had specified.

"I don't know whether you have a right to tell me where to put my trunk or not," he said. "I'm going to find out, and if you haven't the trunk goes back where it was."

"You'll find out, all right," said Greiner.

The assembly call for Company B sounded at that moment. Sore and angry, Ted took his place in the front rank of Squad 16. He wondered during the march to the mess tent why Greiner showed such animosity. It was consoling to have a muttered word of sympathy and indignation from Bradford.

In the mess tent Ted soon recovered his cheerful spirits. It was a lively and hungry crowd, and the food was plentiful and good. The boys sat on benches at oilcloth-covered tables; enlisted men waited on them more efficiently than elegantly; an economy of dishes produced an economy of table manners. "Butter, please." "After you on the lemonade down there." "Let's have a whack at the beans." In such phrases the young recruits did not hesitate to make known their wants; and dishes were thrust from hand to hand and slid over the oilcloth surface with great rapidity.

Ted found an opportunity to ask the fellow sitting next to him, who proved to be a newly appointed corporal, how far a corporal's authority extended. He was chagrined to learn that the corporal was "boss" of his tent and was empowered to order the arrangement of equipment in whatever manner seemed to him best.

"Just the same, Greiner needn't have been so sharp with me," thought Ted. "There was no reason for making me move my trunk; he just did it to be nasty."

He was confirmed in this belief and enlightened as to Greiner's motive shortly after

luncheon. He was sitting on his bed, wiping his rifle with a rag and wishing that some one who could tell him how best to clean the piece would come in, when Greiner entered with a ramrod and a hammer. He drove a nail into the tent pole and hung the ramrod on it, and just as he was finishing, Carton made his appearance.

"Bill's in the next tent now, if you want to see him," said Carton.

Two tents pitched side by side are unlike two houses placed side by side; the conversation that passes in one is quite audible in the other. And presently Ted heard himself made the subject of a discussion in the neighboring tent by Greiner and Carton and the person that he assumed to be Bill.

"I asked Lieut. Wharton if he wouldn't transfer you to our squad and our tent, Bill; I told him there was a fellow in it that would just as soon go into another squad and other quarters," Greiner, who was speaking, chuckled. "But the lieutenant said he didn't want to be bothered making any changes now. I think perhaps in a few days we can fix it up."

"I hope you can," said a voice that was undoubtedly Bill's. "It would be great to get in with you fellows."

"The little freshman will queer our squad if we don't get rid of him!" complained Greiner. "He's too puny and too much of a kid to be of any use. I want to make our squad the prize one of the company; the other fellows all look as if they were good material. If we can get you into the kid's place, I'll back our squad against any bunch of six-footers in the street."

"I certainly should like to be in with you and Harry," repeated Bill.

"I think maybe the kid will be asking for a transfer on his own account before long," Greiner said. "I'm letting him see every way I can just how unpopular he is. I guess he'll soon be wanting to make a change."

Ted, with his cheeks burning while he listened, wondered if Greiner was not intentionally speaking so that he should hear. He made up his mind that he would not be driven out of either the tent or the squad, and that he would resist any plan of transfer.

A few minutes later Stevens came in and showed Ted how to clean his rifle; he provided him with some cleaning oil that he had obtained at the post exchange and a piece of Canton flannel. When Ted put too large a square of flannel on the end of the ramrod and the ramrod stuck midway up the barrel, so that he was unable to extract it, Stevens gave him a hand.

Ted was still working over the rifle when Greiner returned to the tent.

"I've got a job for you, Ripley," he said. "You can clean your piece some other time. We must have a rack for the rifles. Go up and look at the rack in the model tent at the head of the street; then go to the quartermaster and get some boards and tools and bring them here and set to work."

"All right," Ted hung up the ramrod and laid his rifle on his cot.

"I'll go with you," said Stevens.

"You'd better stay here and help me roll up the tent flaps," objected Greiner.

So Ted went on his errand alone. He was rather glad to have been assigned to this task; he had always dabbled in carpentry, and he was sure that in this particular matter he would give Greiner no just ground for complaint. He looked in at the model tent and saw that the model rack leaning against the tent pole was a very simple contrivance—nothing, in fact, but a shallow box standing on end and having notches cut in the top piece to receive the rifle barrels, while the butts rested on the bottom. He had no difficulty in getting the materials and tools that he needed, and after working for a short time in front of the tent he fashioned a very good rack, carried it inside and set it up. Greiner and Stevens came forward to look at it.

"Fine!" said Stevens, and he placed his rifle in one of the notches. "That's a neat job, Ripley."

Greiner looked more disappointed than approving.

"Since you're so handy with tools," he said, "you might turn to now and make us a rack that we can hang coats and sweaters on."

As Ted had observed such a rack in the model tent, he had no difficulty in executing the order; the rack was a T-shaped arrangement of boards, studded with nails and suspended by cord from the top of the tent pole.

"Well, Ripley, you've certainly done your

fair share of work for this tent," remarked Stevens, when the job was finished.

"Each fellow will have two nails, and be sure not to take anyone else's," said Greiner. "I'll take the two at this end; you take the next two, Stevens, and, Ripley, you take these. The same way with the rifle rack; each fellow must keep his rifle in the same place. Then we won't get things mixed up."

There were no duties for the afternoon until five o'clock, and Stevens suggested to Ted that they go for a swim. They had only to cross the drill ground below the camp and the railway track and they were on the rocky beach of the lake. About three hundred other fellows had chosen the same diversion for the afternoon; it was a lively and frolicsome gathering.

"This camp is going to be pretty good sport," Stevens said, as he and Ted were rubbing themselves down after half an hour of splashing and swimming. "We didn't have anything like this lake where we camped last summer—the eighth regiment. There was only a little brook a quarter of a mile away, and we had to carry all our water. It was a strenuous two weeks. But I'll tell you one thing,"—Stevens glanced round,—"we didn't have a corporal that was always trying to show his authority."

"Greiner does seem pretty bossy," said Ted.

"I want to see how much he knows. If he knows, it won't be so bad; but if it's mostly bluff, he'll make quite a mess of things."

The boys got back to the company street in time for the formation at five o'clock. The whistle sounded, the company assembled and fell into line, the corporals of the squads made their reports, saluting as they did so—"All present, sir," or "Private Smith absent"; and then, at the captain's command, the company came to attention and stood while the regimental band off in the distance played the Star-Spangled Banner. Everywhere in the camp men stood at attention, not only the young

there, seated in a semicircle, listened to a talk by the camp commander, who described in some detail what the course of the training would be and what the discipline to be exacted. After the lecture Ted got out his rifle and joined an awkward squad that under a good-natured

corporal was drilling and marching in the company street; they kept it up until it was dark, and then Ted went early to bed and early to sleep, and slept until he was roused by the bugle sounding first call.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUT OF THE FOG

By E. E. Harriman



THE fog had come up from the Mississippi and hid-den all the countryside under a white blanket. As Gideon Mercer walked along the cow path by the river he moved more by sense of feeling than by sight, for the fog hung so thick that he could not see the path five feet ahead of him.

He had started out on his hunt at six o'clock in the morning, fully expecting the fog to lift within an hour and to give him a clear view of the river and the woods; but it had held on, and as time passed had even become denser. Off in the woods at his right his dog was hunting for a track. Wolf had no fear of fog banks, for his nose would lead him to his master at any time.

Twice ruffed grouse had sprung with quick thunder of wings from the bushes beside the path; and once the boy had almost stepped on a rabbit, but before he had time to swing his shotgun to his shoulder the mist had swallowed the cottontail. He could hear ducks quacking on the river, but he saw no sign of them or even of the water.

At last he decided to sit down on the next log that he saw and wait for the fog to lift.

Before he came to a comfortable seat, however, he heard ducks on the river in such numbers that he decided to stop, for he would be sure of a shot at them as soon as he could see the water.

At this place the path ran along the top of a bank more than forty feet high. He found a place among the bushes from which, when the fog blew away, he would have a clear view of the river, although he himself would be sheltered from view; there he sat down on the ground and, leaning back against a tree, waited. The minutes dragged slowly and he began to get restless. Wolf came back to look for him, or, rather, to smell for him, and Gideon held the dog against his body a little while for warmth; but the dog did not like inaction, and as soon as Gideon let him go he struck off again through the woods.

At last Gideon, now thoroughly restless, started along the path. He felt that he had to keep moving. He had hunted along this river bank for several years, and now he knew it so well that every turn was printed on his memory. Once he heard his dog come ranging through the woods to get a scent of him and then move off out of hearing.

Presently Gideon came to a place where the path led along the steepest part of the high bank, which here rose forty-five feet from the water.

At this point the trail left the shelter of a clump of trees and, twisting off abruptly, ran along the crown of the bank for about fifty yards and then turned again to the trees.

As Gideon reached this open space he heard the sound of something racing toward him along the path with reckless speed. Stopping short, he listened. It was some animal with padding feet—something that came fast, yet made little noise. The thudding was like that of bare human feet on soft ground.

From some distance away came a whimper, and he knew that his dog was on a trail. The padding feet came nearer, and Gideon, leaning forward, looked as far into the fog as he could. His hunting had always been confined to small game; he had never bagged anything larger than a raccoon, and he could not imagine what it was that was approaching.

The padding feet were very near, and Gideon was suddenly seized with a mild panic. He turned to the side of the path to find a tree that he could climb, but he had waited too long. Before he had taken a full step a big black figure burst from the mist, and his enemy was upon him. With consternation the boy saw that it was a bear.

After one startled whoop! of surprise the beast made up its mind. It was fleeing from a dog that whimpered along its trail, and here,

directly in its road to freedom, was a strange figure evidently trying to block its escape. Wasting no time, the bear charged, and in two long jumps reached the boy.

Gideon felt the bear's front legs close round him and realized that the

brute was seeking with its muzzle for a soft place in which to sink its teeth. The boy had no chance to use his gun, and even if he had had a chance the charge of fine shot would probably not have stopped the bear. So, letting the gun drop, he grasped the long hair at each side of the bear's neck and tried to hold those grinning teeth away from his throat; but with quick sidewise jerks of its head and by slashes with its teeth the bear broke the boy's hold.

One frantic shout for his dog broke from Gideon's throat, and then he fought with his bleeding arms to hold off the terrible jaws that were seeking his throat. Crossing his forearms in front of his face, he pushed the grinning mouth back, and again his cry for help went ringing among the trees and startled the ducks in the river so that they rose with flapping wings and excited quackings.

Far up the trail the dog lifted his nose from the track he was smelling and his hair rose over his shoulders. Stretching out his long body in space-devouring leaps, he rushed to answer that cry. He knew what it meant, and he did not hesitate.

Gideon was unusually strong for a seventeen-year-old boy. He knew that until Wolf came to his rescue he must hold those jaws away, and that, no matter how torn and lacerated his arms might be, he must not drop them off guard for one second. He writhed and twisted in an effort to break away; but ever that hug grew tighter and the snapping jaws fought harder to reach a vulnerable point. His legs began to feel strangely weak and his breath came painfully as he staggered about in the clutch of his antagonist. Just as he thought that he must give up, he heard a mighty snarl and felt the impact of a heavy body against the bear. Wolf had come, and under the impact boy and bear fell; the big mongrel was on top, tearing in frenzy at the neck of the bear.

Wolf had long jaws and splendid teeth, and he weighed more than ninety pounds. His father, old Coony, had once killed a timber wolf in a fight when three of the marauders had invaded the sheep yard, and Wolf was a worthy son. Moreover, he was devoted to his master; all that Coony and his pups ever thought about was serving the one love of their lives. They were one-man dogs always.

As the bear felt the teeth of Wolf fasten in its neck it let go its hold on Gideon and turned swiftly to meet the dog. The fight raged fast and furious, and several times the feet of the bear rested on some part of Gideon's body or legs. At last the boy managed to draw his legs out from under the fighting animals.

His first thought had been merely to get out from under the fighters, but now he saw a way by which he might possibly help Wolf. Placing both feet against the loins of the bear he kicked out with as strong a push as he could muster. The animals were on the brink of the slope, and Gideon kicked just as the bear reached forward to snap at Wolf's neck. The kick took the creature by surprise and, catching it off its balance, toppled it over. The bear fell forward; its shoulders and head struck Wolf, and both dog and bear went whirling over and over down the steep pitch to the river.

The water was deep there. When the bear came to the surface it had plainly had enough; it struck out for shore, which was rather steep there. As the huge creature strove for a foothold, Wolf came raging ashore and, rearing his shoulders out of the water, grabbed the beast by the ham and hung on.

The bear turned so quickly that it threw itself back into the river, and Wolf let go as the bear went under. The fog had begun to rise a little by now, and Gideon lay on the bank and watched. Wolf had got a foothold at the edge of the water, and as soon as the bear rose the dog began to snarl savagely. Taking one look at Wolf, the bear turned and swam downstream, obviously to look for a better landing place; scrambling along the shore, the dog tried to keep up with it.

Gideon got to his feet painfully and started for the nearest farmhouse, which was half a mile away. At the house the women cleansed his wounds and bandaged them while the farmer and his two sons went out to look for the bear. They found it in a tree a mile below the scene of the fight, with Wolf sitting below on guard. A shot brought the bear to the ground, dead.

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



HE HEARD THE SOUND OF SOMETHING RACING TOWARD HIM ALONG THE PATH



PRESIDENT WILSON DELIVERING HIS WAR MESSAGE BEFORE CONGRESS ON MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 2

FACT AND COMMENT

THE man who goes to the bottom of things is usually the man who gets to the top.

Say not the Future must be like the Past, Unless you know how long the World will last.

LAND seems to have gone up since we bought Alaska. For that we paid at the rate of two cents an acre. The Danish West Indies cost us something more than \$281 an acre.

THE plans for a statue of Abraham Lincoln in Petrograd and for one of John Hay in Peking show how the ideals of our New-World republic are leading Old-World empires toward a better day.

WAR is a great teacher of little economies. The scarcity of fats and oils forced Germany last year to collect the fruit stones that are usually thrown away. One hundred and twenty thousand tons were gathered, from which was taken more than a million pounds of oil.

JAPAN has recently bought of Portugal the little island of Macao at the mouth of the Canton River, near Hongkong. That gives Japan a strong naval base, such as Gibraltar gives to Great Britain and Helgoland gives to Germany. It can be used to menace any European power that tries to thwart the ambitions of Japan in China.

THE Children's Bureau has suggested that the first week of May be observed as Better Baby Week. Last year more than two thousand communities carried out the programme suggested, which included infantile welfare exhibits, baby health conferences, organization of societies for the support of visiting nurses, and outings for mothers and babies.

MISSISSIPPI is going ahead with its plans for the exhibition at Gulfport that will mark the one-hundredth anniversary of the admission of the state into the Union. Nearly all the states in the South will erect buildings on the grounds, and the national government will be represented. Several of the buildings will house permanent exhibits after the exhibition closes.

SINCE the beginning of this year four states—North Dakota, Ohio, Indiana and Arkansas—have granted suffrage to women through legislative action. There are now sixteen states in the suffrage column; but in each of the four latest states the newly granted privilege is limited or conditioned in some way, as it must be until the state constitution is amended. In Ohio the issue depends on a referendum.

A STUDENT of human nature can, we think, nowhere else find more to reward him than in the "agony column" of the London Times. There the English people display their characters with extraordinary frankness, many times in odd ways that make you laugh, but often in ways that are tragic and moving. Take this, for example:

LADY, fiancé killed, will gladly MARRY and give up life to the care and happiness of man blinded or otherwise incapacitated by the war.—Box Y. 496, The Times.

IN times when patriotic enthusiasm runs high there is much unnecessary confusion over the respect that is to be paid to our national hymns, The Star-Spangled Banner and America. It is The Star-Spangled Banner, and that alone, that the government recognizes as the national air and uses on all formal occasions. When played by an orchestra in any public place it should be played straight

through, without embellishments, and never as part of a medley. It is inevitable, both from the nature of the music and from the words, that America should be more sung in places of worship and at patriotic gatherings. Leaders in musical affairs have it in their power to lead the public into a better understanding of the proper use of the two songs.

AMERICA AND GERMANY

IF any reader of The Youth's Companion believes that this paper took its stand behind President Wilson in support of a war with Germany because of any prejudice against the German people as Germans or in favor of the British, French or Russians as such, he is wholly mistaken. For a long time The Companion was most circumspect in its neutrality because it did not wish to be accused of finding in a mere struggle between ambitious nations a deep moral issue that did not exist. But its editors do not see how anyone can any longer be in doubt that such an issue does exist; and that this war is one of the great convulsions by means of which the human race determines which road it shall follow into the future. It is a time comparable to that of the Reformation or to that of the French Revolution.

In this crisis we believe that Germany fights on the side of reaction and that its enemies fight on the side of progress. Not that the Entente nations are wholly blameless either for the war or for certain of their policies during the war. No nation ever fights for a perfectly blameless cause in a perfectly blameless way; but it is not merely a question of nicely balancing one incidental gesture in the struggle against another; it is a question of what at bottom divides the belligerents and what would be the meaning of a victory for either side.

Germany fights that Europe and then the world may be controlled by a spirit of autocracy in government: a spirit that would restrict individual liberty and the right of the people to conduct their own affairs, a spirit that subordinates the civil power to the military power, a spirit that glorifies war and believes it not only to be necessary once in a while but to be a legitimate instrument of policy. The Allies fight that the control of the world by such a spirit shall forever be impossible.

If the history of America means anything, if its citizens to-day believe in the principles that moved their ancestors when they made, and later, when they saved, this Union, we cannot doubt that this country has chosen the right side on which to stand. We are not hostile to the German people, but only to the false political philosophy that their rulers and too many of their educated men have taught them. We believe that for that philosophy to direct the future of the race would be a fearful calamity. We do arraign the German government for its course at the beginning of the war, for many things about its conduct of the war, and, above all, for its attempt to make an autocratic, militaristic, narrowly national spirit regnant in the world. But for the people we have large hopes. When they shall follow the example of their Russian neighbors, and abandon forever the philosophy that has led them blindfold into this catastrophe, they will find no one so ready as America to rejoice with them in their new-found freedom and to give them the right hand of fellowship.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN RUSSIA

A GOOD many persons who are in general sympathy with the Russian revolution are afraid that the nation is unprepared for the responsibilities of self-government. It may not indeed be ready for them, but it is not utterly unprepared.

There is a great deal of illiteracy among the Russian peasantry, but not perhaps more than there was among the French peasantry at the time of the French Revolution. And, after all, literacy is not of the first importance; it is a fallacy of our own age that the ability to read and write is a test of a person's intelligence. It is merely an index of his opportunities. A man gets his ability to manage his own affairs and those of the community not from the primer and the copy book, but from the use of his native powers in the everyday business of life.

Furthermore, Russia is not without long experience in local self-government. The peasants are traditionally exempt from much of the ordinary law of the country and are governed in accordance with their own immemorial customs. The mir is a communal assembly of very great antiquity, comparable to the

Anglo-Saxon folk-moot or the American town meeting. It chooses the head man of the village and the tax collector and directs all the affairs of the community. The volost is an elective body that represents several mirs, and has for centuries appointed a court of justice with jurisdiction over all ordinary offenses.

The zemstvos, or elective provincial councils, instituted by Alexander II when he freed the serfs, represent all classes of the community—landowners, peasants and town dwellers. Although the bureaucracy has always tried to cripple the usefulness of the zemstvos, it has never succeeded. For half a century they have been a real force in Russian life. To their activity is owing everything that Russia has done in this war. When the bureaucracy broke down, they undertook to raise, to outfit and to provision the troops; they have kept the national spirit alive in the face of treason and defeat, and their support gave the leaders of the Duma courage to plan the revolution.

The Russian republic may fail—temporarily; no one can be sure about that; but if it fails, it will be for other reasons than any lack on the part of the people of experience in self-government.

EMERGENCY GARDENING

THE condition of the food supply is sufficiently critical to make gardening by everyone who has any facilities for it desirable if not imperative. The production of food should not this year be exclusively the work of the farmer. Back yards and vacant lots should be used as never before; both the householder in the city and the commuter from the suburbs should cultivate their plots of ground. In a back yard of average size a man who plants and cultivates intelligently can grow fifty dollars' worth of vegetables. If a million or two citizens who never grew vegetables before were to avail themselves of the opportunity that lies literally at their doorsteps, the economic gain not only to themselves but to the country would be important.

Back-yard gardening requires a small outlay of money for fertilizer, seed and tools. The soil is pretty sure to be acid and to require fertilizing. There is little potash to be had at any price this year; the gardener must depend on manure and lime. Manure is expensive; lime, on the other hand, costs little, and a pound of it will sweeten thirty square feet of ground.

Dig deep, turn in dried grass and stalks and let them rot; they fertilize the soil. If you use manure, spade it only into the plant rows and thus avoid wasting it. Do not put in the lime at the same time with the manure, but spread it later when raking the topsoil. Finely sifted coal ashes will help to pulverize heavy soil, but will not fertilize it.

In a number of towns garden clubs have been formed and are doing valuable work. They obtain permission to use vacant public land—and vacant private lots, too, for the owners are usually well-disposed toward their scheme. They rent the spaces to the poor of the neighborhood at a nominal price—perhaps a dollar for the year. They plough the land, supply the seed and the fertilizer, give instruction, and even in some cases furnish tools. The renter of the plot does the planting and cultivating and takes the crop. The garden club has supervisors to see that the various plots are being properly cared for; any that are neglected are withdrawn from the use of the persons to whom they were assigned and are turned over to others. Where the experiment was tried last year, it yielded excellent results; it is to be hoped that many communities will organize garden clubs this spring.

HOW WE CAN HELP

ALTHOUGH this country is far from being prepared for warfare in the field, there are many ways in which it can be of great help to allies who are well prepared. The most important thing is to destroy or to render powerless the submarine. That weapon is aimed at the shipping that carries supplies of food and war material necessary to Great Britain and to France. We must see to it that the quantities of such supplies are increased until they are adequate, and especially we must make sure that they reach their destination. Our merchantmen are already armed. It may be necessary for the navy to protect them on their voyage.

While we were at peace and neutral we followed international law in treating merchant vessels armed for offense as vessels of war. As such they could remain only twenty-four hours in any American port; but now, since

they are vessels of an ally in war, we can permit them to discharge, to take on cargo and to depart in their own good time.

Money to meet the overwhelming cost of the war is a first essential. We have it, both in cash and in banking credits. Our vast supply of gold and the immense deposits in our banks are available as a basis for loans, and the ways to make them useful are simple. Our own government may raise a great loan by popular subscription, and lend a part of it to the allied governments.

Probably the Allies do not require any assistance from our navy for blockade duty or to reinforce their battle fleets, but our ships can help in two ways. As we have already suggested, it may become necessary to convoy merchant vessels through zones of danger. We can also release for service nearer home many war vessels of the Allies that have been patrolling our coast for the last three years.

We can give important help in the newest form of warfare. The control of the air has passed more than once from one side to the other according to the number of aircraft employed and to the skill of the airmen. We can turn the scale in the matter of equipment permanently in favor of the Allies.

Those are the principal ways in which we can immediately "do our bit" in the great contest. Defending ourselves from dangers without and from dangers within is another matter, which may be important; but however pressing it may be, it will not relieve us of responsibility for what is to happen on the European continent and in the barred zones.

OUR GOLD IMPORTS

THE most striking things about the economic situation of the United States during the last two years have been our increased exports of goods and our increased imports of gold. The two are naturally connected. A country that buys goods from another country often pays for them in actual gold coin. When, therefore, we exported in 1916 two billion dollars' worth more of merchandise than we had exported in any previous year, it was natural to suppose that the payments in gold would increase correspondingly.

But at the beginning of the war that result was not certain. All the belligerent Continental governments forbade bankers to withdraw any gold for export from the state bank vaults, where most of the national stock of gold was kept. France and Germany even appealed to the people to exchange all the gold in their possession for paper money.

England did not do that; but there was only \$190,000,000 in gold in the Bank of England when the war began. Yet the United States received on import \$451,000,000 in gold during 1915 and \$685,000,000 in 1916. That is nearly ten times as much as is usually received in two years.

Where has it all come from? No official explanation has been made; but although most of it came to us from Canada, it came first from England, which established a huge gold reserve at Ottawa, and drew on it for shipment to this country. But England has never had any such sum of gold as has come to us. One explanation is that the South African mines, which are owned in England, have produced nearly \$500,000,000 since the war began. Virtually all of that crossed the Pacific to Canada, and came thence into the United States.

But even that accounts for less than half of our gold importations. The rest is gold that the Bank of France gave up to the British government, for use in settling the foreign obligations of both belligerents. In March, the Bank of France reported \$380,000,000 of its gold reserve as "held abroad"—which undoubtedly meant, in Canada. Probably the Imperial Bank of Russia has also contributed.

The Allied Powers have sent their gold to pay for such war material as they could not pay for with the money that they borrowed from us. But what became of the gold? Most of it went into the United States Treasury, where it is stored as security for an equivalent amount of gold certificates, of which no less than \$1,220,000,000 have been issued since 1914.

The gold certificates went into the hands of the general public. Many of them found their way into deposit banks. A very great part are in the vaults of the Federal Reserve Banks, which hold more than \$550,000,000 of gold as a reserve against their liabilities. About \$230,000,000 is held by government agents to secure, dollar for dollar, the new Federal Reserve note currency. The rest is in the tills and pocketbooks of the people.

The result has been, as the Treasury estimates it, an increase of nearly thirty per cent

in the actual money supply of the United States. How far that increase has caused the general rise of prices is one of the interesting problems of the day

CURRENT EVENTS

WAR WITH GERMANY.—Both Senate and House having passed the resolution declaring that Germany and the United States were in a state of war, President Wilson signed it on April 6. —The administration's financial plans, which were submitted to Congress on April 11, called for a bond issue of five billion dollars, and a note issue of two billion dollars. Three billions are to be loaned to the Entente Allies through a purchase of their war bonds. The Ways and Means Committee of the House was at work preparing a bill for increased taxes on incomes, inheritances, excess profits, and such luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco and liquors. —President Wilson issued a statement in support of the so-called general staff army bill, which provides for the raising of the new army by means of a "selective draft" from men less than twenty-five years of age. There was considerable objection among Congressmen to this limited form of conscription. —The President was said to be in favor of a complete military understanding with the Entente Allies, but against a formal alliance. —Ships of the United States Navy took over the patrol of the western Atlantic, which released a number of British cruisers for duty nearer home. —United States officers seized the ninety-one German merchant ships lying in American harbors as soon as war was declared. The crews were interned. On April 9, when word came that Austria had broken off relations with this country, officers took possession of fourteen Austrian vessels in our harbors. —The crew of the German gunboat *Cormoran*, interned at Guam, blew it up to prevent seizure. Several of the crew were killed.

SUPREME COURT.—By very close decisions—one 4 to 4 and the other 5 to 3—the Supreme Court has upheld the constitutionality of the Oregon statutes establishing a minimum wage for women, and a ten-hour day for all factory employees.

THE FOOD SITUATION.—The winter wheat crop in the United States promises to be the smallest in a great many years. Unfavorable weather conditions are at fault. The International Institute of Agriculture reported that the supply of cereals of all kinds was 130,000,000 bushels below the normal requirements of the countries open to trade.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—The Council of National Defense voted to constitute a committee on food supply, and Herbert C. Hoover, former head of the Belgian relief work, will act as its chairman. The council also named a general munitions board, of which Mr. Frank A. Scott of Cleveland is the chairman. The board consists of fifteen military and naval members and five civilian members. —The Shipping Board is preparing plans for building a great fleet of small, wooden cargo carriers to be used for transporting supplies to Europe. Maj. Gen. Goethals has been asked to superintend the construction of these vessels. —The railways have named a war board of five, of which Mr. Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, is chairman, to coordinate the transportation resources of the country in cooperation with the government. —About a hundred aliens who are known or suspected to be spies or plotters in the interest of the German government were arrested and imprisoned. —The new government armor plate and projectile plant is to be built at Charleston, West Virginia.



HERBERT C. HOOVER

VIOLATIONS OF NEUTRALITY.—Seven men convicted of plotting to destroy the Welland Canal or to blow up munition ships at sea were sentenced to prison in New York. One was a German artillery officer, another was an American citizen, and the others were members of the engineering staff of the North German Lloyd steamer *Kaiser Friedrich der Grosse*.

MUNITIONS PLANT DESTROYED.—The plant of the Eddystone Ammunition Company near Chester, Pennsylvania, was destroyed by explosion and fire on April 10. About one hundred and fifty were killed, mostly women and girls. A disloyal or demented employee is believed to have caused the explosion.

RECENT DEATH.—On April 8, Richard Olney, former Attorney-General and Secretary of State, aged 81.

THE GREAT WAR

(From April 5 to April 11)

The sweep of the world war widens. Following the proclamation of war between the United States and Germany, Cuba and Panama determined to conform their attitude to that of the United States. The resolution declaring war against Germany passed both houses of the Cuban Congress unanimously, and President Menocal signed it on April 7. It was believed that some others of the Central American republics, particularly Guatemala, might follow the lead of Panama.

Brazil was greatly stirred, first by the action of the United States, and then by the news that a German submarine had torpedoed the Brazilian ship *Parana*. There were many popular demonstrations of hostility to Germany, and on April 10 the government definitely broke with that country and gave the German minister his passports. The government of Argentina announced that it approved of the attitude of the United States toward Germany. The government of Costa Rica did the same.

The Chinese Foreign Office announced that seven of the Entente nations had agreed to a revision of the Chinese tariff, the postponement of the Boxer indemnity, and revision of consular rights of jurisdiction. If the others also consent, China is virtually sure to enter the war on the side of the Entente.

On April 7 the Foreign Office at Vienna gave our diplomatic representatives their passports, and Baron Ziwedinek, the Austrian chargé d'affaires, asked for his on April 9. There was no formal declaration of war; but it is likely to follow. It is understood that Turkey and Bulgaria will take the same course.

The western front remained the most important theatre of military operations. The British and French continued their pressure on St. Quentin and La Fère, but their gains were small. The real fighting shifted to the line between Arras and Lens. There the British attacked in force, captured the famous ridge of Vimy, and drove back the German line three or four miles over a front of ten miles or more. More than eleven thousand prisoners and a hundred guns were taken.

The attack was preceded by a spectacular battle in the air in which hundreds of aeroplanes were engaged. The losses are not definitely known, but must have amounted to forty or fifty planes on each side. The British seem to have regained the mastery of the air, for they report taking photographs and dropping bombs forty miles behind the German lines, and the success of the drive indicates excellent aerial as well as artillery preparation.

The British movement threatens the northern end of the new line to which the Germans have retreated; if it is carried farther, the Germans must abandon part if not the whole of that line, and give up Lens, with its valuable coal-producing territory.

The Turks were cleaned wholly out of Persia, and the Russian forces coming from Hamadan and the British army moving from Bagdad were in touch at last near Khanakin. It will be interesting to see what is the next move in that part of the world; the Turks must hold between Bagdad and Mosul if they do not wish to yield up two thirds of their empire to the enemy.

Berlin announced nine thousand Russian prisoners taken in the recent battle on the Stokhod River. Petrograd declared that the German advance had been checked and some of the lost ground retaken. There was some inconclusive fighting near Riga. Elsewhere there was comparative quiet.

The American ship *Missourian* was sunk, unwarned, by a German submarine near Genoa. So was the American steamer *Seward* in the Mediterranean. So was the Norwegian steamer *Camilla*, loaded with corn for the Belgian relief work.

It was announced from Christiania that more than a quarter of the Norwegian merchant navy has been destroyed chiefly by submarines since the war began. The weekly report from London admitted the loss of nineteen British ships.

Official reports from Ambassador Sharp in Paris and from American consular officials and relief workers in Belgium were made public by the State Department. They indicated that the newspaper reports of wanton destruction wrought in France by the German army and of cruelties practiced in deporting men and women and abducting young girls in both Belgium and France had not been exaggerated.

The Socialist leaders of Germany are in constant communication with the Socialists of Russia, trying to reach a basis for a separate peace between the two countries; it is believed that the German government is supporting their efforts, and that it is ready to exact some concessions from Turkey if by that means Russia can be got to make a separate peace. The Russian provisional government remains firm for the prosecution of the war, but it has announced that the new Russia desires no territorial conquest.

Gen. Foch, "the hero of the Marne," retired from active service at the age of 66.

It was announced that Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Minister, would visit the United States to discuss war plans with our government.



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THE WILDWOOD LOON

By Arthur Guiterman



A Fable for Jesters

THE loon has to laugh till he dies!
He laughs when he swims or he flies;
He laughs on the stream and lagoon.
"Ha, ha!" laughs the wildwood loon.

The loon thought the world was a jest;
He laughed at his mate on her nest;
He laughed at the sun and the moon.
"Ha, ha!" laughs the wildwood loon.

He laughed at the deer and the bear,
He laughed at the mink and the hare,
He laughed at the fox and the coon.
"Ha, ha!" laughs the wildwood loon.

He laughed on the lake and the sound;
He laughed and he laughed, till he found
That laugh his perpetual tune!
"Ha, ha!" laughs the wildwood loon.

In grief and in pain and in dearth
He must laugh without heart, without mirth;
He must laugh, though to wail were a boon.
"Ha, ha!" laughs the wildwood loon.

RUNNING THE RACE

THE virtues that American young people to-day value most highly are courage, fairness, persistence, loyalty, self-sacrifice, ability to accept outward defeat gracefully but with a spirit that cannot be defeated. These are great qualities, and not to be acquired in a moment. Indeed, it takes a certain degree of moral training, whether conscious or unconscious, to enable one to recognize their greatness.

Dr. Grenfell tells an amusing story of the introduction of football in Labrador, when defeat was considered so unendurable a mortification that it had to be mutually agreed beforehand that neither side should win. "We saw," he says, "the unusual spectacle of the side that had been scored against solemnly allowed to walk across the field and kick a goal to save them the feeling of being beaten."

True sportsmanship is not limited to the gridiron or race track or tennis court; it concerns the whole of life. Do you remember how, three years ago, the great College Hall at Wellesley was destroyed by a fire from which many of the girls barely escaped with their lives? Personal possessions, valuable papers and collections, all the material things in the great building were lost. Yet three hours after the fire the whole college, gathered in the chapel, were singing, "O God, our help in ages past," and joining in Saint Paul's great exultation, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor any other thing . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"It is a fine thing to be enthusiastic over victory," the president said that morning. "It is a better thing to have enthusiasm in defeat."

There could be no defeat for such a spirit as that. The magnificent sequel of uninterrupted work and immediately restored buildings was only what must follow, from the great laws of life.

That unconquerable spirit is no less an ideal in religion itself. It was a girl who was teaching physical culture—dissatisfied, unhappy, almost a failure because she was denying her best self—who one day faced matters squarely. "I saw," she said afterwards, "that I hadn't been fair to God, and I resolved then and there that I was going to turn about. I was going to put into my religion the qualities I taught my girls to show in their games."

That means that she was to keep herself in training spiritually, to obey unquestioningly, to give unflinching loyalty to God. And such loyalty and such obedience mean victory—for God cannot be defeated whether in his universe or in a human soul.

THIEVES

AS the judge opened the front door he heard Sheila's voice—a clear and pleasant young voice, but very, very decided. "I'm telling you this for your own good, you know, Katie. It's such a waste of time and money and everything else for you to try to do something you never were meant to do."

Another voice answered her. The judge was something of an expert in voices—his work had taught him to know especially all the tones of hopelessness and discouragement. The other voice was irresolute; it would take only a little more to make it despairing.

"Of course I knew I never could make a fine teacher, Miss Sheila, but it seemed as if I could teach the little ones—loving them so, and all. I—I'd sort of dreamed of it all my life."

"It's too bad, Katie," the young voice was warm with sympathy but no less decided, "but you'd better give it up. It's the only brave way."

The judge went into the library and a moment later Sheila came in.

"What kind of a day did you have, Uncle Judge?" she asked gayly.

The judge's fine face shadowed. "To-day," he said slowly, "a boy of seventeen was brought up. The charge was stealing a few dollars' worth of stuff from a hardware shop where he had been employed for a couple of weeks. He said he wanted to try to make something. I asked how long he had been at school. It was only a few months now and then."

"They all said I was stupid, and I reckon I was," he said dully.

"I went further back. He had had a stepfather who was always 'picking on' him because he was stupid. He bore no resentment; he accepted himself at the valuation that others had placed upon him. Yet he wanted to make something, Sheila—"

The judge pulled her round so that he could look straight into the young face.

"Sheila, child, listen to this. The law cannot touch the greatest thieves of life. The man who steals a loaf for his hungry family is punished, but the man or woman who robs another of courage or hope or confidence—the very stuff of life itself—cannot be touched."

"Why, uncle?" Sheila gasped. "You mean Katie Dime? But she couldn't teach!"

"You took away a life dream. Did you give her anything in its place?"

"But," Sheila faltered, "she's dull, Uncle John."

"But she loves—and love is the greatest miracle worker in the world. Child, you've got to make up to Katie somehow. You've robbed her of hope and

courage and her dream; now you must find out how to give them back to her. It is the court's decision."

The judge's warm smile took the sting from the words. But Sheila did not see it; her face wore a look of mingled pain and resolution. It was one of Sheila's growing moments—and growing hurts, sometimes.

A FELINE REFORMER

A TRAMP whose face was boyish and whose hair was iron-gray sat under a viaduct near a Kansas town waiting for a freight train on which to "beat his way" to the harvest fields. Grouped under the viaduct with him were half a hundred others of his type, for when the Kansas wheat harvest calls, thousands answer.

A little black kitten wandered into their retreat. One of the men playfully tossed a tin at her, and she sought cover in the hat of the tramp with the iron-gray hair. When a long freight train boomed up the track, bound west, and the tramp hurriedly reached for his hat, which had been lying near him, the kitten was still there.

Thrusting the little animal into his coat pocket, the tramp ran for the train; but the kitten wriggled out and the man stopped short. He believed that it brought good luck to make friends with an animal, and he determined not to desert his new-found companion even if he lost the train. Half an hour later he left on another freight, and soon settled himself on a flat car with a dozen other "gentlemen of the road."

Presently he pulled the cat from his pocket and, after conferring with the other members of the party, christened it Weary Willie, a name that suited not only the cat's general appearance but also its character. It gave way to an uncontrollable desire to sleep in its protector's lap.

The tramp secured a job on a western Kansas farm. He slept in the barn with the kitten curled up on a bed of hay near him. In the daytime, while he was shocking wheat, Weary Willie played with the farmer's children.

When the harvest was over and the tramp prepared to go, the children were broken-hearted at the thought of parting with the kitten. Not wishing to disappoint them, the farmer induced the tramp to stay for the autumn ploughing, and later in the season leased him forty acres of land.

Last year the tramp—a tramp no more—harvested an average of thirty bushels of wheat an acre from his leased land, and is preparing to farm three or four times as much land this year. The neighboring farmers keep him employed steadily when he is not working for himself, for they have found him a steady, conscientious worker. The seven hundred odd dollars that he received from his crop is almost entirely clear profit.

Weary Willie belied the sex that its name implied by becoming the mother of five fine black kittens, and her master is more than ever convinced that there is something in the tramp's superstition that a black cat brings good luck. That, and hard work, made a man of an outcast.

THE "BASEBALL GRENADE"

AN officer of the Ordnance Division of the War Department has recently invented a hand grenade that may enable our army to use effectively our national ability to play baseball. The new implement of warfare has the shape and size of the ordinary American baseball, and the thrower "delivers" it with the motion that a pitcher uses for an outcurve. It is a thin steel shell filled with a very powerful explosive, but, unlike the European grenades, it can be handled with impunity, for unless a hidden spring is touched the grenade will not explode, no matter how roughly it may be struck.

Reports of American military observers along the European front have indicated, ever since the commencement of the war, that the use of the ordinary grenade is very dangerous not only to the enemy but also to the men who handle it. Frequently when a soldier drops or strikes it by accident it explodes with terrific force.

The "baseball grenade" differs from the weapons of a similar nature used abroad mainly in the manner of handling it. The man in the trenches who "pitches" these grenades will have a peculiar metal contrivance strapped to his hand. As the missile leaves his fingers one of the prongs of the device touches a hidden spring in the grenade, and by removing a shock absorber inside the weapon makes the ball explode instantly upon contact.

The inventor, who was formerly a pitcher on the West Point team, has done away with the two principal objections to the European grenades—unwieldiness and liability to premature explosion—and has developed a weapon that will feel familiar to every American soldier. Only a comparatively small percentage of men can shoot accurately, but a much larger number can throw a baseball with sufficient force and direction to make the "baseball grenade" a very formidable weapon even in the hands of a newly recruited regiment.

A NIGHT VISIT FROM A GRIZZLY

ALTHOUGH they paid dearly for their experience, Ned Frost, a Yellowstone National Park guide, and Edward Jones, a cook, have thrown an interesting light upon the character of a bad-tempered grizzly bear. In Outdoor Life, Mr. Frost describes the encounter:

It was a very large, old grizzly, and I never saw a bear that looked bigger. We were asleep and knew nothing of his approach until he grabbed Jonesy and shook him out of bed, hit him with his paw and knocked him down. Jonesy's yells woke Shorty and me, and as I roused up in bed I grabbed the first thing I could, which happened to be my pillow, and threw it at the bear. As it struck right in front of him, I think it saved Jonesy from pretty near certain death, but the old devil saw me then and came for me. I had the presence of mind to pull the bedding over me and double up my arms and legs so he couldn't get at my body very well, and that is all that saved me. He shook me like a rat, rearing on his hind feet, three or four times; that is what tore my flesh so about the knees, and this, too, right through an eighteen-ounce tarp, six thicknesses of blankets and a wool comforter. The leg was cut to the bone in some places and the main artery exposed for three inches along the side of the left knee; but I was lucky enough to escape having the knee joint opened, and don't believe I shall have a stiff leg.

There was an automobile party camped about a mile from us and they came and took us to the Lake Hotel, where two good Eastern doctors were

working on us within an hour after the encounter. There were twenty-eight stitches and a couple of drains put in my leg, and Jonesy had nearly that many, I guess, put in the muscles of his back and shoulder where the bear had grabbed him (also through his bedding) and shook him out of his bed. I think it was lucky he left Jonesy for me just as he got him out of bed, and I also believe without doubt he would have killed me instantly on getting me out of bed only that he shook me seven feet and under some young jack pines and failed to see me go; for he stayed with my bed and tore it all to pieces before he left, while I got away behind the thick young jack pines.

This is the first time I have ever heard of any bear attacking anyone wholly unprovoked, and our experience only goes to show that you can never tell what a grizzly will do.

A HERO FOR A DAY



Master—Now, tell me some important event in history that occurred in 1906.
Schoolboy—Please, sir, I was born!

—T. Martin Jones in To-day.

MR. PEASLEE ON UNNECESSARY SELF-SACRIFICE

BY the open door of Caleb Peaslee's cornered Deacon Hyne came to a standstill and looked in without speaking. His whole figure seemed to move in a nimbus of gloom, and Caleb felt a spasm of sympathy.

"Rheumatiz plaguin' ye, Lysander?" he inquired. Mr. Hyne shook his head dolefully. "Wuss'n that," he replied. "It ain't aches and pains that's botherin' me. I'm jest tryin' to do somethin' unselfish, and it's hurtin' me wuss'n haulin' a tooth."

Mr. Peaslee's look of concern gave way to a grin, and Mr. Hyne strove to smile with him, wryly.

"I'd been lottin' on gettin' me a new hoss hoe this spring," the deacon explained, "and I can spare jest 'bout money 'nough to buy it with. And now I've got reason to believe my wife wants to go off with that passel of women to some kind of a convention or other at Bangor, and that'll take jest 'bout the money I've saved for a hoss hoe. I've been tryin' for two days now to give up to her cheerfully, and I guess I've made out—I hope so, anyway."

Mr. Peaslee looked up with a curious expression in his eyes. "Did your wife tell you she wanted to go?" he demanded.

Mr. Hyne shook his head dejectedly. "She ain't yipped a word 'bout it to me, so far," he admitted. "But most all the women in the village plan to go, so I don't see no comfort there."

Caleb scrutinized an ear of corn carefully, and his mouth turned up a little at the corners. "My wife ain't goin'—I heard her say so," he observed at last. "More'n that, I happen to know—" He broke off abruptly and his smile widened. "I guess I've got a little story to tell you, if you want to listen to it," he finished.

Mr. Hyne gave a patient sigh. "I s'pose I've got to listen, if you're sot on tellin' it," he conceded glumly.

"Well, I've got a reason for wantin' you should listen," asserted Caleb. "Years ago, when my wife and I was fust married, somethin' come up jest 'bout like what you've been goin' through for the last two days, and it teach'd me somethin' that I ain't forgot."

"This special junket was somethin' that I wanted to go to jest as bad as she did, I felt pretty sure, but I never let on to her that I did. Instead of that I kep' tellin' her what a good time she'd have, and picturin' it all out."

"Them days, when we was jest startin' in, money wa'n't very plenty, and we both knew that if one of us went, t'other one'd have to stay at home. So I didn't give her much chance to plead with me to go in her place, but I packed her off and stayed at home and nussed my disappointment. So she went off alone, lookin' pretty sober."

"I ain't goin' into particulars of what my thoughts was that day, of her off havin' a good time instead of me—I ain't never felt any gre't pride in 'em, ever. I'll jest say that I pitied myself c'n'sid'able, and let it go that."

"Come night, she got back home, and I went out to help her out of the wagon,—she'd rode back with one of the neighbors,—and when she struck the ground I see right off that somethin' was wrong. She looked tired and sick 'nough to be put to bed and have the doctor—'s a matter of fact, she had to have him 'fore she got through with it. And I helped her into the house, and in less'n a minute I found out what a fool I'd been!"

"Come to get at the rights of it, she hadn't wanted to go at all, but I'd made such a touse over her goin' that she thought my heart was set on it, and she'd swallowed her wishes and gone. She hadn't had a happy minute for the day, or one when she wouldn't have rather been to home, a dozen times over. And she'd jest tired herself sick."

"There I'd been and gone and spilt the day for both of us, on 'count of not havin' a little clearin'-up talk in the beginnin'! But it teach'd me somethin', and you better believe it never happened again, nor nothin' like it. Nowadays I know fust if there's anythin' to worry 'bout, 'fore I do any sacrificin'."

"Comin' back to what I started to say in the fust

place," Caleb went on placidly. "I happened to hear your wife and mine talkin' 'bout the convention, and they both agreed that they couldn't be dragged there by wild hosses. So I guess your two days' worry is as good as wasted, and you can buy your hoss hoe soon's you're a mind to, fur's that goes."

"Honest?" demanded Mr. Hyne, brightening wonderfully.

"Honest!" Mr. Peaslee reassured him.

HISTORIC ANAGRAMS

THE making of anagrams is deemed to-day merely a game of words. It is no longer in fashion, yet clever persons still find occasional amusement in it, and a really apt anagram never lacks applause. But in old times, when the superstitious sought auguries and omens in the most insignificant circumstances, anagrams were often taken seriously. The transposition of letters, by which a word was made to spell something else, was supposed to indicate a real connection between the two meanings—at least, if it was a connection that anyone wished to find. There have been historic anagrams in plenty which have interpreted popular opinion, and a few that may even have influenced it.

A recent writer, M. L. Lejeune, has collected a surprising number, of which two excellent anagrams in Latin are especially interesting. The first, on Queen Elizabeth, so pleased her that it would have earned its maker a substantial reward, had it not been sent anonymously. It ran:

Elizabetha Regina Anglorum—Gloria regni solve manebat (The glory of the kingdom remained secure).

Its precise antithesis, made according to tradition by Mary Queen of Scots herself, who was always fond of mottoes, quips and plays on words, epitomizes in half a dozen words the history of the unhappy queen:

Maria Stewartia Scolorum Regina—Trusa vi regis morte amara cado (Driven by force from my kingdom, I fall by a bitter death).

In later days, when Napoleon, at the height of his power, had been bringing home choice plunder of pictures and statues from Italy, the Italians made from his name, Napoleon Bonaparte, the admonitory anagram, *Bona rapta, leno, pone* (Rascal, deliver up your stolen goods).

Napoleon's great opponent and final conqueror, the Duke of Wellington, was the subject of many English anagrams, most of which were poor enough. The best employs simply his name, without the title: Arthur Wellesley—Truly, he'll see war. The second Napoleon, at a time when England was suspicious of his intentions, was the subject of a better one: Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—An open plot! Arouse, Albion!

Naturally, the names of countries as well as of personages have been the subject of many anagrams, but in most instances with less than indifferent success. Ireland, to be sure, is certainly *Erin, lad*; but there is little significance, if unquestionable aptness, in the change. With the United States it is different.

The patriot may take his choice of several anagrams, of excellent quality and variety; for example: United States—*Inde uite stas* (Therefore thou standest securely). For those of a more fiery spirit there is another rendering, if they have sufficient faith in Uncle Sam's fighting qualities: *Dentatus iste*—(He has teeth). Best and last is one that all Americans alike may accept, retrospectively for the past and hopefully for the future: *United States—In te Deus stat* (God stands by thee).

THE SONG OF MERIT

JOHN CHINAMAN often has peculiar ideas about the wearing apparel that he buys in America. For one thing, he always wants boots that are several sizes too large, for he believes that in that way he gets more value for his money. In addition to excessive size, boots may have to possess other peculiar characteristics before they meet his full approval, as the following story indicates:

A California merchant offered a pair of fine boots that he had long kept in stock to a Chinese for three dollars. The Oriental finally took them, but two days later he brought them back.

"What's the trouble, John?" inquired the merchant. "Him good boots."

"Him no good," declared John. "Him no sing-song boot. Velly soon wear out. Me like sing-song boot or me catchee back t'ree dolla'."

"Sing-song boot!" exclaimed the merchant. "Me no sabe."

"Me t'ink you sabe, all lite," replied John. "Wha' fo' him boot no singee *Squeak! squeak!* when Chinaman walkee, alle same good boot?"

When the merchant had given him in exchange for the fine boots a pair of coarse, cheap ones that squeaked loudly, John Chinaman departed highly satisfied.

A TRUE PARTY MAN

A CERTAIN elderly Bostonian has a reputation as one of the staunchest of Republicans. In fact, he is convinced that the G. O. P., like the king, "can do no wrong." The present days of insurgency and schism within the body politic are to him a source of keen sorrow, and he loses no opportunity, in spite of his more than threescore years and ten, to argue the intrinsic stability of party principles and to prove that every evil condition that has arisen in the land is attributable to the Democrats.

The other day he had consigned all the Democrats to the thieves of Jericho and shown to his own satisfaction how safe are the reins of government in the hands of a Republican, when one of his listeners remarked smilingly:

"There's —, your namesake in P—; you know the graft they discovered he'd been working while he was in office. He's a Republican."

For an instant only the loyal Republican seemed subdued; then he brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"That old rascal? Why, he's a Democrat at heart! He's a Democrat at heart, I tell you!"

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number

A Mixed Puzzle: 1, Chimpanzee; 2, hornet; 3, toucan; 4, smelt; 5, prune; 6, balsam.

1, Loc-al, egotistic-al, unequ-al, loy-al, re-al, vit-al, patern-al, prejudic-al, pastor-al, pictori-al.

2, Arno, nor.

3, James Whitcomb Riley.

4, Clock.

5, Hortense.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

MAY FLOWERS

BY THOMAS TAPPER

The people talk of windy March
And of the April showers,
And how these two are sure to
bring
The welcome Maytime flowers.

But I am sure that both these
months
Are failures as to weather,
For every year they seem to get
Most sadly mixed together.

There's rain in March and April
wind;
The snowstorms get all twisted,
Which makes it clear that Maytime
flowers
Come forth quite unassisted.

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WHEN FATHER HUNG A MAY BASKET

BY S. O. VERNON

MOTHER was helping Marjorie make a May basket. Robert was looking on with much interest, for he expected to share in the fun of hanging the basket a few evenings later. Father was sitting at the other side of the table, reading.

When mother and Marjorie were putting the last bits of tissue paper in place, father laid his book on the table and looked over at the others.

"Did I ever tell you about the adventure that I had one time when I went hanging May baskets?" he asked.

"No," answered Marjorie. "Did you really hang May baskets when you were a boy?" And Robert broke in with, "Please tell us about it now."

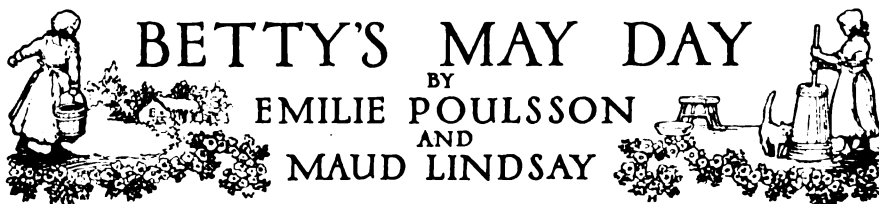
"The adventure happened one May when I was a little older than you are, Robert," went on father. "A party of us set out one night to hang May baskets to some young friends who lived over on the North Road, a mile or so away. My brother George and my sister Bessie were in the number, and two or three others. It was only twilight when we left home, and we cut through the old orchard above the house to avoid the road, where some one might see us. We came out on the North Road near the schoolhouse —"

"Was that the red schoolhouse under the big willow, where you dropped stones on the roof during the magic-lantern show?" asked Robert.

"The very one," answered father, with a laugh. "The next house beyond it was the place where we were to hang the first May basket. A girl named Mollie lived there. It was arranged that the others should hide in the shadows by the roadside while I hung the basket. I left them there and slipped across the road and into the yard. Just as I reached the house, and before I could fasten the basket to the door knob, I heard footsteps inside and knew that some one was coming to the door. I didn't dare to wait an instant, and, with the basket still in my hand, I turned and dashed round the corner of the house."

"I heard the door open behind me and knew that some one had come out. I must hide somewhere, for of course it would not do to be caught, especially before I could hang the basket. The first hiding place that I saw was the rollway to the cellar, which stood open at the end of the house. I slipped down the stairs and crouched in the darkness of the cellar. The next moment Mollie's father came to the rollway and slammed down the heavy door, and I was a prisoner. I started to cry out, but choked back the words."

"I didn't like that dark cellar very well, and I knew that the rest of my party would be wondering what had become of me, so I waited only a minute or two before I tried to raise the door. It would not budge. Probably it had a padlock, like our cellar door at home, and Mollie's father had snapped the lock when he closed the door, having no idea that I was inside. What could I do? I heard steps on the floor overhead, but I did not like the thought of calling to the family and confessing how I had allowed myself to be trapped. I sat there on a box and waited and waited and thought and thought for what seemed hours. At last there were no more sounds upstairs, and I felt sure that the family had gone to bed. Then I started to steal very quietly up the cellar stairs to the kitchen, and get out of the house unheard."



BETTY'S MAY DAY

BY
EMILIE POULSSON
AND
MAUD LINDSAY

The sky was pink as hawthorn bloom, that shining first of May,
And little Betty rose betimes, and to herself did say,
"No laggard will I be this morn, for when my tasks are done
Then free am I to gather flow'rs and to my playmates run,
For this is merry May Day, and upon the village green
The children meet, with garlands gay, to choose and crown a queen."

So hither, yonder, Betty sprang, her holiday to earn;
The porridge bowls must Betty wash, the butter she must churn;
Must beat the feather beds, and then the covers neatly spread,
And by no hand but Betty's must her own pet lamb be fed.
The chickens, too, and cooing doves—to feed them was her work.
From task to task she singing sped. Not one did Betty shirk.

Then eagerly she sallied forth, but scarce had reached the gate,
When smote her ear a pleading cry: "O Betty, Betty! Wait!"
'Twas Dicky boy who sobbing showed a finger held apart,—
A tiny bleeding finger,—and at once with love-taught art
She soothed the baby brother and his wounded finger bound,
Nor left him till again in glee his laughter echoed round.

DRAWN BY F. LILEY-YOUNG



"TIS YOU, DEAR BETTY, WE HAVE CHOSEN FOR OUR QUEEN!"

"Now I must haste indeed," quoth she, and tripped adown the lane,
When Brother Jock called out to her, and Betty stopped again.
"O sister! See how sad a rent is in my doublet torn!
I prithee let your needle's work correct that of the thorn.
Your nimble hands will quickly do this kindly deed for me,
You'll still have many shining hours for merrymaking free."

Right willingly the little maid the woeful rent did mend.
Who would not for a lad like Jock her labor gladly spend?
Then once again she started out. (The sun was climbing high!)
"I'll take," she thought, "the path that runs old Goody's cottage nigh,
For blue her hill with violets, her field is flower strewn.
Like gold the cowslips shine; yes, there I'll fill my basket soon!"

But when the cottage she drew near, a voice called, "Will you bring
To me, who lie here helpless, some cool water from the spring?"
And Betty's heart of pity then could hold no other thought
Until the sparkling water to the sick dame she had brought.
This done, the little maiden went with joy upon her way,
And soon was plucking eagerly the flowers bright and gay.

The pink-tipped daisy, primrose pale, and violets blue and white,
Foxglove and harebell from the wood, she gathered with delight.
And all the while she heard the birds right gayly chirp and sing.
The clear-voiced cuckoo called to spread the joyful news of spring.
The throbbing fluted chants of love above their half-built nest.
"I've flowers a-plenty," Betty said. "I'll weave them now, and rest."

A butterfly, white-winged and frail, lit on a fragrant spray.
"You fairy creature! You, like me, delight in flowery May!"
A tiny field mouse scurried off, "What now? Is your home near?
Poor frightened thing! I wish you knew that I am naught to fear!"
Then Betty glimpsed a squirrel spry, that leaping reached the wood.
"Dear Bunny! When I come again I'll bring to you some food."

Thus softly talked the little maid, and wove her wreath the while.
The face bent o'er her work was bright with radiant, happy smile.
For she was thinking of her mates; of which should be the queen.
"There's Hildegarde. Her golden hair would grace the crown. I ween!
There's dancing Tess, whose nimble feet are light as thistledown;
And merry Joan; now surely one of those will wear the crown."

But in upon her thoughts there broke a ringing, singing call.
"Come, Betty, come!" And toward her trooped the village children all.
"Oh, hasten, Betty, hasten! We will dance and sing and play!
For everything is ready now, to crown the queen of May.
Yes, everything is ready there, upon the village green;
And 'tis you, 'tis you, dear Betty, we have chosen for our queen."

I knew the inside of the house pretty well, and thought that would be an easy thing to do.

"I found my way to the cellar stairs all right and was nearly at the top of them,—how they creaked!—when what did I do but hit an empty keg that was standing on the stairs. It tipped over and rolled to the bottom. My, what a racket it made as it went bumpety-bump! down those stairs! In a second or two I heard steps, and before I could get back into the darkness of the cellar the door opened and there stood Mollie's father with a lamp in his hand. It seemed that the rest of the family had gone to bed, but he had been reading in the front room."

"What does this mean?" he asked, when he saw me. "What have you been up to now, John Archer?"

"You see, I was going to hang a May basket for Mollie," I began, but he didn't even let me finish.

"Isn't a cellar a new place for that?" he asked. "And aren't you out rather late for a youngster of your age?"

"And without giving me any chance to tell my story, he took me by the ear and hustled me through the kitchen and out of the door. You see, he was not very fond of me, on account of some of the pranks that I had been in. Just as the door closed behind me I heard some one giggling in the upper hall, and I knew that Mollie and her sister had got up to see what all the confusion was about. Then for the first time I thought of the May basket that I had forgotten and left behind in the cellar."

"When I got home—I guess I ran all the way—I found them all stirred up over my disappearance. The others supposed that I had hung the May basket before I ran round the corner of the house, and they had not seen where I went. They waited a while and then went on without me to hang the other baskets."

"And did Mollie find the basket that you left in the cellar?" asked Marjorie.

"Yes, they found it there the next day, and when her father heard the whole story he was sorry that he had hustled me out of the house so roughly. Perhaps your mother can tell you more about that part of the story."

"Why, what does she know about it?" asked Marjorie.

"Well, she ought to know a lot about it," said father, with twinkling eyes, "for her name used to be Mollie Rogers. And now it is time for you to go to bed."

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THE FOOLISH HEN

BY NANNIE L. BONHAM

"PLEASE give me a piece of your bread," said the cat to the old hen that was trying her best to eat a loaf of bread that was almost as big as she was. It was far more than she needed for herself.

The old hen only ruffled up her feathers and clucked something that could not be understood, so the poor, hungry cat had to go without.

"Please give me a piece of your bread," grunted the little pig. But the old hen only ruffled up her feathers, took her big loaf and turned off to one side where she thought she would not be bothered.

"Please give me a piece of your bread," said the pigeon, as it flew down from the fence right by her side. The old hen was getting very angry by this time. She flew at the pigeon, and scared the little thing out of the yard.

"Please give me a piece of your bread," said a big, old dog. The old hen only ruffled up her feathers, as usual, and started at the big dog; but he did not mind that. "If you will not give me a piece, I will take it all," he said, as he started toward the big loaf.

The old hen seized the loaf of bread in her mouth and started on a run, but the dog could outrun her. She saw that she would have to do something quick, so she spread her wings and tried to fly over the fence. But just as she got to the top of the fence a little bird pecked at the loaf; and away it went tumbling back to the ground; and in her fright, instead of landing on the fence, she fell right into a barrel of water close by.

The old hen called the cat to help her, she called the pigeon to help her, she called the dog to help her, and she even pleaded, "O little bird, please help me! I am about to drown."

They all worked as hard as they could to get her out, but they could not. Just as the poor old hen was about to sink to the bottom of the barrel of water, Farmer Perkins happened along and took her out, almost dead.

The cat, the pig, the pigeon, the dog and the little bird all had a good feast off the old hen's loaf, and it was a long time before she was able to eat another crumb of bread.



DRAWN BY G. A. WILLIAMS
THEN THERE WAS A FIGHT, OF COURSE, BUT THE OFFICERS WHIPPED

FOWLER'S WATCH



JUST after the east-bound mail train left Grant's Station, New Mexico, about midnight of March 23, 1898, one of the express messengers roughly shook the shoulder of a man who lay asleep in the express car. This man, wide-awake in an instant, jumped up as he heard shots being fired, told the messengers to put out the lights, pulled his boots on, buckled his pistol belt about him and, rifle in hand, started toward the door. He was the express company's guard, Charles L. Fowler, a resident of Albuquerque, New Mexico.

The subsequent proceedings of Fowler were such that he carries to-day a handsome gold watch, chain and seal, presented by Wells Fargo & Co., as the inscription upon the watch says, "For fearless conduct." But the truth is that Fowler showed other good qualities besides fearlessness. He proved himself resolute and persistent also.

There was no moon visible that night, clouds obscured the sky, and as the train slackened speed and finally came to a stop Fowler was able to get out of the car without being noticed. Most of the gang that had "held up" the train seemed to be gathered round the engine, although back by the sleeping cars some one was keeping up a fusillade to terrorize the passengers. Fowler sat down under the side of the express car and waited.

Presently three of the bandits came toward his car, walking on the other side of the train. As soon as he could see their outlines the guard began firing. He "got" a man. One of the robber's companions helped him away; the other started shooting under the cars, hoping to "get" Fowler.

Guard and outlaw stalked each other, Indian fashion, under and round the cars, for some moments. Then the express messengers brought their guns into action, and the gang made off up the hillside. Guard and bandits had fired more than a hundred shots,—the station agent picked up the exploded cartridges the next day,—and the victory was with the defender.

The assailants disposed of, the guard set out to search for the crew of the train, whom he feared had been killed. In one car a Pueblo Indian had squeezed himself under the water cooler, thinking himself hidden. The white passengers, equally scared, had crawled under the seats; all but one stout woman, who lay trembling and groaning in the aisle. When Fowler appeared, they thought him one of the gang, and collapsed completely. Finally the guard found the engineer, who had jumped on the last car as the train pulled away from Grant's Station.

It was when it stopped at that place that the train had been "held up." The engineer had dodged the bandits, but they had forced the fireman to start the train and to stop it when out of sight of the station, shooting him in the knee by way of reward. The engineer now backed the train to Grant's and picked up the rest of the crew, who had been left on the platform, and the east-bound mail resumed its interrupted run.

Fowler stayed at Grant's. His business with the robbers had only just begun.

At Grant's he could get no help, for the few inhabitants thereabouts were Indians and Mexican sheep herders; but he had telegraphed the news of the "holdup" to his superiors, and at three o'clock in the morning a special train brought him two Navajo Indian "trailers" and three Americans. On another special train came General Superintendent Wells, accompanied by an officer. Mr. Wells put the six men under command of Fowler, and told him to "follow the bandits as long as there is anything to follow."

It would take a page of this paper to tell in detail the events of the next seven days. On the second day out, Fowler was joined by a deputy sheriff, Francisco Vijil, who stayed by him to the end; but three of his posse, men unused to hardship and mounted on slow

horses, proved more hindrance than help.

The trail led through swollen streams and over snow-covered mountain passes. Following it was bitter work for men who could not bear to be wet and cold and hungry. So after three days

Fowler told four of his saddle-sore, dispirited party to go back. He and Vijil and the two Indians kept on.

As the posse approached Arizona the bandits began to be heard from, at ranches and sheep-herding stations where they had stopped for food. There had been five concerned in the attack, but one had gone off by himself. One of the four was reported to have a lame leg; that was the man Fowler had shot. They all rode stolen horses. Fowler recovered two, which had been exchanged for fresh mounts.

Now the pursuers were getting into the outlaws' own country, where, whether from motives of friendship or fear, almost anyone would give the criminals warning. To guard against this, Fowler and Vijil made prisoner of every suspicious character they met, and took him along. Unfortunately, one of the suspicious characters got away.

That took the heart out of the Indians. They had lost the trail, anyhow. If, as now seemed likely, the "holdup" men had been told about the officers, the chances were that "gold and glory" could not be won by a capture; for, with wood, water and grass almost everywhere, the hunted men could keep moving for an indefinite time. So the Indians left—and took all the horses with them.

But at this very time, when things looked most hopeless, reinforcements came to Fowler and Vijil in the persons of two seasoned officers, who had been sent by the chief of the express company's secret service to meet them and help them out. Two horses were found. The four officers slipped away to a quiet mountain camp near by, where they could rest for the night and talk over the situation.

And here, the next morning,—because it was a secluded spot, just such a resting place as they also coveted,—the four outlaws rode right into the officers' hands! The rascals were fairly in the camp before they realized the posse. Then there was a fight, of course, but the officers whipped.

One of the bandits was killed. Another, severely wounded, was saved for the penitentiary. Two got away and left the country. The fifth man was captured later on in Utah. That gang "held up" no more trains.

But all this would not have come to pass and Fowler would not have earned his watch had he given up when the fatigued four did, or had he joined the discouraged Indians and gone back to town. True, luck seemed to favor him at the last—but that was because he was on the spot. He had kept on "as long as there was anything to follow."



AN ECONOMICAL ICE BOX

ACCORDING to the Christian Herald, an inventive Dane has contrived a substitute for refrigerators with ice in them—namely, boxes cooled by running water. His invention has proved so popular that in all the newer sections of Copenhagen the apartment houses are constructed so as to make use of it.

The iceless refrigeration is accomplished by conducting all the cold water that enters the house from the city mains through pipes at the back of the box. Since a great deal of water is drawn during the day, the refrigerators remain fresh and cool.

If the invention proves to be what it promises, it will come into general use throughout the world, for ice, which used to be considered a luxury, is now a necessity, and its price is often so high as to make it a matter of some anxiety to housekeepers.

The name of the Dane was not mentioned in the dispatch from Copenhagen, says the Herald in conclusion, but if his plan of refrigeration works as he expects, his praise will be sung round the earth.

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parts, built of Chrome-Vanadium. There is 24 per cent added luxury over our last year models.

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A KITTEN AND A TROUT HOOK

THE mistress of a Catskill boarding house owns some fine Angora cats, and sometimes sells one of them for a high price. There are boarders, however, who object to cats—even to the fluffy descendants of Asiatic beauties. So it has seemed a good plan to have a cats' residence, or cattery, where, within an inclosed yard, the Angoras can trouble no one.

The boarding house is near the famous Beaver Kill River, and in later May there are always a few trout fishermen who make this pleasant hostelry their headquarters. Thus, early in the season, when there are few boarders, the wire door of the cattery is left open and the cats wander at their will.

One May a beautiful "silver-tip" mother, named Lady, romped back and forth on the porches with her family of three fluffy kittens. The kittens had the longest and silkiest of fur, each with a dainty neck ruff, and their tails promised to rival the great waving plume of their mother. One was named Wander, another Bear, because he was supposed to look like a little grizzly, and a pudgy bunch of purest white had the name of Lassie.

Although Lassie was as fat as a possum, she was a born gymnast. She would dance all the way across the porch in eager chase after a house fly, with her fluffy paws beating the air, and sometimes leap twice her pudgy length upward. She could make flying leaps over both her brothers that would have gained her a prize in any kitten hurdle race. At her liveliest she was nothing less than a furry spiral of curvettings and back somersaults.

One day after dinner a fisherman prepared his rod for the sport of the afternoon. And for fear that the kittens should get hurt with the flies, and wishing to linger on the porch, he pushed his rod high into the Virginia creeper that covered the front of the porch; but he had barely taken his chair when a gust of wind shook the vines and dislodged the rod. It fell outward to the grass below, with the flies fluttering through the air. Instantly a bunch of white darted from under the porch, and Lassie had one of the trout flies in her mouth.

The next three minutes was a medley of a frantic angler, a more frantic kitten, and such yowlings and spittings as can be imagined. At last the fisherman captured the kitten and found that the sharp hook was deeply embedded in her mouth. He cut the snell of the fly away; but the kitten must have been suffering cruelly, for she would not allow any straining at the hook.

There were complications. The mistress of the house had gone to Roscoe, a railway town six miles away, and was not expected back until late in the afternoon. The angler tried to turn amateur surgeon, but any attempt to remove the hook transformed the bunch of fur into a bunch of sharp claws and teeth. Lassie needed a real surgeon, and the angler wisely decided to take her to one.

But the team had gone with Lassie's mistress to the railway town, and there was left in the stable only a slow-footed and ancient mare. However, Lassie must have a doctor, and the farm boy harnessed the mare into a sorry excuse for a buckboard and volunteered his services as driver. As the kitten had a trout fly in her jaw, it was appropriate that, in the lack of a suitable basket, a fishing creel should be chosen for her ambulance.

With the kitten in the creel, the relief expedition was halfway to the railway town when it met the mistress of the boarding house. The angler can never forget the pain on the good woman's face when she heard what had happened. She thought that the kitten would let her take out the hook, but she did not really know what sharp claws Lassie owned.

"I'll have to give it up!" exclaimed the lady, after a few moments of desperate trial. "You will have to take her to a doctor. But don't let him use chloroform; I've read that chloroform always kills kittens."

The angler wondered what brave surgeon

By Ladd Plumley



LASSIE WAS A BORN GYMNAST

would tackle the hook as it ought to be tackled without using something. However, he made no comment; and the farm boy drove on.

At the house to which he had been directed, the angler was told that the doctor was not expected back for many hours. Another physician, suggested by the farm boy, was also away, and no one knew when he would return. There were but three doctors in the town, and the angler's heart sank as the old mare was pulled up before the last chance. Fortunately, the third physician was eating a belated dinner.

Country doctors meet many emergencies, and it is seldom that their ingenuity fails them. When the doctor was told about his little patient in the creel, he smiled.

"I love animals," he said. "We won't have to use chloroform. Let me see—yes! I think I have an idea. Bring the creel into my office. You'll have to hold the cat."

"Then you must get out your sticking plaster and arnica," remarked the fisherman. "I think not," said the doctor, as he stepped to the corner and lifted down a heavy overcoat. "Let me take my patient. I'll put her into the sleeve of the coat and pin her in with safety pins, so that only her head will be out. Then I think you'll have no trouble in holding her."

If the angler should ever meet with an accident up in that country, he hopes he will have Lassie's kind-hearted and skillful doctor to attend him. Five minutes after the little cat had been securely pinned into the sleeve of the overcoat the hook had been cut out. True, the folks of the town must have heard Miss Lassie's uplifted and complaining yowls for a considerable distance; but her cries seemed to be due more to indignation at not being able to use her claws than to any considerable pain.

Then came a surprise. The surgeon had shut the window and closed the door of his office in the belief that when the kitten was released she would bolt almost anywhere; but it was the sweetest-tempered and most gentle of little Angoras that slipped herself from the coat sleeve. She sat on the angler's lap and purred and purred in supreme content. And when she was once again within the creel, she curled herself into a silky plump ball and slept nearly all of the way home.

As the old mare plodded up to the porch, an anxious little group waited. And as the buckboard came to rest, Lassie's mistress stepped forward. "It's all right!" exclaimed the angler. "The hook is out, and the patient is fast asleep. The doctor says there will be no complications whatever, and that you needn't be particular even about her food."

It was the most gentle of little Angoras that slipped herself from the coat sleeve

out, and the patient is fast asleep. The doctor says there will be no complications whatever, and that you needn't be particular even about her food."

QUEER FOOD

STRANGE foods, such as potato flour, artificial protein cakes, green bone-dust preparations, tabloid soups, pudding powders and other unusual things, have come into use during the war, says a writer in the New York Sun, and their adoption serves to remind us that much good food material is neglected in ordinary use. Only a few people eat snails; most of us would starve amidst plenty of locusts; and the thought of snakes as food would give those who call themselves civilized the shudders.

But unusual food, once become familiar, is often relished. Col. Roosevelt got the best work from his men on his African expedition by promising them raw steaks from slaughtered rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses. Capt. Bartlett, who carried Stefansson to the arctic waters, found raw polar bear flesh more appetizing than anything he had eaten at home.

Frenchmen eat snails, rats are sold in the Chinese markets, and dog steaks cost there more than mutton. Some arctic tribes prefer to have their fish decomposed before eating them, and even then perhaps they smell no worse than Limburger or Brie cheese. South Americans eat lizards, and mares' milk is a favorite Russian beverage. Truly, "there is no accounting for tastes."

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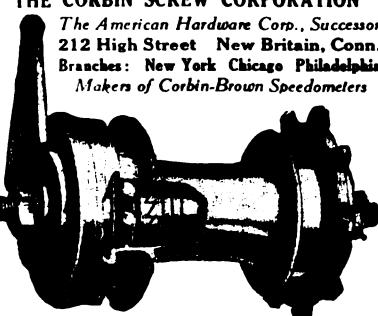
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THE FIRST VIRGINIANS



WHO were the first settlers of Jamestown? Capt. John Smith and the others who came with him in 1607 were of course the first to establish permanently the English race and English institutions on this side of the Atlantic, but there were white settlers in Virginia on the banks of the James eighty years before them.

To the energetic and adventurous Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon belongs the credit for the earliest settlement of Jamestown. This man was one of the auditors or magistrates of Santo Domingo, which within thirty years of its discovery by Columbus had already become a populous and prosperous colony. He possessed the tireless activity and the eager ambition that animated so many of his countrymen in that golden age of Spanish history.

After making a voyage of exploration that took him to South Carolina, he visited Spain and got from the king—Charles V—a royal patent granting him the right to explore farther and colonize the lands to the northward. It was expressly provided, at Ayllon's suggestion, that the natives of the country were not to be enslaved.

In June, 1526, he set sail from Santo Domingo with three ships and a party of six hundred persons, men and women, including several priests and physicians.

He took with him also no less than a hundred horses. The expedition was more than five times as large as that which Christopher Newport brought over in 1607, and much more completely fitted out.

Ayllon touched the mainland a little farther north of the place that he had formerly visited. One of his vessels was promptly wrecked on the low sandy coast; but Ayllon built a small craft—a sort of pinnace—from the trees along the shore, and, having transferred men and stores from the wrecked vessel, kept on again northward.

It was stipulated in his patent that he should explore carefully any passage leading westward, for the men of that day still believed that the East Indies lay not far beyond the New World, and that a water route thither must exist. Accordingly, when the mouth of the Chesapeake was reached, Ayllon turned westward and sailed slowly up the James River.

Like the Englishmen who were to follow him eighty years later, he was charmed with the beauty of the country, and felt that he could not hope to find a better spot for his colony. The exact spot he selected cannot to-day be identified; but from the descriptions of it that remain it is clear that it was in the immediate vicinity of Jamestown, perhaps on the very island itself.

The settlement was given the name of San Miguel. The work, mostly carried on by the negro slaves Ayllon had brought with him, went forward slowly. The same malarial fevers that later thinned the ranks of the English settlers began to rage as autumn advanced. Ayllon himself fell sick, and died October 18. Before the houses were finished winter set in—a bitter winter for that latitude, for men died of the cold.

Dissensions also rose among the colonists. One party rose against the men to whom the dying Ayllon had committed his authority, and imprisoned them. The Indians were so badly treated that they revenged themselves by killing several of the settlers. The slaves also rose in rebellion and set fire to the house of Gines Doncel, who had usurped the government. There was sickness, suffering, famine, death.

At last came a counter-revolution and a sharp bit of fighting. Doncel and his party were defeated and the men whom they held in confinement were released. Doncel was killed and some of his chief supporters were executed.

By this time the enthusiasm of what colonists were left had naturally enough evaporated. With the coming of spring they determined to abandon the ill-starred settlement of San Miguel. They attempted to take the body of Ayllon with them for interment at Santo Domingo, but the vessel that bore it was lost on the voyage, and the first settler of Virginia found his grave at the bottom of the Atlantic. Only one hundred and fifty of the six hundred who had left Santo Domingo returned thither alive.

It is interesting to speculate on the changes that might have been wrought in American history had the Spanish settlement of Jamestown been successful and permanent. No doubt it is fortunate that it was not so, but whatever was the ill fortune of Ayllon and the unworthiness of some of his party, it is pleasant to think that the first Virginian was a brave and high-minded man, one of the honorable figures in the not always honorable story of Spanish colonization in America.



Standards of Service

In rural communities clusters of mail delivery boxes at the crossroads evidence Uncle Sam's postal service. Here the neighbors trudge from their homes—perhaps a few yards, perhaps a quarter mile or so—for their mail.

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TAPS

By F.W. Burrows

IN a book of personal letters and memorials printed for circulation among his friends, Oliver W. Norton, a veteran of the Civil War who at the beginning of his military career was brigade bugler to Gen. Daniel Butterfield's command, included a bit of historical information that is of too wide an interest to be allowed to remain in such comparative obscurity.

It is, moreover, of unusual interest to-day, when camps are again the dwelling places of thousands and the call of the bugle is heard the length and breadth of the country.

Gen. Butterfield had ability as a musician in addition to his ability as an army organizer; he especially delighted in the invention of bugle calls.

Perhaps the most interesting as well as the most beautiful of these calls is taps, which, according to the authoritative story of the general's bugler, came into existence in the following manner.

In the month of July, 1862, the Army of the Potomac rested in camp at Harrison's Landing, a point on the James River in



GEN. DANIEL BUTTERFIELD

Virginia. It was immediately after the seven days of fighting before Richmond. The losses had been heavy, and the army was recruiting its strength after the long struggle.

Day and night the long, winding valley and the hills on either side echoed to the bugle calls

that marked the rhythm of the camp life. The scene was more of peace than war, in spite of military duties and trappings; the many vacant places in the ranks, to which the new army had not yet become accustomed, and the sobering sense of a long-impending struggle that was born of the early reverses from which they had just suffered, put the soldiers at the close of each day into a state of meditation not untouched with sadness.

The old order for "lights out," which had been inherited from the earliest West Point memories, sounded a discordant and unsuitable note to the sensitive, musical ear of the general.

He immediately began turning over in his mind such musical phrases as seemed to him to convey the suggestion of the peace and quiet of the camp—of rest after labor. Perhaps the spirit of the hour in which that immortal musical phrase was born might be more perfectly expressed as a sense of *pause*—something related to the words of Shelley:

All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause.

Having settled upon a combination of notes that seemed to him to be in tune with the sentiment of a sleeping camp of soldiers, he summoned his bugler, Norton, and began to teach him the new call, whistling the notes over many times, and correcting their time and phrasing. At last, satisfied with the result, he jotted the notes down with a pencil on the back of an old envelope.

That same night Butterfield's own brigade were the first to listen to the lingering refrain of the new call, and the next morning the buglers of other camps near by—for its music had carried far among the hills—began to inquire as to its meaning and to ask permission to learn it. Wherever it was heard it arrested immediate attention and lingered in the memory. It passed from army corps to army corps with great rapidity, and was finally substituted by general orders for the old "lights-out" call and printed in the army regulations.

Its use in the military burial service, both by veterans of the war and by the United States regular army, has added greatly to the tenderness of its associations. There are few musical phrases in the world held in deeper reverence; its sounding to-day will hush the noisiest and most boisterous throng.

Gen. Daniel Butterfield was born in Utica, New York, October 31, 1831. He was graduated from Union College in 1849, and joined the Seventy-first Regiment of New York in 1851. In 1860 he had risen to the rank of colonel of the Twelfth Regiment, which he led to Washington in April, 1861.

For his efficiency as an organizer he was rapidly promoted, and took part in many of the most important engagements of the war. His brigade was one of the most famous of the Army of the Potomac, and his personal bravery endeared him to his own soldiers. After the war his organizing powers were frequently called into requisition for great public parades and exhibitions. He died at Cold Spring, New York, July 17, 1901.

After the war, Oliver Norton lived in Chicago, where he was one of the pioneers in the tin-plate industry.—The Editors.



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THE INSECT PERIL

A WRITER in an English journal has suggested that the next great war will be between man and the insect world. This war would be waged not only on insects that actually attack man himself, but also on all those winged or creeping things that are his enemies in less direct ways—those species that, to use the writer's phrase, "exist at the expense of human progress and happiness."

We all shudder with horror at the thought of a scorpion or of a centipede, although few of us ever see one of them, but we do not shudder enough at the thought of the untold millions of disgusting things that we are putting up with all the time. Perhaps it is unfortunate for us that many of these harmful, and even death-dealing, insects are very small. If they were as large as they are bad we should soon rid ourselves of them. When we see the house fly or the mosquito hugely magnified, we realize at once that, compared with them structurally, the tiger is a charming and beautiful thing; but we go away and forget the magnified picture and submit to the original of it.

The death toll that vermin have caused in the present war has so enforced its lesson that the world has roused itself to clean things up. The knowledge that certain insects were disgusting and unclean did not seem to be sufficient reason for action, but the knowledge that these same insects are quite as dangerous as so many bullets is a stronger argument.

England has to thank the militant suffragettes who came under arrest for one thing at least—the clamor they raised on their release with regard to the vermin that they had encountered in English prisons.

The extermination of these pests is a duty that the world faces—a righteous crusade in which we should all join. The scientists will tell us the best way to wage the fight, but scientific methods must be reinforced by a public opinion that will cease to tolerate unclean dwellings, stagnant pools, uncovered tanks, accumulations of exposed filth, and everything else that invites vermin and menaces human beings.

THE CHALLENGE

FOR three days Phyllis watched with a constantly growing wonder. On the fourth she cornered Sarah Ruth as she was clearing the upper hall.

"I can't stand it one moment longer!" she declared. "If you don't satisfy my curiosity you will have a case of nervous prostration on your hands. Sarah Ruth, how in the world do you know so many people at the ends of the earth? Do you like housework now? And, Sarah Ruth Osborn, don't you want to go to college any more?"

"The answer," Sarah Ruth replied, "is Miss Joanna Chesley."

"I asked you a polite question," Phyllis retorted.

Sarah Ruth laughed softly. "It was two years ago when you were here, wasn't it?" she said reminiscently. "And I was about as rebellious and unhappy as anyone could be. Of course I had the children, and deep down in my heart I knew that they were my duty, not college. But I persuaded myself that daddy could get some one to take care of them and give me my chance. I hated housework. And I had great dreams of what I could do when I had an income. Then Miss Joanna came for a visit. She hypnotized me until one day I poured it out to her. And then she gave me the hardest blow of my life.

"No, you wouldn't," she said bluntly. 'If you had an income you wouldn't do anything with it.'"

"Why not?" I gasped.

"Because you don't share the things you have," she retorted, "and anyone who isn't sharing what she has can't be trusted to share any bigger thing. No, I'm not going to tell you what or how. You've got a mind somewhere about you. Use it."

Sarah Ruth's eyes were dancing now.

"I was mad," she confessed, "hopping mad! It lasted three days. Then I took up the challenge. I was making blackberry jam, but thinking a lot more about what Miss Joanna had said than about the jam, when suddenly I remembered something she had mentioned once about jellies for sick people. I marched into her room with four glasses. 'You can have them for your old sick people, but you'll have to take them home,' I said."

"What did she say?" Phyllis asked.

"She said, 'Good for you, Sarah Ruth!'"

Sarah Ruth sprang from the window seat, pulled Phyllis to the end of the hall and threw open a closet door. Inside was a miniature county fair—preserves and canned vegetables, a rag rug, holders, several yards of tatting, flower seeds, rolls of silk scraps, doll clothes, jigsaw puzzles and a flower box.

"The children have caught the fever, too, you see. Miss Joanna helped us find places for things at first, but she soon gave us orders to go ahead ourselves. It's wonderful the way things and people fit in. Phyllis, I haven't thought of college for five months, not once!"

"I believe you, Sarah Ruth," Phyllis replied.



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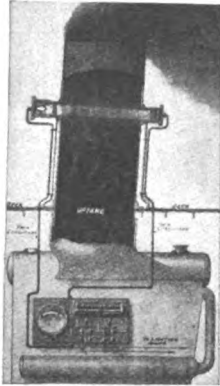
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NATURE & SCIENCE

SMOKED FRESH-WATER FISH.—For the past two years the United States Bureau of Fisheries has been smoking fresh-water fish at the station at Fairport, Michigan. The experiments have yielded interesting results. The bowfin, or grindle, hitherto considered almost worthless, has been found to be excellent when properly smoked. Of those who have tried samples of smoked bowfin, all speak of the unusual texture and flavor of the meat, and some consider it the best of all smoked fish. The bowfin is abundant in the Great Lakes and in sluggish waters from Minnesota and New York to Florida and Texas. In the Mississippi basin it is generally known as dogfish. The Bureau of Fisheries is to be congratulated if it succeeds in producing smoked fresh-water fish that will appeal to the consumer in appearance and quality, for it will mean that another cheap and nutritious food product has been added to the general supply.

A SMOKE INDICATOR.—It is important for engineers in charge of the boilers of large steamships to know the volume and density of the smoke that passes through the funnels of the vessels; and on warships, where it may often be necessary to produce smoke clouds during battles or manoeuvres, it is still more important. The Scientific American describes a novel apparatus lately installed on the United States destroyer Conyngham



that shows the men in the stokehold just how much smoke is passing through the funnels. The device makes use of the fact that selenium changes its electrical resistance in proportion to the intensity of the light to which it is exposed. In bright light the resistance is low, in dim light, high. The accompanying drawing from the Scientific American shows how the device is placed in the ship's funnel. On one side is a metal box that contains an electric lamp and a lens. The light from the lamp, passing through the smoke of the funnel, is focused by the lens on a selenium-wound, electrically charged wire in a similar box on the opposite side. When the funnel is full of thick smoke, only a little light can reach the wire; therefore the electric current naturally decreases in intensity. As the smoke passes away, the current gains strength. The current passes through a galvanometer, the scale of which is marked "dark," "light," "medium" and "clear"; and as the indicator is mounted in a convenient place in the stokehold, the firemen can see at a glance the effect of their firing.

THE IDEAL BOX.—The experiments of the engineers at the Forest Products Laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin, with a machine for testing the strength of boxes, described in The Companion for November 2, 1916, show that it is possible to make a much stronger box than the type ordinarily used and with less material. It is accomplished by using a larger number of nails and by properly proportioning the thickness of the sides and ends of the box. Damage to goods in transit causes a loss that amounts to many millions of dollars every year, largely because of defects in the containers. The wood experts of the Forest Service believe that the loss can be greatly lessened by making better boxes. Several associations have adopted the new kind of box recommended by the Laboratory. At a recent meeting of the Cannery Association a demonstration of the efforts of the Forest Service to produce an ideal box aroused great interest among manufacturers of canned goods, and many of the men announced their intention to follow the suggestions of the Laboratory experts.

PARRAKEET APARTMENTS.—Mr. George K. Cherrie, who made an expedition to South America for the American Museum of Natural History, found in the Paraguayan Chaco great numbers of parrots and parakeets living in community nests—great bird apartment houses. In an article in the New York Times Mr. Cherrie says: Some parakeets nested in natural cavities in trees, others constructed their homes in nests of termites (white ants). I found great colony nests that accommodated perhaps two hundred birds of the Bolborhynchus, a generic name for certain of the parakeet family. The parakeets, as a whole, have narrow, wedge-shaped tails, the central feathers being longest, and they are all of small or medium size. They belong to the family of the parrot, being distinguished by the peculiar shape of the tail and their smaller size. Some of the larger apartment-house nests were eight to twelve feet in diameter, dome shaped, constructed entirely of small, thorny twigs inextricably interwoven, so that the structure was remarkably strong, and the arrangement of the twigs at the top of the dome was such that it shed water perfectly. The entrance to these great nests was always from below. In many cases there were entrance tubes sticking from the under side like the legs of some great insect. These entrance tubes varied in length from a few inches to a yard or more. Like the body of the nest, they were constructed from slender, thorny twigs from eight inches to one and one half feet in length, twisted and interwoven so cunningly and so strongly held together that birds in full flight would alight on the ends of these long entrance tubes, then the tubes would oscillate and vibrate slightly, and the birds would quickly twist themselves into the entrance of the nest and disappear. Although these entrances were so strongly constructed, one could see through them and watch the bird as it ascended to its airy suite. At the top of each entrance tube was the chamber, in which were separate nests of one, two, three or more pairs of birds. The greatest number of nests I found in any single chamber was five. I learned that these nests were constructed entirely by parakeets, but that occasionally they were willing to let some other bird, say, the jabiru, or other species constructing large nests of twigs, build their foundations, or, more properly, the roofs of their houses. In several cases I found the parakeets beginning the construction of nest chambers and their entrance tubes below. These were connected to the great platform nests, which were occupied by jabiru.

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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"WELL, you certainly have the most extraordinary things to do, Mary!" Lucy Gladwin exclaimed. "I do believe that no one in the Glenwood Avenue Church can wash a window or take a dose of medicine without asking your advice; and if they have as much as a toothache, they can't stand it unless you sit by and hold their hands!"

Her sister, Mrs. Thorne, turned her head feebly on the pillow and laughed. "What is it now, dear?"

Lucy looked at some notes in her hand.

"Mrs. Merrick's Jimmy is worse, and she'd like to see you—to weep on your shoulder, I suppose! Mrs. Trull's Eddy is growing troublesome, and she thinks you might advise her as to the best way to manage him. Miss Molly Hubbard wants to borrow your shawl pattern, and Miss Milly your recipe for green tomato pickle; and—there, you shall not be bothered when you are sick, anyway. I won't tell you another thing!"

"You don't appreciate," said Mary, still smiling, "what an important person Dr. Thorne's wife is! Or what a pleasure it is to be able to help in all these things," she added more softly.

"That is what makes being a minister's wife next best to being a minister."

"Oh, I dare say! And it's no wonder the people all adore you, Saint Marie; but I do think they might manage their households without your advice, my dear!"

With a mutinous toss of her brown head she turned to the dressing table.

"Mrs. Merrick's Jimmy," murmured her sister. "That is the little cripple. I am sorry he is worse. She is such a sufferer herself that I don't see how she gets along now, with all the rest of her family to do for."

"Those people always manage in some way, don't they?" said Lucy vaguely.

She was tying on her bonnet before the mirror. It was a "scoop" bonnet, which was very fashionable that year,—1845,—and its purple velvet brim framed Lucy's flower-like face most attractively. Over the bonnet she tied her sister's black lace veil, elaborately worked, and so long that it fell almost to Lucy's feet. A rich friend recently returned from Europe had brought the veil to Mrs. Thorne, and it was the envy of Lucy's heart.

"It's so good of you to let me wear it!" she said, smiling at her sister.

Mary smiled back at her. "Take care that it does not lead you into vanity. Run along now, dear; you'll be late to your lecture—oh, and, Lucy, you will go round the corner first, won't you, and take the pattern and the recipe to Miss Hubbard and her sister?"

"Yes, I will; and I will bridle my unruly tongue, and not say anything saucy to them—for your sake."

When she ran out into the sunshine, her face was as bright as the spring morning itself. So thought William Barclay, as he came toward her under the arching elms. His own face brightened in response, but he only bade her good morning somewhat gravely, as was his wont, and went on his way toward the college gates.

Lucy looked after him with artless reverence in her eyes. William Barclay, a special friend and protégé of Dr. Thorne's, was studying for the ministry. He was going to be a foreign missionary. His high purpose, his serious and ardent enthusiasm were written large in his clear-cut young face. Lucy wondered how it would feel to be as good as that. His goodness and her sister's were very much of a piece, she thought—lofty, luminous, quite different from her own little, everyday sort of piety.

One of a large family born and brought up in a little house in Rivermouth, Lucy had laughed and danced through all the sunny



DRAWINGS BY EMLÉN MCCONNELL

SHE EXPLAINED TO HIM, WHISPERING, WHY SHE WAS THERE INSTEAD OF HER SISTER

STORIES OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

By Margaret Johnson

I. THE POINT OF CONTACT

years of her life until the preceding summer, when she had fallen seriously ill. So she had been sent, for a change of air and scene, to spend a year with her married sister in New Haven.

Good Dr. Thorne and his wife petted and cared for her tenderly; New Haven was full of young people and good times; and in that happy atmosphere the girl lost her cough and her pale cheeks, and blossomed into new gayety and loveliness.

She attended the lectures at the college, and had a hundred pleasant engagements and a host of friends. Upon her sister's work she looked with puzzled and sometimes impatient eyes. She thought of it impatiently now, after she had done her errand, until, feeling again the thrilling companionship of the morning, she walked on, forgetful of all except the exhilaration of the hour.

"Mis' Thorne!" A child's voice, shrill and breathless, stopped her. "O Mis' Thorne!"

Under her veil, Lucy smiled with sudden glee at being mistaken for her dignified sister. Then she turned and saw the child—a thin, white-faced little girl, who was already clutching at her dress.

"Come!" the child gasped. "Come, quick! Mother wants you; and Mis' Pettibone says maybe she'll die if you don't hurry! Please!"

"My dear," began Lucy; but the child had already darted wildly ahead. Half vexed at the delay, half moved by the appealing look that had been in the child's eyes, Lucy hastened after her. She would at least find out what the trouble was, if only for her sister's sake.

Round two corners they went, up a narrow street, and toward a low, dingy cottage set in a little yard. From the closed windows, as they approached, there came a muffled uproar—the racket of noisy children, the lusty screaming of an infant, a voice talking sobbingly above the hubbub, and now and then lifting itself into a shriek.

Lucy's guide ran up the steps and flung open the door. "Here she is!" she cried, with shrill triumph.

As Lucy stepped gingerly into a dark and narrow entry, some one bore down upon her hastily—a large, indefinite figure in the gloom.

"Thank goodness, you've come at last!" said a husky and breathless voice. "Take him, will you, and get him quiet, while I go up to her. Now that you're here, maybe we'll have some peace. This house is enough to set a well woman crazy!"

With these bewildering words she thrust a yelling, kicking bundle into Lucy's arms and vanished.

Lucy stood speechless. After the first moment of paralyzed dismay, however, she realized that the bundle in her arms was a baby, and that her immediate business, whatever else might happen, was to still its frantic cries. Opening a door at random, she found herself in a stuffy room, apparently full of children; she dropped into the nearest chair, and tried to soothe the little creature in her arms.

Herself the youngest of her family, she was not much accustomed to babies; but at this imperative call upon her resources, the gift that nature had put into her unconscious hands came suddenly to her

relief. The tiny face was smiling into hers by the time that Mrs. Pettibone—for that was the name, she learned, of the grim shape that she had encountered in the entry—reappeared as unexpectedly as she had vanished.

"Master hand at babies, ain't you?" Mrs. Pettibone said, with grudging approval. "Mis' Merrick's quiet now, just knowin' you're here. 'Send for the minister's wife,' she says, and—"

"Oh!" cried Lucy. "Mrs. Pettibone—please, I'm not—"

"Not too late," returned Mrs. Pettibone, with some asperity. "No, but you might 'a' been. She's nussed Jimmy night and day, with the neuralgy half killin' her, till I come; and come sooner I couldn't, if I was her husband's sister instead of his first cousin. The doctor says, if she don't take that medicine he left and get some sleep pretty quick, there's no tellin' what may happen. She's afraid to take it, for fear something may come to Jimmy while she's asleep. There ain't any danger really; he's better now. But it's got on her nerves. Now you're here—"

"O dear me!" cried Lucy desperately. "I'm not here! I mean, it's my sister! Can't you understand—"

"Can't you understand," retorted Mrs. Pettibone sharply, "that this is no time for foolin'? Just say you'll stay—There's Jimmy now! Yes, Jimmy boy, I'm coming!"

She disappeared again, and presently the wailing voice upstairs ceased. Lucy waited, with what fortitude she could command. Gathering round her, the children fingered her

veil and her black silk pelisse; and she talked and laughed with them softly, still holding the baby, until they, too, were amused and quiet.

Then Mrs. Pettibone came back. "Now," she said, "come up and see Jimmy. He's beggin' for you. And when she knows you're there, if you tell her to, she'll take her dose and go to sleep. 'There's no one I'd trust,' she says, 'exceptin' the minister's wife.'"

"Listen!" cried Lucy. "You must understand—I am not Mrs. Thorne!"

Mrs. Pettibone stared. "Then, if you're not, you'd ought to be!"

"I told you," Lucy began faintly, but Mrs. Pettibone cut her short.

"Three days," she said, with awful emphasis, "three days 'Liza Merrick has been goin' on like this, ravin' crazy with the neuralgy—you heard her with the hysterics when you first come in. 'You'll die,' I says, 'if you don't sleep.' And the doctor he says so, too. 'I can't trust nobody!' she says. 'I can't trust nobody—only the minister's wife! Send for her,' she says suddenly; 'and if she tells me to, I'll take it!' And so Lizzy went for you. And here you be, and now you have the cheek to go and say it's not you, after all!"

"It isn't!" cried Lucy. "It isn't! It's my sister! I mean, it's me, and not my sister—she's the minister's wife, and she's sick and couldn't possibly come, anyway. It was all a mistake, because I had on her veil and Lizzy took me for her. And oh, I am so sorry for poor Mrs. Merrick!"

"She'll die!" said Mrs. Pettibone.

Lucy straightened herself suddenly. The pink came back to her pale cheeks.

"She won't," she said steadily; "she shan't. If I'm not my sister, I am myself, and I will do what I can, in her place. You have told Mrs. Merrick that the minister's wife is here; now tell her that I say she is to take her medicine and go to sleep, and that I will stay with Jimmy and not go away until she wakes up. Take me upstairs, and let her see me through the door. You can tell me what to do, and I'll do it. Mrs. Merrick shall have her sleep if we can possibly manage it."

She was so calm and confident, she spoke with so sudden and surprising an air of



HE ONLY BADE HER GOOD MORNING SOMEWHAT GRAVELY

authority, that the imperious Mrs. Pettibone yielded without a murmur. Leaving the baby in its carriage under Lizzy's watchful eye, they went upstairs.

The room that Lucy entered was in complete disorder. The sun poured in at the windows, a hot fire burned in the grate, medicine bottles and cloths strewed the chairs and table; but she forgot all those in the look turned toward her from the bed, where the crippled boy lay.

With a little cry of comforting tenderness she went straight to him, and he held out his hands to her with the instant response of childish trust. She explained to him, whispering, why she was there instead of her sister; and then, moving softly about the room, she listened to the voices that came through the half-open door.

Mrs. Pettibone came in presently from Mrs. Merriek's room. "Now if we can only keep the house still for a while," she said with a sigh of relief. "Jimmy's all right for the present; he's better to-day. If you need anything, call me."

She went downstairs, and Lucy began her unwonted vigil. The very look of her bright face, the sound of her voice, the touch of her soft fingers, pleased and quieted the child. She told him little stories and sang him little songs under her breath; she patted his hands and smoothed his tangled curls, until his eyelids drooped and he fell into a doze. Then, rising cautiously, Lucy crept to the mother's door and looked in.

Quieted at last by the doctor's medicine and soothed by the silence in the house and by the thought that a trusted and longed-for person was in the other room with Jimmy, Mrs. Merriek had fallen into a deep sleep. Her face was worn and very white; but the sharp lines of pain and watching were quite smoothed out, and the tired arms lay relaxed and quiet at her side.

Lucy closed the door softly and stood with bent head. From the unconscious figure in the silent room something had passed into her heart that it should never lack again. The hidden spring of sympathy within her had been touched; and in that touch she had found the point of contact between her life and the lives about her. The reality of human need and suffering, the joy of ministering, the beauty of serving—the things that had been empty words to her before—were suddenly alive and real.

Jimmy's voice called her back to his bedside; and she went gladly, eager to satisfy that newborn wish to serve. Downstairs again, a little later, she took her turn at taking care of the children while Mrs. Pettibone stayed with Jimmy. And then, seeing that noontime had already come and gone, she set to work, softly but vigorously, at the kitchen fire.

"Mrs. Pettibone," she said, hearing the door open behind her as she bent busily over the stove, "I am going to give these children some dinner before I go. Is this the right pan to fry the bacon in?"

Turning, she held out the frying pan, and saw too late that she had thrust it directly under the astonished eyes of Mr. William Barclay.

The young man was speechless. Lucy, rosy-red but mistress of herself, withdrew the frying pan with composure.

"Pardon me, Mr. Barclay," she said calmly. "Will you please not slam the door? We are trying to keep the house still, so that Mrs. Merriek can sleep."

"Dr. Thorne asked me," explained the future missionary, "to call and see whether there was anything I could do. Is there anything, Miss Gladwin?"

He appealed to Lucy as commander of the situation, and she promptly and demurely accepted the post.

"Nothing, Mr. Barclay, unless you care to help get the children's dinner."

"Certainly I do!" said William, with alacrity.

A certain harassing doubt whether a creature so gay and lovely as Lucy Gladwin could have within her the stuff of which are made fit mates for foreign missionaries had been forever settled in his breast. Laying his hat on the table beside Lucy's bonnet, he went to work under her orders as became a man and a minister to be.

He was still there when, after the children had been fed, the baby woke from a long nap in its carriage, and shattered the quiet with a sudden wail.

Out rushed Lucy from the kitchen and down came Mrs. Pettibone from above; but the grim face of that redoubtable woman was shining with satisfaction and delight.

"Let him holler!" she cried, catching him up in her vigorous arms. "It don't matter now. She's awake—awake, and as quiet as a lamb. Pain's all gone. I've told her, too, about you not bein' the minister's wife; and she ain't put out a mite—says you've saved her life, whoever you be; and I guess she's pretty near right about it. Now you go home

and get rested, or you'll be havin' the neuralgia yourself before you know it!"

How long was it since Lucy had wondered impatiently at her sister's interest in these people! She put on her bonnet almost reluctantly. The children crowded round her to say good-by, and the baby crowded at her with renewed good nature. She stepped out with William Barclay into the balmy sunshine of a

world grown strangely wide. And from the doorstep Mrs. Pettibone, with the baby in her arms, spoke out her honest appreciation.

"If you ain't your sister," she declared, "you're next door but one to her, Miss Gladwin—I'll say that much for you; and what's more, if you ain't a minister's wife, you'd ought to be, that's all!"

"Amen!" said William Barclay very low.

DRAWN BY E. F. WARD



HE CHARMED THE SISTERS BY SINGING HYMNS WITH THEM

ADVENTURERS WHO SAILED

By Frances Margaret Fox

WHEN Silas Dean, working outside his tool house, saw Mandy Swansea enter the barnyard gate, he tried to escape her notice; but Mandy saw him and hastened in his direction.

"I'd like to know," she demanded, as soon as she had come within speaking distance, "what under the sun Prue and Becky are thinking of to start housecleaning in this kind of weather! Land sake, don't they know May is coming?"

Silas Dean himself had wondered about the domestic upheaval that was making the farmhouse an uncomfortable place for man or cat.

"There is no way of accountin' for the ways of womenfolks," he answered with dignity. "Besides, Prue and Becky are old enough to know their own minds." And then, without apology, he vanished into the tool house.

It was true that Prudence and Rebecca Dean were old enough to walk ever in the narrow path approved by their lifelong friend and neighbor, Amanda Mary Swansea; but in spite of the fact that Prudence was forty-five years old and that Miss Rebecca had accompanied her on life's journey forty-two years of that time, the spirit of youth possessed the sisters. They actually giggled behind the dining-room window curtains when Amanda, with uplifted nose, walked down the trim garden path to the road.

"She knows no more than she did when she came!" observed Prudence.

"How can anyone find out anything when there is nothing to find out?" demanded Rebecca. "Besides, Mandy Mary couldn't understand our new motto if we shouted it from the housetops:

"Adventurers who dare not sail their ships Till Wind and Tide are fair will make few trips!"

"Mandy Mary," said Prudence, "would want to know first off, who died and left ships to us—she would be as badly puzzled as she used to be about fairies. Do you remember how she used to stare at our nonsense?"

"Do I? Mandy would think we had lost our reason if we told her that we've determined to pack up and sail our ships for the port of Whatever-Joy-May-Come! Sakes alive! Columbus didn't want to see land any more than you and I want to sail into port! Now, just think of our living these past few years without ever hearing that they have gone and got up so simple an affair as Mother's Day!"

"Well, I suppose it's because our dear mother has been gone so many years that we haven't noticed. Wasn't mother a darling, though! Now I tell you, sis, white flowers may be all right as reminders of mothers whose work on earth is done, but our mother left us more than a pure-white memory; she left us rose-colored recollections. It's red carnations for us on

Mother's Day, as long as they have chosen our mother's birthday for celebration."

"Prue," answered her sister, cocking her head, "your eloquence is enough to make Cinderellas of us, but the point is, we must get out of the dust and ashes. Didn't we set out to get our housecleaning done, weather or no weather, by the 10th of May, and then bring home red

carnations from the greenhouse, and have company for dinner? Since you are the captain, Prue, I should think you would order the hands to get to work—in plain English."

"Very well," said Prudence. "Sail on, brave admiral, sail on!" into the attic and begin with the rafters!"

Now, it happened that Silas, not knowing that he had ships to sail, proved unreliable in time of need, and consequently his sisters, rather than await his grumbling convenience, tugged at carpets and furniture unaided. "They worked themselves nearly to death," to quote Amanda Mary, who wasted time in trying to discover their reason for so doing, when she ought to have been getting her own rags to the weaver's. In truth, the sisters were desperate enough to welcome a tramp who appeared one morning and offered to work for his breakfast.

"Shall we let him come into the kitchen?" whispered Prudence to Rebecca.

"He—he looks honest, Prue, and he's clean, and—let's risk it just once, because we do need some one to beat our carpets."

So they invited the tramp into the kitchen. Of course, a tramp, admitted into a farmhouse, might cut off the heads of the reckless housekeepers, and then stalk through the house and steal whatever he chose; he might even set the house on fire! A tramp might kill Silas and then escape on horseback! A tramp was the only fearsome picture in the "Dean girls'" art gallery of invisible portraits; he was worse than dragons or pirates.

"The boy looks harmless," ventured Prudence at last, "and he ate like a starving man, only he has the manners of a gentleman. Let's hire him by the day, Becky, and tell him that Silas will give him a check on the bank, and go along and identify him, so he'll know we don't keep money round."

Thus it came about that Mandy Mary was able to spread the news that a tramp was helping the "Dean girls" clean house; but before that tramp had beaten carpets two hours, Prudence and Rebecca believed that they were entertaining an angel unaware, and they made the boy one of the family. At last, Prudence asked him point-blank how he happened to be a tramp before he was twenty-one, and he answered by quoting their motto, and said that he had dared to sail his ships, that was all; but it settled his place in their hearts.

That evening he played such music on the piano that Silas forgot to worry about the bad weather and the spring ploughing; and he charmed the sisters by singing hymns with them. After a while he turned suddenly from the piano, and said, "I'll tell you how I happened to be a—well, a—tramp, if you will tell me how such lovely ladies as you happen to be old—I mean unmarried?"

Up spoke Miss Prudence: "We have never been fifty miles from home in our lives," she said, "and the boys we really liked when we were school-girls all went West! We have never been visiting, for we have no one to visit. Personally, I always intended to marry a sea captain, and then I should at least have seen New York, for I should have gone with him that far to say good-by. There, now! Why did you come here hungry this morning?"

"Just as easily explained," said the boy. "My father was a hat manufacturer, and I expected him to take me into partnership when I was twenty-one. I saved my spending money in college to convince him that I was in earnest. Then, when I was hoping soon to go into business with him, he suddenly sold out, and it broke me all up. I wouldn't listen to a word he said. I took my money—it was only one hundred and fifty dollars—and left home to make my fortune. I haven't made it yet."

"How do you know so much about housework?" demanded Miss Rebecca, after an awkward silence.

"Used to help my mother sometimes," answered the boy in low tones.

Then he turned quickly to the piano and played such joyful music that Silas kept time with his head and feet. When the boy had finished, Silas jumped up, shook hands with him, and invited him to stay all summer.

"Poor boy!" said the "Dean girls" sympathetically. "Of course his mother is dead. Silas must look after his clothes."

Spring cleaning was never so happily accomplished in that old farmhouse. As the work merrily progressed the "Dean girls" told the boy their secrets, and he laughed with them, and even agreed to be their guest of honor on Mother's Day. Then, hour after hour, as they worked, they talked of their mother—what she had said, what she had done, how she had looked—until she seemed to live again in the big, rambling house.

The sisters failed to notice that the more they talked of their mother the more silent the boy became; but one morning they did notice, for he broke down and cried.

"If you will give me paper and ink," he said, "I'll write to my mother."

Miss Prudence and Miss Rebecca brought the boy paper, pens and envelopes; and he wrote the letter.

"I'll drive to town and mail it," announced Miss Prudence. "Why didn't you tell us you had a mother?"

"I tried to forget it," confessed the boy. "because I didn't want my father to hear from me until I had made good."

"You must go straight home!" "Can't he stay with us until after Mother's Day?" Rebecca begged.

"Becky," Prudence answered sternly, "think of his mother!"

The answer to that letter was a telegram from the boy's father; and then Miss Prudence and Miss Rebecca Dean learned, not only that fathers and mothers forgive their boys in real life as well as in stories, but also that money may be transferred by telegraph.

"I fear we shall never reach port ourselves," observed Miss Rebecca on Saturday, May 9, when the boy had been gone several days, "and yet our ships didn't sail in vain when you think of that boy's mother."

Late that afternoon a huge parcel came by express. It was a box full of red carnations.

"Well, well, that beats me!" exclaimed Silas; but his sisters understood.

Following the carnations came a telegram from a joyful mother in New York, inviting and urging Miss Prudence Dean and her sister, Miss Rebecca, to come immediately for a month's visit. And, being ready, they went.

Miss Amanda Mary Swansea was much put out about it.

"If Prue and Becky were trying to get their housecleaning done so as they could leave for New York on the 11th of May," she said to her neighbors, "I don't see why they didn't tell us, so's we could all have helped; then they wouldn't have been so hard pushed as to have to take a tramp right into their house, to beat carpets. I didn't know that the girls had kith or kin in the world, let alone New York, and you can't get a word out of Silas. The girls, though, will tell us all about it when they get home and aren't so rushed with work."

And surely enough, having a beautiful story to tell and talk about ever after, they did

"THE TWA DOGS" By Marion Harland



DUKE'S young mistress always insisted that in a former incarnation he was a French marquis. His breeding was perfect, she alleged in support of the theory; his gallantry was that of the old school; he was true to traditions that he could never have heard of in his present state. She had a hundred examples to cite of his daily walk—she had almost said "and conversation"—to refute the doubts of those who, she complained in disgust, "thought dogs were all alike!"

He was only three years old when he was given to her by an army officer who had raised him from a puppy. The officer held him so dear that when his regiment was ordered to the Pacific coast his girl friend esteemed it a high honor that he asked her to accept his favorite comrade.

She could never speak without emotion of the parting between the man and the dog. Duke, she affirmed, comprehended the full meaning of the farewell, and when the two lay down upon the floor, and the gray-moustached colonel pillowed his head upon the dog's, the beholder stole from the room. The last scene must have no witnesses.

In saying good-by to his girl friend, the colonel put Duke's paw into her hand.

"You are hers now, old fellow! Take good care of her!"

"Duke understood every word of it!" she would say indignantly to skeptical listeners. "It was a solemn compact, and he accepted

the top of the stairs, if he were in an upper story, and survey the visitor from that watch-tower. If it was an errand boy, or the post-man, he strolled back to his former place, wagging his tail languidly. If a friend of the family appeared in the opening door, he ran swiftly and lightly down to the front hall, with ears alert and tail eloquent of glad some welcome. If on the way down he espied nothing portable, he sought in the library or the dining room for a letter, a cap or a handkerchief; if he found anything that answered his purpose, he bore it as a votive offering to deposit at the feet of the one he delighted to honor.

Sweet-natured and refined in every instinct though he was, he had one vulgar antipathy. With all his heart and soul and strength he hated cats! The bay window of the library in our city house opened down to the floor and overlooked the back yards of half a dozen other houses. The fences dividing these were, of course, the fashionable promenade of neighborhood cats. A glimpse of one of those cats was enough to arouse the sleeping demon in Duke. With a shriek of fury he rushed to the outer door and tore at it with tooth and nail until some one opened it. Then he rushed forth and leaped against the fence, all the time barking shrilly. When the paroxysm vanished with the frightened cat, he retreated miserably to his lair under his mistress's desk and lay there for an hour or more, the picture of abject distress. His apologist and interpreter would have it that he was conscience-stricken over his lapse into the ways of common curs.

Nothing in this biography is more true than the incident I select from a hundred descriptive of the habits and traits of a so-called "dumb beast" that may or may not have been gifted with subtler senses and more intelligence than the rank and file of his tribe.

A certain "charitable" busybody of our acquaintance was so oddly feline in visage and ways that she was spoken of behind her back as "The Tabby Cat." She had a flat nose, a wide, thin mouth, gray eyes, the pupils of which contracted queerly while she looked at you, and a veritable moustache with long hairs at the end that twitched into a gruesome resemblance of a cat's whiskers.

One rainy evening, as my son and I sat in the library upstairs over our books, the door-bell rang. When the young student, remarking that it "was too late for calls," moved to answer the ring, Duke went with him as far as his outlook upon the upper landing. I heard from below a woman's voice in salutation and, before the first sentences were completed, a wild rush down the stairs, accompanied by the strangled, piercing yell known to us all as "Duke's catcall." Then a stern "Down, sir! Shame on you!" and the noise of a scuffle. Before I could get to the door Duke tore past me in frantic haste to the far corner of the room, and prostrated himself on the floor, with his nose thrust hard into the angle formed by two walls. I stood transfixed until the colloquy below stairs was ended and the outer door closed upon the caller. Then the young man bounded up the stairs, three at a time, and flung himself upon his knees beside the dog, roaring with laughter.

"Poor old Duke! Was I cross with him? Oh, you clever, clever dog! You knew she was a cat, didn't you?"

He coaxed the culprit out of the corner and sat, drawing the silky ears through his fingers.

"He sprang right at her," he said, "and I had to catch him by the collar and fling him against the wall. She was terribly startled, but recovered herself to say that 'setters are



DUKE HAD BEEN DECLARED TO BE THE LATEST INCARNATION OF A FRENCH NOBLEMAN

the charge like the gallant knight he is. Few men have kept a pledge so faithfully."

In her walks he was her constant companion, marching beside her along city pavements, never yielding to the disposition natural to his race to dash up alleys and to peer down cellars, and comporting himself toward vagrant curs as the marquis—his imaginary prototype—might have borne his powdered head through a crowd of canaille.

His love of nature approximated passion. At the word from his mistress that released him from sentinel duty in country strolls, he raced like the wind over meadow, hill and dale, with his nose in the air, and with his whole body palpitating with delight. Indeed, he cast dignity so far behind him that he actually yelped as he flew, as any low-born pup might have done.

There was more in his pure ecstasy of happiness than mere animal enjoyment of liberty and space. His devoted sovereign's assertion that Duke had keen æsthetic appreciation of fair landscapes, running brooks and towering hilltops, if discredited for a while, became a fixed fact in the minds of the family as time went on. With intelligent zeal, he sought out high places and extensive views. Having gained the vantage ground, he would stretch himself out at ease, and with head erect and ears alert would turn his gaze from point to point with the air of a connoisseur in artistic effects.

I have seen him stand motionless on the bank of our pretty lake, gazing at the doubled glory of the crimson and gold of the sunset reflected in the placid sheet. It was a saying in parlor and in kitchen that "Duke would not leave a sunset for his supper."

A work upon natural history defines the color of the Irish setter as "a solid, dark-mahogany red." Duke's wealth of waving hair was of a rich auburn and silky in texture. We wondered sometimes whether his love of the beautiful ever moved him to look into the mirror and revel in what he saw there. I have caught ugly dogs surveying their images in the looking-glass with fatuous pleasure. I never detected a glance in that direction from our thoroughbred.

He was as hospitable as courtly. No matter in what part of the house he might be, he never failed to hear the doorbell and to run to

always treacherous.' She 'only hoped the beast would not turn upon my sister some day.' She 'had heard our best friends wonder at our keeping the creature in town.'"

I do not pretend to explain the phenomenon. It remained throughout Duke's life the solitary breach of courtesy and hospitality of which he was ever guilty. He never attacked the shabbiest and rudest of errand boys. His cool aloofness merely announced that the objectionable persons were out of his sphere of observation. So far as his lordship was concerned, they were not!

John Burroughs says, "It is interesting to



DRAWINGS BY SEARS GALLAGHER

I HAVE SEEN HIM STAND MOTIONLESS ON THE BANK, GAZING AT THE GLORY OF THE SUNSET

see how well these wild creatures are groomed. . . . Domestication changes all this; domestic animals become dirty and unkempt."

Duke was a notable exception. In the city he had his baths regularly and enjoyed every one of them. In the country his daily dip was invariable in all weathers; he swam as gracefully as he ran. When he emerged, dripping, he selected the cleanest and sunniest slope of the lawn as his dressing room. By and by, when he was reasonably dry, he would seek his mistress and the comb and brush. In walking he avoided muddy places. If he got his feet wet, he wiped them on the turf.

He had been with and of us three years when, at our annual migration to the country, he found that a big new kennel had been built under the oaks shading the barn and a new dog installed therein.

Shot was a mongrel. I think that Duke detected the plebeian cross at a glance. He bent one searching look upon him, walked round him once, and turned his back to gaze abstractedly on his beloved mountains.

The man from whom we bought Shot called him "a long-haired pointer," and hotly resented the imputation of a cross in the breed.

"If he ain't a pure pointer, I'll eat him!" he declared. "If he ain't got a nose as is a nose, I'll cut mine off!"

The prospective master took Shot on a month's probation. At the end of the time he paid the somewhat exorbitant price asked for the dog; the following incident is what decided him.

Master and dog were on the scent of a bevy of quails when Shot came to a dead point within three feet of a railway track. He had not held it twenty seconds before an express train tore down the track past the dog; the horrified hunter was sure the animal must have been struck. He ran up to find Shot still on the dead point, as motionless as stone.

"Scared stiff?" put in a fellow huntsman to whom the tale was repeated.

"Not a bit of it! He had not a thought in his mind except his game. When I spoke to him he looked for the order to flush, and when I gave it he was away like an arrow from a bow. I made up my mind that instant that he was worth twice the price asked for him. I haven't changed it!"

As Duke had been declared by the imaginative members of the household to be the latest incarnation of a French nobleman, Shot was traced back through his shaggy coat to a Scotch laird who held his mountain fastness for the Covenant against King Charles's lord lieutenant, Montrose. They would fain have

summer day beside some mountain stream. It is my belief that the dog recognized in the sport of fishing a branch of his own profession, and thought that his companionship in some way tended to success in the cast or troll; for he insisted upon going into the boat when pickerel and bass fishing were on hand. He had no stomach for pleasure sailing, even when his adored master was one of the party; but the sight of rod, line and bait pail set every hair of his rough hide on end with delight.

I have room for only one story to illustrate the passionate affection of the mongrel for his owner. I could fill the page with tales of his rugged loyalty and of his service done for love's sake.

At the beginning of Shot's fourth summer with us the family went abroad and the lakeside cottage was closed.

Duke was dead.

I digress for a minute to say that he was found, after a day's search, stretched at full length on the summit of his favorite hill, facing the sunset. It was some comfort to think that the dying eyes were filled with the beauty he loved to the last of a long and honorable life.

The younger dog was left in the care of my brother in Virginia. Himself an enthusiastic sportsman, he could be trusted to make good use of his charge. We were absent for two years. Every letter from Shot's guardian told of something new, if not strange, of the member of the family intrusted to him.

On the day of our return to my brother's house Shot was out of town for a few hours. We were all seated in the library about the fire when our host told of one of the many things that had endeared the dog to the household.

"I was in the next room, reading, and keeping one eye upon the baby, who was toddling about the floor. Presently he got out of my sight, and I followed to see that he did not get into the fire. That was just what he meant to do. He made straight for the grate. Shot was lying on the rug and, before I could reach the child, he had jumped up and made a fender of his body between the fire and the baby. The boy resented it hotly. He pounded the dog with both fists and tore at his hair. Not one inch would Shot stir, although his hide was positively scorching with the heat when I interfered. If he belonged to me, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for him."

We were still talking of the narrow escape and the marvelous intelligence of the so-called lower animal, when Shot entered unexpectedly. His master sat directly opposite the door, and the dog's eyes went to him at once.

The returned wanderer leaned back in his armchair and surveyed his friend silently without stirring. The dog stood like a statue for a full minute by the clock, the ticking of which was the only sound in the room. His eyes were riveted in a wide, wondering stare upon the beloved face. Anyone might have thought him afraid to move lest the vision should vanish. Then he took a slow step forward, still without relaxing the intensity of his gaze. Then another and another, until he could have touched his master's feet. The dead stillness in the room remained unbroken. The man from his chair looked down into the yearning depths of the beautiful eyes and spoke not a word. Tentatively—the unutterable love and wonder deepening as he moved—Shot laid one paw upon the motionless knee and, getting no response in speech, raised the other paw to his master's shoulder, bringing his face to a level with that of the silent man. The master said afterwards that human language was inadequate to express the anguish of questioning—the rapture of dawning hope he read in the eloquent depths of the worshipping eyes.

Another minute and the man spoke: "Why, Shot, dear old Shot! Don't you know me?"

A cry so human that it thrilled the listeners to the heart convulsed the big frame. Then



SHOT CAME TO A DEAD POINT WITHIN THREE FEET OF A RAILWAY TRACK

made him akin to the Gordon setter to fit in all parts of the genealogy; but he was not black and tan, and the hide that discounted the pointer breed was as unlike the English browns and whites as it was dissimilar to the rich auburn that fringed Duke's sides and tail. Shot was big and ugly, and, decided the fastidious damsel who held her Duke to be the perfection of canine comeliness, "just plain mud color!" The "mud" was streaked sparsely with a dingy white that enhanced the general shabbiness of his appearance.

Of course he was always at his master's heels, as the man tramped with his rod all the

the dog buried his head under his master's arm and sobbed with joy.

Need I add there was not a dry eye among the group of beholders?

Many years after Duke and Shot were laid to rest in the orchard sloping down to the lake beloved by both, I read an epitaph quoted by a novelist who thought it not beneath her to write a dog's biography:

He died for his master!
Reader, forgive him! He was
only a Dog!

As I linger lovingly over this simple story

of the loyalty and unhuman devotion that have enshrined our "two dogs" in our heart of hearts, I remember a sentence from the letter written by Duke's first owner, the officer who presented him to his girl friend, when he heard of the death upon the hilltop:

"Dear, faithful comrade! I can but believe that, when I pass over the Silent Sea, Duke will be among the first to greet me."

Is it only the untutored Indian who in the words of Pope

... thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company?

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier
In Ten Chapters Chapter Three

TEN minutes for dressing was little enough when clothes were of a kind still unfamiliar; and it was an unwashed and frowsy Ted that tumbled out of the tent at the call of the whistle. Capt. Hughes was standing on a table at the head of the street; the men fell in and then were formed into columns of squads; then they took interval to left and right, and proceeded to go through the setting-up exercises. The captain led them, and all followed in unison,—"arms forward and back in two counts,—one, two, one, two,"—and so on through the various movements, for fifteen minutes. At the end of that time they were dismissed, feeling thoroughly waked up and breathing pretty hard.

After breakfast, as the day promised to be fine, orders were given that all tents should be rolled back and tied round the tent poles. Greiner, as corporal, naturally took command of the proceedings at tent 26. He detailed Ted and Stevens to loosen the guy ropes outside; Ted found the ropes too stiff for his strength. He struggled and strained, and presently Greiner came out to see what was the cause of the delay. He watched Ted for a moment, and then said in disgust:

"You're too weak for any use. Go and sit down somewhere."

He thrust Ted out of the way and, hauling on the ropes, freed them from the pegs, while Ted looked on, burning with mortification.

"Come ahead, now, see if you're strong enough to help roll this up!" Greiner called sharply; and Ted sprang forward and began to bundle up a section of the canvas. When it came to tying it, he was clumsy, and again brought down on himself rebuke and denunciation. The other fellows, who had finished the tasks assigned them, came to see what the trouble was, and their interested observation did not increase the efficiency of Ted's efforts; but Stevens and Gray stepped forward to his assistance, and soon the tent was fastened back, and the beds under it were fully exposed to sun and wind.

For an hour the company was drilled in squad movements and manoeuvres in the company street; then there was an hour of the manual of arms; and then they were marched a mile down the road to the parade ground of the army post. There they were given the first instruction in platoon movements; then back to squad movements and the manual of arms; then marching and counter-marching; and so the morning passed. When, well tired, they were finally started back to the camp, they were ordered to "double time" over the hard macadam road. In the jog trot Ted found that his rifle bounded more and more exuberantly from the same spot on his collar bone.

"Come down on your heels!" muttered Stevens at his side; and Ted tried it, and felt at once a most gratifying relief; the rifle no longer jarred so painfully on the collar bone. Nevertheless, he was not sorry when the command "Quick time!" was given, and the company settled down to the normal gait. While they swung along at route step, some one started to sing Tipperary, and immediately all the ranks joined in, and they were still shouting out the song when they marched in at the camp entrance and up to the company street. There they were dismissed, five minutes before the luncheon hour.

During the morning's work Ted had discovered who Bill was. He marched in the rank just ahead of him and seemed to be a cheerful, good-natured soul, with a voice and a repertory of songs. He was always the first in the neighborhood to strike up when route step was in order and singing was permissible, and already had achieved popularity in his squad. Ted could understand Greiner's desire to have such a person in the tent; he could almost sympathize with it!

Now, while Ted was washing up, Bill approached him, drying his hands on a towel and smiling pleasantly.

"Well, how did it go?" he asked.

"Oh, pretty well," Ted answered. "I tell you, your singing is great to march behind when a fellow's tired."

"Did you like it? When I'm bellowing like that, I don't feel quite so tired myself."

"If I could sing," said Ted, "I wouldn't

mind being such a puny runt and having everyone call me kid."

Bill laughed. "Don't you mind that. You're young. You'll grow. Probably this kind of life is just what you need to give you a start. How do you like the crowd in your tent?"

"Oh, first-rate!" Ted answered cheerfully. "Most of them seem to be mighty good fellows."

"Yes, I know some of them. In fact, I was rather hoping to get into the same tent with them. If ever you find you want to make a shift, let me know."

"I guess it wouldn't be of any use. We've been assigned to our places, and I suppose we can't change just because we may want to."

"Well, there'd be no harm in trying. But I'm saying this, you know, only in case you find you'd like to make a change."

"Why should you think I might like to? What makes you say it to me, rather than anyone else in the tent?"

Bill flushed under Ted's inquiring eyes, in which the twinkle revealed something more than suspicion.

"Well, I had reason to think that there were one or two that you didn't get on with," he confessed.

"There's no one that I can't get on with; if I don't like a fellow, I can let him alone. Now, if it were just a matter of changing places with you in order to oblige you, I might be willing to do it; but I don't choose to put myself out for the sake of doing a favor to Greiner or Carton. Besides, we're here to get military training and discipline, and I think the thing to do is to take what comes and not bother the officers with requests for transfers and reassignments."

"Right you are. I hadn't thought of that. Just forget what I've said, will you?"

"Sure. Look here, I don't know your name."

"Meade. I'm a classmate of a couple of fellows in your tent."

"I'm a freshman at Brampton—at least I've just got done being a freshman," Ted said.

"I thought I'd seen you before. Glad to have met you."

They shook hands and Meade returned with his towel to his tent.

The assembly call sounded; a few moments later B Company was filing in to mess. It was a hungry and thirsty crowd; bread and apple butter and beans and macaroni all tasted so good that Ted remarked to Stevens, beside whom he was sitting, that he had not known how well Uncle Sam fed his soldiers.

"He doesn't feed them as well as this," Stevens answered. "We're being fed for fifty cents a day, and the enlisted man is fed on twenty-six cents a day. I suppose this is about the equivalent of officers' rations. I oughtn't to eat too much, if I'm to get on a horse right after luncheon."

"You're taking cavalry?"

"Yes. What are you doing?"

"Signaling. I can't ride, so I couldn't take cavalry; I can't draw, so I thought I'd better not try map making; I'm poor at mathematics, so I thought I'd be no good at artillery—and signaling seemed to be about all that was left."

"I suppose, then, that you're a shark at electricity, wireless, physics, and all that kind of thing."

"Do you have to be to do signaling?" Ted asked in dismay. "I thought it was just wig-wagging, with flags."

"I guess you won't find it too hard. Probably

they won't do much more than show you the different kinds of field instruments. You can't hope to become an expert signaler in a month, any more than I can hope to become a crack cavalryman."

That this was true Ted very soon discovered. Half an hour after luncheon the details from each company for the different branches of optional work were called out; those men who had enrolled for signaling assembled on the lecture ground just below D Street. The army officer who addressed them explained that in the limited time available he could hardly do more than give demonstrations of the various types of apparatus for signaling and conveying intelligence that an army uses in the field. The wigwag system, the heliograph, the field telephone, the field wireless—these were the chief things that he would have to explain. He would begin with the simplest of all, the wigwag system.

Then he passed round cards showing the flag code, and a sergeant with a bundle of flags came forward and distributed these among the members of the class. The captain then told the men to pair off and try signaling the alphabet to each other. The sergeant gave a demonstration of the correct manner of waving the flags; then he and the captain walked slowly down the lane of signalers and criticized and advised each man. The recruits spent about an hour sending each other

crammed them into the pocket of his shirt, the other company calls rang out.

By the time he reached the head of B Street the company was assembling. Ted ran the length of the street, dived into tent 26, hastily put on his blouse,—for he had noticed that the men were now for the first time wearing the full uniform,—caught up his rifle, and elbowed his way into his place in the front rank just as the corporals at the top of the street were making their report—"All present"; "all present."

Greiner glanced along the line. "Ripley," he said savagely in an undertone, "get out and put on your bayonet!"

Ted ran back into the tent, satisfying himself with a glance that the bayonet and belt were indeed a part of the uniform for this drill. He had to affix the bayonet to the belt, and that delayed him; so he was still in the tent when he heard Greiner say with unpleasant distinctness, "Private Ripley absent."

"Where is he?"

"Right here, sir."

Ted answered in his own behalf as he hurried out to his place in the line.

Lieut. Wharton, who had asked the question, looked at him severely.

"I want you men all to understand," said Lieut. Wharton, addressing the company and speaking in a sharp voice, "that you are under strict military discipline, and that you are

expected to be always punctual in taking your places. We don't want any dawdling and sauntering; we don't want men coming in late just because it suits their convenience; furthermore, we won't have it. Attention!"

Ted's cheeks burned while he stood rigid and listened to the strains of The Star-Spangled Banner. In the manual of arms that followed he did not acquit himself with distinction; whether because he was flustered on account of the rebuke or because after so full a day his mind was working less quickly than usual, he did not come in promptly on the counts when the manual was being performed "by the numbers." The corporal on his right muttered a warning to him once, and Stevens on his left gave him a correcting nudge another time; and twice he had a glimpse of Greiner scowling at him along the line.

After a fifteen-minute drill in the manual of arms, the company was marched to the sloping field just below the camp and was there put through the evolutions in which it had been drilled that morning. The other companies were out there, too, marching, counter-marching; at the top of the slope were assembled numerous spectators who had come from the town or from the summer hotel near by, and who frequently applauded as the khaki columns passed. Ted felt that

he was entitled to no share in the applause. His squad led the marching, and when the order was "Right turn!" Ted was the pivot round which the three men in line with him swung.

"Hold that pivot! Hold that pivot!" bellowed Lieut. Wharton, and rushed down upon him. "You took a full step when you should have taken only six inches. You didn't wait for No. 4 to come up on a line with you. Remember what you're told—use your mind."

Having walked beside Ted while he shouted this criticism at him, Lieut. Wharton now dropped back to observe the others.

A few moments later Capt. Hughes, from his place by the middle of the column, shouted through his megaphone, "Squads right!" Each corporal repeated the command for the benefit of his squad. Then came the shout, "Ho!" and Ted pivoted. And this time Lieut. Wharton was down on him again. "When you pivot, you're not to take the half step. You're to mark time. For goodness' sake, pay attention and do what you're told!"

Ted was glad enough when the column swung back into the company street. There, before the men were dismissed, the first sergeant made an announcement.

"I am requested to state," he said, "that a member of this company has offered a prize, consisting of eight silver cups, for the members of that squad which, in the judgment of the officers, proves at the end of the encampment to be the best drilled, most efficient and soldierly squad in the company. You're all interested in this announcement, but it ought to be of special interest to the corporals. They're responsible for their squads, and to

DRAWN BY NORMAN ROCKWELL



"HOLD THAT PIVOT! HOLD THAT PIVOT!" BELLOWED LIEUT. WHARTON, AND RUSHED DOWN UPON HIM

be corporal of the winning squad will be an honor. Dismissed."

The company broke at once into a buzz of talk.

"I know one squad that won't be the winning squad unless there's a change made in it!" Greiner burst out. He shot a savage glance at Ted. "One man can put a whole squad to the bad." He went up to Meade. Ted, walking dejectedly to the tent, knew what was the theme of their conversation.

Carton followed Ted into the tent and maintained a disapproving silence. Then came the others; they put their rifles in the rack and unhooked their belts. Gray spoke a consoling word:

"I tell you what, I'm glad I'm not on the end of the line in the front rank."

"It's the meanest position in the whole company," said Stevens. "You see, Ripley, when you're on that end and we're in column of squads, the guide is right, and you set the pace and the alignment for the whole company. If you wobble and don't walk straight, the whole company wobbles and walks crooked. And if you do a thing wrong, it's seen, whereas any blunders in the middle of the rank are more likely to escape notice, and don't matter so much, anyway."

"Pity they didn't get some one who was less of a dub for such a position," Ted lamented.

"No one else would have done any better first time," declared Stevens. "Lieut. Wharton was pretty rough with you, but you've got to get used to that. Some officers think that's the best way to lick green men into shape."

The mess call cut short the discussion.

Returning from supper, Ted encountered Lieut. Wharton in the company street and brought his hand up to salute. The officer returned the salute, and then stopped him.

"You're bareheaded," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Never salute unless you have a hat on."

"Yes, sir."

Ted was feeling resentful, when he caught the twinkle in Lieut. Wharton's eyes—a twinkle that intimated the curt manner of speech was only assumed. And then the lieutenant put his hand on Ted's shoulder and said kindly, "Of course we don't expect you fellows to know all these things by instinct. You'll learn after a while."

This made Ted feel better. But in a few moments he felt worse again. Meade and Greiner were talking together in front of tent 26, and as Ted passed and entered Greiner remarked:

"Just the same, I haven't given up hope yet. I'll get rid of him somehow."

TO BE CONTINUED.

fell he had a glimpse of Pedro almost directly beneath him.

He struck the bank with a force that drove the air from his lungs, and sent him sprawling down the slope to the smooth ice of the stream. He was dimly aware that Pedro, evidently taking this for some new form of play, was tumbling over him. Realizing that they were sliding with increased velocity toward the falls, Duncan tried to spread out his arms to retard his progress. Then suddenly he shot forward swiftly and the roar of the water filled his ears. Strength returned to him, and he pushed the palms of his mittened hands downward and felt himself gradually stop.

For a moment he lay gulping the air and then sat up. Five yards in front of him a curving rim of water rose from under the ice; beyond that was the sky, with the sun sinking through a white cloud streamer.

Pedro whined and snuggled close to his master.

"Lucky for us we didn't slide a few feet farther," Duncan said, patting the dog's black-and-white head. "Now let's get back to that gum tree."

He stood upright, carefully balancing himself, for his smooth moccasins threatened to slip from under him. He faced the left bank—a fifteen-foot wall of smooth rock covered with patches of ice that had formed when the thaw had sent the snow water trickling down. He turned to the right and saw a similar formation. The wall of the gorge rose straight; thin, transparent icicles hung from its rim.

"Good thing for us, Pedro, old boy, we haven't got to climb those walls," said Duncan, and, chirruping to the terrier, he started gingerly upstream.

A dozen steps, and he came to the cascade down which he had slid. It rose at a considerable angle where the stream flowed over the incline of its bed. It was as if he stood at the eaves of a gently rising and undulating roof—with the ridgepole as his goal twenty yards beyond. He moved over to the edge in the angle of the wall and started upward. Three steps brought him a fourth of the distance, but the side of the gorge had been worn smooth by the action of the water and he groped vainly for a hold. Suddenly his moccasins slipped, and, falling to his knees, he slid to the bottom of the incline with Pedro sprawling at his feet.

Again he tried the ascent, and this time he

the trapper, the woodsman, the roamer in the mountains, could not devise some means of escaping from this prison of ice. He felt through the pockets of his trousers. The contents—two or three yards of slender twine, a handkerchief, a leather wallet with six one-dollar bank notes, and a piece of gum that he had saved from the bag because it was shaped like a gun cartridge—were all pitifully useless.

He could see the gum tree plainly beyond the ridgepole of the ice roof. In the lower part, hidden from view, he knew that his knife was sticking, and near by lay his red-and-gray Mackinaw, with matches in the pocket, and the gum gatherer that he had flung from him as he fell. They were all as much beyond his reach as if they had been in his camp at Hemlock Ridge.

Pedro, snuggling against his body, roused him. The terrier was shivering, and Duncan for the first time realized that he, too, was shivering. His light jersey and underclothing were not much protection against the freezing wind that blew up the gorge. The sun had already set, and a dusky light that made the outlines of the trees merge into one another was over the forest.

Getting to his feet, Duncan beat his arms against his body. There must be some way out—there had to be! Impassable walls were on two sides, and an equally impassable roof of glassy ice was on the third. Duncan turned his back and faced the fourth. The rounding curl of water was there—and beyond it the sky still tinged with the rose glow of the fading sunset. The roar of the waterfall came up with a sullen, steady sound that suggested depth and coldness. Duncan turned away with a shudder, for he knew already the desperate chance that he must take if he was to live.

He was shivering steadily now, and his teeth chattered. He thought of making a rope, but there was nothing to which he could attach it even if he were able to make one. A dozen other thoughts rushed through his mind. In stories men had made their escape from glacier crevices by digging steps in the ice, but he had nothing with which to cut the steps. Circumstance had robbed him of everything. He broke off an icicle and, holding it in both hands, struck at the hard surface; but the thin finger of ice shattered into a dozen pieces and skittered away like splintered glass.

The terrier crawled over his legs into his lap and lay trembling. Straight before him was the waving fringe of water, and above and beyond that the big yellow eye of the evening star, shining steadily like a nugget of gum that had caught a glint of sunlight. Even in his misery Duncan saw the gray-blue beauty of the sky. It made life seem sweeter than ever. He loved the woods with its carpet of snow below, its canopy of cloud above. Its hills and valleys were his to wander among. He could not lie here in this chill dungeon until the frost laid its grip on the blood in his veins.

The brilliant orb of the evening star straight before him above the waterfall seemed like a beacon beckoning him to the path that he must take. He must do it now while yet there was strength in his body and the spirit within him to try.

His legs seemed strangely stiff as he rose, but he stamped them and thrashed his arms against his body. Then he took Pedro in his arms and crawled up the slope until he felt himself slipping. Like a flash he turned and ran toward the falls. At the last moment he threw himself on the ice, as a ball player who slides to a base. He touched the water that curled at the brink; in one breathless instant he was through and over. A vision of a shimmering, ghostly ribbon of ice winding through dark woods, a glimpse of a blackness flecked with white foam rising frightfully to meet him—then the shock and freezing chill of the plunge.

The water whirled him round and round, rolled him over, thrust him down to the bottom and held him there with its giant hands. He knew that Pedro was no longer in his arms. A relentless force was strangling and crushing him. He no longer felt the coldness.

With the feeble strength that remained in his body he gathered his legs beneath him and pushed upward. He left the bottom and for a weary length of time seemed to float in space. Suddenly his head came out of the water. Behind him roared the falls, beside him swam the terrier.

Somehow the two of them gained a rock together and drew themselves out into the freezing air. A pause meant death, and Duncan knew it. Rushing up through the spruces, he scrambled along the ridge and through the undergrowth to the big spruce and the Mackinaw coat and the matches.

Other men have frozen with the victory so nearly won; they have lain down to die in the snow; but Duncan lighted his fire while yet there was strength in his body, drew together the dry tops of a dead tree and stood close to the blaze. With the first glow of its radiating heat he knew that he and Pedro, from whose coat little circles of steam were beginning to rise, would sleep that night in their cabin on Hemlock Ridge.

THE PATH OF THE EVENING STAR

By Clayton H. Ernst

WALKING rapidly over the firm crust with his dog Pedro at his heels, Duncan Fraser skirted the tangled branches of a fallen hemlock and came to the edge of a narrow frozen stream that wound through the forest. A thaw followed by days of bitterly cold weather had crusted the snow and made ice ponds of glassy smoothness in every hollow. From down the slope came the monotonous roar of a waterfall.

Duncan stopped at a shaggy spruce tree and, gazing upward, scanned its bark with a practiced eye; he paused only a second or two before he passed on toward the falls. A moment later he examined a second spruce tree with equal quickness, but did not stop. Over his back and chest hung two ends of a rough cloth sack; his head was thrust through a slit at the middle. In one hand he dragged a trimmed pole of dry spruce, on the end of which was a cornucopia-shaped instrument of iron with a sharpened rim.

A hundred feet from the head of the waterfall a huge old tree, towering above its neighbors, leaned slightly toward a frozen pool; the pool led into a steep-walled gorge through which the stream under its covering of ice found its way to the waterfall. Duncan scarcely glanced at the gorge, but gave his whole attention to the old monarch of the forest. With one hand on its furrowed bark he bent his head backward and gazed straight up.

"Found!" he cried suddenly. "Pedro, we've found a gum tree!" And the terrier, understanding by the ring of his master's voice that something unusual had happened, rested his forepaws against the tree and barked.

Five feet above Duncan Fraser's head was the lower end of a deep slash made by lightning. It extended through the dead lower branches up and up until it was lost in the green foliage above. All the way its sides were incrustated with nuggets of amber-colored gum from the size of a pea to that of a hen's egg. In the level rays of the late afternoon sun they shone with a topaz light. This was an unusual find, and it meant dollars to Duncan Fraser.

Within reach of his hands was a scar in the trunk from which several nodules of "blister" gum had oozed and hardened. Taking his knife from the pocket of his Mackinaw coat, he quickly began to chip off the clear crystals and to put them into his bag. He dropped the best pieces into the end of the bag that hung over his chest and put the inferior gum in the end at his back. When he had gathered what was within reach of his hand, he thrust his knife into the thick bark of the tree and picked up his cornucopia-tipped pole. With this raised above his head he began to gather the nuggets. Each piece, as he dislodged it with the sharp rim, fell inside the horn. When he had filled the cornucopia, he lowered it to the ground and emptied its contents into the bag. Then he raised it for another load.

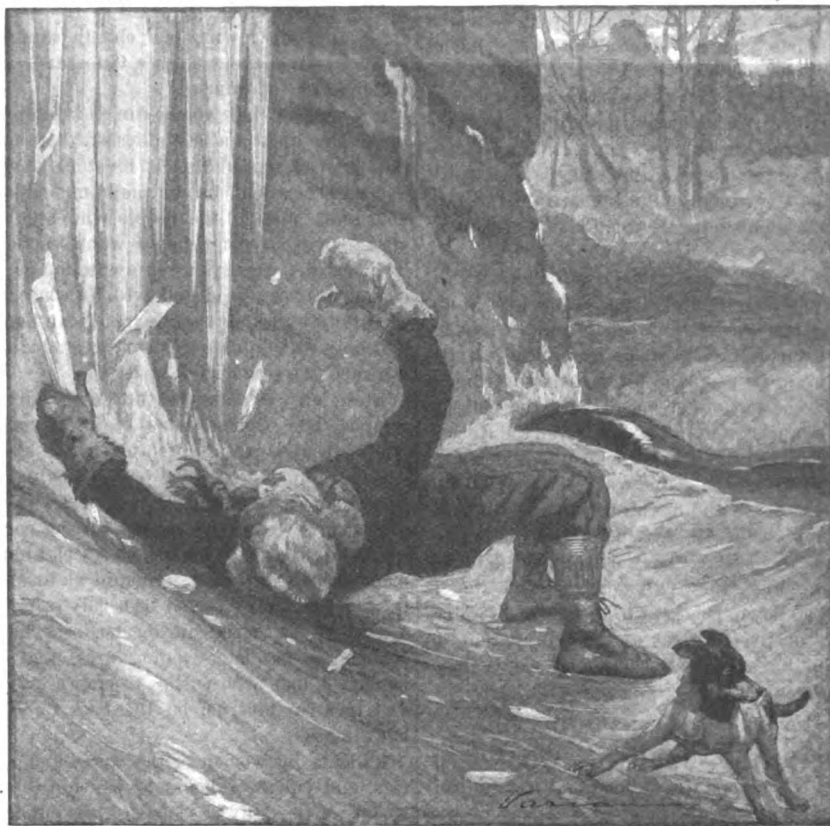
Duncan Fraser was a trapper, but this winter his traps hung on the walls of his cabin at Hemlock Ridge; it was an "off year" for fur. In November he had heard that the wholesale druggists in Portland were paying a dollar and a half a pound for first-class "amber" gum and eighty-five cents for the second grade. He had taken up his trap line, and since then had gathered two or three pounds of gum a day. Until this moment his fortune had been

only moderate; now, several pounds of the best quality gum were within sight, and Duncan could only conjecture at the amount hidden above.

When he had gathered the gum crystals within reach of his pole, he quickly slipped the bag from his shoulders and, putting one moccasin foot on a stub and reaching to another stub above, mounted with the pole in his free hand. In this way he gradually worked his way up the trunk of the giant spruce.

When he had filled the cup twice and

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN



A SUCCESSION OF PANIC-STRICKEN ASSAULTS ON THE SLOPE BETWEEN AVAILLED HIM NOTHING

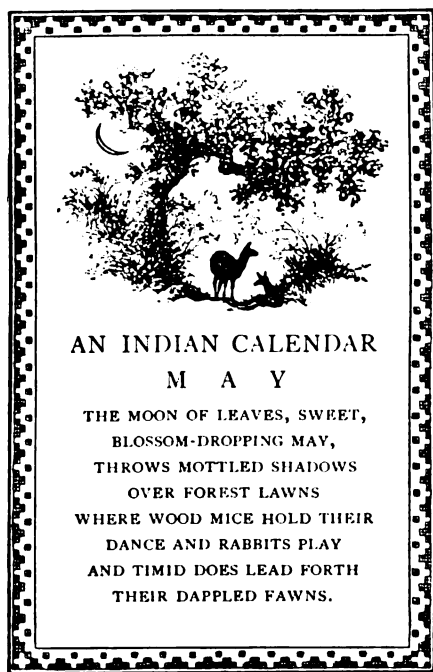
emptied it on the snow beside his bag, he clambered down and threw his Mackinaw over a bush; for, in spite of the zero weather, the strenuous work of climbing the tree and manœuvring with his gum gatherer had made his thick coat seem uncomfortably warm. Then, pole in hand, he climbed up again. Pedro made forays into the undergrowth, from which he frequently returned to gaze upward and whine at his master.

When Duncan had mounted fifteen feet, an unusually large nugget caught his eye. It had formed behind a knot in the bole of the tree, and to reach it with his gum gatherer he leaned outward. One leg was curled partly round the trunk, the foot of the other rested on a short dead branch; with his free hand he clung to the rim of the slash. It was hard to dislodge the gum crystal, and he leaned a little farther. In the same instant the bark at the edge of the slash tore away, and his weight suddenly shifted to the branch beneath his foot. It snapped, and Duncan found himself clawing the empty air. As he

fell before he had gone a third of the distance. Pedro whined and licked his master's mittened hand. Duncan crossed to the other side, but it offered no advantage. Not until after his third failure did he feel any fear, and then it took the form of vague uneasiness.

On hands and knees, with Pedro crawling close behind him, he tried to make his way up the middle, but in spite of all his efforts he slipped downward, and the dog speedily followed him. Thereafter for half an hour he tried in quick succession one place after another. A dozen attempts at the walls convinced him of the impossibility of escape in that direction. The thin, brittle icicles broke in his hands at the slightest pull. A succession of panic-stricken assaults on the slope between availed him nothing.

He had never realized how smooth ice could be—it seemed uncanny. He would place his foot firmly on the slope, but when he lifted the other the shifting of weight would send him sprawling. There must be some way out! It was impossible that he, Duncan Fraser,



FACT AND COMMENT

KEEP up and you will never have to catch up.

Coins are round and roll away;
Fertile Ground is there to stay.

HE who jumps at conclusions will land in confusions.

WHAT will you choose to do with time?
The alternatives are to use it or misuse it.

THERE is a real distinction between declaring war and declaring that a state of war exists. A government declares war when it purposes to make war on another country. It declares that a state of war exists, as the United States has just done, when another government has already attacked it.

"THERE is one word that we quickly learn in five languages," writes an American Red Cross nurse who is serving in a French army hospital. "It is the word that comes most often to the lips of sick or wounded soldiers when suffering or delirium wrings utterance from them. It is *mutter, mère, moeder, madre* and 'mother.'"

AVERMONT farmer, summoned to jury duty in a city eleven miles distant, walked back and forth every day through the snow, besides doing his chores before he started in the morning and after he got back at night. Such devotion to the public service is as praiseworthy as devotion to the tasks that war imposes, although jury duty is less spectacular.

ALTHOUGH the last of the opium plantations were swept away in 1916, the long effort to suppress the opium traffic in China is but now reaching its final stages. The treaty of 1911 with England enabled importers to carry opium from India under certain conditions. On March 31 even that trade came to an end, and after June 1 to smoke opium at all will be against the law.

EVENTS of the past few months have stirred many a pastor and many a church committee to place the American flag in their churches. The act is wholly fitting, for the flag in church is never out of place. Many English churches have long displayed not only the national colors but also the regimental flags under which the soldiers from that community fought in earlier wars.

SEVERAL times The Companion has spoken of the enlarged field of work that the war has given to the women of England, and of their zeal in stepping into it. That field, however, does not include the law. Only a few weeks ago the general council of the British bar not only stood squarely on its earlier refusal to admit women to the practice of the law but even refused to consider again the question of admitting them.

THERE is something very significant, something for German people to think about, in the deliberately chosen words with which President Wilson ended his war message to Congress. After summing up the reasons that had made inevitable the step that the country was about to take, he exclaimed, "God helping her, she can do no other!" Compare with them the words of a great German, Martin Luther, on a great occasion: "*Ich kann nicht anders! Gott helfe mir! Amen!*"

HOW many stirring stories, now officially suppressed, will be told when the war ends! The facts about the British campaign against the German submarine will be perhaps the most eagerly awaited. But there is also the story of Gordon Campbell. The British Admiralty refuses to say why he has received

the Victoria Cross and the Distinguished Service Order and been promoted over the heads of seven hundred lieutenant commanders; but it says that the deed was "one of the most gallant acts that a man ever performed," and that after the war the tale "will be read as one of the most thrilling stories ever told."

REFORM IN GERMANY

WHAT the German government really thinks of the Russian revolution and of the entry of the United States into the war may be gathered from the behavior of the Imperial Chancellor. So long as German arms were successful and Germans might still hope for a final victory, any Socialist who suggested that political reform within the empire was advisable was curtly told that no discussion of such subjects would be permitted until after peace had been declared.

When the news from Petrograd reached Berlin, Dr. Bethmann Hollweg hurried into the Prussian Legislature and promised that the government would put many of the desired reforms into effect just as soon as the fighting was over. When that promise failed to quiet the demand for immediate changes in Prussia, the Chancellor announced—the time was a day or two after the United States had entered the war—that the Emperor himself had promised far-reaching reforms in Prussia, including a direct and secret ballot in place of the peculiar class representation that now prevails there.

Our knowledge of the exact situation in Germany is so imperfect that we cannot tell whether for the present those promises will satisfy the Socialists and Radicals. It is clear that the war has immeasurably increased the strength of the Social Democrats, and that it has shaken the faith of the people at large in the wisdom of its princes and the validity of their military and political philosophy. A few years ago the Kaiser declared proudly that there was only one will in Germany,—his own,—and that "the will of the King is the supreme law." Nothing except a very deep and powerful movement among his people toward democracy could have induced him to make the concessions he has already made; for those concessions are each a step along the road that every Prussian statesman from Bismarck down has asserted would lead to the fall of the dynasty and the failure of Prussian ambitions. Count Reventlow, the spokesman of the true Prussian party, which is in turn the strength of the imperial organization, openly speaks of the danger of introducing the "spirit of liberty, which our enemies rightly regard as equivalent to the destruction of Germany as a power."

Of course he means the destruction of Germany as an imperialistic, militaristic, autocratic power. Nothing can prevent Germany from remaining a great power, unless it be the failure of its people to bring their government into some sort of agreement with the political and moral currents of the age. Even the Kaiser, who entered the war with far different hopes, begins to see that. But what becomes of him and his house and of the nation he still leads depends, after all, less on him than on the people themselves. They will shape the future of Germany; they will determine whether it shall go down, shackled to the corpse of autocracy, or live, a great and useful nation, to which its ancient freedom and sanity have been restored.

LATE AND MINOR COMBATANTS

ONE by one the nations that had no concern with the original occasions of war are being drawn into the conflict. Spain, Greece, Holland, the Scandinavian countries and Switzerland have long been the only countries of Europe that maintain even a nominal neutrality. The entry of the United States into the arena bids fair to be followed by similar action on the part of several other American republics; and should the war continue and the Germans still further extend their warfare in the Western Atlantic, the greater part of North and of South America may ultimately be drawn into the fight.

What can Cuba, what could Argentina and Brazil and Chile, contribute to the defeat of the Central Powers? "Nothing," the German press would say. Professing to rely on arms and battles to decide the issue, the Germans treat with contempt the hostility of governments that, like our own, have no armies to meet them in the field. But even the Germans themselves seem to be losing their hope of conquering the armies opposed to them. In none of the battle regions are they advancing; in most of them they are not even holding their own. They have transferred their hopes

to the submarine and to its success in cutting off the supplies of their enemies.

But it is precisely in the naval and the submarine warfare that the smaller and more remote countries of America could give the most effective service. They could aid directly by preventing the establishment on their coasts of bases of supply for hostile craft, and by refusing even limited hospitality to German war vessels. That alone would greatly diminish the radius of action of the ships, and correspondingly add to the effectiveness and safety of merchant vessels carrying supplies to England and France.

Moreover, all those countries are great producers of food, wool, hides, rubber and other commodities that all the countries of Europe greatly need. All would be at the service of the Entente, none would be at the service of the Teutons. Although that may be said to be virtually the situation now, yet in a state of war vigilance would be redoubled to make sure that none of the supplies should fall into the hands of the enemy.

It may be that those would not be important contributions to the success of the Allies, but the moral effect of abandoning neutrality and frankly and openly enlisting against a barbarous foe would be great and far-reaching.

AN UNOFFICIAL CENSORSHIP

MOVING pictures are so much a part of modern life that a general condemnation of them is out of the question. Nor is it desirable. When school superintendents are advocating them as a means of education, and ministers are using them in their work, and boards of health are employing them to drive home the fundamental facts of infection to people so ignorant that they will not read, the "movies" must be admitted to occupy a strong position.

They do, but the position is open to attack from several points. The bad moral effect of pictures that represent crime and violence was early perceived and has been vigorously combated. The chief influence against such pictures has been, however, not city officials or regularly appointed censors, but the mass of sound public opinion that, at least in the smaller cities and the towns, has chiefly expressed itself through the women's clubs and other organizations of women.

It is evident that women are just beginning to see how great and useful a field there is for that kind of censorship. It must be tolerant and wisely patient, but uncompromising in its final aim. Most of the people who regularly visit moving-picture shows want "action." That means usually a representation of the conflict between good and evil. No censorship can afford to neglect that desire: it can hope at first only to eliminate the worst; gradually it can raise the standard of taste.

After all, ridicule is the most effective weapon, and women have begun to use it. They are now calling attention to the absurd social examples that some of the moving pictures set. An invitation is cast on the screen: part of it is written in the first person, part in the third; the whole would be a social indictment against anyone so ignorant as to follow it. A woman supposed to be a lady calls on a lawyer at his office during business hours, wearing a décolleté evening dress and diamonds. A man who wishes to offer a lady his seat in a car taps her on the back to attract her attention.

Ridicule by women of the cheap and ignorant and vulgar, ridicule to which the local weekly or the daily newspaper gives publicity, helps to do away with the need of official censors.

TRAINING INDUSTRIAL LEADERS

THREE quarters of a century ago Thomas Carlyle, studying the industrial conditions of his time, made a revolutionary utterance. It was an age that exalted the doctrine of economic freedom for everyone; an employer was free to "hire" and to "fire" when and as he chose; the workman was free to shift from one job to another as often as he saw some immediate advantage ahead of him. To that generation Carlyle declared, "I am for permanence. Blessed is he that continueth where he is."

Within the last few decades many of our industrial leaders have come to see the wisdom of Carlyle's doctrine. Appalled by the expense and the loss of efficiency caused by the large annual "turnover" of help, they have racked their brains for measures to obtain some degree of permanence among their force of workers. Particularly desirable is it in a large industrial

organization that those who hold positions of responsibility should keep them. If the policies of the management are to be carried out effectively, they must be entrusted to men trained in the ways of the company, and serving it through loyalty as well as for wages.

An interesting illustration of the way in which a great corporation can put this principle into effect is found in the methods used by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway in choosing and training recruits for future officers of its mechanical departments. It takes boys into its shops as apprentices for a term of four years. Every boy works under the eye of a shop instructor, and from him learns how to do each operation or take each step of the trade that he has been indentured to learn. What he thus acquires is correlated with instruction in the apprentice schoolroom. His progress is carefully watched, and every effort is made to discover for what sort of work his natural aptitudes fit him.

After a boy has completed the journeyman apprentice course he has, if he has shown qualities of leadership, an opportunity to receive further training in the special course for graduate apprentices. There he serves for some months each in the boiler shop, the freight-car shop, the roundhouse; after that he learns to inspect and to run locomotives.

From that group a few are chosen to go to large establishments to study locomotive building, steel-car construction or the manufacture of air-brake equipment. Some have won scholarships that enable them to attend a school of engineering.

The results of the system amply justify it. Of the nine hundred graduates, nearly three fourths are now in the service of the road. It is building up a force of men remarkable for skill, resourcefulness and loyalty.

VOLUNTARY EFFORT AND DEMOCRACY

IN the last few years we have heard much about the inefficiency of the democratic form of government. Its disadvantages have been apparent, particularly in matters that appertain to war. But there is another side to the matter, which, although hitherto overlooked, has in the last few weeks shown itself with startling plainness. The American people are adaptable; they can come together for a common purpose, organize, and get to work almost in the twinkling of an eye.

There is in a democracy a supplementary means of government always ready in an emergency, and in the highest degree efficient. It interferes with no constituted powers; rather, it quickens into new life those powers that are already in existence. When the crisis of war has passed, it dissolves, and the regular forms of government go on as before.

So it was in the Civil War; so it will be now. National Defense Committees and Committees of Public Safety spring into existence everywhere, because in no other way can the recently aroused patriotism of our towns, cities and states find immediate and effective expression. Official action is clogged by bureaucratic methods, and not infrequently by inefficient agents. At a time when our salvation lies in the keen foresight and the power of prompt decision that the industrial world fosters, each community turns instinctively to its natural leaders. They respond at once, and give themselves unsparingly to the labor.

Nothing revives our confidence in democracy so surely as the voluntary activity of such committees of devoted and able citizens. They bring together all the varied elements of the community, which work shoulder to shoulder. Instead of despairing of the republic because its proper forms of government work so clumsily, we take new courage. Surely, if we can obtain the best at the season of greatest need, matters cannot be in such evil case as we had feared.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—By a unanimous vote the House passed the bill authorizing government loans amounting to seven billion dollars for the prosecution of the war. On April 17 the Senate also passed the bill unanimously. —The army bill was before the House Committee on Military Affairs, and the sentiment for an army of volunteers was so strong there that it was doubtful whether the bill would be reported as drawn by the administration leaders. —The so-called espionage bill was reported to the Senate, amended so as to make less drastic the section that forbids discussion of the measures for national defense. That section was held to restrict unduly the freedom

of the press. —A bill authorizing the President to take control of railway, telegraph and telephone lines and to draft into government service the employees of such companies was introduced in the House.

RUSSIA.—Mme. Catherine Breshkovskaya, the "grandmother of the Revolution," arrived in Petrograd on April 11. She was given an extraordinary popular welcome. —The troops in Turkestan are reported to have put Gen. Kuropatkin, the governor-general, under arrest, fearing that he was not in sympathy with the new government.



MME. BRESHKOVSKAYA

MEXICO.—In his address to the Mexican Congress on April 15 President Carranza declared that he would maintain a strict and rigorous neutrality in the world war. He also read a complete report of his activities as "First Chief," beginning with the Madero revolution of 1910. He declared that Henry Lane Wilson, American minister to Mexico in 1913, tried persistently to persuade him to recognize the Huerta government. He announced that "Constitutional order" would be restored in Mexico on May 1. —The Mexican government denied that it intended to put any embargo on the export of oil from Tampico.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE WAR.—Brazil had not, on April 18, declared war, but it had seized all the German merchant vessels lying in Brazilian harbors. There were serious anti-German riots in Rio de Janeiro. In Buenos Aires, the populace, aroused by the report that two Argentine ships had been sunk by a German commerce raider, attacked the German legation and the offices of two pro-German newspapers. The German minister demanded from the Argentine government an explanation of the note it sent to Washington, approving our action against Germany. —Uruguay, Paraguay, Nicaragua and Bolivia sent notes to say that they, too, are in entire sympathy with the course of the United States.

GREAT WAR COUNCIL.—The arrival of Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Minister, accompanied by several representative officers of the British army and navy, and of M. Viviani, formerly Premier of France, accompanied by Marshal Joffre and other eminent French officers, was daily expected. These distinguished persons come to discuss with the President and with representatives of our army and navy plans for effective military and industrial coöperation between this country and the Entente Allies. Admiral Fletcher will head our navy representatives, and Col. Michie of the general staff and Lieut. Col. Cosby of the War College will head the army delegation. —The French government has appointed Capt. André Tardieu, former editor of the Paris Temps, high commissioner to the United States.



ANDRE TARDIEU

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Rhode Island and Michigan granted the presidential suffrage to women.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—The Army Department has asked for approximately 500,000 volunteers to recruit the ranks of the regular army and the National Guard to full war strength. These men need only volunteer for the actual duration of the war. That is of course quite outside the new forces that must be raised. —The Shipping Board has organized a \$50,000,000 corporation to build and operate a great fleet of wooden cargo vessels. The ships will be built in private yards on standardized plans furnished by the Shipping Board. Gen. Goethals will direct the work. The corporation intends to extend its capital to \$225,000,000 if necessary. —Col. Roosevelt placed before the President and leading members of Congress his plan to recruit a division or more to be sent to France at once and trained there with a view of getting to the firing line at the earliest possible moment. He believes the first troops could be sent abroad in three months. —Secretary McAdoo submitted to the financial committees of the Senate and House plans for new taxation to raise \$2,000,000,000 annually. They provide for cutting the income tax exemption in half, for heavy excess-profit taxes and special imposts on luxuries such as liquors, sugar, coffee, amusement tickets and automobiles. —Secretary Houston asked Congress to make provision for some kind of conscription for farm labor. A shortage of farm labor is the most serious handicap to the plans for a great food crop this year. —Canada has placed wheat and wheat products on the free list: automatically the same privilege will be

extended to Canadian wheat by this country. —President Wilson has appointed a Committee on Public Information to combine the duties of censorship and publicity. Mr. George Creel is executive chairman of the committee. —The President issued two proclamations during the week, one calling on the nation to devote itself to the united and effective prosecution of the war, and the other warning citizens and aliens alike against coming into conflict with the laws on treason.

THE GREAT WAR

(From April 12 to April 18)

The German front in Artois, in Picardy and in Champagne, was under constant assault during the week in spite of the constant snow or rainfall. The British made good their hold on the Vimy Ridge, repulsed all counter-attacks and pushed a mile or two beyond. They took Lievin and Cité St. Pierre, suburbs of the important city of Lens, and their advance troops were knocking at the gates of the town itself when this record closed. The Germans resisted desperately; they were said to be preparing a fresh line of defense through Queant and Drocourt, about ten miles behind the Lens and Arras line. Marshal Haig declared that his men had taken more than 14,000 prisoners and 166 guns in this sector. The British effort is to turn the northern end of the Hindenburg line, to which the Germans retreated last month. Success would mean the early capture of Lille, and if the French should be able to turn the other end of the line it would mean that the Germans would have to evacuate the greater part of France.

The British and French maintained constant pressure on the German front at St. Quentin and La Fère, but the chief activity of Gen. Nivelle was farther south, along the Aisne between Soissons and Reims. After severe artillery preparation an attack was launched along a 25-mile front on April 16. Paris reported that the French took all the German first positions on this line, together with 17,000 prisoners. A decisive victory here would turn the southern end of the Hindenburg line. Berlin declared that the French attacks were all checked.

Paris also reported artillery activity in Alsace, and said that the Belgians had taken the German first positions in Dixmude.

Artillery duels were in progress on the Russian, Italian and Macedonian fronts.

Gen. Maude reported that he had driven back a Turkish force that had opposed his advance north of Bagdad. It was this force that undertook to prevent the union of British and Russian forces on the Diala River. The Turks apparently occupy defensive positions among the Jebel Hamrin hills, about forty-five miles northeast of Bagdad. The British have also advanced to within ten miles of Samarra on the Bagdad railway.

Gen. Alexieff has been definitely appointed commander in chief of the Russian armies.

The Spanish government has sent a note of protest to Germany against the sinking of the San Fulgencio and the Tom, unwarned, by a German submarine. It grows increasingly difficult for the Spanish government to maintain neutrality, and the problem is made more difficult by the fact that there are strong pro-German and pro-Allies parties. On April 19 it was announced that Premier Romanones had resigned.

London announced the sinking of another hospital ship, the Gloucester Castle, and added that in reprisal an aerial squadron had dropped bombs on the German city of Freiburg. It admitted the loss of twenty-eight vessels by submarine attack during the week.

The Turkish government interned the U. S. S. Scorpion at Constantinople.

The U. S. destroyer Smith, engaged in coast patrol off Long Island, reported that it had encountered a German submarine, which fired a torpedo, but missed its aim.

Danish newspapers say that the submarine campaign against neutral commerce threatens Denmark with starvation.

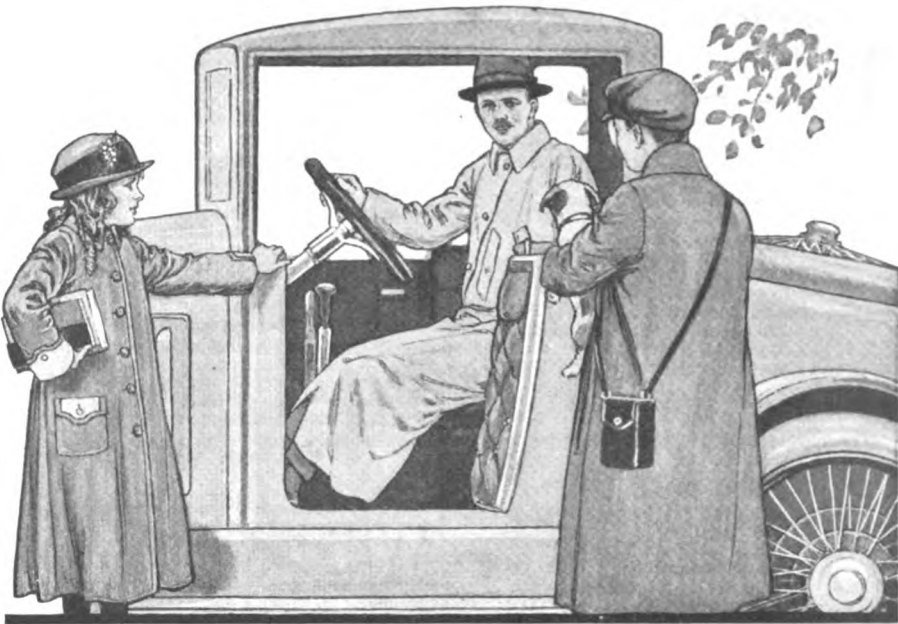
There were renewed rumors of conferences between Socialists of different countries, and even of authorized overtures by Austrian and Bulgarian diplomats, intended to put an end to the war. The Scandinavian nations are known to be hopeful of serving as mediators.

The sittings of the Hungarian Parliament were suspended; it was understood that the step was taken on account of the strong demands of the party that opposes the Tisza ministry for a direct suffrage law. Two members of the Austrian Cabinet, both strong Germans, resigned.

The minority of the Socialist party in the Reichstag, led by Hugo Haas and George Ledebour, have broken with their colleagues and formed a party that is opposed to the war policy of the government.

On April 16 Amsterdam reported that some of the metal, wood and transport workers in Berlin were striking in protest against the latest food regulation, which reduces the bread ration throughout the empire by a quarter.

The British Parliament voted to extend its life until next November in order to avoid the disturbance of a general election.



"Never mind, Uncle, we have our Raynsters on"



Look for this label on your coat



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THAT'S right, you don't have to mind a little rain, with a Raynster. Very likely "Uncle" has his Raynster on, too. These storm-coats are made for everybody—from big six-footers down to little three-footers. They just cover you up and keep you high and dry. No more damp clothes which bring on colds, then scolds.

Raynsters turn rainy days into happy days. They give you room to romp and run for play days. They give you neat and dressy appearance for Sundays.

All the family will soon be wearing Raynsters—why don't you be the first? Tell the folks about these wonderful storm-coats. Raynsters are made for boys and girls, men and women; many styles at many prices.

Remember the name, "Raynster," and see that it is on your storm-coat.

Raynster

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United States Rubber Company

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GYPSY TIME

By Mary Carolyn Davies



PLACID hour and scented flower
And curtain-shaded room,
Peace and rest and quietness
And music in the gloom,
Book and game and needle,
And friends that each to each
Tell of little daily things
In sober, pleasant speech—
But oh, across the threshold
Are buds on branch and bough;
And past the hearth and past the door
A world is calling now!

Where the trail is overgrown, and forest-girt
The way,
The gypsies, the gypsies are journeying to-day!

Oak and ash for patteran,
To lead a lover's feet,
Wind upon the forehead, warm
With the clover-sweet,
Whistled answer to a bird
Swinging in a tree,
Light-heart laughter as a fire
Dances gallantly;
Sleep beneath a roving moon,
For roving gypsy men,
Dawn upon the open down
And then the road again.

Hearth and heavy door are good, but some-
where, far away,
The gypsies, the gypsies are journeying to-day!

Oh, to cross a patteran
Upon the trail for you!
To sit with you upon the grass
When journeying is through,
A ruddy camp fire leaping,
A song, and laughter low,
And, high between the tree tops,
Winds that come and go!
Smell of smoke, and touch of wind,
And scent of sod and earth;
Swift forgetfulness of pain,
Memory of mirth.

Where the feet of fairies press and vanish down
The way,
The gypsies, the gypsies are journeying to-day!

Oak and ash for patteran—
But if we left our door
And crossed the road, and crossed the
ridge,
And crossed the hill and moor,
What more of freedom or of joy
Within our grasp could be
Than each day bides within our house
And dwells with you and me?
For stars or lamplight, roof or sky,
In all and all the land,
The magic of the road is Spring
And two who understand.

And in our hearts and in our eyes, as well as
far away,
The gypsies, the gypsies are journeying to-day!



THE ANGLE OF REPOSE

THE landslides that have recurred so many times in the Panama Canal have brought to popular notice many interesting facts about the laws that govern such phenomena. In particular we have learned about the "angle of repose." In digging through ordinary soil, it appears, the workers find the angle of repose by sloping the ground back so that the top of the hill is distant from the canal twice its height—that is, in the ratio of two to one. Under some conditions, however, the ratio must be much more—possibly as much as seven to one. In the Culebra Cut even that may prove to be insufficient.

There is a parable in it about studying our own soils so that we may prevent the calm onward current of our lives from being dammed up by an unexpected obstacle some day when a most important cargo is waiting to go through. Most of our navigation, after all, is not on the great oceans, or even on the inland lakes, but on the canals that we ourselves dig for our own use as we go along. And it is usually a matter of our own choice whether our route runs in the right direction and leads to the great ports that we hope to reach.

When we have laid out our routes, and made every little lake or roaring torrent in our path help us on our way, there comes the question of soils and of how to treat them. Is there one place where a sudden outburst of temper is likely to upset the careful work of months? Then let us forget all about that ratio of two to one that will take us so easily through our ordinary channels, and dig back and back until we have found our "angle of repose"—a sure, unshakable angle of repose, even if it has to be twenty to one—before we go another step forward in our work. Do late hours, or fatigue, or overwork, or worry make us irritable and liable to sudden landslides of temper? Then we must cut them away with a ruthless hand as we slope back to find the safe angle.

Is there some special temptation to which we are liable? Then no matter how straight and clean we cut our walls when they pass through the living rock, which is the strength of our characters, we must dig at the shifting sand until we are so far away from the danger of temptation that there is no chance of our falling there. The canal might as well not be dug at all, if at some point it is full of loose soil that obstructs navigation.

For every kind of soil there is an ordained angle of repose. Once we find it, our canal is safe.



HER DAUGHTER

MANY stories told of children in the devastated regions of France and Belgium are too pathetic to be endured. Others illustrate the natural resilience of childhood, and teach us how a little joy may help in bearing a great sorrow.

Little Marie, in a ruined village "somewhere in France," had seen her crippled father, her mother and two little sisters killed when their cottage fell about them, knocked to pieces by a shell as if it had been a house of cards. With her aged grandmother and an aunt she fled to the fields, and spent a night of exposure and misery in a driving rain.

Before morning the grandmother was dead, and the aunt died of pneumonia soon afterwards. Marie herself, who had been slightly wounded, became very ill, and when the crisis of her sickness was over she still hovered feebly on the verge of death. She was a dear little girl, and the nurses in the hospital to which she had been carried were worried about her.

But one day there was a distribution of gifts and comforts from America, and Marie received a doll. It made another creature of her; the brightness returned to her eyes, the smile to her lips, a flickering color to her thin little cheeks.

"You are really better, Marie," one of the nurses said to her the next day. "I believe that dolly is going to cure you; she is better than doctors or nurses. We shall be jealous!"

"But it is quite natural," explained Marie a little anxiously, for she did not wish to be thought ungrateful. "Everyone has been kind to me, but I did not belong to anyone any more. I thought I had no one in the world,—no family at all,—and behold! Here is my little daughter!"



THE LOST WHEEL

WHEN Mr. Ralph Pulitzer returned to the French aviation field after a flight with an expert pilot, the day threatened to end in tragedy. As the aeroplane came to a stop a mechanic ran up with a pneumatic wheel.

He spoke a few sharp words to the pilot, says the author in *Over the Front* in an Aeroplane, and the pilot asked me to get out quickly. I jumped out; the mechanic scrambled into my place, carrying the pneumatic wheel, and with a rattle and a roar the aeroplane rolled across the field and leaped into the air again.

I joined some aviation officers and asked what was the matter. They pointed to a machine a few thousand feet above us and explained that in leaving the ground it had lost one of its pneumatic wheels. The aviator was ignorant of the mishap, and unless they warned him in time his machine would turn turtle and kill him when he tried to make his landing. My pilot had gone up to meet him in the upper air, and by waving the wheel at him indicate his predicament and warn him to land on the left wheel and the tail of his machine.

"Unless he understands before he lands he is a dead man," said the officer.

That was a dramatic spectacle—one aviator on guard high in the sky in complete unconsciousness of the death that awaited him; another, climbing nearer and nearer, then circling round and round in narrowing circles. Finally the first machine started down.

"He understands," said some one.

"No, he doesn't," said the others.

"Get the ambulance ready!" ordered the aviation captain; and the engine of the motor ambulance began to clug with a most sinister effect.

We all stood powerless and watched the machine spiral down. As the man made his glide, men stood in the field waving spare wheels at him to make sure that he would understand. But no. Instead of landing tilted to the left on the sound wheel, he made his landing leaning over a little to the right where the wheel was missing. As the great machine touched the earth it buried its nose in the ground; the tail rose and rose until it stood perpendicular, and then fell forward in a somersault, so that the plane was lying on its back.

"He's finished. Get the ambulance!" ordered the captain.

We all started at a run across the field toward the motionless aeroplane, with the motor ambulance following close on our heels. As we got to the wreck a figure crawled out and began to complain at not having been warned in a way that a sane man could understand. How the aviator escaped will always remain a complete mystery, but his escape made a thrilling ending to an unforgettable afternoon.



WHY SHOPKEEPERS GROW MORBID

A SMALL boy, whose head hardly reached the level of the counter, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger, entered the shop.

"Please, sir," he piped, "father told me to get him some oak varnish."

"How much does your father want, my little man?" inquired the smiling shopman.

"Father said you was to fill this," replied the little fellow, handing over a pint jar.

The shopman filled it and handed it back.

"Father will pay you next Saturday," said the child casually. But the face of the shopman grew dark.

"We don't give credit here!" he said. "Give me back the jar!"

Meekly the small boy handed back the jar; the man emptied it and returned it with a scowl.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy. "Father said you'd be sure to leave enough round the sides for him to finish the job he has to do, and you have, sir."



OBSTINATE GARDENERS

THE brother of Anthony Trollope, the novelist, T. A. Trollope, gives in his reminiscences a delightful portrait of one of his mother's friends, Lady Milman, a quaint and determined little old lady of the ancient régime. He was present one day when one of her neighbors, the wife of an important person, ventured to call earlier in the day than the recognized hour for visiting.

"Very glad to see you, my dear," said little Lady Milman, rising to meet her guest, a stately dame twice as large as herself, "but, you know, you must not do this sort of thing again."

At Pinner, her home, he was much amused at observing her inflexible determination that Abraham, an old, one-eyed footman who had lived in the family all his life, should kneel before the dining-room fire to warm her plate of pickled salmon. But if she could oblige the reluctant Abraham to compromise his dignity in such a manner, she met her match in her head gardener. He was hard at work pruning the peach trees as she came into the garden one morning.

"Oh, don't do that, Saunders!" said my lady. "I want to see those blossoms. And I shall never see them another year!"

"Must come off, my lady," said Saunders inexorably, as he sheared away the branch.

"He never will let me have my way!" grumbled the little old lady, as she resumed her trot along the gravel walk under the peach wall.

It was only a few years ago that another English lady had an encounter with her gardener over a more important matter. To an American guest, who admired the rose gardens for which her estate is famous, she told how, when a date had been set

for the marriage of her eldest daughter, she imparted the information to her gardener.

"A June wedding, McKae," she declared, "and the house full of roses! Roses everywhere!"

"Humph! I'm no so sure it's possible, my lady," rejoined McKae crustily.

"Not possible! What do you mean?" exclaimed the lady in astonishment.

"Well, it may do well enough after the exhibition," conceded McKae with deliberation. "But not before, my lady, not before. I cannot be cutting my best blooms for a lassie before showing them at the exhibition!"

It required a battle royal, which left both victor and vanquished on the brink of exhaustion, before the lassie's mother obtained the gardener's acquiescence in the precedence of a June bride over a June flower show.



MORE COLLEGE LETTERS

SEVERAL of The Companion's readers who read the article we published on this page about college initials that the students had cut upon the hillsides above several Western college towns have written to tell us of other letters that we did not mention in that article.

The Montana State Agricultural College at Bozeman is honored by a letter that its makers believe to be the largest in the country, for it is two hundred feet wide and two hundred and fifty feet high. It is made of pieces of limestone rock laid side by side, and the freshman class must whitewash it every year. The accompanying picture shows how it appears, high up on the side of "Old Baldy."

Between Los Angeles and the San Bernardino Mountains there are four such letters: O, for Occidental College; T, for Throop Institute; P, for



Pomona College; and R, for Redlands University. Some of these are merely clearings made in the chaparral that covers the range, and are most conspicuous when there is a light snowfall.

The University of Arizona has a more substantially built letter on Sentinel Peak, at an elevation of 2776 feet. It is of masonry, laid in trenches one hundred and sixty feet by seventy feet. It was finished about a year ago. At night the letter is sometimes outlined by burning bundles of oil-soaked waste, and then it can be seen for miles standing out sharply in the blackness.

In the original article The Companion spoke of a letter Y which it wrongly attributed to Brigham Young College at Logan, Utah. The letter was made by the students of Brigham Young University, near Provo, Utah.



MR. PEASLEE DISCUSSES ANIMAL OBSTINACY

WITH profound discouragement Mr. Gunney gazed at the Ayreshire cow in the far corner of the pasture.

"I don't believe, Caleb," he declared plaintively, "that it's humanly possible to farm that cow anything."

The animal in question stood with her head over the fence, bellowing softly from time to time. Mr. Gunney looked at her sourly.

"There she'll stand till old Towse comes down from the house and nips her gambrels a mite, and then she'll turn and put off up here to the bars hard as she can pelt. She knows here's the only place she can get out of the pasture, but she won't start to come 'thout havin' the dog after her. She makes me mad!"

Caleb whistled softly through his teeth and looked at the cow absently.

"Mebbe," he observed, "if you rigged up something down there that'd scare her a-plenty jest once, she'd quit. A good, solid jolt'll teach a critter sometimes when gentle doin's fail—or so Andrew Goss and I found out once, 't any rate."

"What time was that?" asked Mr. Gunney.

Mr. Peaslee settled himself comfortably. "I was thinkin'," he replied, "of the time we broke a habit in a boss that seemed jest as sot and stubborn as that cow—and he stayed broke, too!"

"'Twas a good many years ago, when Andrew and I might have been mebbe sixteen years old. Andrew's father, old Lansing Goss, had a boss that was all right in most ways—clever and a fair roader and not given to slyin'; but he had one bad fault. Sometimes he'd balk—not in the hardest pinches, but jest at certain places where he'd took notions to. One of them places was right at the foot of the hill after you come down from the risin' ground behind the Goss place."

"Wal," continued Caleb, "one day Andrew and his father and I was gettin' down some hoop poles from the ridge, and old Lansing was drivin' the boss. He had on mebbe a thousand loose hoop poles on a wooden-shod sled and had started down ahead of Andrew and me. We was two or three hundred yards behind with more hoop poles on another sled, and to haul the sled we had a couple of two-year-old steers that Andrew had started to break. They was as tricky as a couple of monkeys and quicker'n any two weasels, but we, bein' young and havin' no judgment to speak of, didn't let that worry us a mite—if them steers wanted to run away, we was willin' to let 'em, jest for the uproar it'd make, you know."

"There was mebbe two inches of light snow on the ground—jest 'nough to make a sled run easy. We got ready to go jest after old Lansing Goss went out of sight over the shoulder of the hill, and Andrew took a crazy notion to stand on the tongue and ride down, teamin' the steers from there with his voice. I was standin' on the tail end of the sled when Andrew started 'em; and when they started, they started! The first jump they made they all but shook me off, and 'fore they'd gone ten rods they was runnin' away as cheerful as any pair of cattle I ever watched; and Andrew, 'stead of tryin' to stop 'em, was puttin' the gad to 'em and urgin' 'em on!"

And every time the gad'd hit 'em, they'd blart loud 'nough to be heard a mile!

"From where I was on the tail of the sled I could jest see Andrew's head and shoulders over the top of the load; and all at once, as we rounded the last turn in the road, before we got to the foot of the hill, I saw him start and sort of stiffen all over, and I knew, 'thout seein' his face, that he was scared of somethin', so I riz up and peeked over the load to see what 'twas."

"Wal, sir," said Mr. Peaslee solemnly, "that boss had balked with that load of poles at the foot of the pitch, and had swung round quarterin' to the road, and there he stood as solid, 'parently, as any bluestone ledge that ever cropped out in a field. He never even canted his head round to see what was comin' and blartin' so—jest laid his ears back flatter and braced himself more solid."

"Wal," sighed Mr. Peaslee, not unhappily, "it was all over in a minute or less. The off steer struck him on the for'ard shoulder, and the near one back along his body somewhere, and what went on after that we could only see through a fog of hoop poles. Andrew had jumped clear and I'd rolled off behind when we saw we was bound to have a crash, and old Lansing, for all his years, went up a young juniper like a squirrel!"

"What we did see, when things got settled, was 'bout the scariest and least balky boss in Maine streakin' it for the barn with one runner of the sled hitched to him, and two of the mildest actin' steers that ever tried to run away tryin' to sort themselves out of a heap and tell which was which. Besides startin' a balky boss, they cured themselves of the notion of runnin' away, too."

"And from that time on," Mr. Peaslee concluded, "that boss never made any attempt to balk there at that place. When he'd come to that spot he'd poke his ears for'ard and almost pull his heart out, no matter what he was hitched to. And when he started to balk at other places—he tried it once or twice afterwards—Andrew or his father'd blart something like a steer, and the old boss would go into the collar fit to break the trace chains."

Mr. Gunney pondered deeply a moment. "I wonder what I can rig up to scare that cow?" he speculated. "Somethin' that won't do harm to her, I mean."



THE GOVERNMENT STAMP COLLECTION

IN the northwest court of the older building of the National Museum is a United States government stamp collection about which the general public knows very little. Up to 1906 the collection included only about twenty-five hundred stamps, but in that year the gift of a New York collector increased it by twenty thousand specimens.

In 1912, says the report of the United States National Museum for 1914, the Museum obtained by transfer the more essential parts of the large exhibition of the Post Office Department, which comprised the stamps, stamped envelopes and postal cards of all the nations of the world, to the number of nearly two hundred thousand. The original collection consisted chiefly of a large cabinet with sliding frames, in which the main series of stamps had been installed, including those printed for the United States by private firms and by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and the foreign stamps received through the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union at Bern, Switzerland. The remainder of the collection included sheets of stamps, envelopes and postal cards mounted on swinging screens for various American expositions; many separate sheets of stamps and individual specimens; and several albums of stamps and of die proofs of United States stamps.

The installation of the collection, instead of according with the usual stereotyped alphabetical arrangement throughout, agrees virtually with that of the coins and medals. It begins with the United States, and the foreign nations follow in alphabetical order with the stamps of their colonies grouped together geographically. Ultimately, an alphabetical and numbered list of all the countries and colonies represented will make it possible to find any set of stamps without loss of time.

The total capacity of the two-hundred and ninety-six frames in the present cabinet is about seventy-five thousand stamps. The collection is by no means complete; it is in fact only the nucleus of a greater and more perfect representation of the stamps of the world that will be gradually rounded out. It lacks especially the rare specimens of collectors and common varieties of certain periods, particularly of foreign issues.

In general the mounting is of single stamps of each issue, but when necessary to serve a particular purpose they are mounted in pairs, strips, blocks or sheets. A selected series of the stamped envelopes of the United States follows the stamps of that country. In addition to the exhibition series there will eventually be a reserve series for the use of students of philately.



LODGING-HOUSE GEOMETRY

LEARNING is one thing and wit is another, but that does not prevent them from meeting at times in the same brain. One of the most amusing of those jests, which it takes a certain amount of scholarship to make or to enjoy, was the collection of Euclidean axioms that Prof. Stephen Leacock of McGill University wrote some years ago for Truth. Here is one of the cleverest of them:

If there be two boarders on the same flat and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other boarder, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal, each to each. For, if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd!



HIGHLAND LOGIC

WHEN Lord Tullibardine, son of the Duke of Atholl, was seeking election to the House of Commons he was accompanied by his Parliamentary agent, who introduced him to many of the voters. According to Pearson's Weekly, the agent said to one old Scotsman:

"This is Lord Tullibardine. Of course you know him?"

"Na, na; I dinna ken him," was the reply.

"At all events," continued the agent, "you know his father, the duke?"

"Oh, ay; I ken the duke. He's a gran' man, the duke."

"Then you will surely vote for his son?"

"I'm no so sure about that. It's no every coo has a caff like herself."



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



HOW LITTLE BEAR SAW CHILDREN DANCE ROUND THE MAYPOLE

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

LITTLE BEAR wished to see the children dance round the Maypole on May Day. There was always much May-Day fun at Happyville, on the borders of the ancient forest where the Three Bears lived, and Father Bear and Mother Bear went every year to see all that might be seen from behind the trees and bushes. More than once Little Bear had begged and begged to be taken along; but both Father Bear and Mother Bear always shook their heads at the mere mention of such a thing.

"Son Bear," his father explained, "we should be glad to take you if you could keep still; but we know that if you heard the music and saw the children dancing round the Maypole, winding their long ribbons in and out, you would be dancing, too, and singing with the music. You would step on crackling twigs, and I am afraid you would shout for joy. No, no, Son Bear, unless you wish to live with us in a cage the rest of our lives, with a sign above us reading, 'The Three Bears of the Ancient Forest,' you had better stay at home on May Day."

"Yes, yes, Little Bear," agreed Mother Bear, "if you were to see pretty children dancing round a Maypole, you would not be able to keep still, and then we should be captured and put in a cage."

Said Little Bear one day, "If I can learn to keep still when I want to shout for joy, and you know that I want to shout for joy, will you take me with you to see the children dance round the Maypole?"

"Certainly," promised Father Bear. "If ever there is a time that you keep perfectly still when you want to dance and laugh, why, that will make us feel that it will be safe to take you to see the May-Day fun. You shall see the May Queen and you shall see children dressed like fairies and like Robin Hood and his Merry Men, and you shall see them dance round the Maypole." And then Father Bear winked at Mother Bear as much as to say, "That time will never come."

But not long after that, when Little Bear was out walking with Father Bear one morning, Father Bear suddenly stepped aside and said most politely, "I beg your pardon, sir!"

Little Bear looked round, saw no one, and laughed aloud. "Well, Father Bear," said he, "why did you say 'I beg your pardon!' when there is no one in sight?"

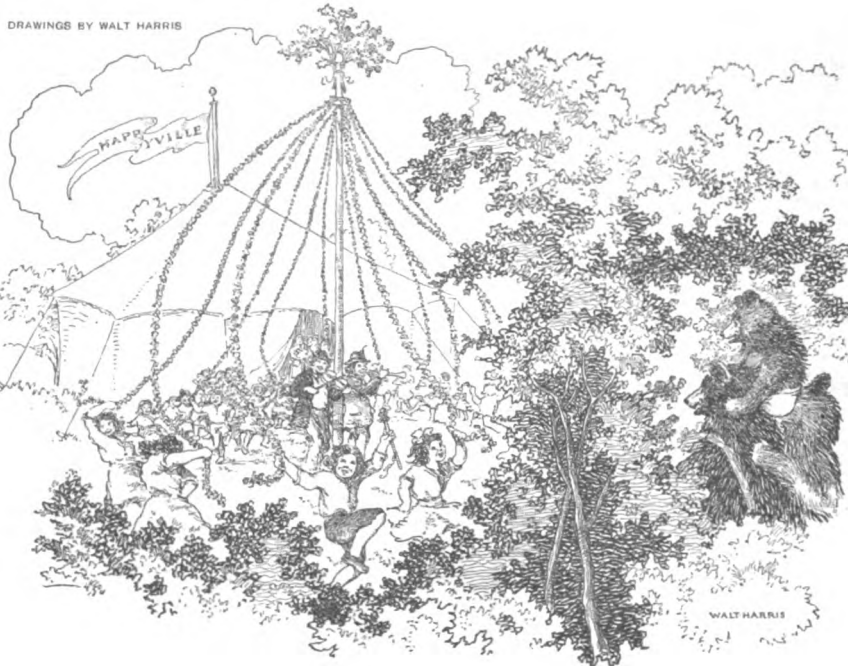
"Look more carefully," advised Father Bear, "and you will see Friend Whippoorwill, who catches our mosquitoes for us. I said 'I beg your pardon!' to him because I

it, Little Bear, because you never could keep your mouth shut long enough. You would wiggle and twist, and I do not believe you could keep from laughing."

"Let's try it this very day," suggested Little Bear. "I feel sure that I can do it."

"Very well," agreed Father Bear, "you

DRAWINGS BY WALT HARRIS



THE CHILDREN DANCED TO STIRRING MUSIC ROUND THE MAYPOLE

may go out to your playground and hide in plain sight as Friend Whippoorwill does. And Mother Bear and I will pretend that we do not see you. We'll say funny things on purpose to make you laugh as we hunt, and if you can watch us do all that and not move,—if you can listen to our jokes as we poke round pretending that we do not know where you are, and not laugh,—why, then we shall dare take you to see the children dance round the Maypole."

Little Bear was so delighted when he heard that promise that he turned three somersaults, one after the other, before he stopped. After dinner he ran to his playground and told the birds about his new game and how he hoped that he could keep from laughing, so he could go to see the children dance round the Maypole.

Now it happened that many, many birds loved Little Bear because he was always so kind to them in nest-building time; he had covered the bushes with strings and ribbons for the weavers, and he had provided mud for the plasterers, and searched the road for horse-hairs for the chipping sparrows. He had gathered baskets of down for soft nest linings, and was ever ready to do all that he could for the birds.

"We'll help you now, Little Bear, we'll help you now!" they promised him in joyful chorus.

"You lie down in the grass in the middle of the playground and curl into a ball, and remember not to open your mouth," advised the whippoorwill.

"And then we will scatter leaves all over you, so you will look like a little brown hill," suggested the robins.

Little Bear did as he was told, and soon all the birds in the forest were busy covering him with leaves and twigs and up-standing flowers, blue and yellow. Finally, in their wonderful fashion, the song sparrows wove dead grasses round him. Then came Father Bittern, who can stand in the marsh and look so exactly like a stick that no one can find him unless he chooses to be seen; along came Father Bittern with a bit of advice:

"Remember not to wink if Father Bear and Mother Bear seem to be looking directly at you. That is the great trick of the bitterns—to look steadily ahead without winking."

"I thank you," said Little Bear. "I will not wink. It will be easy not to wink."

MERRY MAY

BY FLORENCE M. PATTEE

When little April ran away,
Her brothers, Mud and Rain, went, too.
And then along came merry May—
"I'm very glad to be with you!"

"I'll smile at you all through the day!"
She cried to all the trees and flowers.
"And little birds from far away
Will come to praise the sunny hours."

"Don't you laugh!" warned the blue jay.

"Don't wiggle!" cautioned Jennie Wren.

Just then came Father Bear and Mother Bear tramping through the woods, talking and laughing about Little Bear.

"But where is he?" exclaimed Mother Bear. "I do not see him anywhere!"

"Neither do I!" answered Father Bear.

"No use trying to make him laugh until we see him," Mother Bear went on.

"We shall find him in a minute if he is here," added Father Bear, "and then we will tell our jokes and make him laugh."

If Father Bear and Mother Bear had but

A MERRY PETITION

BY CAROLYN WELLS

The Queen of May
One sunny day
Held court in a field of daisies;
Her gentlemen
And ladies then
Began to sing her praises,

When there came to the queen,
With a roguish mien,
A figure in garb fantastic.
'Twas the April Fool,
Serene and cool,
And he said, in a tone bombastic:

"To the Queen of May
I've come to say
I'm seeking a position;
And the fair report
Of this famous court
Has excited my ambition.

"Would the sovereign laugh
To see on her staff
A lackey who lacks not for fooling?
Would a trumpeter
Be of use to her
Who blows but his soup when 'tis cooling?

"Would the queen let me
Her gamekeeper be?
With the merriest games I'd supply her.
And might she not deign
In her suite to retain
A laugher instead of a crier?

"My skill is great,
I frankly state
Without reserve or shyness;
And," he gave a wink,
"I could be, I think,
Of use to Her Royal Highness."

The sweet queen smiled
Like a merry child
As the April Fool addressed her.
"Of use," said she,
"You can never be,
But stay as my court jester."

looked poking round through the grass," answered Little Bear. "I just kept thinking and thinking, 'Oh, how I want to see the children dance round the Maypole! Oh, how I want to see the children dance round the Maypole!'"

"You shall certainly go with us on May Day," promised Father Bear. "It is plain that we can trust you to keep still when it is necessary."

That is how it came about that on May Day, when the queen was crowned and children danced to stirring music round the Maypole at Happyville, on the border of the ancient forest, Little Bear was there with his father and mother, safely hidden from sight, where he saw all the fun.

THE WINDS

BY ADELBERT F. CALDWELL

The West Wind met the South Wind,
And cried out in surprise,
"How happens it you're blowing—
I can scarce believe my eyes!
Did not the North Wind bluster
He'd blow alone to-day?"
"Yes," gently said the South Wind,
"But he blew himself away!"

GAMES OF OTHER DAYS AND LANDS

BY HARRIET O'BRIEN

III. TRAPBALL

TRAPBALL is a game that has been played for hundreds of years. The drawing that appears here is copied from an old French manuscript of more than five hundred years ago, and the game as played then differed but little from the trapball that boys of France and England play in this generation. The game has been played in many ways. Sometimes one of the players must catch the ball as another player strikes the lever that throws it into the air. At other times the player who strikes it into the air has to hit it again with his bat before it falls to the ground, just as in the old game of tipcat.

Sometimes the trap is raised, as in the drawing, so that the player who strikes the ball away is in an upright position, and thereby ready to hit the ball again while it is in the air.

In the game as played in later years the trap rests on the ground, so that the player has to stoop low, and, therefore, finds it harder to straighten up and hit the ball before it falls. Sometimes the game is played with bounds, beyond which the ball must go. As a usual thing several players form sides, although two can play the game. The bat varies much. Sometimes it is only a stick; in that case it is much harder for the player to hit the ball than when the bat has a flat surface, as in the drawing.



WHERE CAN HE BE?

almost stepped on him before I noticed that he was there. Now, see if you can find him."

Little Bear looked and looked and looked, but he could not find Friend Whippoorwill.

"Please open your mouth, Friend Whippoorwill, or Little Bear will never find you," was Father Bear's request, as he stood watching the fun.

When a red mouth opened wide, Little Bear laughed and shouted, "I spy! I spy!" and was so amused that he rolled over and over and laughed and laughed. "How did you ever hide like that in plain sight, Friend Whippoorwill?" he asked.

Gladly the whippoorwill explained to Little Bear that his brown-and-white feathers look so much like the brown leaves and twigs on the ground that anyone passing by could seldom find him.

"I wish I could hide in plain sight," said Little Bear, "and see Father Bear and Mother Bear hunting and hunting for me, while I might be looking at them all the time. My fur is brown like dead leaves and I could stretch out flat on the ground the way Friend Whippoorwill does."

Father Bear smiled. "You never could do

A CHANCE TO BEGIN AGAIN

THE rattle of the train had died away, although the smoke of it still hung over the distant curve in the track. On the platform Ethel Grafton stood surveying the dusty road.

"This is encouraging," she said to herself. "Station closed—for repairs, I hope," with a disdainful glance at the dilapidated building. "Station master nowhere to be found; not a soul in sight. How mean! I've got to stay here in this broiling sun and keep watch over that trunk and hatbox till the Elmsville train comes in. And not even a place to sit down!"

"I suppose I could leave the trunk here," she went on reflectively, "and start on a search for the station master, but I don't want to leave that hatbox. Three hats, at twenty dollars apiece, and not paid for yet. Poor papa! And she laughed as she thought of the good-humored way in which her father would take her to task for her extravagance.

She decided to wait, but waiting was irksome business—especially with the July sun beating fiercely down upon her.

Suddenly she heard footsteps on the other side of the platform.

"Oh, please wait a moment!" she cried, as she caught sight of a young girl hurrying away.

The girl paused, blushed painfully, and except for a momentary glance kept her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Can you tell me where the station master is? Do you know anything about the trains?" Ethel asked breathlessly, but conscious at the same time of the girl's beautiful, long eyelashes and clear-cut, attractive features, which not even her shabby and faded clothing could put wholly out of mind.

"No, I never take them," replied the girl, answering the last question first; "but here comes Mr. Jackson; he can tell you all about them." And she moved nervously away.

With a feeling of relief Ethel turned toward the man. "Are you the station master?" she asked anxiously.

"That's the way they've got me down in the company's books."

"Then will you please tell me what time the train for Elmsville gets here?"

"Elmsville? Why, there's no train for Elmsville from here! You ought to have got off at Lapham, ten miles back, and changed cars there."

Ethel sat down on her trunk with a despairing groan.

"The only thing for you to do now," the man went on, "is to hire a team to drive you back to Lapham. I'll go down to the village and send a man up. There ain't anything particular to keep me here just now."

"Thank you very much!" murmured Ethel as he turned away.

"It was kind of him to offer to do it," she thought, as she watched the figure of the station master trudging down the dusty road, and the reflection prompted a wish to pay him for his trouble.

She took out her purse, in order to have the money ready when he should return, and opened it. A puzzled expression came into her face, and quickly changed to one of anxiety.

She hurriedly opened one compartment after another, and emptied everything on the top of her trunk. Her ticket to Elmsville and all the crisp five-dollar bills that had given the purse such a fat look that morning were gone. Not a penny remained!

A feeling of helplessness came over her. She was at least a hundred miles from Elmsville, penniless among total strangers, unable even to telegraph for help. She could not pay the driver who was coming for her; nor even if he should be willing to take her to Lapham free, would she be any better off there.

"Wait!" she exclaimed suddenly, half aloud. "Where was it Cousin Jim borrowed money on his watch when he was in college and lost all his money—the time Aunt Clarissa scolded him so and said he had disgraced the family name? The pawnbroker's! Perhaps I can find one."

Down the road she started, half running, and stopped at the first house she came to, which, because of a display of showily trimmed hats in the window, she rightly judged was the milliner's.

There were three women in the shop when she entered. Two, one of whom was behind the counter, were elderly. The other was the young girl whom she had seen a little while before at the station.

"Good morning!" began Ethel hurriedly. "Can you—er—will you tell me where I can find a pawnbroker?"

At the sound of her voice the young girl turned quickly and dropped the half-trimmed hat that she held in her hand.

"A what?" asked one of the older women.

"A pawnbroker—a man who lends money on watches and things," repeated Ethel. "I've lost all the money I had with me and my ticket," she added, by way of explanation.

"I'm happy to say there isn't any such

place as that in this town," said the proprietor of the shop, with an air of severity.

Silence fell on the group. Ethel walked to the window to hide the tears that were slowly following one another down her cheeks. She tried to swallow the lump in her throat, conscious all the time of curious and suspicious glances passing between the women behind her back. The silence was broken by the young girl whom Ethel had met at the station.

"I guess, Mrs. Briggs," she said, "so long as Jessie Palmer spoke about it first, it wouldn't be fair for me to take it; and—well, maybe I'd better not do anything about a hat now, anyway."

The conversation gave Ethel an idea. "I don't want to interfere in any way," she said to the milliner, "but I have a lovely hat that I should like to sell; and if this young lady has decided not to take one of these, she might like to see it. It's at the station now, but I can easily get it."

A shy fit, similar to the one that had embarrassed her during her brief interview with Ethel at the station, now took complete possession of the girl. Her blush deepened, she cast down her eyes as before and edged nervously toward the door.

"Well, I declare, Alvira!" spoke up one of the older women sharply. "I never saw you act so much like a goose! If you can't speak, I'll answer for you." Then, turning to Ethel, she said, "Perhaps you better get the hat. We can talk it over."

In a few minutes a rickety carriage drew up at the door and Ethel alighted from it, with her hatbox in her arms. She had found the carriage waiting for her at the station and, depending on the proceeds of the prospective sale for money to pay the driver, had hired it at once.

One by one she brought out the attractive hats and tried them on the head of the diffident country girl. The last one, a creation of pink silk mull and roses, won immediate approval. Even the milliner admitted that it was "real becoming."

"How—how much is it?" asked Alvira timidly.

Ethel cast a glance at the girl's faded calico gown and shabby shoes, and hesitated.

"I will sell it for five dollars," she said at last. "It is perfectly new and I—I paid somewhat more than that for it," she added, in sudden fear that the sale might not be consummated, after all; and yet a pang of pity smote her when she took the money from the thin, hard hand, which had lost all its girlishness from rough work.

The driver of the carriage looked up as she appeared. "Say, miss," he drawled, "you oughter hurried. 'Tain't any use going to Lapham now. You've lost yer train by half an hour. There ain't another before to-morrow morning."

Clutching her purse in her hand, Ethel sank on the doorstep and stared at the man aghast.

"Come right along with us," said the woman who had helped Alvira in the purchase of the hat, and who proved to be her aunt. They had overheard the driver's statement through the open window, and now came out on the steps. "You can come as well as not, and there isn't a boarding house or a hotel in the village."

So, half an hour later Ethel was comfortably established in the north chamber of the little weather-worn Judd homestead, where Alvira and her aunt lived alone.

During the afternoon she had a glimpse of poverty and hardship such as never before had come into her easy and well-sheltered life. She found that this elderly woman and the young girl were carrying on their little farm with only the occasional help of a hired man.

"No wonder the poor thing's hands are red and rough!" she thought, as she watched Alvira hoeing in the potato field.

The supper was simple, but well cooked and neatly served. When it was over, the elder woman hurried the dishes from the table to the sink.

"I'll do them alone to-night, Alvira," she said. "You get out your dress and finish it up. Perhaps Miss Grafton will give you a few hints. You see," she added by way of explanation to Ethel, "there's to be a picnic to-morrow, and the dress and hat are for that. Alvira has been preserving fruit and doing odd jobs for the neighbors and saving the money for it. She's bought a beautiful muslin dress and—why, where are you going, Alvira? Aren't you going to finish your dress to-night?"

The girl had put on her hat and was walking rapidly toward the side door.

"No," she answered listlessly. "I'm not

going to the picnic. I'm not going anywhere again. I'm going to live and die right here."

There was an embarrassed silence in the kitchen for some minutes. Through the open door Ethel saw Alvira cross to an apple tree, lean her tired arms on one of its low branches and rest her head upon them, but she did not see the hot tears that were burning in the girl's eyes.

Mrs. Judd went on mechanically with her work.

"Alvira is queer at times," she said apologetically, "but there isn't a better girl anywhere. She's tired out, I guess. She's worked too hard earning that money. The reason she wanted to look nice at the picnic is that Miss Foss, who keeps the big dressmaking establishment over at Denton, has half engaged her to go to work for her. She has the name of being very particular how her girls look. She always likes to have them dressed stylishly, because it means customers for her. Miss Foss is going to be at the picnic, and she's to let Alvira know then whether she will want her or not."



ONE BY ONE SHE BROUGHT OUT THE ATTRACTIVE HATS

"It would be a great chance for her," she went on wistfully, after a pause. "She can't stand this rough work. It'll kill her. She's the last of four sisters, and all the rest of them broke down and faded away, one after the other. If Alvira could get this place and learn the trade—" She turned again to the sink, with a sigh.

"Mrs. Judd," said Ethel eagerly, "I can finish that dress for her. Do let me! I sew very well, really. It's in the little room at the head of the stairs, isn't it? I can find it." And in a moment she was gone.

The room she entered was small and bare, and she looked about her with pitying eyes, for the poor little attempts at girlish decorations touched her keenly. There were a few bright pictures cut from illustrated papers and magazines. Some faded ribbons held back the bit of muslin that served as drapery for the window. A cluster of white thistle puffs hung over the cracked mirror. The half-finished gown of snowy muslin was spread out on the bed, and beside it lay the new hat and a pair of cotton gloves.

Ethel fell promptly to work, and it was not long before the gown, under her skillful fingers, had become quite a model of fashion in a simple way.

"It ought to have a broad frill of lace to finish the neck properly," she said at last. "I believe I've got some that will do." And she ran down to the lower hall, where the driver had left her trunk.

In a few minutes she returned with a mass of soft, dainty lace in one hand and a delicate, rose-colored sash in the other.

"There," she said with satisfaction, as she laid them beside the dress, "if Alvira doesn't get that situation, I shall think Miss Foss doesn't know her business. As for myself, I guess I had better go to bed."

Half an hour later, as she was brushing out her long hair before the little mirror, the door was flung open and Alvira stood on the threshold staring at her with wide eyes. In her arms she carried the dress, the hat and the sash. Without any apology for the unceremonious way in which she had entered, she crossed the room and held out a roll of bank notes and a crumpled ticket.

"Here!" she said huskily. "This is yours. I found it at the station just after you dropped it. I picked it up, and then I saw you and knew you must have dropped it, because you were

the only person except the station master and me who had been there during the morning. But I didn't want to admit it. I kept saying to myself, 'Perhaps she didn't. Perhaps she didn't. I'm not obliged to ask.' And so I kept it."

Ethel was too thoroughly surprised to find words, and Alvira went on in a low, hopeless voice:

"You see, I'm no better than a common thief. No Judd ever stole before, though we've always been poor. I don't know what made me do it. I suppose it was because I wanted the money so awfully bad. I don't mind going to jail myself, but it's Aunt Helen."

But Ethel had found her voice at last.

"You poor child!" she said, and throwing her arms round the other girl led her gently to a chair. "Don't talk of jail or any such nonsense as that. There has been no harm done, and we'll never say another word about it to each other or to anyone else!"

"It won't make any difference," Alvira

interrupted, "if no one ever hears of it. I stole the money just as much as if I had gone into your room and taken it out of your purse. I heard you tell about losing it, and I said to myself, 'Well, what if it is hers? She's got a father who will give her all the money she wants, and she hasn't any aunt who is getting old and worn-out and who oughtn't to work much longer.' So I said to myself that I'd keep it. Then I came back here to the house and saw how you had been working to help me, and then it all came up before me how bad I was, and how nothing will wipe it out now, no matter what I do."

Ethel was an only child. She had always been tended and petted and was perhaps a little spoiled, but her heart taught her

what to say to this other girl. It was nearly midnight when Ethel's door opened and closed again softly and Alvira went back to her own room, with the hat and dress on her arm and a new light in her eyes.

Five years later the small gilt sign that so long had borne the words, "Miss Foss, Dressmaking," was replaced with a large one that reads, "Foss & Co., Modistes." And Alvira is the "Co." Draped above the glass in the trying-on room is a faded, rose-colored sash.

"There's nothing in the world I prize as I do that ribbon," Alvira tells Ethel, who always manages to stop over for a day whenever she comes anywhere near Denton. "I'd taken the first step downhill, and your giving me that in the way you did was what pulled me back again."

COURTESY REWARDED

NOT the least of the virtues is courtesy, and it is encouraging to see it suitably rewarded now and then.

I know a young New York fellow, one of our great business men likes to say, who has built himself a big business. He used to be a clerk in a department store. One rainy day, when customers were few, the clerks had gathered to discuss baseball. A woman came into the store. The baseball "fans" did not disband; but this young fellow stepped out of the circle and walked over to the woman.

"What can I show you, madam?" he courteously asked.

She told him. He got the article, laid it before her, and explained its merits intelligently. When the woman left, she asked for his card.

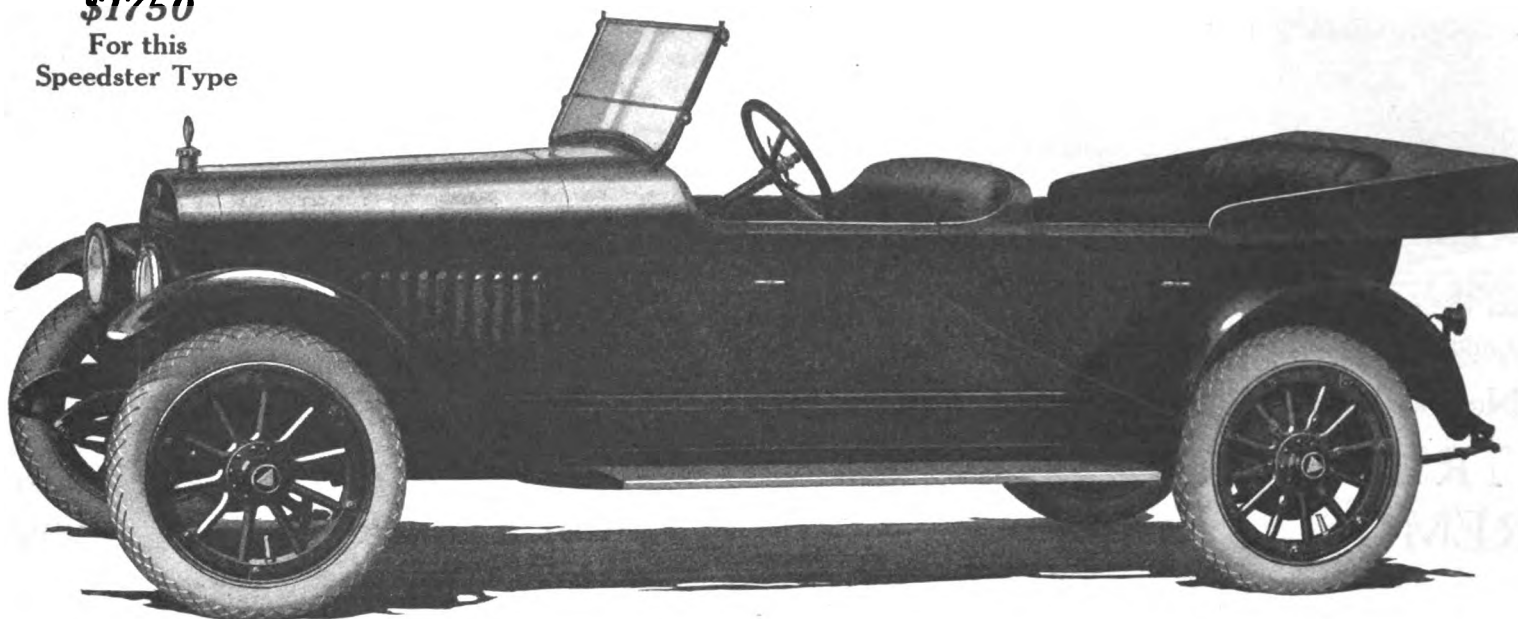
Later, the firm received a letter from a woman ordering complete furnishings for a great estate in Scotland. "I want Mr. —," she wrote, "to supervise the furnishing personally." The name she mentioned was that of the clerk who had been courteous.

"But, madam," wrote the head of the firm, "this man is not one of our most experienced clerks. Hadn't we better send Mr. —?"

"I want this young man, and no other," wrote the woman in reply.

Large orders impose their own conditions. So our courteous young clerk was sent across the Atlantic to direct the furnishings of a great estate. His customer that day had been Mrs. Andrew Carnegie. The estate was Skibo Castle.

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The Record-Breaker

The Super-Six motor, used in this Speedster, holds all the worth-while records. That is, the stock-car records for speed, for endurance, for quick pick-up and for hill-climbing.

This stock motor in a touring car—under A. A. A. supervision—has maintained a speed exceeding 75 miles per hour for 100 miles.

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It has made 1819 miles in 24 hours, breaking the record by 52 per cent.

It has twice broken the ocean-to-ocean record, in one continuous 7000-mile round trip. And a special Super-Six, in the world's greatest hill-climb, made the best time against twenty special cars up Pike's Peak.

For All Lovers of a Matchless Car

But the Hudson Super-Six, in its various styles, appeals to more than speed lovers. It appeals to all who admire supremacy. And to all who want endurance.

In all the accepted tests for stock cars, it has proved itself the greatest car that's built.

And all this performance is due to super-endurance. All due to the fact that this invention has reduced motor friction to almost nil. It has nearly doubled endurance, and added 80 per cent to our motor's efficiency.

It has given to Hudson the top place among fine cars. Last year, no car above \$1100 equaled it in sales.

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Remember, this is not a toy, but a reliable, substantial camera that must pass the same inspection for quality as must all other cameras that come from the Eastman factories.

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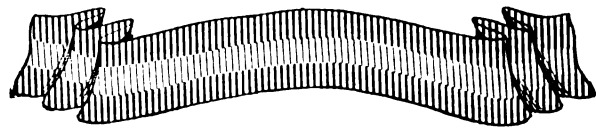
NATURE & SCIENCE

DESERT-DRY INTERIORS.—In a recent bulletin of the Kansas State Board of Health Mr. S. D. Flora, observer of the United States weather bureau at Topeka, Kansas, makes it plain that the indoor air of our houses is drier in winter than the air of the average desert. A series of measurements of the humidity both of the indoor and of the outdoor air at the weather-bureau office in Topeka over a period of forty days of typical winter weather showed the indoor humidity to be on the average twenty-three per cent. That is the same average as that obtained in Death Valley, California, during the summer of 1891. The outdoor humidity in Topeka at the same time was on the average eighty-two per cent. The average humidity during the driest month of the year in Yuma, Arizona, is thirty-five per cent; in Santa Fe, New Mexico, twenty-nine per cent; and in Pueblo, Colorado, thirty-eight per cent. Observations on the humidity, or lack of it, in the residences of Topeka showed that all were as dry as the weather-bureau office—a steam-heated, well-ventilated room kept at an average temperature of about seventy-two degrees. Indoor air in heated houses and buildings in cold weather is therefore usually drier than desert air, and it is one of the leading causes of pneumonia, bronchitis, colds and grippe, and an excellent reason for observing "open-window week" the year round.

"WITCHING" FOR WATER.—The idea that a forked limb or branch, or diving rod, is useful in discovering minerals, finding water or hidden treasure, or detecting criminals, is a curious superstition that has been a subject of discussion since the middle of the sixteenth century, and that still has a strong hold on the popular mind even in this century. The fact is evident from the large number of inquiries received every year by the United States Geological Survey about the efficacy of the instrument, especially for discovering underground water. In reply to those inquiries, the Geological Survey has published a brief paper on the history of "water witching," with a bibliography that includes a truly astonishing number of books and pamphlets on the subject. It is doubtful whether so much investigation and discussion has ever been bestowed on any other subject with such absolute lack of positive results. It is difficult to see how, for practical purposes, the matter could be more thoroughly discredited, yet many still believe in it. Of course, not all persons who use a forked twig or other similar contrivances for finding underground water or minerals are intentional deceivers; but there is no doubt that many of the professional "finders" of water, oil and other minerals who take pay for their services or for the sale of their instruments are frauds, or that the total amount of money they obtain is large. The Geological Survey therefore advises all inquirers to spend no money for the services of any "water witch" or for any instrument for discovering underground water or minerals.

PAPER MILK BOTTLES.—The health commissioner of the State of Pennsylvania calls the old-fashioned milk bottle a pernicious germ carrier and a menace to health. Progressive dairymen in many communities are adopting the paraffin-coated cardboard milk bottle, which is thrown away after it has been used once. It not only is airtight but it also shuts out the light. Milk keeps better in the dark; in the paper bottles it stays fresh several hours longer than it does in transparent glass bottles. According to the Scientific American, a Western inventor has just perfected a machine that will manufacture paper bottles at the rate of five thousand an hour. The bottles are made direct from very cheap wood pulp, less than half an ounce of which will make one bottle. The process of manufacture is simple. A steel core is dipped into a tank of raw pulp and, by means of four clamps, the pulp is pressed round the core and into a seamless body, much as a sculptor would press soft clay into the desired shape with his hands. During the operation of moulding the bottle the material makes three complete revolutions, and the clamps press it three times to each revolution. Thus the paper and the bottle are formed in a single operation. The completely formed bottle next passes through a powerful drier and over a stencil that prints on it the name of the milk dealer, the capacity of the bottle and whatever else may be necessary. It is then removed from the core by a steel hand and deposited on a belt conveyor that delivers it to a machine that crimps the bottom and the top to the body. The bottle then has a paraffin bath that renders it impervious to moisture and acids, and is automatically packed in dust-proof cartons for delivery to the dealer. The operation is continuous. It takes about eight minutes to convert the raw pulp into the finished bottle.

VANISHING WILD LIFE.—In a recent address at Cornell University Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes, the naturalist and painter of birds and animals, said that more than twenty-five species of American birds and mammals have become extinct within the memory of persons now living, mainly through the wantonness of the American people. Furthermore, Mr. Fuertes believes that many other species are on the road to extinction, and that the animals that live in the open are sure to go first; those of the forests have a better chance to survive. Among those which he named as having been utterly destroyed during the past seventy-five years are the passenger pigeon, the last specimen of which recently died in the Cincinnati Zoological Museum; the great auk, the Labrador duck, the Carolina parakeet, the Eskimo curlew and a number of the macaws of the West Indies. Men now alive remember when passenger pigeons literally darkened the skies in their annual migrations up and down the Eastern States. The American buffalo, or bison, Mr. Fuertes regards as extinct in so far as its wild life is concerned; and he counts the prong-horned antelope as one of the plains-dwelling creatures that are sure to go in the near future. The extinction of the wood duck, too, he says, is imminent. It is a tree-nesting species and the most beautiful of all the American wild ducks. The woodcock also is in danger, and so are many shore birds that were formerly plentiful, even the well-known killdeer plover, or killdeer. To save the remnants of our wild life, Mr. Fuertes advocates that knowledge of the facts be spread as widely as possible; that the national migratory-bird law be loyally supported; that more game and bird refuges be established, and that public opinion place itself wholeheartedly behind the protective measures now on the statute books.



Boys!

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RHEUMATISM IN CHILDREN

ACUTE articular rheumatism is rare in
infants and in young children, yet it
sometimes occurs at that time of life,
and when it does it is likely to be more
serious in its consequences than when
it occurs in middle age.

The most serious aspect of the disease in the
child is its tendency to cause disease of the heart.
The heart trouble may occur at any time during
the course of the rheumatism, it may first appear
after the symptoms have subsided, or it may even
precede the actual joint symptoms. It may take
the form of inflammation of the lining of the
heart (endocarditis), of the heart muscle (myo-
carditis), or of the enveloping membrane (peri-
carditis).

The first is the most common and also the most
serious, since it leads to disease of the valves,
usually of the mitral valve, which permanently
cripples the heart. It is fortunate, however, that it
attacks the mitral valve more often than the aortic,
for disease of the latter is by far the more serious
affection. A person with a simple mitral lesion
may live to a comfortable old age, scarcely aware
that he has any heart trouble whatever.

Another rather frequent sequel of rheumatism
in childhood is St. Vitus's dance, or chorea, which
occurs in about one third of the cases.

Acute rheumatism in children is often not so
easily diagnosed as it is in later life. There may be
no swelling and no severe pain in the joints, and
the fever may be very slight. When the joints are
not involved the chief signs are likely to be found
in the throat—quinsy, stiff neck, and difficulty in
swallowing. Sometimes the only signs of rheu-
matism are a rapid and irregular pulse with some
stiffness of one or more joints. Those symptoms
are often so slight as to escape detection; the first
sign of trouble may be the heart affection.

The doctor's chief aim is to prevent the heart
from being involved in an attack. The child should
remain in bed, and he should not rise for any pur-
pose whatever until all symptoms of rheumatism
have passed. If any sign of heart trouble is found
at the end of that time, the period of lying in bed
must be extended.

PICTURESQUE GRATITUDE

WHERE is Roth of Rumisberg? He may be
anywhere in Europe. He may be—
most probably is—in the United States.
Wherever he is, Mr. Roth, eldest mem-
ber of the family of Roth, descendants
of Hans Roth of Rumisberg, is wanted
by the government of the canton of Solothurn,
Switzerland. It is a case of picturesque and per-
sistent gratitude on the part of Solothurn, which
desires to reward him for a service rendered by
a mediæval ancestor more than five centuries
ago.

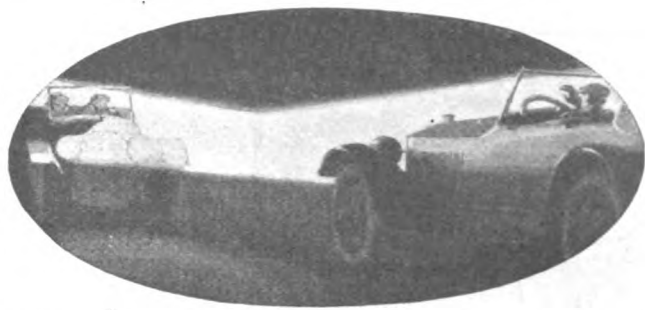
In the year 1382 the enterprising Count of Kyburg,
finding his family coffers low and prestige some-
what impaired, planned to reestablish the fortunes
of his house by consecutively raiding and plunder-
ing the towns of Solothurn, Bern, Thun and
Aarberg. With the aid of Count Diethelm of Neu-
châtel, and of certain treacherous inmates of the
Abbey of St. Ursus in Solothurn itself, the pros-
pects looked bright for loot and massacre.

As the war party approached the city, hoping
to make a surprise attack, a farmer, Hans Roth
of Rumisberg, detected the sound of marching
feet. He crept nearer and listened, and from the
soldiers' talk learned the plan of the leaders. By
a short cut, a rough path that troops could not
follow, he raced ahead of them and arrived panting
and exhausted at the gates in time to tell the news
and help sound the alarm. The citizens were
aroused, the walls manned, and when the two
counts arrived it was so plain that their reception
would be a hot one that they departed without
even attempting an assault.

The grateful people of Solothurn voted to create
a fund from which should be provided, first for
Hans Roth himself and after his death for his eldest
male descendant forever, a yearly pension and a
robe of honor. A Roth of Rumisberg, the latest
recipient of both honors, has recently died child-
less, and Solothurn, unwearied by five centuries of
gratitude, is patiently seeking for the rightful heir
to his historic honors.

Men and women who in their school days used
to declaim Adelaide Procter's spirited poem, A
Legend of Bregenz, will remember an even more
quaintly picturesque manifestation of public grati-
tude for a warning that saved the city from sur-
prise and capture. In that case the messenger was
a young girl, and she had to take a long, hard, des-
perate ride through night and darkness, arriving
at midnight, spent, but in time. Her statue,
mounted on her galloping steed, was erected in a
public square; but a far more unusual and im-
pressive honor was accorded her. By order of the
city authorities, for many years every watchman
who called the hours helped to keep her deed in
the minds of the people:

"Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," he cries aloud,
And then, O crown of fame!
When midnight pauses in the skies
He calls the maiden's name!



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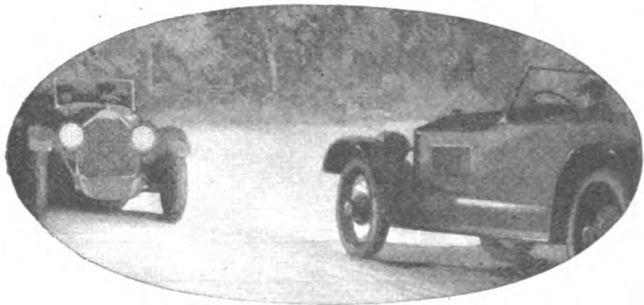
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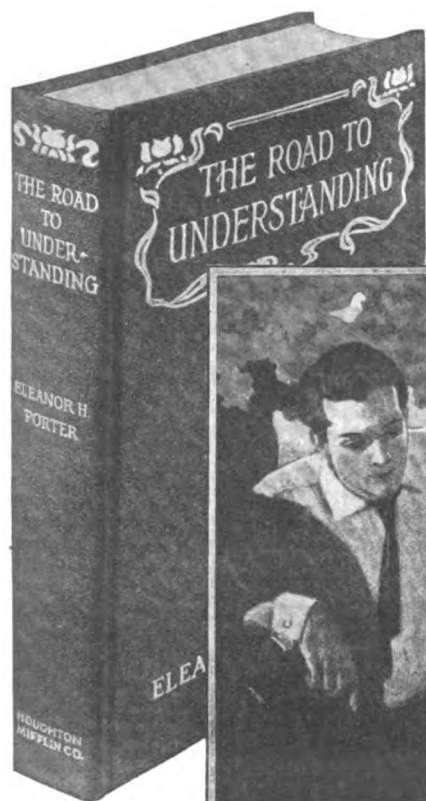
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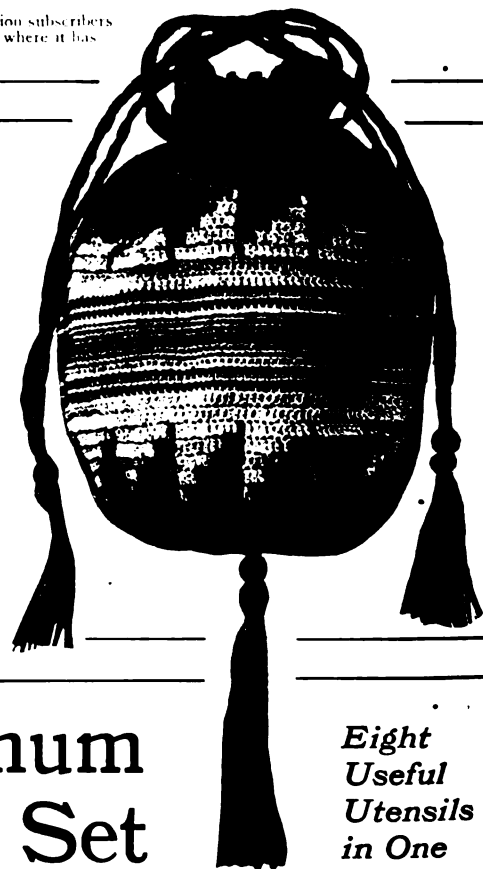
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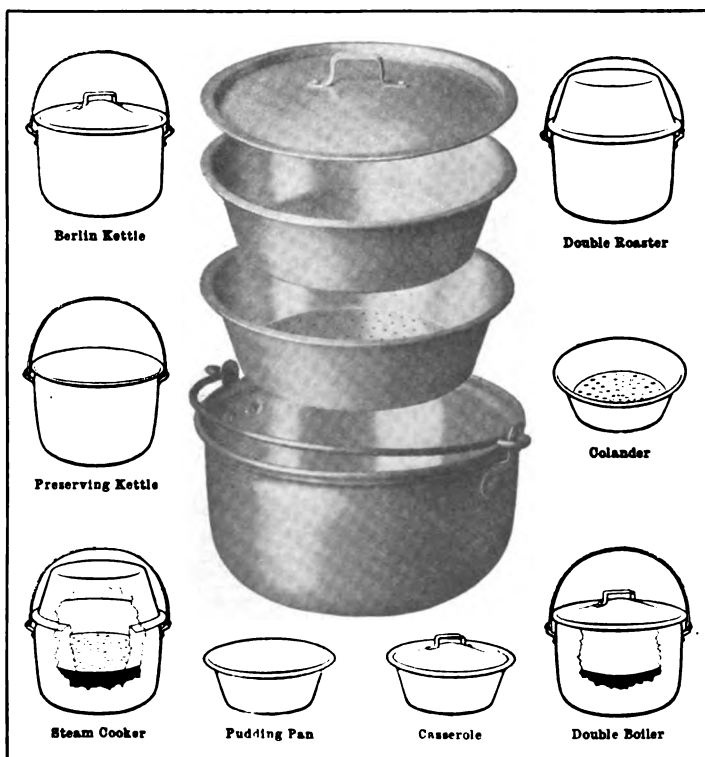
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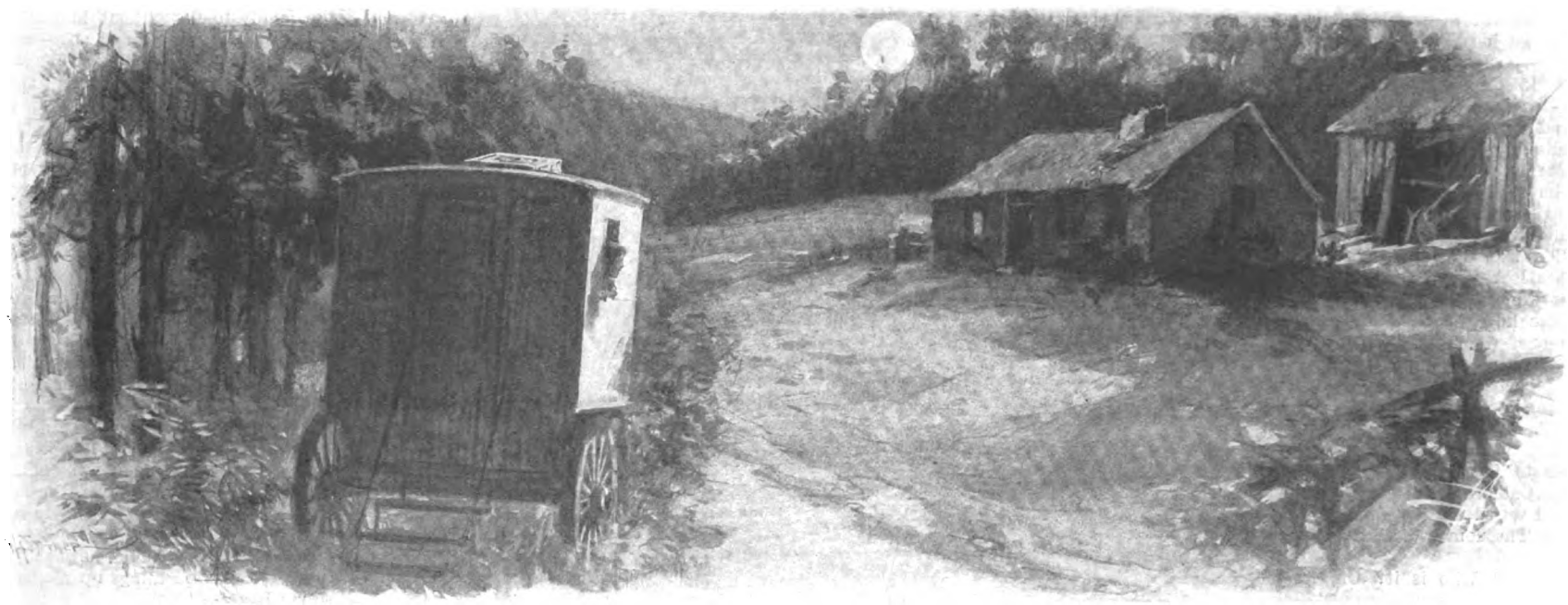
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BRIGHT MOONLIGHT FLOODED THE PLACE, BUT SHE COULD NOT SEE ANYWHERE THE CAUSE OF THE DISTURBANCE

THAT MYSTERIOUS "DAGUERREOTYPE SALOON"

By C.A. Stephens



AMONG the quaint objects that were to be seen in New England fifty years ago, few were more interesting than the itinerant "daguerreotype saloons"—those peripatetic studios on wheels, in which "artists" used to journey about the country taking photographs. Of course, card photographs had not come into vogue then; but there were the daguerreotypes, and later the tintypes, and finally the ambrotypes in little black-and-gilt cases.

Those "saloons" were picturesque little structures, not much more than five feet wide by fifteen feet long; they were mounted on wheels. On each side was a little window, and overhead was a larger skylight; a flight of three steps led up to a narrow door at the rear. The door opened into the "saloon" proper, where the camera and the visitor's chair stood; forward of that was the cuddly under the skylight, in which the photographer did his developing.

The photographer was usually some ambitious young fellow who, after learning his trade, often made and painted his "saloon" himself. Frequently he slept in it, and sometimes cooked his meals in it. If he did not own a horse, he usually made a bargain with some farmer to haul him to his next stopping place in exchange for taking his picture. When business grew dull in one neighborhood, he moved to another. He was the true Bohemian of his trade—the gypsy of early photography.

Every summer a "saloon," and sometimes two, used to come to the "Corners," near the old squire's farm in Maine; but although we were all familiar with the itinerant vehicles, we were none the less puzzled by the mysterious "daguerreotype saloon" at Dresser's Lonesome.

We came upon it in this manner: Catherine Edwards had for some time been carrying on a little industry that had proved fairly lucrative—namely, gathering and curing wild herbs and selling them to drug stores in Portland. Her grandmother had taught her how to cure and press the herbs. First, the girl dried the wild plants on the attic floor, then she pressed them in two-pound packages, bound them up tight in tough paper and put quaint labels on them. One season she sold more than seventy dollars' worth of them.

Catherine took many long jaunts to gather her herbs,—thoroughwort, gold-thread, catnip, comfrey, skullcap, pennyroyal, lobelia, peppermint, old man's root, snakehead and other herbs of

greater or less medicinal value,—and she soon came to know where all those various wild plants grew for miles round. Nature in Maine is not lavish in the matter of wild herbs; and so Catherine, who naturally wished to keep her business for herself, was rather chary about telling others where the herbs that she collected grew.

She had heard that thoroughwort, catnip and pennyroyal were growing in considerable quantity in the old pastures at Dresser's Lonesome. She did not like to go up there alone, however, for the place was ten or eleven miles away, and the road that led to it ran for most of the distance through deep woods; that road had once gone straight through to Canada, but it had long since been abandoned. Years before, a young man named Abner Dresser had cleared a hundred acres of land up there and built a house and a large barn; but his wife had been so lonely—there was no neighbor within ten miles—that he had finally abandoned the place.

At last Catherine asked my cousin Theodora to go up to Dresser's Lonesome with her and offered to share the profits of the trip. No one enjoyed such a jaunt better than Theodora, and one day early in August they persuaded me to harness one of the work horses to the double-seated buckboard and to take them up there for the day.

It was a long, hard drive, for the old road was badly overgrown; indeed we were more than two hours in reaching the place. What was our amazement when we drew near the deserted old farmhouse to see a "daguerreotype saloon" standing before it.

Its forward wheels were gone, and its front end was propped up level on a short piece of timber; but otherwise the "saloon" looked as if the "artist" might at that moment be developing a plate inside. On closer inspection, however, we saw that weeds had sprung up beneath and about it, and I guessed that the wagon had been standing there for at least a month or two; and on peeping in at the little end door we saw that birds or squirrels had been in and out of the place. All that we could make of it was that the photographer, whoever he was, had come there, left his "saloon" and gone away—with the forward wheels.

We gathered a load of herbs and drove home again, much puzzled by our discovery. The story of the "daguerreotype saloon" at Dresser's Lonesome soon spread abroad, but no one was able to furnish a clue to its history. Of course all manner of rumors began to circulate; some people declared that the owner of the "saloon" must be a naturalist who had

journeyed up there to take pictures of wild-animal life; others thought that the photographer had lost his way and perished in the woods.

When my cousin Halstead and Willis Murch passed along the old road in October that fall, the

mysterious "saloon" was still standing there; and lumbermen spoke of seeing it there during the winter. The following August, a year after we had first discovered it, Catherine and Theodora again went up to Dresser's Lonesome to gather herbs; the "daguerreotype saloon" was still there, unchanged.

Halstead carried the girls up on that trip. The weather had been threatening when they started, and showers soon set in; rain fell pretty much all the afternoon, so that the girls were badly delayed in gathering their herbs. When Halstead declared that it was high time to start for home, Catherine proposed that they stay there overnight and finish their task the next day. The roof of the old farmhouse was now so leaky that they could find no shelter there from the rain; but Catherine declared that the deserted "daguerreotype saloon" would be a cosy place to camp in.

Theodora did not like the idea very well, for the region was wild and lonely, and since the old squire was away from home that week Halstead would have to return to the farm. Catherine, however, was eager to remain.

"Why, this old saloon is just as good as a house!" she said. "We can fasten the door, and then nothing can get in. And we have plenty of lunch left for our supper."

At last Theodora reluctantly agreed to stay. After promising to return for them by noon the next day, Halstead started for home. After he had gone, the girls gathered a quart or more of raspberries, to eat with their supper. When they had finished the meal, they made, with the sacks of herbs, a couch on the floor of the "saloon." Then Catherine fastened the door securely by propping against it a long, narrow plank from the floor of the old barn.

For a while the girls lay and talked in low tones. Outside everything was very quiet, and scarcely a sound came to the girls' ears. All nature seemed to have gone to rest; not a whippoorwill chanted or an owl hooted about the old buildings. Before long Catherine fell peacefully asleep. Theodora, however, who was rather ill at ease in these wild and strange surroundings, had determined to stay awake, and she lay listening to the crickets in the grass under the "saloon." But crickets make drowsy music, and at last she, too, dropped asleep.

Not very much later something bumped lightly against the front end of the "saloon"

outside; the noise was repeated several times. Oddly enough, it was not Theodora who waked, but Catherine. She sat up and, remembering instantly where she was, listened without stirring or speaking. Her first thought was that a deer had come round and was rubbing itself against the "saloon."

"It will soon go away," she said to herself, and did not rouse her companion.

The queer, bumping, jarring sounds continued, however, and presently were followed by a heavy jolt. For some moments Catherine heard footsteps in the weeds outside; she told herself that there must be two or three deer. She was not alarmed, for she knew that the animals would not harm them; but she hoped that they would not waken Theodora, who might be needlessly frightened.

But presently she heard a sound that she could not explain; it was like the jingling of a small chain. Rising quietly, she peeped out of one of the little side windows, and then out of the other. The clouds had cleared away, and bright moonlight flooded the place, but she could not see anywhere the cause of the disturbance. Whatever had made the sounds must be out of sight in front; there was no window at that end of the "saloon."

Still not much alarmed, Catherine stepped up on the one old chair of the studio and cautiously raised the hinged skylight. At that very instant, however, the "saloon" started as if of its own accord and moved slowly across the yard and down the road!

The wagon started so suddenly that Catherine fell off the chair. Of course Theodora woke, but before she could speak or cry out Catherine was beside her.

"Hush! Hush!" she whispered, and put her hand over her companion's mouth. "Don't be scared! Keep quiet. Some one is drawing the old saloon away!"

That was far from reassuring to Theodora. "Oh, what shall we do?" she whispered in terror.

Catherine was still begging her to be silent, when a terrific jolt nearly threw her off her feet. In great alarm the girls sprang to the little rear door to get out and escape.

But as a result probably of the rocking and straining of the frail structure, the plank that Catherine had propped against the door had settled down and stuck fast. Again and again she tried

to pull it away, but she could not move it. Theodora also tugged at it—in vain. They were imprisoned; they could not get out; and meanwhile the old "saloon" was bumping over the rough road.

"Oh, who do you suppose it is?" Theodora whispered, weak from fear. "Where do you suppose he is going with us?"

"We must find out. Hold the chair steady, Doad, if you can, while I get up and look out."

She set the chair under the skylight again, and then, while Theodora held it steady, climbed upon it—no easy matter with the vehicle rocking so violently—and tried to raise the skylight. But that, too, had jammed. At last, by straining hard against it, she succeeded in pushing it up far enough to let her peer out over the flat roof.

There, in the moonlight, she saw a strange-looking creature,—a man,—who rolled and ambled rather than walked; he was leading a white horse by the bit, and the horse was dragging the "saloon" down the road. The man was a truly terrifying spectacle. He seemed to be a giant; his head projected far forward between his shoulders, and on his back was what looked like a camel's hump! His feet were not like human feet, but rather like huge hoofs; and the man, if he was one, wobbled forward on them in a way that turned Catherine quite sick with apprehension. All she could think of was the picture of Giant Despair in her grandmother's copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Unable to imagine who or what he could be, Catherine stood for some moments and stared at him, fascinated. All the while Theodora was anxiously whispering:

"Who is it? Who is it? Oh, let me see!"

"Don't try to look," Catherine answered earnestly, as she leaped to the floor. "Doad, we must get out if we can."

She threw herself at the door again and tried to pull it open; Theodora joined her, but even together they could not stir it.

Meanwhile the "saloon" swayed and jolted over the rough road; to keep from pitching headlong from side to side the girls had to sit down on the sacks. Their one consoling thought was that, if they could not get out, their captor, whoever he was, could not get in.

They were a little cheered, too, when they realized that the wagon was apparently following the road that led toward home. But when they had gone about three or four miles and had come to the branch road that led to Lurvey's Mills, they felt the old "saloon" turn off from the main road. Whither was their unknown captor towing them? With sinking hearts they struggled again to open the door, until, weak and exhausted, they gave up.

Theodora was limp with terror at their plight. Catherine was more resolute, and tried to encourage her companion; but as they joggled and jolted over the deserted road for what seemed hours, even her own courage began to weaken.

At last they came to a ford that led across a muddy brook. As the horse entered the water, the forward end of the rickety old "saloon" pitched sharply downward; the prop that had held the door fast loosened and the door flew open.

Needless to say, the girls lost little time in getting out of their prison. Before the "saloon" had topped the other bank, they had jumped out and had run into the alder bushes that bordered the stream.

Their captor was evidently not aware of their escape, for the "saloon" kept on its course. As soon as it was out of sight the girls waded across the brook and, hastening back to the fork of the road, took the homeward trail.

About four o'clock in the morning the old squire heard them knocking at the door. They were still much excited, and told so wild and curious a story of their adventure that after breakfast the old squire and Addison drove over to Lurvey's Mills to investigate.

Almost the first thing they saw when they reached the Mills was that old "daguerreotype saloon," standing beside the road near the post office; pottering about it was a large, ungainly man—a hunchback with club feet.

A few minutes' conversation with him cleared up the mystery. This was the first he had heard that two girls had ridden in his "saloon" the night before! His name, he told them, was Duchaine, and he said that he came from Lewiston.

"Maybe you've heard of me," he said to Addison, with a somewhat painful smile. "The boys down there call me Big Pumblefoot."

Unable to do ordinary work, he had learned to take ambrotypes and had set up as an itinerant photographer. But his mother, who was a French Canadian, had gone back to

live at Megantic in the Province of Quebec; and in June the year before he had set off to visit her. Thinking that he might find customers at Megantic, he had taken his "saloon" along with him. He had followed the old road that formerly led through the great woods to Canada, but when he got to Dresser's Lonesome he found the road so much obstructed that he had left the "saloon" behind, and had gone on with his horse and the forward wheels.

An accident had laid him up at Megantic during the winter and spring, but a few days

before he had started down into Maine again. On the way down the old road from Canada he had got belated, and had not reached Dresser's Lonesome with his horse and wheels until late at night; but as there was no place where he could put up, and as the moon was shining, he had decided to continue on his way down to the Mills.

Thus the mystery was cleared up; but although the explanation was simple enough, Theodora and Catherine were nevertheless not inclined to laugh over their midnight ride in the mysterious "daguerreotype saloon."



THEN HE FOUND A SEAT ON THE SHADY SIDE OF THE AVENUE AND SAT DOWN TO WAIT FOR TRAIN TIME

FATHER'S SURPRISE

By Miriam Leonard Read

FATHER had been pondering the question for a week or more. To-day he had quite made up his mind, and after arranging things at the office he had hurried home to tell the family of his decision. It would be the first surprise that he had given them for years.

The Gordons were very busy getting ready for their annual summer outing at the seashore. They seemed scarcely aware of father's presence except when they asked him to write a check or to carve the roast. Father was such a busy man that the family had somehow got into the habit of not bothering him with such trifling matters as summer vacations. They just packed up and told him what time the train left; and father, duly grateful for their thinking of his valuable time, had always managed to reach the station in time to see them off.

But to-day father had other plans—plans that made his heart beat high with joyous anticipation. Outwardly, however, he was the same dignified, well-dressed gentleman who paid all the bills and who read the morning paper at the breakfast table.

As he stepped into the hall, mother, flushed and hurried in the midst of packing upstairs, looked down over the banister. With a little frown of surprise she informed him that luncheon was not nearly ready.

"You're dreadfully early, Howard," she said. "Go into the library and read a while. It's nice and cool in there."

Father opened his mouth, but before he could say a word mother had returned to her packing. He could hear her telling Josephine what to put into the trunk. He longed to rush upstairs and tell her to pack his things, too, but something held him back. As he stood irresolute, Josephine came tripping down the stairs and passed him on her way to the telephone.

"Goodness! How warm and tired you look, father!" she exclaimed. "Why don't you go into the library and rest? Luncheon isn't nearly ready yet."

Father heard her call a familiar number and inquire about the train. Why could she not have asked him? He felt suddenly very weary

and wretchedly disappointed. After all his sacrifice of time and business the family did not want him, it seemed. What Riley had said was true. Stepping into the library, father sank down into the depths of a big, comfortable chair and thought deliberately of things that Riley had said some ten days ago.

Riley was his bookkeeper—a little, round-faced man with a pleasant smile. He had asked father for a two weeks' vacation that he might go with his family on a camping trip.

"Of course I'll let you off," father had replied; "but see here, Riley, I don't understand how you can afford to take a vacation every year that way. I can't. I haven't had one with my family for fifteen years."

"Mr. Gordon," Riley had answered, "it's my opinion that we always afford what we want most. The companionship of my family is worth more to me than dollars and cents. I can't afford to risk losing it. Suppose I force them into the habit of doing without me now, some day they might prefer to do without me. See what I mean, Mr. Gordon?"

After Riley went, father began to think over what the little bookkeeper had said. And he had been thinking about it ever since. The result was that he had decided to take a vacation with the family.

He had thought that it would be such a joyous surprise all round. He had pictured mother rushing round excitedly hunting up his "second bests" to wear at the beach; he had imagined Josephine's girlish shout of joy and Burton's hearty, "Golly! Dad, that'll be great!" And instead of that, here he was moping in the library while the family prepared to depart without him. True, he had not yet told them about his plans. How could he when they did not give him a chance?

Presently the hall door opened and Burton came in whistling. Father's heart gave a little hopeful bound. Burton was almost a man. Why not tell him first? Burton and he had been great "chums" when they had lived in the little cottage over on Elm Avenue. Burton was five years old then and there were no silvery streaks in father's hair.

"Burton!" father called, with a note of

tenderness in his voice that Burton, in his boyish haste to find Josephine, did not notice. He paused at the library door—a fine, strong young fellow, happy and care free.

"Say! But it is warm, dad!" he exclaimed.

"Where's Jo? I want to tell her not to forget to pack my army shirt. What did you want with me, dad?" He said the last a little impatiently, and moved as if anxious to be off.

"Nothing," said father, "nothing much. Josephine is upstairs with mother."

He heard Burton go up, three steps at a bound. Then followed peals of merry laughter, which rippled downstairs and beat against father's ears. They were so happy—the family. And they did not need him. Riley had been right, after all. He had forced the family to do without him all these money-making years; and now—now the family did not need him. They wanted him to sit where it was pleasant and cool and read a book while they went off on vacations.

It was mother who called father in to luncheon and mother who insisted that he take his usual two cups of iced tea. Father had no appetite. He was wondering vaguely what he should do with his two weeks' vacation. He had told them at the office that he should be gone for that length of time. Of course he could go off fishing somewhere by himself. Or he might stay at home and mow the lawn and train the brier rose. But he did not want to do any of those things. He wanted to go with the family. Perhaps if he had mother by herself for a few moments, he might yet tell her about his plans.

The chance came at last. Josephine and Burton had left the table. Father sat facing mother, who was leisurely sipping iced tea.

"Mother," he began somewhat hesitatingly, "I've fixed things up at the office so—so I can —"

"You needn't mind about us," mother put in obligingly, quite confident that she knew exactly what father was going to say. "We're used to going by ourselves. You can just run down from the office at train time as usual. We'll manage fine without you." She smiled benignly at him and rose.

Crestfallen, father followed her into the hall. She had made it all too evident that he was in no way necessary to their happiness and comfort. He took his hat and went forth to join the busy noonday crowds. At a downtown store he bought a box of Josephine's favorite chocolates and from a news stand near by a magazine for Burton. He also bought a great bunch of fragrant violets for mother. Then he found a seat on the shady side of the avenue and sat down to wait for train time. And as he waited a new plan came to his troubled mind.

Mother, looking very handsome although a little warm in her new tailored suit, stood expectantly at the gate on the south side of the big station. Near her were Josephine and Burton, chatting with young friends who had come to see them off. Suddenly the great gate swung open. Mother's eyes swept the sea of faces round her.

"Burton, where's father, do you suppose?" Burton looked about him. "Why—I don't see him, mother! He usually gets here before the gate opens."

"He's here somewhere in the crowd," said Josephine, with easy assurance. "Father never missed a train or car in his life."

"Something has happened," declared mother, with conviction.

At that moment a messenger boy edged his way through the crowd and thrust chocolates, magazine and violets into mother's hands. "Compliments of Mr. Gordon," he announced briefly.

Mother gasped and paled. Never in all their married years had father done anything so unusual as this. "Is—is anything wrong with Mr. Gordon?" she asked.

"Nope—not as I could see." The boy grinned good-naturedly and went off whistling.

"Dad's all right, mother," Burton assured her, squaring his shoulders and leading the way through the gate. "Let's hurry up and find our seats." He seized mother's arm and fairly swept her into the car.

When they were all comfortably settled, mother, looking sadly at the violets, saw a small slip of paper in the middle of the bunch; she hastily drew it out. It merely said, "Good-by, Dear Ones," and was signed, "Father."

Mother handed it to Josephine and Burton. "Funny thing for dad to do," Burton said thoughtfully.

"Yes," Josephine admitted, "but maybe he was too busy to come himself."

"Maybe," said mother.

But in her heart she felt that it was not business that had kept father away. He might have been taken suddenly ill. She remembered that he had eaten very little at noon. And now that she thought of it, he had acted a little queerly, too. What if he should be taken sick with none of them at home to care for him! Mother hastily consulted her watch and then

looked out of the car window. The train was just passing the city limits.

"We can get off at Lakeside and ride back on the trolley," she said with decision.

"What for?" demanded Burton in surprise.

"To take care of father. If he comes down with a fever or —"

"Nonsense, mother!" cried Josephine. "Father is perfectly all right. Isn't he, Burton?"

"Sure," said Burton.

But mother was not convinced; she had made up her mind, and nothing they could say had the slightest effect. So they got off at Lakeside and rode home on the street car. It was not yet five o'clock when they stepped into the hall.

"Call up the office right away," said mother to Josephine.

The news that Josephine brought back from the telephone only increased mother's worries. They had said at the office that Mr. Gordon was not in—that he was away on his vacation and would be gone two weeks.

"There must be some mistake," declared mother. "Father never goes off on vacations, you know. And if he did, wouldn't he go with us?"

"Of course he would," Burton agreed. "They must have got things mixed down at the office. I'll just run down and investigate."

"And be sure to telephone us," said mother.

In less than an hour Burton called up. "He's sure gone," he said. "That is, he isn't here and hasn't been this afternoon. I'll try to find him if he's still in town. But don't worry, mother. Father is all right."

It was after seven o'clock when Burton called up again. Josephine hurried to the telephone. "Tell mother, Jo, I'm on father's trail. Young Jim Owens just told me he saw father about five o'clock. He and a couple of dirty-faced little kiddies were dining at Good Eats. They were eating strawberry shortcake and ice cream, so I guess father is all right."

Mother looked immensely relieved when Josephine gave her Burton's message. "At least he's not sick," she said. "But what do you suppose ever made him take a notion to—to do a thing like that?"

Josephine laughed. "I'm sure I don't know, mother. We always have plenty of strawberry shortcake at home."

Burton did not call up again, but about eleven o'clock he came home; he had failed to find father.

"The last anyone saw of him was about seven o'clock. Then he was getting on a street car with a whole regiment of little street urchins."

Burton laughed as he gave that piece of information, but mother failed to see anything funny in father's doing such queer things.

"Do you think he will come home to-night?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course he will. He's sure to come home if he's in the city. Why shouldn't he?"

Mother could think of no good reason why he should not, and so she sat and watched the clock and listened for father's step on the walk.

Meanwhile, father, making his way homeward, was thinking about the family and of how happy they would be without him. His steps dragged a little as he went up the gravel walk. He was somewhat surprised to see a light in the living room. He thought that Katie must have left it for him. Katie was staying to cook his meals while the family were away; but judging by the way he felt to-night, father was not sure that he should want any meals.

He had not yet been able to make up his mind what he should do with his vacation. Perhaps he would just go back to the office to-morrow and tell them that he had changed his mind. Somehow that seemed the easiest way out of his difficulties. Of what use was a vacation if you had to take it alone? If only the family needed him — But, pshaw! What did the family care about him?

Father turned the key and opened the door, and there in the glare of the electric light stood the family with outstretched arms. "Father!" they cried in one breath. "Father Gordon!" Their arms were about him.

"Why—why—what has happened?" he stammered. "Didn't the train—good gracious, what is wrong, anyway?"

"Nothing is wrong," replied the family in chorus.

"That is, nothing is wrong with us," mother amended. "It's you, Howard. To think of your getting a vacation without saying a word to any of us, and going off like—like you did. O Howard!"

"There, there, mother, don't cry!" said father happily. "I took a bunch of little fellows to the circus to-night; but to-morrow I'm going to take my family for a vacation. I was just planning to surprise you."

"And instead, we surprised you, father, didn't we?" cried Josephine, laughing.

"You certainly did," said father.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. JOHN B. WATSON
NODDIES FLYING OFF BIRD KEY, FLORIDA

THE TRIBULATIONS OF NODDY

By Charles Frederick Holder

The late Charles Frederick Holder was an eminent zoologist and a prolific and entertaining writer on zoological subjects. He was especially interested in all forms of marine life. He wrote much for The Companion, and readers will remember his article, The Wild Turkey, in last year's volume. He died on October 11, 1915.

I BECAME acquainted with Noddy under peculiar and romantic circumstances. I was drifting over one of the most interesting coral reefs that I had ever seen. It reached out or spread away in every direction from Garden Key, the central point of the Tortugas group of islands that lie in the Gulf Stream west of the Florida Keys. Standing in the stern of my boat, I was pushing her along with my long spear or "grain pole." The water was six or eight feet deep; the bottom was a rich olive-green mass of coral into which wound lanes of pure-white sand, where the great conch lumbered and radiant angel fishes poised.

As I drifted slowly along I came suddenly upon a long black object that lay on the bottom, half buried in the sand. Anchoring my boat to the coral on one side, I dived down and scraped away enough sand to discover that the object was a cannon.

Several days later I found the spot again; I had brought several men with me, and we managed to scrape a hole under either end of the cannon and to pass a rope under it; with the aid of a derrick we hoisted it up and carried it ashore. It proved to be an old Spanish gun of a century or more ago; some pirate ship, perhaps, had been wrecked there, and the gun alone was left to tell the story.

FINDING NODDY

THAT ancient cannon was the indirect means of my first landing on Bird Key and finding Noddy. The key was a few yards away, and as we passed slowly in we saw few birds. But when I leaped overboard and waded ashore thousands of birds, uttering wild cries, rose into the air; they made the loudest continuous noise I had ever heard. Yet when I shouted, for a single second the uproar was hushed, to come on again a moment later with tremendous and astonishing volume.

As we passed into the bush of mangrove and bay cedar, the eggs were so thick on the sand that in places I could have filled a bucket almost without moving, and the terns were so savage that they made menacing passes at us

sat one of the most beautiful birds I had ever seen—the noddy of this truthful if not exciting tale. She was a remarkable contrast to the other terns, most of which were white with black heads; her body was a beautiful brown, and she had a whitish head, and plainly enough was altogether a different bird.

The terns were active, fierce and seemingly vituperative, but Noddy was tame—so gentle, in fact, that she did not object to my touching her. She merely looked at me with eyes that were dark, expressive and very friendly. Round her in the bay cedars were other noddies nesting in the very heart of the tern colony. Perhaps there were a hundred of them—a very small number compared with the multitudes of terns. The latter made no nest, but deposited their speckled eggs anywhere, whereas the noddy built a nest of twigs in the trees—a mere apology of a nest, it is true, yet strong enough to bear the egg and later on the young.

The noddies interested me so much that I visited the colony every few days, when we went on egg-hunting expeditions to replenish our larder, and in that way I became familiar with the tribulations of Noddy. After collecting two or three bushels of the speckled tern eggs, and packing them in a barrel, I often crawled through the brush to the noddy community and there lay on the sand and watched them. The young were about two weeks old at that time; they were so robust and so ravenously hungry that the parents were kept on a continual hunt for food, which consisted chiefly of the small flying fishes that abound in the Gulf.

One day I was lying on the beach watching the birds. My coming had disturbed hundreds of terns, but gradually comparative silence had settled down on the key. The sand crabs came out of their dens and eyed me, and it was not long before three or four of the dovelike noddies appeared. One I imagined was my especial friend who had let me touch her when she was on the nest.

The noddies flew off in different directions, and presently I noticed one coming directly toward me. When she was within a few hundred feet of the shore, I saw that she had a large fish in her bill. But some one else had made the discovery at the same time—for up from the beach rose a large laughing gull. He made straight for Noddy and intercepted her just at the beach.

Noddy, rising in hurried flight, made a splendid manoeuvre upward as silent as a greyhound, and directly after her came the piratical gull. Up they went in great curves until the gull gained the ascendancy and plunged downward. Noddy dodged repeatedly, and at last dropped the fish. After it shot the laughing gull, seized it almost as soon as it reached the water and, with loud *Ha! ha's!* of bird laughter, foolishly announced his success to several fellows near by.

But Noddy was not without an avenger, for as the thieving gull rose with the fish a

black, rakish bird with a gorgeous red pouch, one of the greatest pirates known, appeared and gave chase. The laughing gull will at times catch sardines or mullets, but the man-of-war hawk, as this buccaneer of the skies is called, makes no pretense at earning his living; he steals from the gulls in an atrocious and barefaced manner.

Uttering loud, raucous cries, the laughing gull rose with beating wings; he was repeating exactly the manoeuvres of the gentle Noddy a few moments before. The man-of-war bird is an extraordinary looking creature—very slender, with legs short and almost useless, but with long wings that give him a remarkable spread of flying surface. His beak is long and hooked, a powerful weapon, and beneath it is the vivid vermilion pouch, which contrasts with the jet black of his body. On the wing he is a marvel of marvels—a living aeroplane.

The following is a good illustration of the powers of this black pirate. On the coral key where we lived was a lighthouse. When a heavy "norther," or windstorm, came along, and all other animal life, gulls included, sought shelter, this black thief of the seas would poise in the air a hundred feet above the lighthouse, and there would ride the gale for hours without moving wing or feather—so far as we could discover through a powerful glass.

Such was the weird creature that now took a hand in the adventures of Noddy. Up into the air, with powerful and splendid sweep of wing, swung pirate and prey. At last they began to fight for the upper position, exactly as warring aeroplanes would, wheeling round in great circles, up and up until they grew smaller and smaller—a white, glistening spot in the dazzling tropical sun and always above it a jet-black spot like a long streak of smut against the blue.

ROBBING A ROBBER

SUDDENLY the black streak made a great swoop upward, poised a moment, and then seemed to drop like a solid shot out of the sky. The glistening spot saw it coming and also dropped—a white meteor fleeing from a black one.

It was a wonderful sight—that race through the air, that stupendous dash, that charge of a highway robber on one of the same trade. How could they stop? It seemed impossible; but just as the man-of-war bird was ready to dash into the laughing gull, the latter dropped the flying fish and, sheering off with wild and angry cries, lumbered away to rob some other bird.

The man-of-war hawk dashed down, caught the fish fifty feet above the water, not in his claws, as might an osprey or an eagle, but in his beak, and, rising gracefully, flew inshore. He alighted on a bay cedar tree not one hundred yards from the nest of the young noddy for whom the much-fought-for fish had originally been caught.

How many times the noddy tries to bring in a fish and is robbed no one knows; but often,

of course, she escapes the vigilance of the man-of-war bird or of the laughing gull and, dashing in, places the flying-fish dinner on the nest before her young. I have observed the subsequent proceedings many times, as I lay in the brush not many feet away. The mother bird comes in, poises in the air a moment scolding at me, and then alights; at once the hungry young begins the repast.

There are crumbs from this table; pieces of the fish are jostled off and fall upon the sand. For a few moments nothing happens; then out from some brush appears a big purple-and-red-backed crab. It sidles up to the bits of fish, seizes one and starts off, only to run into the shell of a trochus, now the stolen abode of a hermit—or soldier—crab. The hermit crab charges at once, seizes the morsel, and a fierce contest occurs for possession of the prize.

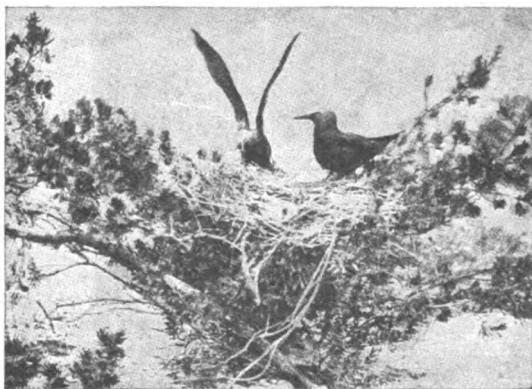
SAVAGERY OF THE CRABS

ONE afternoon, when I had seen this not uncommon quarrel over the scraps take place, I saw a purple-backed crab start up the bay cedar tree in a menacing fashion. Then a hermit crab appeared, and in less than half an hour six or seven of those pirates were fighting their way up the tree. I use the word "fighting" advisedly, for they contested with one another every foot of the climb; time and again two crabs clinched, lost their hold and fell upon the sand below. At last, after repeated struggles, two or three of the crabs reached the nest. Like hounds they seem to have scented the game and by some extraordinary crab instinct to have run it down.

I now came out and took a position where I could see the end. The old noddy, uttering



A YOUNG NODDY, EIGHTEEN DAYS OLD



NODDIES ON THEIR NEST

with their sharp bills as they shuffled away. The hot air seemed to be filled with birds, and the beating of their wings as they rose stirred up a dust that enveloped us like a disagreeable and gritty fog.

When I had literally fought my way half-way across the island, I came upon a small clearing in which were several bay cedars perhaps seven feet high. In one of these on a nest

frantic cries, was hovering overhead. The young noddie was braced back, in a rage, I assumed, and was pecking alternately at the invaders and at the fish. The crabs stood not on the order of going; they charged on the host and the dinner, seized the flying fish, and, paying no attention to the young bird, were soon tearing the fish to pieces. In one such dinner party I saw five or six crabs get mixed up in so savage a battle that they all rolled off and fell to the ground.

During the excitement the mother bird never to my knowledge interfered, although what she might have done had I not been on the ground as a noncombatant I do not know. I think the crabs loot the nest and rob the young with impunity; indeed in the Falkland Islands the crabs carry off not only young birds but rabbits; hence it is not impossible that these bands of tree-climbing crabs may at times not only steal the dinner of the bird but carry off the young noddie as well.

By the time the young noddie gets a full repast the flying fish that constitutes it has been fought over in a remarkable manner. A book could be written on the trials and tribulations of the mother noddie and the antics of

the piratical bands that prey upon her, and I cannot resist giving one more experience to end the story—one that I have witnessed many times.

When the laughing gull had lost his booty to the man-of-war bird he doubtless went flying away disgruntled, disappointed and hungry. As he sails alongshore a big brown pelican rises into the air, turns downward and plunges headfirst into a school of mullets. He has stretched his mouth literally from ear to ear and engulfed the small fry that cannot see what is coming overhead. In a word, the pelican has caught his game in his scoop-net pouch. So far so good; but the pelican, to swallow his prey, has to go through a rather troublesome performance. He must toss his beak upward and open it, and thus throw the fishes toward his throat.

Just after the pelican has made his catch, along comes our disgruntled gull. Taking in the situation, he alights on the pelican's back, and as the pelican tosses his head and opens his bill the laughing gull reaches forward, inserts his bill into the pelican's pouch, snatches the mullet and with loud *Ha! ha!* rises into the air. He has at last got his breakfast.

"Yes, of course. Use your mind before you make a blunder, not afterwards. Then you won't make so many."

There was a subdued snicker in the neighborhood of Squad 16, and Greiner flushed and compressed his lips.

A few minutes later it was Ted again who drew Lieut. Wharton's fire.

"Mark time there, Mr. Ripley, on the pivot!" he called out in his usual rasping tones. "Don't think, because you're the pivot, you can stand like a wooden squaw!"

Ted wanted to explain that he had misunderstood the command of execution, "Ho!" and had thought "Halt!" had been ordered. But he had learned to remain silent under criticism; and after the lieutenant had concluded by saying, "Now, for goodness' sake, pay attention and don't mess up these movements any more!" he listened with all his ears for the captain's commands. And when the order came, "Stack arms!" it was with a sigh of relief that he added his rifle to the stack and unslung the pack from his shoulders.

He and Stevens dropped on the ground together and lay watching the other companies march and counter-march. The one nearest them was halted, and a private singled out for special instruction. "It's fine," Ted remarked to Stevens, "to lie here and see some one else bawled out. I wish I could do it the rest of the morning." But after a few moments Gray and Bradford suggested that they stroll over to the barracks and investigate. Ted sprang up and started to go between the stacks of rifles in front of him.

"Hi, there!" Lieut. Wharton shouted. "Don't go through those stacks, Mr. Ripley. Come back here! Don't you ever go through the stacks. Always walk round them. Mind that."

"I get bawled out even in recess!" muttered Ted to Stevens. "That man has his eye peeled for me. He even knows me by name, I'm so rotten."

The others laughed.

"Why shouldn't you pass between the stacks?" asked Bradford.

"You might bump against them and knock them down," replied Stevens. "Anyway, it's one of the things that you're not to do."

But the "bawling-out" process was not yet terminated, so far as Ted was concerned. He and the others had gone but a few steps across the parade ground, when Greiner came up from behind, and called sharply:

"Look here, Ripley!"

Ted stopped and turned, and Greiner broke out immediately, not waiting for the others to get out of earshot:

"You're making the whole squad ridiculous. If you can't keep your end up, you'd better get out. We have a good squad, if it weren't for you. If you're not strong enough to do things the way they ought to be done, you oughtn't to handicap the rest of us. Lieut. Wharton is always jumping on you; it gives the squad a black eye. No squad in the company would stand a better show for the prize than ours, if it weren't for you."

"I'm doing the best I can," replied Ted quickly, "and I've as much right to take this

military training as you have. I'm not going to quit unless the captain makes me."

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he heeded out the incompetent and unfit," retorted Greiner. "It's a shame that the work of the rest of us should be slowed up and balled up by one man."

Ted turned and walked away without further words. He rejoined his friends, who were both indignant and curious.

"We heard part of it," said Gray. "What else did he tell you?"

"He wants me to drop out and give the squad a chance—all that kind of thing. I know I pulled several bone-head plays, but, considering that he got called himself, I think he might have kept still."

"As a corporal he's the worst ever," remarked Stevens. "Why, it's a corporal's job to help a fellow, not just try to make things hard for him!"

"He makes me sick," said Bradford. "I wish we could get some one else in his place."

"Why couldn't we?" asked Gray. "If we all went to Lieut. Wharton and told him how we felt, he might do something. If we told him Stevens was the man, Lieut. Wharton would probably be glad to know it."

"Don't you make any such mistake," Stevens replied promptly. "It's better not to butt in on the officers with suggestions."

"You feel so because you're too modest," said Gray. "What do you say, Bradford?"

"I'm willing," Bradford answered. "I've got so that when Greiner comes into the tent I want to look the other way."

"You'll join in a protest, of course, Ripley," Gray continued. "I wonder if we could get Adams and Howland to come in with us."

"I'd just as soon ask them," said Bradford. "They seem like pretty good fellows."

"Now, I tell you, you'll make a mistake if you try to tell anything of this kind," declared Stevens. "A private is expected to put up with what comes; you get in wrong if you make complaints."

"Oh, of course in your position you're bound to talk like that!" Gray said airily, and Bradford laughed.

Ted suspected that Stevens might be right, but he was none the less ready to join in any effort to have Greiner deposed and Stevens promoted. It had become more and more apparent that Stevens was better qualified than Greiner to be corporal; he was more alert in executing orders, more soldierly in the performance of the manual, and more interested in helping the less efficient members. So, in promising to support Gray and Bradford, Ted was animated as much by loyalty to Stevens and the squad as by a human desire to even the score with Greiner.

Before the call to the second period of drill sounded, Bradford had an opportunity of interviewing Adams and Howland. They were seated together in the shade of a tree, and Bradford dropped down beside them. Ted and Stevens and Gray walked on, and presently Bradford rejoined them.

"Nothing doing," he reported. "They were both willing to admit that Stevens would probably make a better corporal; but they said they had nothing against Greiner and didn't want to be trouble makers."

"They're mighty sensible," remarked Stevens. "Now, you'd better let the thing drop. You're only a minority of the squad, anyway."

"Just the same, Adams and Howland aren't opposed to you; they don't want to take any active part, that's all."

Stevens laughed; he felt that his too-zealous friends were now sufficiently discouraged. He did not realize how tenacious of purpose they were.

The morning grew hot and the drill became more arduous. The captain and the lieutenant were trying now to substitute whistle signals and gestures for spoken orders, and the sergeants and corporals had to be more constantly alert than ever. Twice Greiner led his squad into the wrong movement and received a rough reproof from the lieutenant; twice also did Ted offend and likewise endure rebuke; and both Gray and Bradford were scolded for talking in the ranks. The heat, hard work and criticism put many of the company into an ill humor, but nearly all of it vanished on the noon march back to the camp at route step. For Meade started a chorus; and, as Stevens remarked to Ted, "There's nothing like a good song when you're tired."

For Ted the afternoon was a period of relaxation and, physically at least, of rest. The officers in charge of the instruction in signal-service work did not enforce any rigorous drill; their tone, instead of being sharply dictatorial, was pleasantly conversational; they even cracked jokes and told stories to illustrate their points; and they let the students practice with the various instruments. On this afternoon Ted was allowed to use the heliograph, and he flashed a message to an observer stationed on an island in the lake. This observer was a professional operator, and returned a reply so rapid that only the sergeant standing beside Ted could read it. "He got you, all right," said the sergeant. And then he added encouragingly, "Some day maybe you'll be able to receive as well as send."

An afternoon of such placidity, followed by

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

In Ten Chapters

Chapter Four

THE next morning, when breakfast was over and the order had gone out to roll up the tents, Greiner assigned tasks to each of his tent mates with the exception of Ted. To him he said, in the presence of Carton and Stevens:

"You don't seem able to loosen a rope or to tie one, but you might make yourself a little bit useful. You can go to the post-office tent and ask for my mail."

"I certainly won't," Ted answered.

"You'll obey orders. I'm your corporal."

"That doesn't make me your body servant."

"If you don't mean to obey orders, you can get out of the tent and the squad."

"You haven't any right to give such orders."

"No," struck in Stevens, who had listened with indignation, "of course you haven't."

Greiner turned on him angrily. "What do you know about it?"

"I've had a little experience in the militia, and I know enough to know that."

"Well," said Greiner, after a moment of hesitation, "of course I don't mean to exceed my authority. Come on, now, and let's get this tent rolled up."

A few minutes later Ted had an opportunity to express his gratitude to Stevens for the support that he had given.

"That's nothing; we couldn't let him put across anything like that," said Stevens.

"He's pretty well swelled up with his importance as it is. I was glad you talked right back to him. Has he got it in for you specially, for some reason?"

"I think he feels I'm the worst one in the squad, and he has a friend in the next squad and the next tent that he'd like to see in my place."

"So he's trying to run you out. That's a nice way for a corporal to behave! Don't you care; the rest of us will back you up any time that it's necessary."

There was no doubt that already among his tent mates Greiner had made himself unpopular, wholly by reason of his attitude toward Ted. Both Gray and Bradford, who had been witnesses of the last bullying attempt, expressed their indignation to Ted, and declared their regret that they were so unlucky as to have such a corporal.

Greiner himself was soon aware that in the tent Carton was his only admirer and supporter and that the others were at best refractory subordinates; he evened the score by attaching to himself the two other members of the squad, who lived in tent 25, on the opposite side of the street—Adams and Howland. They were both as green in the handling of a rifle and in all military knowledge as was Ted, but they were well-set-up fellows who showed promise, and Greiner paid them special attention. He helped them to clean their rifles and he coached them at odd times in the manual of arms, and because he treated them with such special consideration of course they liked him. It was easy for him and Carton, by dropping small derogatory remarks, to prejudice them against the four others; and so within a very short time Squad 16 was a squad of two factions, one in favor of the corporal, the other hostile to him.

Ted got pretty discouraged in the next few days. It was not merely that he was repeatedly being called to account by Lieut. Wharton and scolded and scorned by Greiner; what troubled him more than all this was the fact that he seemed so very stupid. When Squad 16 was leading the company column, as it did half the time, Ted in these first few days had to set the step and act as guide for the column. At the end of the first week, a sergeant took this

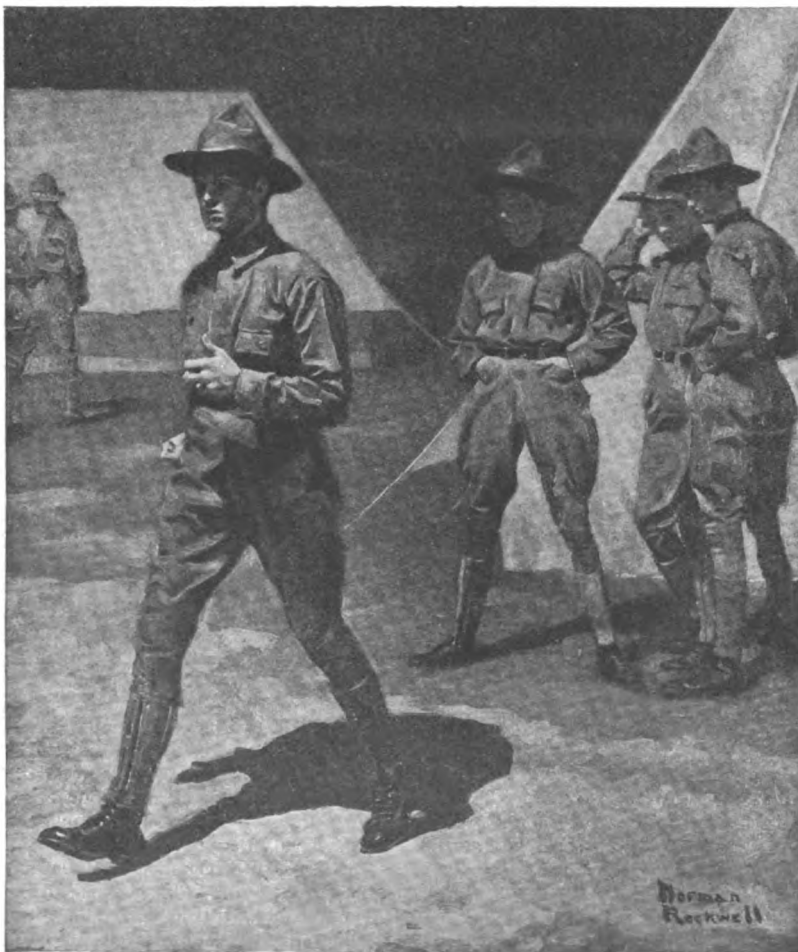
responsibility from him, but during that week it seemed to Ted that he was always being told by Lieut. Wharton that his step was too slow or too fast, or that he was wandering from one side of the road to the other instead of walking in a straight line. Then, during the drill on the first parade ground, where the morning's work in close formation was always performed, Ted's conspicuous and responsible position in the line caused him to be still further subjected to criticism. It seemed to him that he learned a thing one day only to bungle it the next; when the order was, "Left oblique!" Lieut. Wharton told him not to walk sidewise like a crab; he often got confused between the orders "Right turn!" and "Squads right!" and marked time when he should have been taking the half step, and *vice versa*. Lieut. Wharton was always copious in denunciation.

It seemed to Ted that the second half of the company, which was looked after by the lieutenant, was much more roughly treated than the first half, which was under the captain's immediate supervision. Yet there were occasions when he was satisfied to have it so—for Greiner was not infallible, and sometimes the lieutenant's whistle would call a halt in the movement that was being executed and the lieutenant's rasping voice would cry out in exasperation, as for example:

"Mr. Greiner! The command was 'On right into line!' Why did you order your squad 'Forward'? Don't you know that's the order when the command is 'Right front into line'? Now, what order should you have given?"

"Right turn," Greiner replied in sulky tones.

DRAWN BY NORMAN ROCKWELL



AS THEY APPROACHED LIEUT. WHARTON'S TENT GREINER EMERGED FROM IT

the customary swim, put Ted into a less rebellious frame of mind. He returned to the tent a few minutes before the hour for retreat and was surprised to find no one else there. The order was passed from tent to tent, "Uniform for retreat, blouse and belt!" Ted arrayed himself, and was wondering what had happened to the other members of the squad when, sweating and breathless, they came crowding in.

"Gee, but I'm sore!" panted Gray, and dropped down on his bed.

"How much time before retreat?" asked Stevens.

"Less than five minutes," Ted answered.

Bradford groaned. "I'm all in. I had a tough horse to-day to handle. I'd like to lie right here till supper time."

"It was a dirty trick to make us work all the afternoon and not give us a chance to swim!" grumbled Carton.

"Have I really got to get up and drill?" asked Gray in mock despair.

"Yes, and you'd better get a move on," returned Greiner tartly. "This is no place to be doing the baby act."

"Oh, who's doing the baby act?" Gray cried, enraged; he rose from his bed and with a black face went about his preparations.

That evening, after the usual lecture, Ted went to the post exchange and was there regaling himself upon an ice-cream cone, when Gray and Bradford came up. The three treated one another to sarsaparilla and ginger ale and ice cream; the heat and the hard work of the day had given them an almost insatiable craving for these cooling things. Then Gray proposed that they seek out Lieut. Wharton and suggest to him that he change the corporal of Squad 16.

"I'd almost rather go to Capt. Hughes," objected Bradford. "The lieutenant can be so ugly."

"Yes, but he's the one for us to see; he has charge of our section of the company," Gray said. "I'm not afraid of him; I'll do the talking. All you fellows need to do is to give me your support."

Bearing in mind Stevens's warning, Ted was doubtful of the wisdom of the undertaking. But if it should succeed, it would certainly be a fine thing both for Stevens and for the squad, and therefore Ted marched along with the others willingly.

As they approached Lieut. Wharton's tent Greiner emerged from it. He passed them, gave them a surly look, and said "Hello!" in an unfriendly tone. "He seems even more grouchy than usual!" muttered Gray. "I hope the lieutenant has been giving him a call down for something. All the better chance of his listening to us if he has."

Lieut. Wharton was sitting on a little camp chair reading by the light of a lantern. A wooden floor and a chest of drawers, together with the solitary camp chair, distinguished the habitation of a commissioned officer from that of a private.

The lieutenant looked up inquiringly as the delegation appeared at the entrance.

"We wanted to see you about a little matter, lieutenant," Gray said. "Could you give us a few minutes?"

"Come in," Lieut. Wharton remained seated and allowed them to stand before him.

"We're from Squad 16," Gray proceeded, "and we want to ask if it wouldn't be possible to make a change of corporals."

"Why?"

"We think that Stevens in our squad would be a better man for the place than the present corporal. He's had more experience; he's been in the militia. We feel we'd do better under him."

"Did Stevens know you were coming to ask for this change?"

"Yes, and he told us not to. He didn't want us to do it. But we're sure it would be a good change for the squad."

"How is it that the other members of the squad aren't with you?"

"Well, one of them's such a close friend of Greiner's that of course he wouldn't be in favor of a change," admitted Gray. "And the two others didn't feel that they wanted to come in with us on this, though I'm sure they would find Stevens a better man to work under."

Lieut. Wharton looked at them in silence.

"You're Ripley," he said at last to Ted. "Who are you, you other two?"

"I'm Gray, and this is Bradford."

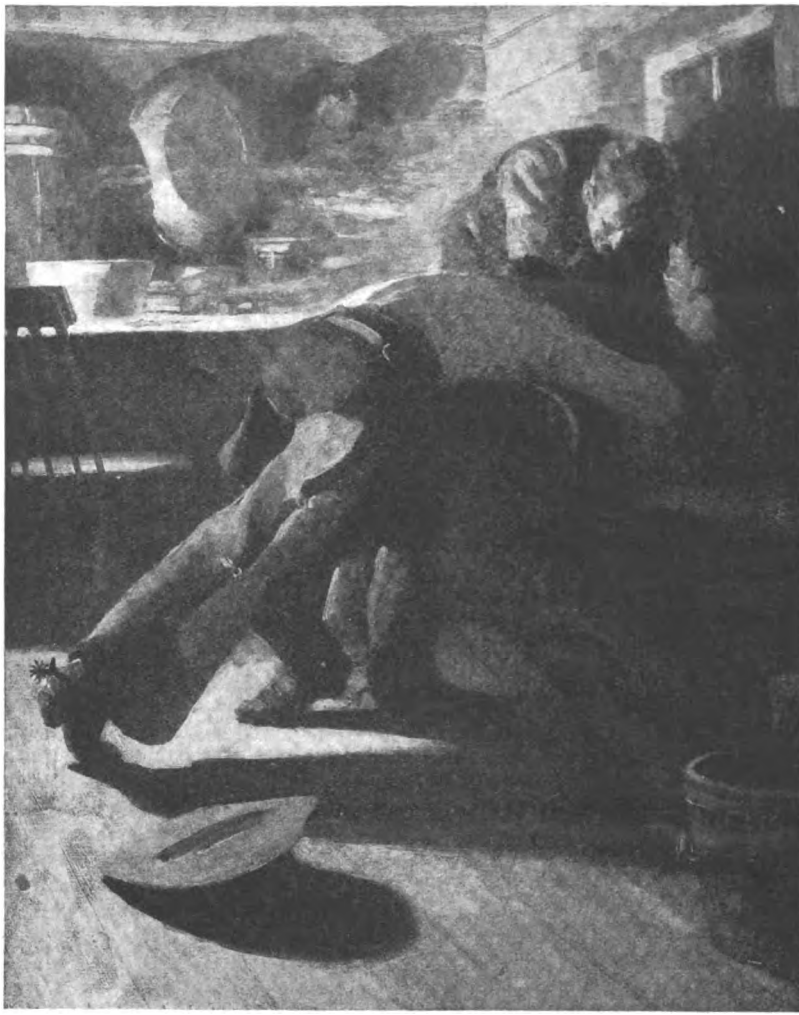
"Well, Gray and Ripley and Bradford, I'll tell you for your benefit that you've committed a most unmilitary act. It's not your business to advise your company officer what man would make the best squad leader. Moreover, it takes a good deal of cheek for you three men to come to me and ask me to make a change to suit your own preferences. You're not even a majority of the squad. Cheek, pure cheek, that's what it is. Now you three fellows go about your business, and be ashamed of yourselves."

"Of course we didn't mean—" began Gray.

"I don't want to hear any excuses. Go on!"

The command was peremptory, and without more words the three boys made their exit from the tent.

TO BE CONTINUED.



DRAWN BY ROBERT AMICK

"THEN HARRY AND I HIT HIM LIKE A CYCLONE"

THE "YARN" OF THE HORSE "RUSTLER"

By M. Hennion

THE ranch foreman and the Easterner were driving through the six-mile horse pasture of the XW Ranch. A man could ride all day straight across the XW Ranch without once coming to another man's fence.

Sam Carleton, the ranch foreman, had been in New Mexico for twenty years. He had twinkling blue eyes, which had a gentle look in them when he smiled, but which could harden to steel and bore straight through a man.

As the two men drove through the pasture, the foreman pointed out certain horses in the little bunches of blooded animals that they passed.

"Ever have horse thieves out here?" asked the Easterner.

"Well," drawled the foreman, "I've never run up against a sure-enough horse rustler but once, and then he ran against me."

"How was that?" said the Easterner.

"I was alone one night at my shack, when he turned up afoot and looking like he'd come that way from the horizon."

"How do, stranger?" I said. "You look like you're afoot on a long trail."

"I am afoot just at present, and it may be some distance to the end of my trail," the fellow answered. "But I need a horse and saddle, and I need them bad. The best thing you can do is to rustle me one pretty pronto."

"I'm not sure there's a horse here for you right now," I had been running my eye over the fellow and knew what I was up against by that time.

"Probably you don't know who I am," the man went on. "You've heard of Jesse McCarty? Well, I'm him."

"I'd heard of Jesse McCarty, all right. He was a rustler and a bad man, and the sheriff wanted him for half a dozen reasons. I guessed that he'd just got away from the sheriff and had ridden his horse to death doing it."

"I have no horse for you," I said.

"Well, he looked me over, and, as he did so, he let his hand drop down to his six-shooter. I was unarmed. I never did go round carrying guns like some of these coyotes out here do. This fellow was loaded enough for two: he carried one gun at his hip, and another stuck in his belt in front."

"Afraid? No! You see, I had turned all the horses out to pasture the day before, and hadn't kept one in, as we usually do; you can't go out afoot, you know, and cut out a horse from a bunch in the pasture. He couldn't get a horse by shooting me, and I figured that he wasn't wanting any more sheriffs after him while he was afoot. So I didn't worry much about his potting me."

"I noticed a pretty good outfit of horses as I came through the pasture," he said. "You'll

find 'em gone some mornin' if you don't treat me right."

"Well," I said, pretty mad, "any time you feel like taking horses from this ranch, just fly at it! But it'll be the worst take you ever made."

"He went on fingering the butt of his gun thoughtfully. Finally he said, 'If you won't give me a horse, you won't refuse me a night's lodging, will you?'"

"Now, you know this country isn't the East. We go off and leave the ranch for days and never put a lock on anything, and the chuck is any man's who comes and wants it."

"You're as welcome as any other stranger to stop here for the night," I told him.

"So we went into the 'dobe; and while I cooked supper he sat at the window, playing a tune with his fingers on his six-shooter."

"He didn't say anything more and I didn't, either—until supper was over and I had washed the dishes. Then he said he was tired and guessed he would turn in. I told him to help himself to my blankets in the other room and to make himself a bed on the floor. I wasn't wasting any more words on him than I had to. I sat round and read for a while and then I started for the bunk room myself."

"As I opened the door, that critter raised up with a gun in each hand. I stepped back. 'Now,' I said, 'I wish you wouldn't make any more moves like that while you're staying with me. I'll not interfere with you; but you scare me, and I'm afraid one of those guns might go off.'"

"Without answering he laid the guns down beside his pillow. I took my watch out of my pocket and started to wind it. It was a pretty good watch that I had got the last time I was in Chicago. I don't believe in cheap outfits."

"Let me see your watch," said the rustler. "I need that watch myself," I answered, and kept on winding it.

"Just let me see it a minute."

"I bought that watch for myself, and I don't intend to give it away." And I dropped the watch back into my pocket.

"We went to sleep pretty soon; at least I did. The next day we passed on good terms, apparently, but I reckon neither of us made a move that the other didn't know about. The rustler tried every scheme he could think of to get hold of a horse, and I stayed round to see that the scheme didn't work."

"By night we were both a little raw under the saddle; and then Harry Crawford rode in from town. Harry was my partner in a bunch of horses run on the company's range. I went out to the corral to meet him."

"Hello, Sam!" he said. "I see you have company."

"Yes," I answered, "if that's what you

call it. I've got something back there in the shack, and I'm mighty glad you came. I was about ready to quit the ranch."

"He's coming out," said Harry.

"He wants the horse," said I.

"Harry was unsaddling when the rustler came up. He looked Harry over pretty close to see whether there was a gun sticking out anywhere."

"Guess I'll borrow that brone of yours for a few days," he said at last. "You can put the saddle back on again."

"Harry threw the saddle on the ground and started to the corral gate to let the horse out. He hadn't more than turned his back when there was a pop from the rustler's gun. That sound turned me fairly sick, and I couldn't see anything for a second. Then Harry turned round, wiping a little blood from his ear."

"You skunk!" he began, with his eyes blazing.

"Put that saddle back on!" the rustler cried, holding his guns so that he could pop either of us.

"Well, there was nothing else but to do what he said. So the saddle went back."

"Cinch her up tight," said the rustler. "Take her down to the house and hitch her to the post by the door."

"All of which we did, while he followed on behind with his guns."

"Now," he said, "get me some supper."

"Well, I saw that we must do something pretty quick, because he'd likely cripple us both before he started out. So while Harry was getting supper, I sat round pretending to read, but really watching for a chance."

"The chance didn't come till after supper. Then the rustler sat down on a bench by the window, picking his teeth, and feeling mighty well pleased with himself."

"I've potted a man for a poker chip," he bragged, "and did you boys think I wouldn't for a horse? I ain't through with you yet, either." He gave an ugly little laugh. "I'm going to fix you so that you won't follow me."

"I guess you've got things all your own way," I said careless-like, picking up a newspaper and sitting down alongside of him.

"He looked at me pretty sharp and moved a few inches away; but I made out that I was mighty interested in the paper, and in a minute he went back to his toothpick. All the time I was watching him from the corner of my eye."

"Harry brought in a pan of hot water and began to wash the dishes at the corner of the table nearest me. He kept his back toward me, but I noticed that the pan was steaming more than usual and that he was handling the dish-cloth with a fork instead of with his fingers. Harry and I, when we got in a tight place together, could usually understand each other without saying much of anything."

"Pretty soon the rustler began to chuckle. 'You're treating me white, after all, boys,' he said. 'That little brone you're making me a present of will keep me ahead of the sheriff for a while; but I reckon I'll just lay you up with a plugged leg apiece.'"

"He put up one hand to brush a fly from his nose; his other hand was still busy with the toothpick. The next instant both his hands were clutching at the open newspaper, which I had flung full into the fellow's face."

"Before you could breathe, Harry's pan of hot water struck like a cloudburst on top of that, and then Harry and I hit him like a cyclone."

"Harry jerked one of the fellow's arms back. I grabbed the other arm, and then my partner pulled the steaming paper from the rustler's face as you'd peel a pancake from a griddle. His face looked almost hot enough to be a griddle itself."

"Now," I said, giving his arm a little shake, though he was quiet enough—he didn't need a very penetrating mind to see that his game was up,—"I'll take that six-shooter you've got stuck in your belt, and I'll take that gun from your holster, too; I may need 'em."

"I dropped a six-shooter into each hip pocket, and then Harry let go his hold on the fellow. I can tell you that I was breathing a lot freer than I had been during the last twenty-four hours."

"I'll look after these guns now," I said. "I'm not subject to nerves as you are, and they're not so likely to go off with me. You can camp with us to-night; but in the morning you had better hit the trail and hit it hard."

"And did he hit the trail in the morning?" asked the Easterner.

"Well, no," drawled Sam, "not in the morning. You see he went loco that night, thinking, I suppose, about being afoot and without a gun, with the sheriff hunting him."

"First thing I knew—I was sound asleep—there was a noise like the shack was tumbling down, and then the saddle that hung over the bed hit me. That locoed skunk was hitting round promiscuous with the long-handled frying pan, trying to get a swipe at me; but I was safe enough under the saddle."

"I sure was glad that I had the guns, and I bored a couple of holes through the wall just to remind him that I had 'em. After that it took Harry and me about three minutes to get the shack clear of him."

"No, he didn't hit the trail in the morning. He thought he'd better not wait that long."



AMERICA ENTERS
Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

FACT AND COMMENT

KEEP your boat from the lee shore, if you would have it keep you from the windward reef.

He rarely hits the Mark or wins the Game
Who says, "I know I'll miss!" while taking Aim.

THE advice that Attorney-General Gregory gives to alien enemies is brief and to the point: "Obey the laws, and keep your mouth shut."

IT was certain that Japan would not be slow to apply improved methods in producing its great staple crop, rice. Because of greater care in selecting seed and better methods of cultivation, the crop last year reached 298,466,706 bushels, which is far the largest ever raised in the empire.

SPEAKING of odd firm names, a subscriber who has been much pleased with Rush & Doolittle and Chase & Kilpatrick asks if we ever heard of the firm of Walkup & Settle. We never did, but we think it would be tactful of them to take in their sign during the first ten days of every month.

THE five battle cruisers now building will perpetuate names that have inspiring associations in American naval history. They are Constitution, Constellation, Saratoga, Lexington and Ranger. The historic vessels that bear the first two names on the list—one safely berthed at the Charlestown Navy Yard, the other at Newport—will henceforth be known officially as the Old Constitution and the Old Constellation.

POOOR roads are very expensive things for country communities. The farmer who thinks that improved highways are mainly for the benefit of those who drive automobiles should reflect on the results of a recent investigation by the Department of Agriculture, which finds that the cost of hauling farm produce over ordinary country roads is twenty-three cents a ton mile, whereas over hard-surfaced roads it is only thirteen cents.

IN 1888 Roman Shivicki, having decided that he would not stay in New York with other newly arrived immigrants, took a job at eight dollars a month on a Connecticut Valley truck farm. A few years later he had a farm of his own. In 1901 he made a net profit of seven thousand dollars on his onion crop; his business is still growing. The native-born farmer or the immigrant laborer who thinks that Shivicki's success is the result of luck should do a little serious thinking.

THE writer remembers that once when he was a small boy he went up to one of his teachers and asked, "Is there going to be any Taylor to-day, Mr. exercise?" Such absurd transpositions of words the learned call metathesis. On another page The Companion has an amusing article on the subject. Mistakes similar to those therein recorded have probably been made by many of our subscribers. The Companion will be grateful to anyone who will send in a really amusing case of metathesis.

ONE of the most interesting effects of the war is the revival of various old trades and industries, especially in England. Charcoal burners are busy making fuel for use in the trenches; long-disused sawmills are getting out timbers for dugouts; foresters are making tent pegs; clog makers are fashioning wooden shoes; owners of willow plantations are cutting osiers for fascines and shell baskets; but most interesting of all is the revival of flint knapping, perhaps the oldest industry in the world. It is said that the flints are used to strike a light in the trenches.

THE flag is a symbol. As it waves from the taffrail of the battleship, or from the great flagstaff of the army post, it is a formal symbol of the power and dignity of the national

government. As it floats above the schoolhouse, the village common, the city street or the house door, it is a spontaneous symbol of the loyalty of the people to that government. To increase and make more effective the use of the flag by neighborhoods and private families The Companion will print on the Family Page for May 17 an article, Raising the Flag, that tells how to display the flag and that suggests an effective ceremony to be used in raising it.



AS THE UNITED STATES ENTERS

THE United States comes into the war at the beginning of the fourth great campaign. Many believe that it will be the last campaign of all. Scarcely anyone expects more than one other to follow. It may be interesting therefore to sketch briefly the course of the war up to this moment, in order that we may the better understand precisely the situation that faces us as we in our turn enter the fight.

The military power of Germany reached its height—relative if not absolute—in the fall of 1915 at the close of the second campaign. The German army had met severe checks at the Marne and at Ypres, and had learned that it could not hope for the swift and crushing victory, first on one front and then on the other, for which the early plans were laid; but it held almost all of Belgium and the most valuable parts of northeastern France, and it had successfully fought off every attempt of the Allies to break its line of trenches. It had smashed the Russian line again and again, and overrun Poland and Lithuania. With the help of its allies, it had also conquered Serbia and Montenegro. Under German officers the Turks had bloodily repulsed the Allies at Gallipoli, turned back the British at Kut, and actually threatened the safety of the Suez Canal. That was the high-water mark of German power, yet no one dared to say that the flood would not rise higher still and give the Kaiser the final victory, of which he had been basking at the Marne.

Verdun proved to us that there was no real chance of that. Since that colossal failure, Germany has been on the defensive—for even the Roumanian campaign was a defensive stroke. It strives to keep what it holds, and to force a peace by the submarine war on all commerce—a desperate chance indeed, since its first result is to drive almost all neutral nations into hostility to Germany. It can no longer stem the steady advance of the Allied arms in the west or stiffen its Asiatic ally against still greater reverses in Armenia and in Mesopotamia.

We are told that Berlin regards the entrance of America into the war with contempt, because we have no army ready for service. That is true enough for the moment, although if this summer does not end the war we shall have an army that will no more be negligible than the newly raised and newly trained British army, which even the Kaiser's generals grudgingly praise. But in war there are moral influences that, although Berlin constantly underestimates them, are as important as material forces. The Russian revolution, President Wilson's message and the response of self-governing nations everywhere to those two epoch-making events are defeats for Germany quite as real as that at the Marne or at Verdun or at Lens. They may even be more serious, for defeat in the field often rouses patriotic devotion and solidifies national feeling. Those other reverses make people think—and nothing is more dangerous than that for an autocratic government.

It would be foolish, however, to assume that the exertion of moral and financial pressure by the United States will be enough to bring the war to a close. The German army, if it is no longer the mighty instrument of offense that it was in 1914 and in 1915, is large enough and desperate enough to make a long stand on the defensive lines that lie between the Somme and the Rhine. Meanwhile the submarines are constantly busy, destroying the food and the wealth of belligerent and neutral alike, striving to hamstring the enemies of Germany, since it is impossible to conquer them otherwise. It is by finding means to cope with the submarine menace, by building ships to replace those that are sunk, and in the end by throwing our own weight of men and metal into the firing line, that the United States can assure the triumph of democracy.

There is, indeed, a chance that the Germans themselves may put an earlier end to the war by revolt against the dynasty and the leaders that drove the nation and the world into this Armageddon; but we dare not count on that. Since 1848 German Liberalism has lacked leaders, and it lacks them to-day more than ever.

There is quite as much possibility that reactionary or socialistic influences will so shake the new Russian republic as to paralyze its military efforts, and to throw on us the duty of stepping into the place of Russia in the Entente. Nothing less than the greatest effort of which the United States is capable will be worthy of the occasion, which is unspeakably momentous in the history of the world.



THE VISIBLE WORLD

I AM a man for whom the visible world exists," said Théophile Gautier. It might be supposed that Gautier was uttering a truism and that all of us who are endowed with the faculty of sight are men and women for whom the visible world exists. Yet a little reflection will convince us that we walk through the world without seeing it, or at least without seeing much of it. We see it, as it were, in the abstract. A tree is a tree, a horse is a horse, a man is a man. As to the difference between one tree and another, nine tenths of us do not see because we do not observe. So with the difference between one man and another. We get a general impression, but, unless our attention is particularly called to the matter, we do not distinguish eyes or hair or features, not to speak of the soul behind them. That is true not only of the dull but often of those whose intelligence is exceptionally fine. They live in an inner world, moving among the delightful, shifting, changing sights and sounds of nature and humanity outside as if for them the visible world really did not exist.

Even those who have keen and vivid sight, who are by nature exact observers, are likely to fix their attention on one thing or set of things, and to disregard other things quite as important. Some persons can always describe the eyes of people whom they meet, but rarely their hands or their gait. There are women who have the keenest vision in the world for every little detail of dress, but who, when it comes to those gestures and expressions which indicate character, make no note of them whatever.

Men of science, whose business it is to observe with the minutest care, often remark the special limits of their vision. Bradford Torrey, so well remembered by readers of The Companion, used to say that when he went out to look for birds he never saw flowers, but that when he started on a botanical expedition the birds escaped his eye entirely.

Undoubtedly, there are persons for whom the external world exists too much—people, that is, who give their lives to observing trivial details, without relating them to larger interests, and who in weaving this endless web of idle curiosity too much forget the inward welfare of their souls. But for many, perhaps for most of us in this busy, preoccupied America, there is something soothing, something restful in letting eyes and ears take in more and ever more of the beautiful, fascinating, audible, visible world. Let us realize how little it exists for us and then drink health and joy from widely increasing its existence.



"BUSINESS AS USUAL"

ONE of the leading objects of the mission of British and French statesmen and officers to this country is said to be to put us on our guard against the blunders that sad experience had taught Great Britain and France to avoid. A most worthy and useful object! But there is one blunder that the British in particular have committed and adhered to with characteristic stolidity, from which no outside advice can save us. We must learn for ourselves, and must face and overcome, the danger of saying, acting or thinking, "Business as usual."

The nation is at war. Every citizen is at war. No one is exempt from the duties or the dangers that the situation imposes. The more thoroughly we understand those facts and regulate our daily lives by them, the more nearly shall we meet the demands of the country, and the shorter will be the time that those demands will last. Whatever have been our own personal interests, we must subordinate and, if need be, sacrifice them to the national interests.

There are no exceptions. It is a superficial view to suppose that we have done our duty when we have hung out the national flag, tried to persuade others to join the army or the navy, borne our heavy taxes uncomplainingly, and approved the measures that Congress and the states have taken or may take. We must give our thought, our time and our effort to the active and aggressive work of carrying the nation to victory. From the very first—from

now—we should assume that the war will last a long time; that it will require the whole service of everyone who can do anything to help, either in the ranks or behind them, and that we may eventually have to endure hardships and to make sacrifices as great as those that the other belligerents have endured and made.

How we are to do all those things and bring ourselves into subjection to the demands of the national crisis the President, in his address to the American people, has pointed out with startling clearness. The farmers first, for they have it in their power to meet and solve almost unaided the most pressing problem of the war, the food supply. But there are millions of others who can contribute their bit by raising on their little household lots a few pecks of potatoes or a few quarts of beans for their own use, and so releasing in the aggregate many shiploads for export. All of us can and should be truck farmers, if only on the smallest scale.

But, as the President has shown, food is not the only thing needed. The miners can increase their output, the factories can speed up their machinery and work their men in double shifts, or in three shifts; the railways must be ready to handle all the freight that the cars can hold, the shipyards to lay down every keel that their space permits; and then, besides all that, each one of us must stop the waste in the kitchen, the pantry, the refrigerator, the coal bin and the wardrobe. So shall we win, and win in the shortest time and with the least suffering.



WHY THE COST OF LIVING RISES

WHAT we commonly speak of as the "rise in the cost of living," which means, of course, the increase in the price of food, clothing, household utensils and other necessities or luxuries of life, has been going on in recent months at a rate that the world has very seldom seen. Flour has sold this year at nearly double the price of last summer. Wheat last October, at \$2.02 a bushel on the Chicago market, brought the highest price since 1869, in the days of inflated paper money that followed the Civil War. This year it has sold higher still. Corn usually sells at between 40 and 70 cents a bushel. Until last fall it had not sold above \$1 in the United States since 1868; it has now risen far above that price.

A bale of cotton last November cost more than it had brought since 1872; its price this year is 40 per cent higher than that of August, 1914. We must go back to 1873 to find as high a price for iron as the market of the past month has offered; it was more than twice as high as the price of January, 1916. The price for copper this year has been 50 per cent higher than at any time in the quarter century that preceded 1916, and more than double the average price in any years of that period except two.

The greater part of this extraordinary rise in prices has occurred during the European war, and largely as a consequence of it. The London Economist has for many years compiled a monthly "index number," which it makes up by adding together the prices, at given dates, of all the important commodities. During the first five years of this century the average of those monthly numbers was 2200. At the end of July, 1914, it was 2565. It rose to 2800 at the end of 1914, to 3634 at the end of 1915, to 4908 at the end of 1916, and to 5072 last February. Until this war, the highest average that the monthly "index numbers" made during any of the seventy years in which the Economist has made its calculations was 3787 in 1864.

Two questions concerning present conditions demand answers: Why should the war have had so great an influence on prices, and how will the advance hereafter be checked or forced back? The war has used up iron, steel, copper and other metals in unheard-of quantities for ammunition at the battle front—an abnormal demand that has competed with ordinary buying for peaceful commercial purposes. Except so far as need of those metals for replacing shattered cities, bridges, railways and ships keeps up the demand, prices for such materials will fall when peace returns.

The war has influenced the price of food less directly. Russia, which produces nearly one fifth of the world's wheat, has been cut off from the export market ever since 1914. Europe has raised no crops on the land that the armies are trampling. Submarines have sunk shiploads of wheat. On top of all, came a world-wide shortage in the crop last fall. The resultant high price for wheat threw part of the consumers back on other foodstuffs, and prices for other grains and for meat went

up accordingly. The rising cost of labor, partly owing to the diversion of European workmen to the armies, has also had its effect. The return of peace should cause a great readjustment in all of those directions.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The great loan bill was signed by the President on April 24.—Army bills were under discussion in both houses. In the Senate the general staff bill was reported, and seemed sure to pass. In the House the Committee on Military Affairs reported a bill that authorized the government to try the volunteer system at first, and then to proceed to conscription if that failed.—The Senate amended some of the censorship provisions in the espionage bill, so as to penalize only the publication of forbidden matter, but it did not finally pass the bill.

THE RAILWAYS.—On April 19 the Interstate Commerce Commission granted permission to the railways to file increased freight tariffs, effective on June 1. The propriety of the increases, which amount to about fifteen per cent, will be investigated by the commission before it makes the order final.

THE WAR COUNCIL.—After landing at Halifax, the British commission headed by Foreign Secretary Balfour journeyed to Washington, where it arrived on April 22. The members were most cordially received, both by the officials of our government and by the people of Washington. On April 25 the French commission headed by M. Viviani and Marshal Joffre reached Washington. The first session of the war council was fixed for April 27.—A commission from Italy headed by the Duke of the Abruzzi is expected soon.—The United States is to send a commission to Russia to consult with the new republican government. Mr. Elihu Root has been asked to go as chairman.—The first loan authorized by the war loan bill has been made to Great Britain. It amounts to \$200,000,000.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE WAR.—There were great popular demonstrations in Buenos Aires to show the sympathy of the people with the Entente Allies. The government sent to Berlin a note threatening to break off relations with Germany if immediate satisfaction was not given for the sinking of the Argentine ship Monte Protégido.—A number of South American nations have signified their approval of the plan of Argentina for a conference of American republics to be held at Buenos Aires.—Chile is determined to maintain neutrality, although it is in sympathy with the general course of Argentine policy.

JAPAN.—The elections resulted in the success of the parties that support the ministry of Count Terauchi. Apparently they hold 217 seats to 164 for the opposition. Count Terauchi stands for a government responsible not to the majority of the Diet but to the Emperor.

SPAIN.—The new Premier is Marquis Prieto. Count Romanones retired because he believed continued neutrality weakened the prestige of the nation and prevented it from defending properly its legitimate interests at sea. The new ministry has dispatched to Berlin another urgent protest against the submarine policy of Germany.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—Nebraska has passed legislation that gives presidential, county and municipal suffrage to women. It is the nineteenth equal-suffrage state.

"AMERICA DAY."—On April 20 London celebrated the entrance of the United States into the war with a great service in St. Paul's Cathedral, which the King and Queen attended. Bishop Brent of the Philippines was the preacher. The American flag was everywhere displayed, and it even floated from the tower of the Parliament building. Two days later there was a similar celebration in Paris, of which Ambassador Sharp's speech at the Hôtel de Ville was the central episode.

THE GREAT WAR

(From April 19 to April 25)

After several days of quiet, apparently devoted to consolidating positions and bringing up ammunition, the British resumed their offensive in Artois. The advance was less rapid than at the beginning of the movement—it was made in the face of fierce German resistance. The chief attacks were made in the direction of Douai and Cambrai, with the intention of creating salients that would force the Germans out of Lens and St. Quentin, as the salients at the Somme obliged them to abandon Bapaume and Péronne. By April 25 the British advance had reached the St. Quentin

Canal, midway between St. Quentin and Cambrai, and farther north was in front of the new "Wotan" line, which runs from Drocourt to Queant, defending Douai.

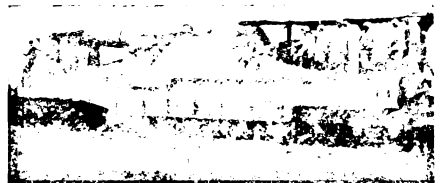
Along their front the French were less active. Paris reported the repulse of several German counter-attacks on the Craonne plateau between Soissons and Reims. Berlin professed to believe that the offensive in this direction was already crushed, but the indications were that it was being methodically pressed, although the French are obliged to be as economical of human life as possible, and depend a great deal on their big guns.

In Mesopotamia the British drove the Turks out of Istabulat and then out of Samarra, which is seventy miles north of Bagdad, and is—or was until recently—the northern rail head of the Bagdad railway. At Gaza, in Palestine, the final defensive positions of the Turks were under artillery fire.

Turkey, by the way, has officially broken off relations with the United States. There is some uneasiness about the safety of the American missionaries in Turkey, of whom there are about one hundred.

There were no important engagements reported from the other fronts, although the Germans were reported to be increasing their forces near Riga, perhaps with a view to a movement against Petrograd.

The submarines continued their deadly activity. The amount of shipping sunk was greater than at any time since February 1, for the weekly report from London spoke of 55 British vessels destroyed. The American steamship Mongolia reported sinking a German submarine



A NEW FRENCH LARGE-CALIBER GUN

in British waters on April 19. The Germans sunk two more British hospital ships, the Donegal and the Lanfranc. About seventy-five men are missing, including a number of Germans. The British now carry a certain proportion of German wounded prisoners on all hospital ships. The international committee of the Red Cross sent an energetic protest to Berlin against the repeated torpedoing of hospital ships. A Belgian relief ship, the Kongsli, was sunk, whether by mine or torpedo is uncertain.

A squadron of German destroyers raided the English Channel on April 20. They were driven away from Dover by the British patrol boats, with a loss of two vessels. Berlin said they sunk two British ships; London denied the assertion absolutely. Later those or other German destroyers shelled Calais, and killed or wounded a few civilians.

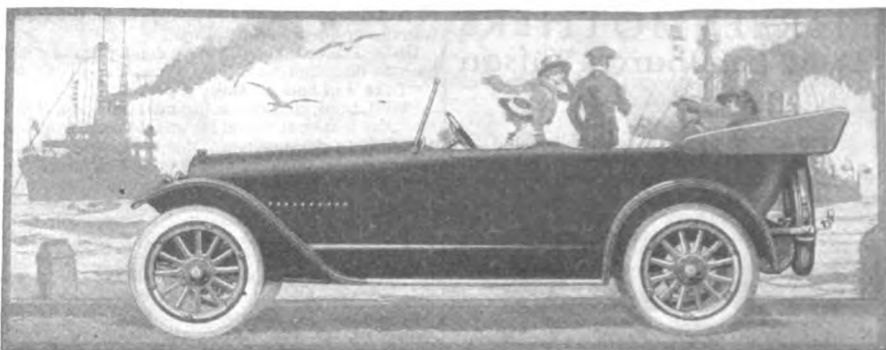
There were reports of strikes, riots and revolutionary demonstrations from several countries. Three hundred thousand German workers are said to have been out on strike at one time, in protest against the food regulations, and the government finally took control of several munitions plants. The strict censorship makes it impossible to get all the facts. There were also reports of great unrest and food riots from Hungary. It is certain that there were demonstrations in Stockholm, occasioned by the scarcity of food, but led chiefly by Socialists or revolutionaries. May Day, the annual Socialist festival, was awaited with uneasiness in a good many European capitals.

The Austrian Emperor, against the advice of the ultra-German party, has determined to call the Reichsrath, which has not met since the war began. There were unconfirmed reports that Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier, had resigned.

The King of Greece has offered to appoint a cabinet favorable to the Entente, if those powers would promise not to dethrone him or support a movement to dethrone him. Otherwise, it was hinted, he would make war. It is probable that this was one of the momentous questions discussed by Mr. Lloyd George, M. Ribot and Signor Salandra, when the three premiers met at St. Jean de Maurienne in Savoy on April 19. The United States was considering whether to recognize the Venizelos government in northern Greece.

Petrograd reports that the peace movement among the Russian Socialists had lost ground since a German submarine sunk the steamer Zara on which a number of Russian political exiles were returning to their native land.

The State Department made public a report sent last January by Mr. Brand Whitlock, our minister to Belgium, concerning the deportations of Belgians into Germany. He declared that the affair was "one of the foulest deeds that history records," and that it was carried out with a cruelty so monstrous that German soldiers wept in executing their orders. He placed the responsibility for the policy on the shoulders of Marshal von Hindenburg, and said that the late Gov.-Gen. von Bissing, who has been executed for his conduct of the deportation, was actually censured for his mildness by his military superiors.



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THREE MOTHERS

By McLandburgh Wilson

THREE mothers by your cradle stand:
One mother who has given birth,
And one of them is Motherland,
And one of them is Mother Earth:
Three mothers must you have in all,
And two are great and one is small.

Your Motherland is strong and dread;
Her shield your sure protection makes;
She spreads her law above your head,
But even while she gives she takes.
Her arm is strong, her word is true,
But she may ask your life of you.

From Mother Earth by toil you wring
Or feast or crust at her caprice,
The shelter for your journeying,
Though brief at best will be the lease.
And at the end she gives you bed
But cares not where your soul has sped.

The Mother who has borne your flesh
Through good or ill will hold you fast,
Will guide you through the world's dark mesh,
And so will save your soul at last.
Three mothers shall you have in all,
And one is great and two are small.

THE BURGLAR'S PRAYER

"YOU will be shocked, Aunt Lucy," said Nancy soberly, "but I've about lost my faith in prayer."

Aunt Lucy's face looked sympathetic rather than shocked.

"Tell me all about it, Nancy," she said, with her kindly smile. "Is it because of some particular prayer that you've lost faith?"

Nancy nodded. "Yes," she said, "and I've prayed it and prayed it for a long time! And I had heaps of faith to begin with, too; just heaps."

"And you're sure the thing you're praying for would be good for you?"

"Perfectly sure. Really, Aunt Lucy, there's no reason at all why God shouldn't give it to me."

Aunt Lucy smiled at her niece's positive tone.

"And you are sure that it would be good for everyone else that you should have it?"

Nancy hesitated a little. "Well, I don't see why not," she said at last. "I wasn't thinking about that when I was praying, but it's no one else's affair. It is a very personal thing, Aunt Lucy."

"I wonder," mused Aunt Lucy, "if that is the way the burglars felt about their prayers."

Nancy started. "The what?" she demanded. "What have burglars got to do with prayers, I'd like to know?"

Aunt Lucy laughed. "It does seem rather a strange combination, doesn't it? But I read about it yesterday in the report of a speech by Sir Herbert Risley about the castles in eastern Bengal. Wait a minute and I'll read it."

"This is what it said. 'A curious system of religious worship prevailed among a caste who were professional burglars. They made a space in the ground, and a man then cut his arm and prayed that there might be a dark night and that he might succeed in obtaining great booty and escape capture.' What do you think of that, Nancy?"

"I think it's funny," said Nancy, "but I don't know why I should remind you of that. I'm not thinking of stealing anything."

"No," answered Aunt Lucy gently, "but you admitted that yours was an entirely one-sided prayer. And I've been thinking about it for myself since I read that paragraph. I'm not sure the prayers of those ignorant burglars are any more ridiculous in the eyes of the Lord than some of the one-sided prayers that I myself make to Him."

"It reminded me of one time when I was a small girl in the country. All the farmers were longing for rain to break a long season of drought, but I prayed fervently that anyway it might not rain for two more days, because I wanted to go to a picnic and wear my new bronze shoes, and rain—even on the day before—might interfere with the latter part of my programme. And I was frankly furious when my wish was not granted. Jovial old Uncle Ezra roared with laughter when I expressed my feelings at the breakfast table, but Grandfather Miner, a sweet old friend, patted my hand gently."

"Little daughter," he said, "thee must begin at the beginning with thy prayers, as thee does with thy schooling in earthly matters. First of all, thee must learn to say from thy heart, 'Lord, teach me to pray!'"

"So before we laugh too much at those burglars, Nancy, perhaps we'd better find out if we really know how to pray right ourselves."

"I'm going outdoors to think," said Nancy. "It begins to seem a little different."

MOUNTAIN TOPS AND VALLEYS

AUNT MARY listened very anxiously for Molly's step. Molly had been with her for two months now—ever since her father's death. Aunt Mary, whose one little daughter had been buried twenty years before, could not quite get used to the joy of having Molly to watch over and plan for and dream about. When at last Molly came in—a quarter of an hour late—and went straight to her room without even stopping at the door, Aunt Mary's face darkened with disappointment. "But, of course, I couldn't expect her to get over things all at once," she said to herself as she went downstairs to make some of the cream biscuits that Molly especially liked.

Molly ate several biscuits, but she did not talk at supper. When Uncle James asked if she had lost her place or her heart, she shook her head, and the tears came into her eyes. It was thoughtless of Uncle James to say things like that! Uncle James tried to keep up a conversation with Aunt Mary, but it was not successful. It rarely is when a third person sits silent and with tearful eyes.

The next day, however, the trouble seemed to have passed. Molly began chatting on the stairs, and she chatted all through supper.

In the weeks that followed, the same experiences were repeated half a dozen times. There seemed to be no especial reason for the "blues"; Molly simply felt so. Neither was there any especial reason for the rose-colored times; Molly felt those, too. Finally, one evening, when Aunt Mary had gone to a sick neighbor's, Uncle James asked Molly about it.

"Why, it's the way I'm made," Molly declared.

"I feel things so hard. I'm always up on the mountain top or down in the valley."

Uncle James nodded. "Why don't you take it in hand?" he asked.

"Take it in hand!" Molly repeated.

"Well, then, stay up on the mountain top, if you like that better. It would be satisfactory to us. But I do hate to see you Aunt Mary worrying over the moody times. Besides, it isn't good business."

"Good business!" Molly seemed equal to nothing except echoes.

Uncle James nodded again. "No employer likes to have a moody girl about; in the long run, she is never the most capable one. Her fingers may be disciplined, but her mind and will are not. Get a grip on yourself, little girl. You don't have to act blue even if you do feel so. And when you stop acting so, half the feeling will disappear. That's modern psychology. You think it over a little."

Uncle James went up to his room. Molly, hurt and indignant, yet honest, sat thinking it over.

CAPTURING AN ALLIGATOR

IN spite of the fact that reptiles have small and dull brains, the alligator appears to have acquired a craftiness in eluding hunters that is comparable to the same quality in the bear. The big reptile has gradually retreated from the rivers where it was exposed to hostile observation, and has taken up its abode in swamps that are remote and not often disturbed.

To capture an alligator alive requires skill in approaching the reptile's haunts. The climax of the hunt is often a desperate and exciting struggle; that was certainly the case when Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars caught a big alligator in the cypress swamps of the Savannah River. He tells the story in the New York Times:

The alligators were very shy. In making our way toward the pools we had to move with the utmost care, in order to avoid brittle twigs or rustling leaves. One day, when we had stealthily approached a bayou, we observed an alligator about eleven feet long sprawling on the bank, with a dozen smaller specimens, ranging in length from two to four feet.

As we crouched behind an enormous cypress trunk smothered in vines, one of the party, sinking in ooze, threw out an arm to save himself. On the instant it seemed that every alligator in the bayou had received an electric shock. The big alligator went into the water with a crash, sending up a geyser of muddy spray. The rush of the smaller reptiles was simultaneous, and it was followed by the appearance of many infant alligators that had been prowling about among the cypress knees. They came from all directions, running like frightened chicks, for the protecting water.

On another day we saw an alligator dive into a water hole that was not more than six feet in diameter. When we sounded this hole we found it to be five feet deep, with an underwater tunnel that ran off at a sharp vertical slope to a distance of twelve feet. Our collecting wagon was only a mile away, and we returned there for a steel alligator hook, an axe and a coil of rope.

When we returned we cut a slender young cypress and attached the hook to it. A half hour's maneuvering enabled us to hook the reptile in his underground retreat. It remained motionless until the hook was firmly caught, then it began to struggle furiously. To drag it out was a herculean task, but we finally brought it to the surface and threw a noose over its jaws. Then we got the noose round and behind its forefeet and thence over the jaws again and tied it to a cypress tree. The struggles of the alligator were vigorous. We worked on a platform of bark hastily torn from a decaying tree, which prevented us from sinking to our knees in the swamp. Between showers of mud thrown by the alligator's tail we looped the creature's jaws in a way to form a rope muzzle, with about ten feet attached for pulling.

After hauling our captive a full quarter mile out of the thicker part of the swamp, we brought in the wagon. Lifting the animal, we bound him to the floor upon padings of Spanish moss, and then drove ten miles over corduroy roads to the pine-lands where our collecting base was.

We had rented a house as our camp and, having no cage for the alligator, were in doubt what to do with him until morning, when we could build a shipping crate. Our troublesome specimen was eight feet long and about two hundred pounds in weight. He was threatening to destroy the wagon and causing us no little anxiety when we conceived the idea of locking him in our best bedroom.

With much prudence we moved out furniture and baggage before the alligator went in. His initial struggles with his new surroundings shook the house, and a blow from his head loosened the door fastenings. But the room held him, and the next morning we built a crate in which to ship him north to the Bronx Zoological Garden.

TONGUE TWISTERS

METATHESIS is the grammarian's term for a perversion of language, usually accidental but occasionally intentional, effected through the transposition of words, syllables or sounds. Most instances of metathesis are merely slips of the tongue. There is no more complete and amusing example than the famous query of the indignant churchgoer who found a stranger in his place.

"Sir, are you aware that you are occupewing my pie?"

A recent writer has collected a few less-known but authentic specimens. If they bring no more than a smile when read in cold print, some of them must nevertheless have sounded overwhelmingly funny when they were spoken. It is easy to imagine the hilarious enjoyment of the class in addressing such an unfortunate professor, commenting on Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, referred to the "Great Twin Brethren," Castor and Pollux, at the Battle of Lake Regillus as "that immortal pair of twining shins!"

"Kelley and Sheets," whom a professor of poetry casually mentioned in his discourse, must have evoked a response almost as gleeful.

The halls of law, like those of learning, are not exempt from the tricks of metathesis. The collector gives several, of which perhaps two, one accidental, one by design, are the best. A distinguished lawyer, at the close of a pathetic plea in a case involving a father against his sons, endeavored to quote the tragic words of King Lear, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" What he really said, in moving tones and with immense, although unexpected, effect was, "How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is to have a toothless child!"

Finally, a lawyer son of Charles Dickens once had recourse to metathesis to discomfit neatly

an annoying opponent. He found himself pitted against a lawyer named Willis, who irritated him and the court by indulgence in a repeated and apparently intentional little cough. At last Mr. Dickens's patience became exhausted, and he quietly remarked:

"An illustrious relative of mine has immortalized the words, 'Barkis is willin'.' Perhaps I may be allowed in present circumstances to say, 'Willis is barking.'"

IN THE STUBBLE FIELD



"Ah! This reminds me. I meant to get shaved!"
—Thomas Maybank in the Passing Show.

MR. PEASLEE ON "FACULTY"

SOME folks," observed Caleb Peaslee, mildly, "feel's if they had some call to look down on Ursula Baynes 'count of her bein' a wilder, and pity her for not havin' a man to look out for her and do things. But I d'know; mebbe she makes out 'bout as well as other folks, and better'n some."

Deacon Lysander Hyne appeared to ponder the matter for a moment.

"M—well," he said at last, "I d'know's I ever noticed but what she got along all right, but bein' without her husband can't help bein' a hardship. I never give it much thought, but now you've mentioned it I do wonder how she makes out as well's she does. How d'you s'pose she does it?"

"She does it by bein' more facultated than most anybody else here in Dilmouth," replied Mr. Peaslee, promptly. "I d'know anybody, man or woman, that turns things to 'count as well's Ursula does. Most anyone can make things go well as long as they don't have misfortune, but it takes faculty to turn a sprained ankle to 'count."

Mr. Hyne turned a questioning face toward his friend, and Caleb settled himself easily into his seat.

"I'm goin' to give you this jest as Ursula told it to my wife," he began, "and she didn't tell it as anything wonderful, you understand; jest told her in the way of talk, same's women do when they git together."

"It seems, 'cordin' to what Ursula tells my wife, that she'd got pretty well ketchup with her fall work, but there was some little things that she'd got to do to feel completed—things that really needed a man to do, like nailin' up places round the bulldin's, and such chores as that. But she didn't feel as if she ought to afford hirin' a man, so she was goin' to try to do 'em herself—and right at that p'int she slipped on that shelvin' stone at her back door and sprained her ankle!"

"Sho, now!" said Mr. Hyne with gruff sympathy. "That was a hardship, and no mistake."

"Twa'n't any hardship at all," contradicted Mr. Peaslee, "and you'll find out so if you gimme a chance to tell you 'bout it. Mebbe 'twould have worked a hardship on a woman less facultated than Ursula,—I don't want to say as to that,—but she sot to work and turned it to 'count."

Mr. Hyne looked puzzled. "I don't see how—" he began.

"I'm tryin' to tell you how," Mr. Peaslee interrupted, somewhat tartly. "There she was, with all this work laid out to do—work that would take her the greater part of a week to do, even s'posin' she had the use of her limbs—and now she couldn't stir a foot to help herself. She had a right to feel discouraged. I would've if it had been me!"

"But it wa'n't me," Mr. Peaslee went on dispassionately; "it was Ursula, and it ain't any part of her creed to set down with her hands folded and complain 'bout hard luck. She jest sot her mind to it and found a way to get her work done by swappin' work—same's you'n I might change off if we had work that was too hefty for either of us."

"She sent word to Norris Waning and Jim Elder and Clem Bidnot that she wanted they should call jest as soon as they could make it handy to do it. She figgered like this: she knew Jim's wife either wouldn't or couldn't cook punkin pies, and Jim liked 'em. And she'd seen how out at the elbows and lackin' buttons Clem Bidnot's clothes was. Since his mother died there ain't been anybody to take a stitch for him, you know. And she'd heard Norris Waning say that he wished his wife'd knit him some good yarn mittens, 'cause nothin' else seemed to come anywhere near keepin' his hands warm in real cold weather."

"Well, when they got there it turned out jest as Ursula had figgered—they was glad to turn to and help her and let her do the things she could to pay. She got the punkin stewin' right off, and she sent Clem home for all the clothes he had that needed mendin', and in the meantime she took up the stitches for a mitten for Norris. And then she sot 'em all to work at jobs that she needed done—Jim shinglin' the henhouse and Clem gatherin' them sweet apples behind the barn and Norris cleanin' out the cellar and pickin' up the yard—and by night them three men had done work that it would have took her more'n a week to get done, even s'posin' she could have done it at all."

"And," she says to my wife, 'I got the pies done for Jim to take home with him that night and most of Clem's clothes mended. And I've got one mitten all done for Norris except knittin' in the thumb, and the other one most down to the narretid's. I can finish it easy 'twixt now and supper time.'"

"It's real easy to get work done if you figger a

little,' s'she. 'I declare I b'lieve I could get my house painted if I wanted to take the trouble to sprain my other ankle.'"

THE WAR KITTENS

THE officers of the famous German commerce raider Emden did not realize how much amusement a cat that found its way on board the vessel at Tsingtau was to provide for them during their long and adventurous voyage.

Not long after their momentous trip began the cat had a litter of kittens, whose adventures Lieut. Capt. von Mücke of the raider describes in his book, Emden. One day, he says, as I was lying in my hammock, I saw Lieut. Schall sleeping soundly upon his mattress directly under me, and just beside him on the same couch lay the old cat with all five kittens. After I had quickly awakened the sleeping officers near by, so that they, too, might enjoy the little domestic scene, some one roused Lieut. Schall. He, however, not fully sharing our pleasure, got up and hurried away.

After that the cats were the acknowledged property of the officers' mess, and we made a little kennel with accommodations for all of them and put it in the room in place of an old sofa. Thanks to the anxious care of the officers and their attendants, the kittens thrived. In a short time they had grown so that they were able to make excursions in the vicinity of their home. From then on the men could walk only with the greatest care, for the little animals were accustomed to swarm round the places where one was most likely to set his feet. Especial care was needed after dark, and because manœuvres occurred almost nightly the kittens' quarters had to be locked as a protection for the inmates.

To tell them apart we put colored ribbons round their necks, and one day we had a christening ceremony. The captured steamships were selected as godparents, and immediately a little Pontopporos, a little Lovat-Indus, a Cabinga and a King Lud began to run round on the table. It was more difficult to name the fifth kitten, for it was different from the others. Its little scrawny body wabbling round on spindle legs was provided with an exceptionally large head with big, gleaming eyes. Some one suggested the name Diplomat, but we finally called it Little Idiot.

Frequently we allowed the kittens to play in the sunshine on the cabin roof, and the officers who were off duty constituted themselves as a corps to guard the animals and see that they did not fall overboard.

In spite of our watchfulness, Little Idiot played us a trick one day. At the noon meal hour he was missing, and a most diligent search failed to reveal his whereabouts. The officers of the "kitten watch" were positive that he had not fallen overboard, but still we could not find him. We were all very sorry, but at the evening rounds were relieved when some one discovered him in the storeroom for shells, sleeping quietly behind a box of ammunition. He had made his way into the room by a dangerous jump of about eighteen feet from the cabin through the ammunition hoist, and had landed safely. Several days later, however, he injured himself severely, and his career ended.

TESTING THE DENTIST

TO illustrate Oriental habits of thought, Lord Cromer tells, in the Quarterly Review, this story of Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt. It once happened that Ismail was suffering from toothache. He sent for a European dentist, who told him that he ought to have the tooth out. Ismail said that he was afraid it would be very painful. He was informed in reply that, if he would allow the dentist to administer laughing gas to him, he would feel nothing. He still doubted, but told the dentist to bring his apparatus to the palace and he would then discuss the question.

The dentist complied, and explained the process to the Khedive. Ismail then summoned an attendant and told him to send up the sentry who was at his door.

When the man arrived the Khedive ordered him to sit down in a chair, and requested the dentist to take out a tooth on either side of his jaw. Ismail then asked the man whether he had felt anything, and the man told him that he had not. But Ismail was not yet satisfied. He said that the sentry was a young, strong man, and that he would like to see the experiment tried on some one of weaker physique.

Accordingly he summoned a slave girl from the harem and had the dentist extract two of her teeth. Finding that she did not show evidence of extreme suffering, he then consented to have his own tooth out. It is related, although possibly that part of the story is apocryphal, that the dentist then received an order on the Egyptian treasury for one thousand pounds.

AND NO TIME LOST

IF old Garge Jones was the most inquisitive man in the village, Sandy Morton, according to Answers, was certainly the surliest.

One afternoon, as Garge perambulated slowly along the one narrow street, he paused at Sandy's garden fence and gazed inquiringly over at Sandy, who was busily nailing a very large box together.

"Afternoon, Sandy!" said the old man genially. "Whatever be 'ee puttin' that great box together for?"

Sandy paused in his hammering long enough to retort curtly:

"To hold all your questions, if so be as it's big enough!"

Garge eyed him in pained silence for a few moments. Then he took an empty match box from his pocket and threw it over to Sandy.

"Then that'll do for yer civil answers, if so be as it's small enough!" he retorted quietly.

RURAL SARCASM

A FARM hand who had worked hard in the fields from dawn until darkness day after day, and had been obliged to finish his chores by lantern light, went to the farmer at the end of the month and said:

"I'm going to quit. You promised me a steady job of work."

"Well, haven't you got one?" was the astonished reply.

"No," said the man, according to the Boston Transcript, "there are three or four hours every night when I don't have anything to do except to fool my time away sleeping."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

A RIME OF RAISINS

BY M. B. BANKS

A lot of little raisins stirred up in a cake!
Put them in the oven, for now the cake must
bake.
While the cake is rising not one of them must
drop,
But every little raisin should try to reach the
top.
Ring a rime of raisins when the cake's begun!
Ring a rime of raisins when the cake is done!
When the cake is open how many will there be?
Some for Jill, and some for Lill, and some for
you and me.

BERT DOW'S VICTORY

BY IRVING PALFREY

THE victory that Bert Dow won was not of the kind that people cheer from a crowded grand stand, nor did it carry with it any ribbon or medal. It was not that kind of a victory at all. Nevertheless, it was a victory well worth winning, as you shall see. It happened not long before school closed for the summer vacation. It was the day when the circus came to the city where Bert lived—the circus that the boys had been talking about ever since the big colored posters appeared on the billboards a month earlier. All the boys had saved their money and made their plans, but no boy had thought more about it than Bert had. Bert's home was on the edge of the city, not far from the field where the circus always pitched its tents. On the morning when the circus came he meant to get up early and watch the men unload the train and raise the big tents. But his alarm clock did not go off, and before he got to the field most of the work was done. That was the first disappointment of the day. The second disappointment came at school, when no recess was given while the parade was passing down the avenue near by. Usually the school closed at that time and allowed the pupils to go over to the avenue to see the gilded chariots and the open cages and the camels and the elephants. But for some reason the school board had not given the teachers permission to close school this year, and the teachers did not dare to do it without

DRAWN BY BERTHA C. STONE



BERT MOVED A BIT CLOSER AND LISTENED

permission. The music of the bands came floating in through the open windows, but that was all the fun that the boys and girls got from the morning parade. During that hour the lessons suffered sadly. Bert found the third disappointment waiting for him when he hurried home to eat a luncheon before going to the circus grounds for the afternoon performance. There was only one session at his school, and the afternoon was going to be all his own—at least so he thought; but just then disappointment number three came along. "Hurry up, Bert!" called his father, when Bert came into the yard. "I want you to drive mother and me over to Aunt Martha's. They have just telephoned that she is very sick. I have borrowed Mr. Greene's horse and carriage, but he must have them back to-night, so you will have to go along to drive it home. Mother and I will have to stay all night."

A host of little raindrops hurried out one day;
A host of little sunbeams followed them in play.
When Miss Polly saw them frolicking together,
"Mother, look!" she cried. "What lovely rainbow
weather!"

A MAY FROLIC

BY ANNA M. PRATT

A host of little raindrops hurried out one day;
A host of little sunbeams followed them in play.
When Miss Polly saw them frolicking together,
"Mother, look!" she cried. "What lovely rainbow
weather!"



DRAWN BY L. J. BRIDGMAN

THE FROGVILLE PICNIC

BY JOHN MORRISON

The frogs who live in Frogville
One sunny morn in May
Set forth with many grunts and
peeps
To have a picnic day.

They gathered from the valley
Beyond the woodsy hill;
They hurried from the little pool
Below the noisy mill.

They came by pairs and dozens
From marshes near and far;
Some came afoot and some in
boats
And some by trolley car.

Some brought along their banjos
And thrummed a tinkly tune;
And some, bass horns that boomed
away
Through all the afternoon.

Some brought along their easels—
For sketching is such fun
When lounging bathers linger near
To see how it is done!

And there was fancy diving
And swimming in the pool
For those who would improve
their art
By lessons at the school.

And what an endless feasting
That merry picnic knew!
The pickled flies, the beetle
pies,
The hot mosquito stew!

And so in fun and frolic,
Until the fall of night,
They passed away their picnic day,
And every heart was light.

Yet when they started homeward
What sound the echoes woke?
It was the solemn, mournful
call,
"I croak! I croak! I croak!"

"But the circus!" cried Bert. "Can't I see it, after all?"
"Sure enough, I hadn't thought of that," said Mr. Dow.
"But you can go to the evening performance. You will get back in plenty of time for that."

So it was settled that Bert should go to the circus in the evening, and on the whole he was well pleased with the change in his plans. It was a beautiful ride of ten miles over the hills to Lanesboro, where Aunt Martha lived. Bert enjoyed the drive home all alone, and was able to return the horse and carriage to Mr. Greene's stable long before the sun had set. "Now for the circus!" he cried, as he rushed from the house after he had hurriedly eaten the supper that his mother had left on the table for him.

A few moments later he was on the circus grounds. It was long before the hour of the evening performance, but the crowd was already beginning to gather, and Bert mingled with a thousand others who stared at the great pictures in front of the side shows and listened to the strange sounds that came from the animal tent.

Bert bought a glass of lemonade—for it made him thirsty to see so many others drinking—and a bag of hot peanuts that he ate as he rambled among the tents. Soon the ticket office would be open, and then he would go inside so as to have a long time in the animal tent before the big show began. In his rambles he found himself near a high board fence that bordered one side of the grounds. When he was passing the fence he heard a sound that made him stop in his tracks. Was it some one sobbing? It sounded like that. Bert moved a bit closer to the fence and listened.

The sobbing was plain enough now. Some one was in trouble, and perhaps he could be of help. He ran to an open place in the fence a little farther on, and then back, on the other side, to the spot where he had heard the sobs.

A woman with a little child in her arms was sitting under a tree near the fence. She looked up with red eyes when Bert paused before her.

"Perhaps, ma'am—" Bert began. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the woman. And then, as if eager to tell her troubles to some one who showed a friendly interest, she went on: "You see, I came to the city this morning with some friends. They went home after the afternoon performance, and I went to a cousin's where I expected to stay all night. But the cousin has moved away. I don't know a person in the whole city, and I don't know what to do."

"Where is your home?" asked Bert.

"In Vernon," she answered. "That is almost twenty miles from here, and if any other Vernon people came to the circus, they have gone home long ago."

"There is an early evening train," said Bert. "Why don't you go home on that?"

"But I haven't any money," said the woman. "I lost my purse while I was hunting for my cousin. There was not much in it, but it would have taken us home."

Bert thought hard, as he felt the silver in his pocket. There was a lump in his throat. Could he give up the circus after all the disappointments that he had suffered that day? The battle in his mind was brief, however.

"How much is the fare to Vernon?" he asked.

"I think it is seventy-five cents," she said, "but I don't know a person here to ask for money—and I'm afraid Baby is going to be sick."

That settled the battle for Bert. Of his dollar of circus money he had ninety cents left. He gripped the coins tight in his hand, but there was no lump in his throat when he spoke again, for he felt like a man now.

"Just come to the station, ma'am," he said. "We have no

time to spare. I'll manage it about the ticket to Vernon. You and the baby are going home all right."

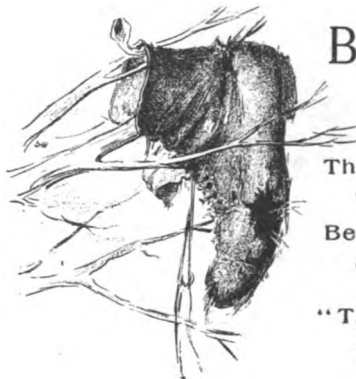
Then the woman tried to thank Bert; but she cried again instead of saying what she wanted to say, and the long and short of it was that she boarded the train to Vernon a little later, holding in her hand the ticket that Bert had bought.

Then Bert walked slowly home and went to bed in a house that seemed uncommonly big and empty. Now that his circus money was gone, and his mother and father were ten miles away, there seemed nothing else to do. Before he went to sleep he thought long and sadly of the lost circus, but for some reason he could not really feel that the fourth disappointment of the day was wholly a disappointment after all.

"She will send back the money," he said to himself, "and there will be another circus along next year. Of course, I am glad that I happened along just in time to help her."

THE SUMMER COTTAGE

BY EMMA ELLEN GLOSSOP



BUSY Johnny
chanced to peep
Within an ancient
rubbish heap
That held the things
they cast away
Behind the barn on
cleaning day.

"These grown-ups,"
said he, "are not
wise;

They often throw away a prize.
Now here is something! This, mayhap,
Will make a sling; perhaps a strap."


High on a broken cherry limb,
In sheltered corner known to him,
He hung his treasure out of view—
A battered, broken, worn-out shoe!

Then by and by, with merry song,
Came Mistress Jenny Wren along.
"Why, husband, dear," she called out thus,
"Who built this handsome home for us,


"With floor, and sides, and roof of leather,
To fend our household from the weather?
Besides a door that opens wide,
Here is a window at the side!"

"Why, bless me, yes!" said Mr. Wren.
They got the furniture, and then
This jolly couple, free from care,
Took lodgings for the summer there.

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ACIDOSIS

THIS term, which is beginning to find its way into papers and magazines, means a condition of increased acidity, or rather diminished alkalinity, of the blood and the tissues. That condition arises from the too rapid excretion of alkaline salts or from a diminished excretion or increased formation of acids within the body.

Acids are constantly being formed in connection with the processes of nutrition, but in health the excretion through the lungs and kidneys keeps pace with the formation so that they do not accumulate. If the lungs or the kidneys are gravely diseased, however, excretion is interfered with and part of the acids remain in the body; and, if the processes of nutrition become deranged, more acid forms than the body can get easily rid of, and again an accumulation takes place.

Any further attempt to elucidate the subject would involve a discussion of complicated chemical changes concerning which physicians themselves do not fully agree. Acidosis occurs in kidney disease and in diabetes; it also results from prolonged vomiting, from starvation, or from a diet that contains too much meat and fat and not enough starchy food and sugar. It is not uncommon after surgical operations in which chloroform, or sometimes ether, has been given as the anæsthetic.

One of the chief and early symptoms of acidosis is shortness of breath, and associated with that is a fruity odor of the breath; headache is frequent, and so is vomiting. Vomiting is a particularly unfortunate symptom, for it increases the acid condition of the body. The patient is usually very restless; if he is a child, he may have convulsions. The final stage, if the condition is not treated promptly, is unconsciousness.

The chief treatment consists in giving alkaline salts of glucose, the latter more commonly in the acidosis that follows a surgical operation. Although shortness of breath is one of the most constant symptoms of beginning acidosis, everyone who suffers in that way is not the subject of acidosis. If a person should make his own diagnosis and dose himself with sal soda or some other alkaline salt, he would probably make himself worse and perhaps ruin his digestion. If he is troubled by shortness of breath, he should consult a doctor and let him prescribe the remedy.

CENTRAL

"I TAKE it," the doctor said, "that your voice is somewhat valuable to you, Miss Central?"

"It is worth," the young woman said hoarsely, "exactly fifty dollars a month. And if I should lose that fifty dollars I'd come on the town, and your taxes would be increased to help support me."

"Precisely." The doctor's eyes were twinkling. "But you needn't go into it in such detail, considering that I've just put you under vows of silence for three days. Laryngitis isn't a thing to play with, young lady—not when it's your voice that earns you a living."

"But, doctor, you don't understand!" Central remonstrated.

"What don't I understand? It's dangerous to insult a doctor's vanity like that."

"I'm really pleased to death at the idea of staying at home for three days—"

"Then why are you objecting?"

"Because it's giving way to myself. I want to stay home and I want to have a good cry—so now!"

The doctor smiled down at her. "Go ahead, young woman, if it will make you feel better. I'm laying no injunction upon your eyes, just at present. I only stipulate that you shall not cry with your throat."

Central drew a long breath, which she stopped in the middle because it hurt.

"I'll take it all back," she said. "You do understand. Thank you."

But he did not really, of course. Central, leaning back in the big chair and luxuriating in the unwonted sense of leisure, felt a lump come into her throat that was not caused by laryngitis. She had joked about it, but really she was "blue"—clear, downright "blue." And it was because it was a lonely business, being a getting-toward-middle-age young woman. She had planned to do something with her life, and had been, somehow, side-tracked into a village telephone central. There were times when that seemed a warm and happy place to be, but not to-day, with Miriam Chandler's letter before her telling about the lectures she had been asked to give at the state college. Of course she was glad with all her heart for Miriam, but—"You might as well cry and get it over with, you know," she said to herself, disgustedly.

A week later she was back at her switchboard. It was a leisure time just then; so she called up Mrs. Skinner and asked about Bennie.

Mrs. Skinner answered eagerly.

"Well, there, Miss Field, Bennie will be that tickled. He's half fretted himself sick. He wanted to tell you that he'd seen two bluebirds, and old Mrs. Kane says nobody's called up, and she's missed your little chat so! And Emily Bowen was saying yesterday that she never had realized how

nice you were about a heap of little things till we had some one else. Folks'll be calling up; you just wait!"

It was true. All day her friends were "calling up." Central never had realized before. At home that night she smiled at Miriam Chandler's letter; after all, she had her audience, too—and she belonged to it!

THE EXUBERANT LORD BILL

SOLDIER, sportsman, Irishman, wit, man of the world and boy who never grew up, Lord William Beresford—Lord Bill to everyone who loved him, and most people who knew him did—was a man of whom hundreds of anecdotes have been related, all amusing and most of them true. He entered with equal and unflagging zest all his life into the hardest kind of work and the hardest kind of play. His dare-devil exploits resulted in so many accidents that his brothers were wont to declare that Bill had broken every bone in his body at least once, and some of them several times. In a recent volume of reminiscences his relative, Mrs. Stuart Menzies, tells some new anecdotes and relates anew some old ones:

Dare-devilry has no superior in its claim on Irish admiration, and the Beresfords never stuck at anything demanding fun or courage. Bill was once driving a party of friends through the district when he halted to do some shopping, as he called it, and hoisted up into the drag what proved to be a sack of potatoes. These, it turned out, were for shying at the passers-by, and a running skirmish ensued for miles, with plenty of miscellaneous missiles in return. But the local folk were not to be beaten; they wired along to the next village, and this turned out with brickbats to meet the potato faction in style.

At another time Lord Bill was challenged to drive his coach down the steep steps that lead from Cork barracks, and he did it royally, tobogganing the clumsy vehicle down the bumpy slope, with himself tied on to the box, and the wheels stowed away inside!

Lord Marcus Beresford and Lord Charles—the present admiral—were merely a shade less turbulent and audacious than Lord Bill; one would imagine that the mother of such a family must have become pretty well inured to shocks. Still, they spared her feelings when they could.

Lord William had one of his many accidents while driving a fast trotter named Hugh from Leatherhead. The only other occupants of the vehicle were Lord Marcus and the groom, Tommy Ryan, who came from Curraghmore. The night was dark and wet, but they were thundering along at a very rapid pace when Hugh shied violently and upset them. When they began to collect themselves Tommy was missing.

"Tommy! Tommy! Where are you?" his master shouted.

From the other side of a wall came the answer, "I'm here, my lord, on my head in a ditch."

Lord Bill's head, although he was not standing on it, had received the impact of something harder than ditch mud; it was so severely cut that he had to appear at breakfast the next morning heavily swathed in bandages.

His mother asked anxiously what was the matter; but she was quite calmed and satisfied when her ingenious son assured her coolly that the day was the anniversary of an important Indian victory in which he had had a part, and that he always commemorated the event by wearing a turban!

A DELICATE SITUATION

THERE are times when quick thinking and a bold front are essential at whatever cost. One such occasion occurred, according to the New York Times, in the silverware department of one of the great New York stores, where most of the patrons seemed to be exchanging Christmas gifts rather than making purchases. Mrs. A. stood at the counter.

"These pepper shakers and salt shakers were a Christmas present from a friend, but I don't like them," she said to the clerk. "Can you credit me with the cost of them, so I can get something else?"

The clerk turned away to speak to the floor-walker about the matter, when, by chance, Mrs. B., the donor, approached, and the following conversation took place:

"Good morning, Mrs. A. Are you exchanging the shakers? I'm so sorry if they weren't suitable! My husband and I thought they were really quite pretty."

"O dear, no!" quickly replied Mrs. A. "They're perfectly lovely, but I needed two more to complete my table." Then, speaking to the returning clerk she said, "Don't say you haven't any more, for I must have them."

The astonished but competent clerk never moved an eyelash, but produced two more shakers of the same pattern, which Mrs. A. purchased. When she had received two or three coins in exchange for a ten-dollar note, she left the store with a smile of apparent delight.

THEY SPARED THE NONCOMBATANT

AMONG a small party of war correspondents that recently visited the front at La Bassée, France, was Mr. A. H. Griffith, who was private secretary to the late Lord Stratheona. He became exhausted, says Mr. W. G. Shepherd in Everybody's Magazine, and he fell behind in full view of the German snipers.

They saw a large gentleman, dressed in golf costume, take off his golf cap, wipe the perspiration from his forehead, lean like an exhausted man against the pile of sandbags that formed the entrance to the trench, and settle himself contentedly for a rest. Mr. Griffith's unridicled body is testimony to the fact that the Germans "played cricket," as the English call it, that day. Scores of them had a chance to kill the man in the golf costume, but some Teutonic phrase ran along the line that gave him his life.

JUSTIFIABLE TEMPER

A CONTRIBUTOR sends The Companion this touching verse, which he believes has never appeared in print:

There was a man who owned a clock;
His name was John B. Mears;
And every night he wound that clock
For five and forty years.

But when at last he found his clock
An eight-day clock to be,
A madder man than John B. Mears
You would not care to see.

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OVER THE MOUNTAIN

IN southern Colorado a spur of the Wet Mountain Range stretches out toward the plain like a curving arm, terminating in a giant fist. The fist is the Cuerno Verde Peak, which rises, snow-covered, to a height far above the timber line. Sheltered in the western hollow of this colossal arm lies a wide valley called, somewhat inappropriately, Huérfino Cañon.

In a rude adobe hut that stood upon the warm slope of the cañon, Antonio Bacu, the old Mexican sheep herder, lay one February evening tossing and moaning in half-delirious pain. His wife knelt over him, weeping, while the twelve-year-old grandson, Juan, crouched in a corner, terror-stricken at his grandfather's agony.

That afternoon Cosme, the pony, usually so sure of foot, had stumbled among the rocks and gone down, throwing Antonio heavily. Juan, guided by Felipe, the sheep dog, had found the old man lying unconscious, with a long, bloody gash in his head and one arm doubled limply under his body.

"It is nigh forty miles to the doctor at Rye," said Señora Bacu, between her sobs, "and you are the only one to go, Juan. The trail is rough and long, but when the morning comes you must take Cosme and go.

"Oh, if it were only summer and you could use the mountain trail!" her wail went on. "It will be two whole days before the doctor can get here—two whole days! Oh, my Antonio, what will happen to thee in that time! Thou wilt die—die, and I, thy wife, cannot save thee!"

She sank down in a huddled heap by Antonio's side, and, in her weeping, did not notice when Juan crept out of the hut.

The clouds, which had obscured the sky for some hours, were vanishing before a brisk cold wind, leaving the night brilliantly starlit. The snow-covered top of Cuerno Verde loomed above Juan until it seemed to him the sky must rest upon it. From the tiny corral, Cosme, the offending pony, gave a low whinny of recognition as the boy drew near.

A sudden purpose was forming in Juan's mind. "By the mountain trail," he thought, "Rye is but fifteen miles. I crossed with the herders in summer, and Cosme came that way from the plains. If I should start to-night and should not lose the way, many hours, perhaps grandfather's life, would be saved."

To Juan, overwhelmed with anxiety for his grandfather, whom he knew to be very dangerously hurt, the thought and action were almost as one. Saddle and bridle were at hand. The boy put them on Cosme, led the pony out of the corral and prepared to mount.

"But I must tell grandmother that I go," he said to himself, "or she will worry for me."

Slipping the bridle rein over his arm, Juan hurried to the cabin door and opened it.

"Ho, grandmother!" he whispered. "I do not wait for the morning. I go at once for the doctor."

Señora Bacu, busied over her still unconscious husband, hardly heard him; but Juan took her silence for consent, and a moment later he was in the saddle cantering easily up the trail.

"If the snow is not too deep, and I do not lose the way," he thought, "grandfather shall have the doctor before to-morrow night."

The landmarks of the path showed plainly enough—a blasted tree, a jutting crag, an isolated patch of jack oaks. Up, still upward, toiled Cosme, with courage as unflinching as that of his small brown rider.

An hour passed. The trail entered a dark forest of cedars. Juan remembered having heard his grandfather say that here in early spring—it was almost that now—the bears, newly wakened from their winter sleep, came to feed on the cedar berries.

A moment afterwards the boy's heart seemed to jump into his mouth. Behind him, nearer, nearer, came a soft *pit-a-pat! pit-a-pat!*

Juan, sick with terror of the lonely way and the still night, dared not turn his head; but the pursuer was only Felipe, who had followed the pony's trail. Juan cried out with pleasure and relief, whistled the dog to him and hastened on.

In another half hour Juan's teeth were chattering with the cold. The frost-laden air nipped savagely at his bare feet and legs. Suddenly Cosme stopped before a small log house, and the boy knew he had reached the Quillian horse ranch, deserted in the winter and early spring.

Juan wondered if the Quillian boys might not have left behind some old garment with which he could cover his half-frozen legs. Rolling stiffly from the saddle, he found the cabin door and entered. The reassuring presence of Felipe gave him courage to investigate; and he was rewarded by finding in a corner an old pair of wolfskin leggings or *chaparajos*.

How warm they were! When Juan was again in the saddle, they hung down, covering his aching feet.

It was only a few minutes after leaving the cabin before Cosme was stumbling among the bare shale rocks above the timber line. Juan was reeling in his seat, dazed with cold, when they entered the snow fields. The icy blast seemed to flay the skin from the boy's stiffening fingers. Felipe growled and whimpered at the pony's heels.

Juan thrust his right arm down inside the *chaparajos*, which were drifted so full of snow that they were as stiff as coats of icy mail. With his left he held to the reins.

"For grandfather!" he muttered. "For grandfather! Hurry, Cosme, hurry!"

The trail winds for some miles among the rocks, bogs, precipices and snow fields above the timber line. Then begins the abrupt eastern descent. Here the way ceased to seem long to Juan. He could not have told how he came there, nor why the arm that held the bridle no longer pained him.

Cosme, faithful pony, bent his head to the storm and plodded on, keeping the faint trail with a certainty no human being could have possessed; Felipe followed close at his heels. The rider clung half unconsciously to the saddle while the snow beat upon him and bitter cold crept, crept into his very bones.

Yet, even in the moments when Juan was delirious from suffering, he did not forget his errand, but held faithfully to its performance.

Jacob Mariner, landlord of the Wayfarer's Hotel in Rye, was accustomed to sit up late. It was after one o'clock when he put his newspaper down, stretched his arms above his head and yawned. The yawn was abruptly strangled as he saw a horse and rider cross the moonlit square in front of the hotel and stop beside the gate. Close at the heels of the pony followed a shaggy dog.

A minute afterwards Mrs. Mariner was roused by her husband's imperative call. When she came into the office she found him standing with an apparently lifeless form in his arms.

"It's a little Mexican boy, Sarah," he said. "The Lord only knows where he came from, but I guess he's done for. The left hand is frozen stiff."

But Juan was not unconscious. No sooner had Jacob Mariner laid him down than he staggered to his feet.

"I—want—doctor, señor!" he whispered.

"Of course you do, you poor little fellow!" said Mrs. Mariner. "Lie down now, and Jacob'll fetch him."

"No—no—for grandfather—at Huérfino Cañon. He must—hurry—hurry!"

Juan fell back, quite unconscious at last; but his message was given, and Jacob Mariner was not a man who needed to be told a thing twice. Within half an hour old Dr. Murgatroyd was at Juan's bedside, and his son, the young doctor, was galloping toward Huérfino Cañon.

When he came back, six days later, he hastened to the hotel and asked for Juan. He found the boy bolstered up in bed, wrapped in bandages. But his left arm had ceased to pain him. It was gone! The knife had been the only cure.

When the doctor entered, Juan sat up in bed with a great cry.

"My grandfather! O señor, were you in time?"

Dr. Murgatroyd strode across the room and took the remaining hand in both his own.

"I was in time," he said, "just in time. You are a brave boy, Juan."

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ROYAL AND PRESIDENTIAL TRAINS

THE special train that the Czar of Russia used to travel in, with its twelve cars providing apartments for the Czar, his suite and guard, a real Russian bath, kitchens, a chapel and all the comforts of a palace, was formerly the most elaborate owned by any European ruler. The train of the Emperor William of Germany has seven partly armored cars and a locomotive designed to withstand even bomb and shell attacks. Everything that makes for efficiency is provided, including a library car, on the walls of which hang hundreds of military maps.

The train of the President of the French Republic, although not the most luxurious of the official trains of Europe, has perhaps the most interesting history of them all, says the Railway Age Gazette. It has figured in more important political events than any of the others, and has carried at some time nearly all of the great men of the world, including, possibly, France's greatest enemy, the Emperor William himself.

President Faure ordered the train hurriedly built in the autumn of 1896 for the purpose of carrying to Paris the Czar of Russia, whose visit at that time cemented the alliance between France and Russia. The whole train was built in thirteen days. So hastily was the private personal car built that not until the tenth day did it occur to anyone that the Czar might wish to take a bath. So the roof of the car was promptly cut open and a space made large enough to allow the lowering of a huge silver bathtub into a corner of the car. The tub is there after all these years, and so is the patch in the car roof. The train has its own great special housing shed at Villeneuve St. Georges, some miles out of Paris, but of late it has been as frequently out of its shed as in.

One of its most important trips since the war began occurred in October, 1915, when it conveyed the King of England to the French front, where he reviewed in company with President Poincaré fifty thousand of the troops that had taken part in the battle of Champagne.

Unlike the Imperial trains, the French President's train is not armored, and it has no protection whatever against bullets and shells. It was built at a time when no one thought that necessary. The four cars are elaborately upholstered in red and yellow silk velvets, and are of wood. They are not of the typical French construction, but look more like American parlor cars, except that the roofs are not fully rounded at the ends. The interiors resemble somewhat the tourist cars used on the Western railways of the United States, and are not divided into compartments like most English and Continental cars.

Although they are thoroughly comfortable, it is apparent from their fading curtains and upholstery, and their clumsy and ponderous arrangements, that they have outlived their time. They remind you of the old palace at Orléans, the magnificence of which is falling into decay, because no one can afford to live in the place.

MAKING STEEL HELMETS

THE steel helmets adopted by the French and British weigh from one and a quarter to one and a half pounds each. The materials used, says the Sphere, consist of plates of steel for the convex helmet and for the visor and neck piece, leather and cloth for the lining, and aluminum for the waving plaquettes that form the springs between the lining and the interior surface of the steel.

The rolled-steel plate has to be supplied enough to be worked cold, as heating would lessen its resisting qualities. That requirement compels the manufacturers to use a special steel obtained from very pure castings that are free from phosphorus or sulphur.

The helmets are coated with a dull gray similar to that used on the 75-millimetre gun, which is difficult to distinguish even at a short distance. In painting them, the manufacturers use a spraying process that has the advantage of being very rapid and of giving no inequality of surface. To add to the permanence of the paint they suspend the helmets on bars in a gas drying oven.

The lining consists of a cloth cap, to which is fixed a segment of black glazed leather cut in a particular form. One sheepskin provides about five linings; for making three million helmets about six hundred thousand skins have been used. The lining projects a little below the helmet, so that the metal in no place comes into contact with the wearer's head.

WHAT THE AMERICAN VOICE IS GOOD FOR

A RECENT dispatch from London to the New York Sun records the fact that an American physician visiting in that city has discovered that American voices are better adapted to the use of the telephone than the British voices. To this defect in the British vocal cords he ascribes the fact that the telephone service of London is much maligned, and says:

Americans do not have soft voices, but their vocal cords are tuned correctly for telephoning. English voices are not. They seem to lack the timbre necessary for carrying over the wires.

It is often remarked that American women are given to talking loudly in restaurants and other places. As a matter of fact, they do not talk any louder than their English sisters, but their voices have a carrying quality that is sometimes rather trying. However, it makes telephone using a pleasure for Americans, whereas for Britons the telephone is always more or less an instrument of torture.

SAFELY ACROSS

SANDY McLEOD and his donkey, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle, were well known in the country that gave them birth, and the two were on very friendly terms. Sandy would not have exchanged his "cuddy" for the best thoroughbred in the land.

One day, when he went out for a ride, he resolved to make his donkey jump a stream. He applied the whip, and the animal galloped to the edge of the bank and then stopped so suddenly that Sandy sailed through the air to the other side of the water.

When the Scotsman had sufficiently recovered from the shock, he rose and looked the donkey in the face.

"Verra weel pitched," he said, "but hoo are ye gaun tae get ower yersel'?"



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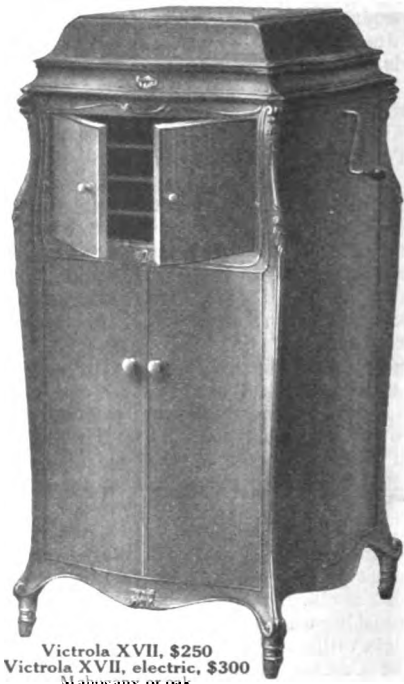
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THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

"I HAD it from her own lips," said Mrs. Tupper impressively. "This very afternoon at the Sewin' Society she said it. What more do you want?"

"Beats all how smart you are at makin' things!" says Miss Snippet to her,—"I do believe she'd go down on her knees, that woman, and kiss the ground Mis' Barclay walks on,— 'make your own bonnets,' she says, 'and your own frocks, and the tea cakes for the Society'— 'Yes,' says Mis' Barclay quick as a flash, 'and the beds of a morning, and Mr. Barclay's sermon Saturday nights.' Just like that—and laughin', too!"

Mrs. Tupper quivered with indignation. Her husband's ponderous bulk expressed even more capably the outraged majesty of the church.

"If that's a fact," he said, shaking his gray head solemnly, "the standing committee ought to know of it! Mr. Barclay is a very young man; but I will say he ought to write his own sermons. His wife is young, too, and worldly-minded, from all I hear."

"Why, she's no more than a child! And such frocks and furbishin's and table fixin's! Not that I've been to the house yet, but I've heard tell. Those Eastern girls are so set-up with their education—think they're smart enough for anything, even to writin' their husbands' sermons, I do suppose! What sort of spiritual sustenance are we likely to get from a little chit that spends half a day trimmin' a bonnet! And we payin' for a minister in good and regular standin'!"

"Scandalous!" exclaimed the deacon. "If I had had my choice—"

Deacon Tupper had been out of town when the Rev. William Barclay was called to the pastorate of the First Church of Lounsbury, Illinois; and he had not yet recovered from the shock of finding that a minister had been chosen without his help.

"If all that is true," he said again, "I shall have to inform the standing committee. They'd ought to consider it. Unless—" He hesitated.

"Unless nothing!" snapped Mrs. Tupper emphatically—with such vehemence indeed that the deacon at once decided to follow the alternative course that had presented itself to his slow-moving mind.

"Out 'n' out's the best way," he observed, reverting to a favorite maxim.

If by a direct personal suggestion he could turn the Rev. William Barclay from the error of his ways, well and good; if not, he would deliver him into the hands of the standing committee, to be dealt with as they should see fit. Thus reasoned the deacon, as he rose from the supper table and prepared for the long walk from his farm to the centre of the town.

The Rev. William Barclay, as it happened, was at that moment engaged in the serious occupation of pronouncing a verdict upon one of the very bonnets that Mrs. Tupper had so severely denounced. The triumph of millinery was poised airily for his observation on his wife's slender finger tips.

"Charming, my dear," he said, with hesitation. "But—a trifle large, is it not, for you?"

Mischief danced in Lucy's eyes.

"Do you think so?" she asked, and set the structure demurely on her own little head.

"O William!" she cried, dimpling with mirth at his perplexed face. "It isn't mine; it's for Mrs. Phipps, the doctor's wife. She came to me yesterday, and told me that I always looked so well in my things—she supposed it was my Eastern taste; and wouldn't I trim her a bonnet like mine, to wear to church!"

"Eastern taste, indeed!" said the minister, smiling at the picture of Mrs. Phipps's fat



Drawings by EMLEN MCCONNELL

"A WHIFF OF SALT!" SHE CRIED, STRETCHING OUT HER ARMS IN A CHILDISH GESTURE OF APPEAL AND LONGING

STORIES OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

By Margaret Johnson

II. A WHIFF OF SALT



and florid countenance under one of his little wife's bonnets.

"They all seem to want things like mine," said Lucy pensively. "I cut out a cape for Mrs. Bentley yesterday, and a skirt for Miss Robbins the day before. They will be asking me to make Sunday waistcoats for the deacons next."

"What about the house?" she asked presently, with her fingers still busy with bows and feathers.

"The Grays moved out Thursday. I think that the Martins will take it. They were there to-day; the parlor blinds were open when I went by."

Bending lower over her work, Lucy tried not to see the vision of the parlor that his words brought up.

"I must call on the Martins to-night," he went on. "They live not far from the Stone farm."

"You are going out to-night?"

"Calls, Lucy—always calls, you know." He bustled cheerfully into his overcoat as he spoke.

"Always calls," she repeated; "and we so seldom have a cosy evening together. Oh, well, that's what it is to be a minister's wife! It is a raw, cold night, William. Wrap up well. On a gray day like this, do you know, it seems—it has seemed so to me all day—as if there must be a whiff of salt in the air."

Her voice tried to be gay, but it broke a little, and there was an expression

in her eyes that her young husband did not care to see.

"The Stones have a sick child, and I must go to see them," he said. "Maria is in the kitchen; you are not afraid?"

"Oh, no!" she said, smiling; and he kissed her rather hurriedly and went out.

As the door closed behind him, Lucy sprang to her feet and ran to the window. Mrs. Phipps's bonnet fell forgotten to the floor.

"A whiff of salt!" she cried, stretching out her arms in a childish gesture of appeal and longing. What did the words not mean to her! The East—the home, the friends, the life she loved and longed for!

When the Board of Foreign Missions had rejected William Barclay, because he had some weakness of the eyes that was thought to make him unfit for the work to which he had meant to consecrate his life, he did what

was in those days the next best thing in the way of devotion and self-sacrifice—he went West. Of course his young bride went with him.

They were ten days on the journey to their new home, and at first the New England girl's heart almost broke with homesickness and longing for all that she had left behind. She visited in the families of professors—for Lounsbury was a college town; she boarded with various members of her husband's flock, and tasted the hearty hospitality and the varying fare of many a would-be home; but not



"YOU'RE A SMART LITTLE WOMAN," SAID THE DEACON

until she moved with her husband into a house of their own did she cease to feel herself a stranger in a strange land.

That house was a new and pretty cottage that the trustees of the church built for them; William gave them notes to cover its cost, and hoped soon to call it his own. Lucy, always winsome and charming, and ready to hide with a smile the sadness in her heart, blossomed into a new dignity and grace as the little mistress of the manse.

Her husband smiled to see her bloom like a flower among his sober people, knowing that her girlish gayety was only the sparkle of a jewel in the crown of her true womanhood. His work prospered, and Lucy began to rejoice in her hard-won content.

Then came a night when, watching with a mother at the bedside of a dying child, she saw, wondering, a glow burn redly in the eastern sky; and when her husband came in the morning to take her home, he told her that half the poorer end of the town had been swept by fire in the night, and that scores of people had been left homeless and forlorn.

They must do their share to alleviate the suffering—nay, more than their share. The minister must lead by example as well as by precept. With this new drain upon their slender pocketbook, they could not meet the notes except by renting their house. So Lucy, brave and laughing, moved her household gods into what she merrily called the "shanty"—

a tiny house composed of two rooms, a lean-to and an attic.

The change was hard to bear, but not so hard as the faint breaths of criticism that began to disturb the cordial relationship between pastor and people; for Deacon Tupper, a man of undoubted influence, returning to town, slighted and disapproving, threatened to sow a seed of discontent and discord where all had been harmony and good will. Lucy's homesickness came back; and to-night, standing at the window and stretching out her arms to the winter night, she wondered whether all the labor and the sacrifice had been worth while.

The very country itself, flat, dusty, muddy,—not a hill, scarcely a pebble within miles round,—made her feel discouraged and discontented. Her eyes ached for a sight of the sea, beside which she had been born and bred; her lips yearned for the taste of the salt spray. What was there here in this waste to encourage her for the life of work and deprivation?

Her hand went up to her eyes—and was stayed by the sound of a thundering knock on the door. She ran to open it, and in came a gust of wind, a whirl of snow—and Deacon Tupper. Lucy was astonished, for he had never called before.

"Parson in?" he asked, blinking at Lucy in the warm light of the cosy room.

"Why, no!" she said. "He has gone to make some calls, Mr. Tupper. But you will come in and wait a while, won't you? He won't be out late."

She smiled at him with a radiant and eager welcome, which he found it singularly hard to resist; and before he knew it, he was divested of his greatcoat and seated in a big chair at one side of the fire, while the minister's wife sat opposite and busied herself again with Mrs. Phipps's neglected bonnet.

The deacon felt that this sort of treatment put him at a painful disadvantage, and wished that he might have met the minister, as man to man, alone. However, it occurred to him that he might approach the subject of his visit delicately through the

minister's wife first. "H'm! Your husband is out a good deal, Mrs. Barclay?"

"Yes," said Lucy. "There are so many calls to make, Mr. Tupper."

"And when he is at home he is generally in his study, I suppose?"

Lucy laughed brightly. "This is his study. You have no idea how many things this room is. It's our parlor, library, dining room, Mr. Barclay's study and my sitting room; and on Wednesday and Friday evenings we move all the furniture out and have the Bible class here and the weekly prayer meeting."

"You're a smart little woman to do so much with one room," said the deacon. He had not meant to say it, but the words slipped out.

Lucy laughed. "It's a milliner's shop sometimes, too, you see. Look! This is a bonnet I am trimming for Mrs. Phipps."

The deacon smiled rather grimly. "New business, isn't it, for a minister's wife to be trimming bonnets for the congregation?"

"I think anything that helps along is a minister's wife's business. She can't do her husband's great work, and so she ought to be ready to do any little thing she can. Besides, I'm—I'm a little lonely sometimes, Mr. Tupper, and I like to trim bonnets."

The deacon met the frank, confiding look of her wistful eyes, and felt a queer sensation somewhere—he was not sure whether it was in his boots or under the muffler that bound his throat. His face softened. His big figure in the big chair had a kind and fatherly look to Lucy just then, and her heart overflowed at the touch of a sudden impulse.

"You see," she said, "at home I am one of a big family, Mr. Tupper, and I miss my brothers and sisters and my old friends, and the life here is all so strange and new. Oh, the people are kind,—I never knew such kind, good neighbors and friends,—but it isn't quite home, yet! And my husband and I see a good many sorrowful things among our people, so that it isn't always easy to keep the bright side uppermost. So, when I begin to be down-hearted or—homesick, especially since we moved here, I just sit down to some homy, pretty piece of work like this, and—it amuses me."

She smiled at him, gayly but earnestly. The deacon felt as if he had contemplated depriving a lonely little girl of her doll or her kitten. Such a brave little girl, too! Such a sunny-hearted little girl, making the best of the trying conditions of her life!

"Trim away!" he began heartily. "The more bonnets the better." And then he remembered his errand.

Lucy did not notice the change in his face. She had crossed to a desk in the corner, and now came back with some papers, which she laid on her workbasket.

"The next thing," she said, "is to make my husband's sermon."

The deacon almost fell out of his chair. What! Before his very eyes! He watched her, speechless, as she threaded her needle and got out her little scissors. Three triangular clips she made in the crease of each folded, closely-written sheet,—sermons were long in those days!—drew a thread back and forth through the folds, and then, gathering all these threads together where they appeared in the clips, sewed them firmly. Thus she bound the manuscript into a neat book, which she touched with the pretty reverence of a young wife for her husband's sacred work.

While her fingers were busy, she talked; but the deacon did not hear.

"And that's what you call making your husband's sermon?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes," said Lucy, innocently. "My sister Mary taught me how. She always made Dr. Thorne's sermons for him."

"I—vum!" said the deacon.

He might have known that Mrs. Tupper had made a mistake! In the extraordinary reaction of his feelings, he came near letting the cat out of the bag, but he controlled himself in time; and as big and stubborn men sometimes do, under the influence of such a reaction, he deserted all his past convictions and went squarely over to the other side. He looked upon his little hostess with compunction and with new respect, and, with his doubts forever set at rest, gave himself up to the charm of her frank and winning ways.

As for Lucy, she felt the warming of his big heart toward her, and threw herself confidently upon the kindness that seemed to open strong arms to her out of the dreary night. In the next half hour she told him more of her husband and herself and of their struggles and hopes and trials and joys than she had ever told anyone in Lounsbury. The heart knows instinctively when and where to find its comfort. When Lucy and the deacon parted, they were fast friends.

"If ever you get lonesome again, and don't know what to do," he said, with a twinkle under his bushy eyebrows as he bade her good night, "let me know, and Mrs. Tupper shall send you a bonnet to trim."

As he went out of the little house, cherishing a certain resolution no less firm than that with which he had entered, he met the Rev. William Barclay just coming in; the deacon shook him by the hand with a fervor that sent the young minister, wondering and astonished,

into the parlor. "What have you been doing to Deacon Tupper, Lucy?" he demanded.

"Showing him Mrs. Phipps's bonnet," said Lucy, demure and smiling.

As before, the deacon did not delay in acting on his resolution. So it happened that on New Year's Eve the "shanty" was invaded by an unexpected throng of guests, who came bringing gifts and greetings.

Lucy had never seen a donation party before—perhaps had rather dreaded the thought of such a thing; but she had not realized how clearly it might express the appreciation and affection of a people for their minister and his wife. It seemed to her that every good deed that she had done came back to her now fourfold in love and kindness.

The professors and the teachers were there; Mrs. Phipps was there, resplendent in her bonnet, and Mrs. Bentley in her cape. Mrs. Tupper was there, half jealous still of the "frocks and furbishin's," half eager to know for herself the woman whom everyone loved.

As the minister and his wife stood together, —the centre of a crowded group,—Deacon Tupper, after warmly shaking the young man's hand, presented him with a long envelope.

"A little token, Mr. Barclay," he said, not

without a pleasant embarrassment, "from the congregation, for you and your wife. Long may she live to make your sermons for you, sir, and you to preach 'em!"

William did not altogether understand that remark; but Lucy did, and she caught the old man's hand in hers with a look and a smile that he never forgot. The envelope contained William's notes for the debt on his house, duly canceled, together with an invitation to a housewarming there the following month. When the last guests had gone, shouting out their New Year's greeting upon the frosty air, Lucy stood alone in her little parlor and stretched out her arms after them; her face glowed with pride and tenderness and gratitude.

"How rosy you are, my dear!" said her husband, coming back and putting his arm round her with a glance of tender drollery. "You look almost as if after all you had had your whiff of salt."

"Oh!" she cried, lifting her dewy eyes to his. "The salt of human kindness, William, of human love! There is nothing like it in all the world! And it is ours. A whiff? Why, the whole air is full of it! How can I ever complain again, my dear, while, East or West, I have this air to breathe!"

says that she has complete confidence in my open mind and sense of justice."

"Your mind is open enough," said Ida, dryly. "You always side with the last person who tries to persuade you."

"Well, if that's true," said Lucile triumphantly, "of course I have to keep out of her way. It would be a case of subjecting my judgment to undue influence, you see. She says that everything now depends on my decision, because the third member of the class, Ellen King, is a mush of emotion where Miss Kline is concerned. For myself, I'd rather be a mush of emotion than an icicle of selfishness—that's what I think."

Lucile turned upon Ida with a sudden change of manner.

"Ida, it worries me so that I can't sleep. I don't want to sign it. Ellen doesn't want me to. She says that Miss Kline can't stay at college next semester unless she has this class, because so few have elected math. She says it means an awful lot to her. I almost promised I wouldn't sign it; but Kate is going to make me do it. She won't let me say no."

Ida saw a nervous quiver of Lucile's lip that told of tears very near the brim.

"Let's make a game of it," she said. "I've been dreading this vacation, with only a dozen girls or so drifting like lonesome ghosts round the big, old, empty place. I've been feeling creepy along my spine at the mere thought of these long, dim, silent corridors at night; but now this will be some fun. We'll pretend that you and I are in a citadel besieged by the enemy. We'll plan all sorts of stunts: ambushes, sallies, forays for food—"

"I'm hungry!" wailed Lucile. "It is time to make a foray now."

"All right. I'll scurry down to the store and capture provisions while you throw up fortifications or something. Don't you remember how Caesar used to do things in the Commentaries? Good-by!"

After reflecting for a moment, Lucile began to prepare the fortifications by locking her fire-escape window. Then she joyfully drew out the wicker tea table and arranged dishes round a spirit lamp, which she lighted, after making a rapid expedition to the water cooler at the end of the corridor. The kettle had plenty of time to boil before the sound of light, swift steps and a triple tap! tap! tap! proclaimed Ida's return. Lucile opened the door with a great show of caution, and as soon as Ida had squeezed inside clicked the key in the lock. When she swung round to survey the provisions, her face fell.

"You didn't get very much," she said.

Ida let her medley of small parcels slide down on the couch.

"Some of it broke," she said. "I had my arms loaded and was just reconnoitring round the elevator, when Ellen King came gliding out of nowhere. She said that I was just the person she wanted to see, and asked me whether you had left college; it seems she has been to your room three times since coming back last night, for she is extremely anxious

to speak to you about something important. She looks pretty white and sort of worried. I was quite cool and sweet and polite, and kept edging away while she followed along. All at once she burst out and asked me whether I knew how you felt about that course in mathematical astronomy."

"What did you say?" demanded Lucile. "I said—I said—Oh! And then my bundles all slipped. I didn't mean to drop the eggs or the sugar, but I happened to hold on to the wrong bag. Two eggs, Lucile, at five cents apiece! I was so mad to see the yellow oozing round in the sugar!"

"She ought to trust me," declared Lucile. "I almost promised her that I wouldn't sign that old petition. I told her that I would do my best to help keep Miss Kline at college."

"Two eggs!" mourned Ida. "Two whole, real eggs absolutely wasted!"

"Cheer up!" Lucile pounced upon a loaf of bread. "Where's the butter? Come along and eat."

The two girls were scarcely seated at the table with their cups of cocoa sweetened by the remnant of sugar rescued from the torn bag, when the quick thump! thump! thump! of determined heels entering the alleyway struck them motionless. With their eyes on the open transom, they listened. A loud and resolute double knock was followed by a

GIRL-AFRAID-TO-SAY-NO

By Julia Augusta Schwartz

STANDING in the middle of the study, with a finger at her lip and her head on one side, Lucile listened intently to the rapid footsteps that were retreating from her door. As each firm step sounded unmistakably farther away than the last, her brow smoothed, her hand dropped, her worried eyes cleared. Chuckling, she tiptoed toward the door.

Opening it, she peered cautiously down the long tunnel of the deserted corridor. Yes, that distant figure marching on with a resolute swing of the square shoulders was certainly Kate Norton. Even the sway of that old gray skirt as she rounded the corner had a determined air. Kate was not the kind of person to be balked of her purpose many days longer.

Lucile gave a rueful little shiver, and then laughed again, for, after all, the situation was amusing from a disinterested point of view. Here already she had wasted three precious days of the winter vacation in scuttling out of Kate's path. And, worse than that, Ellen King might turn up at college any hour now. Then Lucile would have a lively dance of it to avoid falling into the clutches of one or the other of her pursuers.

What is an amiable and obliging young person to do when one friend is bound that she shall sign a petition and another friend is begging her not to do it? If she hates to say no to Kate and cannot bear to say no to Ellen, of course she has to keep out of sight, even if she starves in the process. She was starving now. Here was her chance to scurry down to the basement storeroom and lay in a supply for an indefinite siege. She dared not risk appearing for meals in the dining room. Opening the door wider, Lucile slid one foot over the sill. What was that?

It was a swish of petticoats and a patter of feet as some one came lightly into the corridor from the fire-wall stairs, which were only a dozen steps up the passage. Lucile gave a little cry as she turned round. She could not help it, although she was instantly aware that this butterfly approach could not possibly portend that Kate had doubled on her tracks, for Kate was a person who moved with ponderous energy.

"O Ida, you horrid girl! I thought you were she."

"Well," said Ida composedly, "I am certainly not he."

Lucile giggled at that mild joke so hysterically that Ida looked at her with concern.

"You're nervous," she said accusingly. "You don't laugh like that generally. It's the middle of holiday week, and I don't believe you've stirred outdoors for exercise all the while I've been away. Have you, now?"

"I don't dare to. Kate Norton is after me. She fairly haunts this corridor. She's been

DRAWN BY FLORENCE STORER



"HUSH! SOME ONE'S COMING!" BOTH GIRLS STOOD PETRIFIED

here to-day about forty-seven times already. I keep my door locked, and I go to bed at dark, because if I light the gas she will know I am here. I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday except two pickles and one lemon and some cheese and a box of crackers. It is lucky that you've come back to save me from perishing utterly. She's sure to catch me if I even peer out to smell the dinner."

"What does she want you to do?" asked Ida.

"Sign a petition. And I don't want to. It's an unkind petition. There are only three of us who have elected mathematical astronomy. As soon as Kate heard that it is to be given next semester by an assistant of the math department instead of the regular professor, she got up this petition to protest against Miss Kline. And Miss Kline is so dear and sweet and diffident and cares such a lot! And you ought to see the way she smiles when I meet her. I won't sign it. I won't!"

"Why not tell Kate so?"

"Tell her so?" echoed Lucile, almost aghast. "Why—why—why—I don't like to. Kate is so sure she is right! She talks and talks and talks about not letting sentiment interfere with conviction. She says that the standards of the institution are at stake. She says that her entire future career depends on the thoroughness of her training in that particular course. She

RICE-GROWING IN MANY LANDS

By Beverly T. Galloway, Dean of the New York State College of Agriculture

THE chief physical concern of mankind is food, and the world-old problem is where to get it and how to get it with the least expenditure of energy. We may truly regard rice as the great staple food of the world. History does not record when it first came into use, but it was probably a staple article of diet long before many of the other grains—such as wheat, oats and maize—had been tamed by man.

The widespread use and cultivation of rice in thickly populated Old-World countries is doubtless owing to the fact that it is a water crop. Water is its life, and when combined with proper heat, sunlight and rich soil makes it yield enormous returns. If wheat responded as readily to water as rice does, we could feed the world from the prairies of Nebraska and Kansas.

In the older countries, where the struggle for existence is keen and where the cheapest of all labor is man labor, a prodigious amount of human energy is spent in growing rice. Almost one half of the land capable of cultivation in Japan is planted to the grain. Handkerchief gardens would perhaps best describe the little rice fields, many of which are no larger than a tennis court, are equally flat, and are surrounded by rims of earth to hold the water when the fields are flooded. The average rice field in Japan is about one acre and a half in size, but, large or small, each field must be leveled, and each must have its rim or dike; then there must be a system of canals to bring water to the fields, and another system of ditches to take it away when it is no longer needed.

If the land were fairly level the preparation of the ground, which is all done by hand, would not be so hard nor would it require such vast amounts of human labor; but Japan is a mountainous country. Terraces must be cut from the steep hillsides, and so leveled that they will hold the water at a uniform depth over the small fields.

It is said that there are twelve thousand square miles of rice land in Japan, the greater part of which has been prepared with an almost infinite amount of labor. That area of land cultivated in rice virtually feeds a nation of fifty million people.

The little fields are usually permanent, and frequently a farmer owns three or four scattered fields. That further increases the work of caring for his crops. In recent years, however, the government has tried to consolidate the holdings of farmers by a process of land exchange.

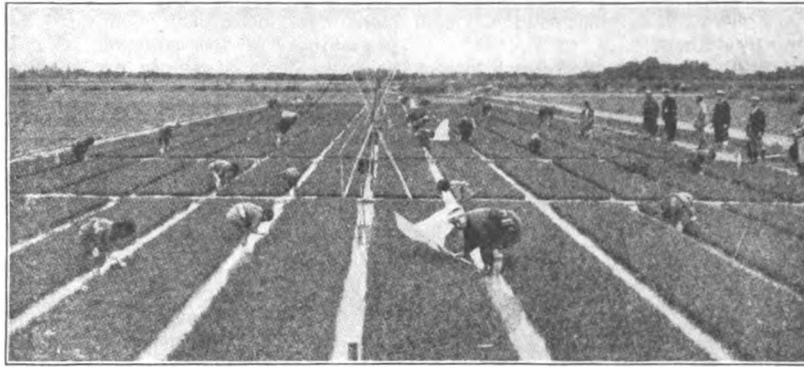
TRANSPLANTING THE RICE

BUT if it is laborious to get the fields ready, it is equally hard work to plant the crop. The Japanese first sow the larger part of their rice crop in little beds, where they can give the most scrupulous care to enriching the soil, to putting on the proper quantities of water, to weeding, and to controlling insect and other pests that may attack the baby plants. They sow the rice seed very thick, sometimes at the rate of twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre, and then cover it lightly. In a short time the seedlings begin to sprout.

When the plants are from six to eight inches high they are ready to be transplanted to the fields. The farmers have previously enriched the soil of the fields, and have turned it over to the depth of eight inches or more; they have also run water in until the soil is about the consistency of mortar. Into that muck men, women and children wade, carrying handfuls of the seedlings from the nursery beds. Toting with bent backs through the slimy mud, the workers place one seedling in about every square foot of ground. In that painstaking, laborious way they plant twelve thousand square miles—7,680,000 acres—of land.

But that work is only the beginning. The crop must be weeded, protected, harvested, threshed and cleaned before it is ready for use. Virtually all of the work is done by hand; and when we consider that enough rice must be grown to furnish about a pound a day for every man, woman and child in the empire, we get some idea of the magnitude of the work.

Methods of growing rice in China do not differ essentially from those used in Japan. China produces enormous quantities of the



RICE SEED BEDS IN JAPAN

crop, and by the judicious use of water and a rigid system of preserving all the natural resources affecting the fertility of the land is able to produce on the same acreage twice as much of the grain as we do of wheat.

ON THE TERRACED MOUNTAIN SIDES

THE tropics, with continuous growing weather and abundant rainfall, offer every opportunity for the intensive methods of cultivation to which rice readily responds. On the island of Ceylon the growing of rice has resulted in some of the most wonderful pieces of agricultural engineering in the world. As the train climbs from the more or less dry lowlands of the coast into the mountainous interior of the island, where tropical downpours are frequent, one sees the remarkable mountain terraces where the natives grow their rice. These terraces are built along the sheer sides of the mountains and range one above the other frequently for many hundred feet. In most cases the terraces are not more than forty or fifty feet wide.

For centuries the natives have built the terraces—always by hand. From a mere view of the terraces through the car window, you would suppose that the first torrential downpour would completely destroy them. They are so strongly and ingeniously built, however, that they can withstand any number of heavy rains. Part of the water, of course, passes over the terraces and down the mountain side; the walls retain only the proper amount for the rice crop.

Under the wise direction of the Dutch government, the natives of Java, like the rice growers of the Philippines, are coming more and more to use animal labor and machinery in producing their rice crops. It is not uncommon to see groups of natives with teams of water buffaloes, or carabaos, leveling and preparing the ground and making it ready for flooding.

Because of the continuous growing season in Java, rice is planted and harvested during almost every month of the year, and the harvesters, therefore, have to work with a great deal of care. Most of the labor is done by women and children. With a small knife the worker cuts one head of rice at a time, and when a large bundle is cut carries it out to the bank; then he returns to cut and carry out another bundle, and so on. Since rice ripens unevenly, the harvesters must determine from the appearance of the head whether it is ready to cut.

Rice-growing in the United States has become important. Of course the rice crop does not as yet begin to compare with the wheat crop or the crop of maize; but when America learns the value of rice as a food, the use

of it will undoubtedly be widely extended. Our total crop of about four hundred thousand tons is small compared to the estimated sixty-five million tons that are raised in China.

Rice was first grown in the United States near the seacoast in the Carolinas. The ground was prepared by hand, the seed was hand sown, and the grain was reaped with a sickle and threshed with a flail; but with the disappearance of cheap labor in the South, and the discovery that the flat prairie lands of Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas were available for rice culture, the industry underwent a complete change.

The first rice planters who tested the prairie land—it was then worth from two dollars to two dollars and a half an acre—raised heavy crops and made large profits, and presently there was an influx of grain farmers from the North. Very soon the planters hit upon a system of rice farming that has yielded most excellent results. Because of the level land and the abundant supply of water they found it practicable to lay out the fields in blocks of thirty-five to forty acres, instead of in little garden patches such as are found in the Orient. Round those large fields they built levees and brought the water in by means of canals and ditches.

THE METHOD IN TEXAS

IT takes about one hundred and thirty-five days to grow a crop of rice. Early in the spring the ground must be prepared, and to that end no water is permitted on it during the winter months except what comes as the result of rain. The ground is therefore fairly dry and can be ploughed in much the same fashion as in the Northwest wheat sections. In many parts of Louisiana and southern Texas the planters use gang ploughs, which turn from three to five furrows at a time and are drawn either by mules or by traction engines. After the ploughing, or coincident with it, large gang-disk or spring-tooth harrows

put the soil into thorough shape for planting.

Then comes the seeding, which is done by means of large forced feed drills, or sometimes by broadcast seeders attached to the rear of an ordinary wagon and worked by means of a chain and sprocket. A single farmer in Louisiana or Texas, working with machinery, can produce as much rice as three hundred to three hundred and fifty Chinese or Japanese farmers working by hand. After the rice has been drilled or sown, the success of the crop depends on letting in the proper amounts of water. For about three months water remains on the field.

In Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, water usually has to be pumped into the rice

fields, and some of the largest pumping plants in the world are situated along the streams near the plantations. The water does not have to be lifted very high, but it is needed in enormous quantities. Since the discovery of oil in the South a great deal of the pumping is done by means of oil-fed engines, but there are many elaborate and extensive pumping plants that are run by electric power. It is found very economical to have a central power plant, and to distribute the electric power to the various pumps by means of overhead wires. The pumps are used not only for lifting the water into the rice fields but also for drawing the water back into the canals.

In harvesting their crops the planters use a twine binder drawn by from six to eight mules. Several weeks earlier they draw the water off and let the ground dry out. Owing to the low levees and to the arrangement of ditches and canals the harvesting machinery can run without obstruction. That method of harvesting could probably not be used anywhere else in the world; it is practicable here because of the nature of the soil, which dries out and hardens between the draining off of the water and the ripening of the grain.

The planters cut and shock the rice very much as they would wheat. After it has thoroughly dried out in the shock they sometimes collect it in one central place and stack it. Usually, however, they thresh it in the fields by means of giant steam threshers that turn out hundreds of bushels an hour. The rice grain is covered with a closely adhesive hull. Before it goes to market, therefore, it must be sent to the mills, hulled and cleaned, and prepared for sale.

WORTH MORE THAN CATTLE

THERE is an interesting true story about the beginning of rice culture in Texas. After the crop had been successfully grown in Louisiana for a number of years some efforts were made to introduce it into Texas. Big ranchers there, however, were conservative, and had little confidence in anything except raising cattle on an extensive plan.

One enterprising man, however, a trusted employee of one of the large ranch owners, had faith in the future of the country as a home for the small farmer. He wanted to see the region broken up into comparatively small farms instead of being retained as a mere range for semi-wild cattle. He visited Louisiana, became interested in rice-growing in the southern part of the state, and decided that he would try to introduce the crop into Texas.

Although his employer gave him no encouragement and told him that "ranching with a plough" would not succeed in Texas, he did give the young man permission as an experiment to plant rice on a fairly big tract of land, in the lower part of the cattle range.

That crop was one of the most successful ever grown in the South. The young man, wishing to impress on his employer the value of the crop, engaged all the teams that he could find. They all assembled at the rice farm on a certain day, and when they were loaded started toward the railway station by a road that led past the rancher's house.

About sunrise they began to pass. After they had continued to go by for an hour or two, the ranch owner, who had not been near the rice field and who had indeed forgotten that he had ever given permission to make the experiment, became curious, and asked where the wagons came from and where they were going. He then learned that they were loaded with the product of a crop from his own land.

That one crop of rice brought him more than all his cattle. Thereafter he was willing to let his young assistant plant to rice all the land he wanted; and he also let him sell off land for small farms. That was virtually the introduction of rice-growing into southern Texas. Now the rice crops cover many thousands of acres and bring excellent profits to the planters.

The rice industry has already had a profound influence on Southern agriculture, and it is undoubtedly destined to bring still greater changes to that part of our country.



RICE TERRACES ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

vigorous rattle of the door knob. In a few moments the sound of a scratching pencil came to them, and they knew that the visitor was leaving a message on the note pad. Then there was a second resentful rattle of the knob, followed by the thud of firm steps retreating from their citadel.

Lucile lifted her cup.

"Saved!" she said.

"She's left a note on your pad. Aren't you going to read it?"

"Not till I feel somewhat stronger, thank you. Did you by any chance purchase anything so strengthening as cheese?"

"No," Ida answered shortly. "See here,

Lucile, I am going to get that note. It may be something important."

"What Kate has to say is always important."

Ida opened the door, tore the scribbled sheet from the pad and carried it to Lucile.

"Read it, please," said Lucile.

"All right. Listen!"

"Lucile Howard, I must say that it is most peculiar that I can't find you or any trace of you in any part of the college, although the records show that you are supposed to be spending the holidays here. Such a mysterious disappearance is undoubtedly a case for the authorities. Moreover, I smell your spirit lamp. I shall expect to see you in my room

before nine o'clock to-night, as I have a most important communication to make to you. Otherwise, I'll have everyone in college on the search for you to-morrow."

Ida glanced at Lucile, then read the final sentence:

"In fifteen minutes, exactly, I propose to return to this door, in order to make sure that you have read this note."

Lucile's agitated hands flew into the air.

"Did you tear it off the pad? Oh, where's the mucilage? Paste it back quick. Quick, oh, quick, Ida! She'll think I haven't seen it, if it is still hanging there on the door. Hurry!"

"But how about to-morrow?"

"Oh, never mind about to-morrow! An earthquake may happen before then. This is to-day. I can't speak to her. I can't, I tell you. I won't! She bulldozes me!"

"Why—not—say—no?"

"Because"—Lucile was searching frantically in her desk—"because—oh, where is that mucilage? Because I don't like to, I tell you. She is so sure she is right. She says she knows I am above being a narrow-minded, emotional, irrational feminine creature who is swayed by feeling instead of principle."

"Lucile, don't be a coward."

"Wh—what?"

"Don't be a coward. I'd hate to oppose

Kate Norton myself. It takes some backbone and grit; but let's not skulk any longer. Let's fight out in the open. Don't paste that note back on the pad. Please don't! When she comes back, let's tell her frankly —

"Hush! Some one's coming!"

Both girls shrank petrified.

The double patter of steps in the alleyway announced the approach of two persons. Some one knocked gently once or twice, and then the girls heard the footsteps pass on down the hall, mingled with low voices.

"I am sorry that she's out," they heard one of the visitors say. "I wanted you to meet her before you leave. She is one of my most interesting girls. Perhaps it's because she is so full of possibilities. She is really charming, but sometimes I doubt whether she has any backbone at all. She —"

The voices ceased.

"She says I haven't any backbone!" cried Lucile in astonishment. "It was Miss Kline."

Ida opened her mouth, then closed it.

"Why, I thought she liked me!"

"She does," said Ida. "She always has."

"But she says I haven't any backbone!"

"Well, have you any backbone?" said Ida. "Have you really? What if she were right!"

Lucile gasped. Then her anger flamed up.

"She talks about me like that to a stranger! And you know how much I have endured to protect her. I guess if she doesn't bother about my feelings, I needn't worry about hers!"

"What!" exclaimed Ida.

"You heard how she talked about me. I shall go straight and sign that petition. I wish Kate were here now."

"Here she is," said Ida slowly, and, turning away, walked to the window.

Lucile gave one look at the slender figure standing there with drooping shoulders. She knew how Ida's eyes looked when they were filled with tears.

"Ida!" she said.

There was no answer. Snow was falling silently against the pane. Lucile cocked her head. Yes, that was Kate's step coming down the corridor. She flung the door wide open and ran across the little room.

"Ida!" she cried. "Ida, you've got to come and stand by me. Come quick and hold tight to my hand. I'm going to say no."

some discomfort, they were quite certain it was not equal to theirs. They tugged and tossed, first with one rope, then with another, all the while growing more chilled and more desperate. Another flash illuminated the street for them, and showed it empty; evidently all those who had been in a similar predicament had adjusted their flaps and were once more warm and snug under shelter. To feel that they alone were incompetent aggravated the unpleasantness of the situation. Gray grew excited and out of temper, and began to denounce the perversity of the ropes and the animosity of the rain and wind; his voice rose with his irritation and his vocabulary became more violent. The result was sarcastic encouragement from Greiner and laughter and applause from the two neighboring tents, mingled with such cries as, "Oh, cut it out! Can't you let a fellow sleep?"

These appeals had the effect of restoring Gray's good nature. "You lazy boobs!" he called out in reply. "Why don't you get up and help a fellow? There are men being drowned in their beds, and I can't save them."

Laughter greeted the remark, which struck Ted as so funny that he went on chuckling and snickering even after the others had ceased. His appreciation was contagious; at least it caused Gray to chuckle and snicker, too, even while he continued his efforts with the rope.

"Say, you two lobsters think you're awfully funny!" Greiner's voice was raised in annoyance and exasperation. "I believe you're just

"Our corporal says your tent shouldn't have got in his way!" Gray called to the complainants. "Wait a second; I'll see what I can do for you."

He and Ted thrust in the uprooted stakes as far as they were able. "Got an axe or a mallet, anyone?" Gray asked; and some one shoved an axe out from under the A Company tent. In a few moments he had driven the stakes in solid and made the guy ropes fast. Then he and Ted heaved on them, and the afflicted neighbors expressed their thanks, and also their opinion of the clumsy corporal.

"Now, then, come here and tend to business!" ordered Greiner, whose temper was not improved by the taunts and maledictions. "Ripley, you take this rope and carry it round that way. Gray, you take this one and follow Ripley. If the thing catches, with either of you, don't jerk and yank; toss it up and try to loosen the flap gently. I'll handle this rope myself."

But the efforts failed; the flaps seemed lashed securely in place.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Greiner. "What kind of a mess have you two made of these ropes since you've been out here? I don't see how we're going to get that hole closed. I'm going in to keep dry the best way I can."

"You fellows have a corporal that's a quitter, haven't you?" came a voice from the A Company tent.

"Quitter nothing; it's not my job to keep other people dry!" Greiner answered. And then, to justify himself to the listening hostile ears, he addressed Gray and Ripley:

"You fellows got those ropes tangled up so they won't work; it's up to you to fix them."

"You certainly are a bird!" ejaculated Gray.

But Greiner ducked into the tent and there announced to the others, "You fellows will have to keep yourselves dry the best way you can. There's nothing to be done about it."

"There's one thing I'd like mighty well to do about it," said Gray, who, with Ted, had followed Greiner inside. "I'd like to lead a mutiny with anyone to put you and your bed under the drip."

"There's nothing I'd like much better than to have you try it," retorted Greiner.

There was a morose silence while in the pitch-black darkness of the tent the three fellows dried themselves and hunted for clothing. The rain beat, the wind battered, and the torrent poured in through the hole in the roof, splattered and splashed, and formed pools and rivulets in the sandy ground.

"I wonder," said Stevens, who had been lying in bed without speaking through all the controversy that had raged, "I wonder if it wouldn't be possible for one of us to shin up the pole and fix those flaps? I guess I'll try it."

He made the effort, and got up about two thirds of the way before he slid back.

"It's so wet and slippery," he explained; "but I think I can make it."

"Let me try," suggested Ted. "I'm much lighter; just give me a back to start with."

"All right."

Stevens stood close to the pole; Ted mounted from a bed to his shoulders and then sprang upward. He was a good climber and he did not have very far to go, but the pole certainly was slippery. He clung and scrambled, and at last succeeded in getting a hand on one of the ropes at the top of the pole.

"Good boy!" cried Stevens. "Now can you manage the flap?"

Ted worked away with his free hand. "I think I've got it now!" he called after a moment. "Only some one will have to go outside and carry the ropes round before I can fix it in place."

"I'm your man," said Gray, and dashed out at once.

A little manipulation by Ted and some corresponding manœuvring by Gray, and the flap was closed and the rain shut out. Ted slid down the pole, Gray ran back into the tent, and each of them received the warm congratulations of the other occupants, with the exception of Greiner.

"Now, for goodness' sake, let's cut out the talk and get to sleep!" said the corporal.

The next morning the sun was shining bright and warm. After the setting-up exercises the fellows spread their wet garments and bedding on the sunny slopes of the tent. Some members of A Company came strolling round out of curiosity, and stood grinning while the clothes were being arranged.

"Which is Corporal Greiner?" asked one, and the others all laughed. The question was

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier
In Ten Chapters Chapter Five

THE lieutenant's denunciation affected the three culprits differently. Ted felt mortified, Gray was indignant, and Bradford was inclined to see some humor in the situation.

"Whew, what a call down!" Bradford said. "Wouldn't it have been nuts to Greiner if he'd been listening outside!"

"Wharton's a narrow-minded, petty tyrant!" Gray declared hotly. "He's the only officer of the kind in the whole camp. No other company has an officer that bawls the men out and is always sarcastic and disagreeable. Greiner and Wharton are two of a kind—lobsters, both."

"What do you suppose would happen to you if you told Wharton that?" asked Bradford.

"He'd probably order me to be shot at sunrise, and put Greiner in charge of the firing squad. I'll bet anything Greiner's been sniping to him; I'll bet that's what he was doing in his tent. And he's getting away with it, too. Wouldn't it make you sick!"

"I hope, anyway, the lieutenant understands that Stevens didn't put us up to this," Ted said anxiously.

"We made it clear enough to him, but it would be just like the lobster to be prejudiced against Stevens in spite of it."

"I say we keep this thing to ourselves," suggested Bradford; "we don't want it to get to Greiner's ears."

"No, that's right," said Gray. "I'm sore in body and soul; that saddle took most of the skin off me this afternoon. I think I'll go to bed."

Some time in the course of the night Ted was awakened by a peal of thunder. Then he was instantly aware that rain was pouring down on the tent and that a high wind was driving it in under the rolled-up flaps. He began to undo the sustaining ropes near his bed and lower the flaps there, and soon everyone in the tent was awake and busy at similar tasks. The storm increased in violence, lightning flashed and thunder pealed at frequent intervals, and the rain not only pelted furiously upon the walls of the tent but came cascading in through the opening at the peak. Stevens and Bradford moved the rifle rack out from under the stream; others rescued the clothes, which, hanging against the tent pole, had been receiving the full benefit of the deluge.

"We've got to have that top closed," said Greiner from his comfortable pillow. He had finished letting down the flaps along the side of his bed, which was in no exposed position. "Some of you fellows will be drowned out."

"For once you're right," remarked Gray. "The foot of my bed is getting soaked."

"Then I guess you're elected," remarked Greiner, with a chuckle of satisfaction. "It's usually a two-men's job to get that top closed. If you find you can't do it alone, let me know, and I'll send Ripley out to help you."

"Oh, sure, you'd send some one else, all right!" said Gray, getting out of bed. "You're the most helpful little corporal I know. One thing," he added, and he began to strip off his pyjamas, "I'm going to keep these dry, anyway—the only dry things I own."

"I'll go out with you; I'd rather go than

DRAWN BY NORMAN ROCKWELL



"WERE YOU ASKING WHICH IS CORPORAL GREINER? THERE HE IS—THE FINE-LOOKING, DARK-COMPLEXIONED FELLOW. THE ONE YOU'D PICK RIGHT OFF AS A LEADER OF MEN"

be sent," said Ted, and he followed Gray's example and divested himself of his pyjamas.

"If you need a third, just give a call," remarked Stevens.

"Maybe if I did, Greiner would beat you to it," answered Gray, and with this parting shot he dashed out into the rain. Ted followed, and gasped as the cool, driving rain slapped against his bare skin.

"Wow!" said Gray. "Look, everyone's doing it!" And he burst into a laugh.

Ted looked up the street, which at that instant was illuminated by a flash of lightning. About almost every tent naked or half-naked figures were capering, tossing ropes or running with them. After the flash the forms could be only faintly seen, and the voices of advice, command or irritation were all drowned in the ensuing roll of thunder.

There were three ropes, each attached to a separate flap, to be dealt with, and the problem was to get hold of the right rope first, as the flaps had been folded back one upon another. Ted took what seemed to be the right one and started to walk round the tent with it, stepping over the guy ropes as he did so; but the flap at the top remained pinned down, and, although Ted shook the rope in the most persuasive manner, it was without result.

"Get over on the other side," suggested Gray, "and I'll throw the rope over to you, and then I guess you can pull the flap across."

Ted clambered over the guy ropes and waited. But after a time Gray called to him, "It's no use; every time I throw, the wind beats the flap back!"

"Hurry up, you two!" came Greiner's voice from within. "We're all getting wet now."

"That's the best news I've heard," responded Gray.

But the rain came pelting down and the wind blew with increasing violence; and although it was a satisfaction both to Gray and to Ted to know that Greiner was suffering

holding those flaps open so as to flood us—not trying to close them at all."

"Say, old top, how did you guess it?" was Gray's disrespectful response; and again came laughter from the other tents and indeed from that of the sufferers.

"I'm coming out to see what you're up to!" shouted Greiner, thoroughly angry. "If you're putting up a game on us, I'll bat your heads together."

"Who's the grouch?" asked some one in the adjoining A Company tent.

"Corporal Greiner," responded Gray. "Corporal Greiner, Squad 16, finest little corporal ever was seen."

The impromptu rime was rewarded with another burst of laughter, and some one in the A Company tent asked, "Who's the wit?" Before Ted or anyone else could make reply, Greiner, stripped to the skin, came rushing out, crying, "Now, what's the matter with you two dubs?" He seized and jerked the ropes from Gray's hands and started to circle the tent with them, stumbled on the guy ropes and fell with his full weight against the A Company tent. The consequence was that two of the stakes were wrenched out of the ground and that the side of the A Company tent was suddenly flattened inward by the force of the wind and rain, while the occupants howled out imprecations and demands for instant remedy.

"Haul that tent off my head!" "You clumsy chump, what do you think you're doing out there?" "Stay in your own street, can't you?" Those were but a few of the remarks that the aggrieved A Company men addressed to Greiner.

"Oh, shut up! I've got troubles of my own!" answered Greiner. And he proceeded to haul on the ropes of his own tent without trying to redress the damage he had done.

The complaints and demands of the A Company men grew more insistent, but Greiner, fussing and muttering over his own problem, paid not the slightest attention to them.



unnecessary, for the chevrons on Greiner's sleeve identified him. He flushed and turned his back.

Gray, however, came up to the group of visitors and with an air of great innocence and in a loud voice said, "Were you asking which is Corporal Greiner? There he is—the fine-looking, dark-complexioned fellow. The one you'd pick right off as a leader of men."

The visitors seemed amused. Greiner turned and called sharply:

"Gray!"

"Yes, mon corporal."

"Go in and make up your bed; it's a disgrace to the tent."

"And not the only thing that is," observed Gray, as he sauntered off to obey the order.

The visitors laughed again, and one of them said to Ted, who had been standing by, highly amused by the interchange:

"What's that fellow's name?"

"Gray—Charles Gray," Ted answered.

"Peach, isn't he?"

"Pretty good, you bet."

"You and he are the fellows that fixed up our tent for us when Corporal Greiner there tried to knock it down, aren't you?"

"Gray did most of it," Ted answered.

"We're much obliged to you, anyway. Tell that clumsy corporal of yours that, if he wants to visit us again, he's not to try to come in through the roof."

Greiner pretended not to hear; he proceeded to make up his pack with an air of nonchalance. The A Company visitors returned to their street, and Ted set about making up his pack not far from where Greiner was at work. It was called the "forty-pound pack," and, although that description of it was slightly excessive, it was heavy enough to be a most irksome burden after a fellow had carried it for a while. It contained half of a shelter tent, five tent pins and the jointed wooden tent pole, a condiment tin, a blanket and a poncho. Lieut. Wharton had told the company that a soldier not only carried his pack on the march, but went into battle wearing it—that to the soldier lying prone and firing at the enemy the pack afforded protection against shrapnel, and that it was not even thrown away before a charge; so the sooner the company got used to the burden the better. He had also advised that each man get another to help him in rolling up the pack, as one man could not make a neat job of it.

Ted saw that Greiner had his pack ready for rolling.

"Do you want a hand?" he asked.

Greiner admitted rather grudgingly that he did, and so Ted helped him. Then Greiner offered to give Ted a hand with his pack, and even helped him to slip it over his shoulders. It was the first gracious treatment that he had accorded his subordinate, and the subordinate was quite overcome by it. "I guess all that roasting has made Greiner ashamed of himself," thought Ted.

That Greiner was feeling sensitive over the humiliation that he had undergone, his bearing that morning indicated. He was more quiet than usual and, in fact, did not once address a sharp word of criticism or correction to a member of the squad—not even to Ted. And it was the first day when the corporal of a squad was given real responsibility in the field, for it was the first day of extended order work. In deploying, the corporal led his squad; he saw to it that the members of it kept their distances; in the battle practice, when the men were lying prone and firing—or rather making believe to fire—at the imaginary enemy, the corporal watched them, to see that they did not fire too fast or too slow. There was plenty of opportunity that morning for Greiner to snap out some sharp correction, but he showed instead surprising self-restraint.

That may have been owing partly to the talk that Lieut. Wharton addressed to the company during the first intermission in the morning's work. The lieutenant stood down near the foot of the line, and his remarks seemed particularly intended therefore for a squad of the third or fourth platoon.

"Some of you fellows," said the lieutenant severely, "don't yet seem to have even the most rudimentary idea of military discipline. Now there's one thing that has got to stop, and stop absolutely, and that is this intriguing that's been going on among some of you. There's to be no more of this underground work, trying to get men that some of you don't happen to like transferred to other tents or to other squads, trying to get corporals that some of you don't like ousted from their jobs and others appointed. Last night I'd no sooner got done kicking a corporal out of my tent who'd come to request the transfer of a man from his squad than I had to kick a bunch of men out who had come to request the transfer of a corporal. What do you men think this camp is? A young ladies' seminary, where you go round tattling on one another? I want you all to understand that such practices are to cease. If there are to be any changes made in the organization of the company, they will be made by the company commander, without assistance or suggestion from any of you."

After the lieutenant had walked away, the members of the company expressed considerable bewilderment and indignation. They did

not know what he had been talking about, and they resented being taken collectively to task for the misdemeanors of a few.

But Ted and Gray and Bradford understood clearly enough the reference to the men who

tried to get corporals ousted. And looking at Greiner's reddening face, they thought they understood also the reference to corporals who tried to get men transferred.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT SHALE CLIFF BREACH

By George C. Lane

JED ALLYN'S trip down the beach for kelp was not proving so satisfactory as he had hoped it would. In the first place, the tide was not so low as he had expected to find it; the surf, which was unusually high, even for December, was still running up over the firmer sand, and in the softer sand near the cliff the wheels of the heavy cart sank in considerably over their rims. Notwithstanding that there had been a big easterly blow, Jed found only small patches of the weed here and there. Furthermore, the horses were giving him a good deal of trouble; they were fretful at the wash of the breakers about their feet, and would not stand still.

After a while he noticed that, instead of receding, the surf was continually advancing farther up the beach toward the foot of the cliffs that flanked the shore for several miles. Puzzled, he looked at his watch. Unless Couch's almanac was wrong, there should be another half hour of the ebb. He decided to trust the almanac and to stay long enough to fill his wagon. At high tide there would be ten feet of water at the base of the cliffs; but he thought he should be safe for two hours longer at least.

Presently a big batch of kelp, swashing back and forth at the edge of the water, caught his attention. He began at once to fork the wet, heavy stuff into his cart. He was glad that he had kept on. Jed worked at the Whipple farm, and he had no desire to face the ridicule with which the other hands would greet him, if he returned from Shale Cliff Breach after an easterly storm with his cart only half filled with kelp. More than anything else he dreaded to be thought incompetent.

A breaker higher than the rest presently forced him to retreat a little way up the beach. The horses started ahead nervously. The next wave drove him back still farther, and the backwash buried the broad wheel rims eight inches deep in the white sand.

As he started the horses ahead, he began to believe that his suspicions of half an hour before had been well founded. Notwithstanding the almanac, the tide had turned. In both directions the cliff presented high walls up which there was no way for a team to climb. It was three miles back to the "breachway," a narrow opening in the cliff through which the water poured on its way to and from a tidewater pond. But unless the tide was too high a team could cross the "breachway." Nearly a mile beyond it the cliffs fell away and a road led up from the beach to higher ground. It was a good hour's pull for the horses with their load of kelp.

Keeping them down close to the edge of the water where the sand was hard, Jed started them back at a fast walk. The tide appeared to be rising fast now; evidently the heavy wind was driving the sea in toward the land. Jed and the horses were forced farther and farther back under the shadow of the cliffs, and the going continually became harder.

In alarm Jed chirruped to the horses, and they broke into a trot. But the pace soon began to tell on them, and after a little Jed let them slow down to a walk again. The roar of the surf frightened them, and they kept shying away from the waves. Jed had all he could do to hold them to a straight course; he would have given a good deal to be safe past the "breachway."

The surf slowly pushed them back one yard after another toward the cliff. In spite of the raw wind, the horses, a strong, well-mated pair, were sweating freely. Jed no longer urged them on, for he knew that they were doing the best they could. At last he dropped the reins over the seat and, seizing the pitchfork, began to throw out the kelp.

The menace of the surf grew more alarming. Although his arms and his back ached, he worked furiously; after a while he was glad to see that, now that the load was lightened, the horses were increasing their pace. But the

"breachway" was still a mile and a half distant. By the time they should reach it the water would be pouring through six feet deep and the team might not be able to cross.

Seizing the whip, he lashed the horses into a run. Unused to that means of persuasion, the animals bolted wildly ahead. But Jed could hear their heavy breathing even above the sound of the surf, and reluctantly had to admit that the pace was too fast for them. The tide had forced them back to within a few yards of the cliff, and here in the sifting sand the footing was bad.

"It's no use," he told himself at last. "The boss will have to lose a good lumber wagon if he expects to save the pair."

Jumping down from his seat, he unhitched the horses from the wagon.

"Now, Bess," he said, as he mounted one of the pair, "you've got to quit that nonsense and take a little deeper to the water."

With the small end of his whipstock he gave the mare a smart blow across the rump. Breathing loudly, the pair leaped ahead, and their plunging hoofs drenched Jed in a blinding shower of icy spray.

"Come on, Hal! Now, Bess!" he cried. "I've got to get you back to the farm, and you've got to run, both of you!"

And run they did, as if they had fully realized their danger. They were showing better speed now, for Jed had driven them to the firmer sand and was keeping them there as well as he could.

But little by little the giant combers crowded them closer to the wall. Jed swallowed hard as he wondered whether the horses would be able to make the "breachway." He had long since given up all thought of reaching the cliff road, a mile beyond it. His only hope was to swim the horses through the breach instead of across it, and to guide them to the shore of the big pond behind the cliffs.

He was using the whip freely now, for Bess was lagging. "Poor girl, I know you're almost winded," he said, "but just a little better, old girl."

At the rate at which the tide had been rising it would cover the beach within five minutes. Jed knew that once the full strength of the surf struck them there would be a brief struggle in the powerful breakers—and then the end of all of them!

The surf grew higher and higher as they neared the "breachway." The water at last covered the whole width of the beach; the big combers were breaking dangerously close, and the horses, panic-stricken by the roar and the fury of the waves, ran as they had never run before.

As they approached the mouth of the "breachway" a towering comber reared itself directly in their path. Jed tried with all his strength to turn the pair in from it; but, regardless of their danger, they plunged madly on. The comber broke a few feet away from them. Bess stumbled, and Jed went sprawling clear of her head into the surf. The rush of the water carried him out from under the horses' hoofs, and the next moment he realized that Bess had scrambled to her feet and that the pair were pulling him through the water toward the "breachway." The loop end of the reins that he had thrown over his arm had held.

He tried to get to his feet, but the horses were dragging him too fast for that. Seizing the reins in both hands, he managed to get his head above the water and to draw a full breath. Sand and water filled his eyes and ears and for a moment he could neither see nor hear.

A glance soon told him, however, that the horses had reached the "breachway." The next moment they had plunged in over their heads. Taking fresh hold of the reins, Jed clung to them with

all his strength. The horses came to the surface, and, although the swift current was carrying them toward the pond, they headed for the opposite bank of the "breachway"; they evidently meant to cross over and try to reach the road up the cliff, a mile farther on.

Jed strove desperately to turn them in toward the pond. He knew that, if they once gained the other side, he could never turn them back; and they could not reach the cliff road—the tide was already too high.

His head went under again, but he kept his hold on the reins and fought desperately to regain the surface. The icy water was taking his strength fast, but even as he struggled to reach the surface an idea occurred to him.

In spite of the danger of being struck by their hind hoofs, he began to pull himself hand over hand along by the reins, toward the horses. As he came abreast of Bess the bank was only a few yards away. Using all the strength he had left, he grasped her bridle and began to splash water into the eyes of the two animals.

It was too much for them; they had to close their eyes and turn their heads. But at the very moment when Jed was swinging them in, another breaker surged into the "breachway" and buried them all beneath its crest. Jed's grasp was wrenched loose of the bridle, and he came choking to the surface a few feet ahead of the struggling horses. Once more they were headed toward the bank.

Realizing that his life as well as the lives of the horses depended now on his heading them off, he stroked frantically against the current. He knew that he had not enough strength left to swim the length of the "breachway." Inch by inch he gained on the current and at last grasped Bess's bridle again. He began once more to splash the blinding spray into their eyes.

Slowly, but surely, he forced their heads round until they were facing straight up the breach. A moment later it was too late for them to turn back. The current had carried them in until the high walls of the cliff cut off any chance of their landing. The tide, increasing as the breach narrowed, carried them on at a tremendous rate. Several times the powerful swirls and eddies of the current pulled them under.

Jed grasped Bess's hames for surer support. Numbed as he was and weakened by the icy water, he had all he could do to cling to the horse. He knew that he had reached the limit of his endurance, and he feared that the animals would never win their way through in time to save him.

But at last they rounded a curve and Jed could see the water of the pond stretching out before them. A few minutes later he succeeded in guiding the panting horses out on a sandy slope that bordered the pond.

Half an hour after that, Mr. Whipple and one of the men were rubbing down the horses.

"There, now, you never mind about the wagon, Jed. I reckon you did mighty well to save the horses. You just get into the house now and let the missus tend to you, unless you want to have pneumonia."

It was a dilapidated wagon that Mr. Whipple found the next day half buried beneath the sand at the foot of the cliffs. The wheels, he decided, were all that was worth saving; but he considered himself as fortunate in having two sound horses and a helper who had had the pluck to save them.

PANIC-STRICKEN. THEY RAN AS THEY HAD NEVER RUN BEFORE

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER





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MARSHAL JOFFRE, AFTER LANDING FROM THE MAYFLOWER AT WASHINGTON

FACT AND COMMENT

THE only thing you can afford not to pay is a grudge.

An Ounce of Aid is worth a Ton of Sorrow;
So help him Now—don't pity him To-morrow.

IN a national crisis the "sentiment" that counts is the kind that justifies its anagram, "It sent men."

IF the flour manufacturers agree to the request of the government and mill only whole-wheat flour, as they seem disposed to do, it will not only save about sixty million bushels of wheat in the coming year but also make more wholesome flour.

"THE soldier of the commissary" is a happy phrase that President Wilson used in his appeal to all classes to do their duty in the present crisis. Every boy who works faithfully in the fields this summer will be doing his part—and a very vital part it is—as truly as his friends on the patrol boats or in the training camps.

AS a part of the campaign to reduce the number of accidents among railway workers a "safety-first car" is going from station to station along the Canadian government railways. It remains at divisional and terminal points a week or more, and by means of motion pictures teaches the men the safest way to do their work.

THE word "conscription" stirs a resentment that is not justified. Our public-school system virtually conscripts every boy and every girl at a certain age; the jury system conscripts a large part of the male population. If it is the word itself that is objectionable, let us call it "selection" or "selective military draft."

NEW YORK follows the example of Pennsylvania in establishing a state constabulary. The force, which will consist of 237 men, will do much for the greater safety of life and property in country communities. The Pennsylvania force, which was organized in 1906, and which is about as large as that of New York, is composed almost wholly of former soldiers in the regular army.

CUBA is no half-hearted ally. Its navy of more than twenty war vessels, which is to be reinforced by fifty submarine chasers now building, is patrolling the coasts of the island to make sure that Germans do not establish a U-boat base there; and President Menocal is earnest in his desire that at least a part of the army, which now numbers about thirty-five thousand men, shall carry the Cuban flag into battle in Europe.

IT is good news that the rice crop of India, as well as that of Japan, of which we spoke last week, is exceptionally large. Rice is one of the few articles of food that have not been soaring in price of late. As a result the use of rice is increasing. If you are one of those who appreciate the excellence of that cheap food, you will be interested in the article by Dr. Galloway on another page, which deals with rice-growing in many lands, and in the receipts for cooking rice that were printed on the Family Page for April.

THE peanut is ceasing to be the butt of jokers. Last year the value of the crop in the United States was \$36,000,000, which is about five times its value ten years ago. The South is finding out that there is more money in an acre of peanuts than in an acre of cotton. Although we think of peanuts as peculiarly an American product, the United States in 1914

imported 44,549,789 pounds of peanuts and 1,332,108 gallons of peanut oil. The war has shut off the importations. That fact, with the growing knowledge of the food value of peanuts and the discovery that cottonseed mills can be used to make peanut oil, has brought about the remarkable growth of the industry. Last year in Texas alone 200,000 acres were devoted to the crop—an increase of a thousand per cent over the acreage of the year before.

FINANCING THE WAR

THE vote of Congress, by which the United States is authorized to issue bonds in the enormous sum of \$5,000,000,000, and the proposal to raise some \$1,750,000,000 more by taxes, have awakened the American people to a new conception both of the enormous cost of modern war and of the ability of the country to meet it.

The largest previous loan that our government ever placed was the \$800,000,000 6-per cent issue of the Civil War, put out at intervals during 1864 and 1865. But when last February England made a single bond issue of \$5,000,000,000, and Germany, by the subscriptions of September, 1915, raised \$3,000,000,000 in one month, we began to see what our own participation in the war might require of us.

The cost of modern wars is met in varying proportions by borrowing and by increased taxes. That the whole cost should be paid by increased taxes, when the expense is so entirely out of proportion to ordinary public expenditure, is manifestly impossible, unless taxes are to be so heavy as to crush the people and so put a stop to business; but all well-managed governments try to pay a large part of their war costs in that way. It is said that our Revolutionary War is the only war in British history that the government paid for wholly by loans. In the long war with Napoleon, Great Britain met nearly 40 per cent of its expenditure by taxes. Only about 25 per cent of what the present war is costing Great Britain is covered by new taxation; but if we take only its own war expenditure, and do not include its loans to its allies, the percentage met by taxation is considerably larger. France has met only about 14 per cent of the war costs by new taxation, and until this year Germany paid a much smaller part in that way, and for a time levied no war taxes whatever.

The bond issue bill lately passed by Congress prescribes that of the total \$5,000,000,000 to be borrowed our government shall lend \$3,000,000,000 to our European allies, and that they shall deposit in exchange bonds of their own that bear the same rate of interest. On its face that might seem to be a needless operation, especially since our allies are already raising money on their own bonds; but the particular reason for the plan is that the Allied Powers are paying for their large purchases of material in the United States by selling bonds to American investors on terms very disadvantageous to the Allies.

Their American purchases have lately amounted on the average to nearly \$10,000,000 a day, and the bonds that they sold in the United States to get money to pay for them have lately had to pay interest at the rate of from 5½ to 6½ per cent. The new United States bonds will pay only 3½ per cent, for here at home the credit of our government is naturally higher than that of other borrowers. The transaction therefore really means that the United States will lend its credit to its allies. It is believed that since the war began the British government has lent in similar fashion \$4,400,000,000 to its poorer allies, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Serbia and Roumania.

It is not yet known how much of the \$5,000,000,000 that we purpose to borrow will be called for in a single year. If we should raise the whole amount in that time, and if the new taxes should produce \$1,750,000,000, we should then be paying by taxation about 26 per cent of our total war expenditure, including the money that we are to furnish the Allies; but if the loans to the Allies are not included, we should be raising 47 per cent by taxation.

It is frequently said that we are going to borrow \$7,000,000,000, because Congress has also authorized an issue of \$2,000,000,000 in "certificates of indebtedness," to run only one year; but the purpose of that loan is merely to pay current expenses until the new long-term bonds can be sold or the new taxes are collected.

Most encouraging is the certainty expressed by our most experienced bankers and financiers that, if the taxes are wisely distributed and the whole amount of the loan is not asked for at one time, the United States will be able to

raise the money without difficulty, and at the same time to provide for its home industries and for the needs of neutral countries.

THE WOMAN'S PART

WOMEN play an enormous part in every war. Nothing in America has been more notable since this country entered the great conflict than the good sense, as well as the unselfish patriotism, that our women have shown in preparing to do their part. There has been, of course, some of the spectacular, notoriety-seeking sort of patriotism that sets women to posing for their pictures in the act of aiming a revolver or of crouching behind a machine gun in a trench; but that has appeared in negligible quantity. The real women know the seriousness of what they have to do, and are going about it with a straightforward common sense that no body of men could surpass.

Take, for example, the "war letter" that the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association has issued to its members. The suggestions in it are as useful to women in other states as to residents of Massachusetts, and to those who oppose the franchise for women as to those who favor it. The keynote of it is organization. Do not try to do alone what you can do better through cooperation with others; and do not duplicate machinery. Join some organization already in existence, and work with it.

Do not seek the spectacular work, like driving a motor ambulance. A few women of wealth and leisure can attend to that. The important things are enlarging the food supply, eliminating waste and preserving the public health.

The best way to enlarge the food supply is to get advice from the state agricultural experiment station and from practical farmers, and then to create the local machinery for establishing supervised back-yard gardens, supervised boys' and girls' gardens and supervised gardens in vacant lots ploughed by the community. To make an individual back-yard garden does not require any machinery—only will power and work.

Eliminating waste falls naturally under three heads: saving in food, saving in clothes and saving in material. You can save food by studying the markets and buying chiefly those things that are in season; by purchasing only what you need and not hoarding; by efficient cooking; by canning fruits and vegetables, and by sending nothing to the garbage pail that can be made palatable for the table.

In clothing, the chance to save is almost wholly personal, and in large part a matter of temperament; but proper economy in clothes will add more to the sum available for worthier uses than saving of any other kind.

The saving in material touches waste paper, old clothing, shoes, rubber, bones, and all the other things that make junkmen as a class so large in girth and so cheerful.

In the days of chivalry when knights went forth to war the châteline stayed at home and kept the castle. Time has changed neither the necessity nor the relative value of the service; and, to paraphrase Stevenson, here is room for all that a woman has of fortitude and delicacy.

COÖPERATION

IN every previous war of ours except the Revolution the nation has fought single-handed. Now we are late comers to a conflict that includes on one side or the other nearly all of the civilized world. We are of course allies of the Entente, yet we have entered into no alliance with the members of it. We have the power to make formal and permanent alliances, for that power exists and must reside in every sovereign state. We have not divested ourselves of it by disuse, and it is not forbidden by the Constitution. Nevertheless, the traditional policy of the government is against using it, and the time has not yet come to reverse that policy.

Between this country and the Allies, who have just sent over to us a commission of their most eminent men, there will be no binding alliance, but only what may be called an international gentlemen's agreement. All the Allies, ourselves included, are seeking the same end; but some of them have aims and ambitions of their own in which we have no share, and which we may not support in the final peace conference unless incidentally they promote the cause that all of us have in common.

Meantime, the one object—for we have already modified the President's phrase—is peace by means of victory. As each country must organize itself to perform the most efficient service to that end, so all the countries must

organize the grand campaign by assigning to each the task that it can best undertake. That is the purpose which has brought to America the members of the distinguished mission. To them the whole problem is familiar. Similar conferences of the leaders in France, Italy, Russia and Great Britain have been frequent, and undoubtedly fruitful of good. In many respects the possibilities of our being able to help efficiently are as great as those of any one of the Allies. The men to whom we have given such a hearty and enthusiastic welcome know what they need most, and what we can give them most abundantly. They also know what errors our inexperience may cause us to commit, and are ready with a timely warning.

The attitude that we should take toward them and their advice should be anything but that of standing on our dignity, raising obstacles to the form of assistance that they suggest, advancing alternative plans of our own, which may not fit in with theirs, and persisting in blunders that they know to be useful only to the enemy. That is not the attitude of the people, and they will pardon no man in office, high or low, who muddles the situation by ill-timed contrary-mindedness. About the matter in hand, Mr. Balfour and his associates are wiser than we are. The best way to show our wisdom is to follow their advice.

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OUR NEW FRIENDSHIPS

NO one who has even the rudiments of an imagination can have missed altogether the significance of the rapturous joy with which our new allies welcomed the entrance of the United States into the war. It was not a sigh or a shout of relief that went up, although it is easy to fancy their enemies gloating over the manifestation as proof of their despair of winning without assistance. Britons and Frenchmen took our action, and had a right to take it, as a moral justification, an acceptance and a championship of their cause as one based on humanity and justice, and opposed to dynastic greed, oppression and wrong. Even when we held aloof they had no misgivings. They are not more confident of their ground now, but they will bear their heavy burden with greater courage and cheerfulness because this great democracy has stepped to their side, holds out the hand of fellowship and undertakes to ease them of a part of that burden.

What a dramatic revolution we have seen since the time, even now not so remote, when our cheap politicians delighted to twist the lion's tail and when the lesser, untraveled British writers found little in America that did not incite them to sneers and contemptuous misrepresentation! What can be more thrilling to Americans than the sight of the Stars and Stripes floating from the flagstaff on the Parliament Building at Westminster; or the King and the Queen, with a great throng of men and women of both countries, listening to a sermon by an American bishop in St. Paul's Cathedral; or the governments of all the Allied Powers hailing our action as setting the supreme seal on the righteousness of their cause? On our part we respond with a popular energy, a call for instant and effective participation in the conflict, that expresses itself urgently but impotently in impatience at departmental delays and legislative hesitations.

It is the strictest truth that we enter the war with no wish for gain of any sort. We covet no territory, we shall demand no money indemnity, we shall exact no commercial advantages. It is universally and enthusiastically admitted by all neutrals, as well as by our new allies, that our course is one of unprecedented national unselfishness. Yet we shall undoubtedly profit by it. Had we remained merely onlookers until the end of the war, the conclusion of peace would have left us friendless among the nations. We have already incurred the deep hatred of the German government and the German people. We should have been attacked whenever it might have suited the Kaiser's purpose; and the British and the French, calling to mind that we had withheld our hand in the great struggle that they have all along maintained is as much in our interest as in theirs, would have looked on at our distress with cool and cynical indifference.

That attitude has now become impossible. When the war ends, as it will end, in victory for those with whom we have cast our lot, the



ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, ON HIS ARRIVAL IN AMERICA

position of the United States on this continent will be secure. International friendships are not so strong or so lasting as international hatreds, but this new friendship is one of the enduring kind. If we need help, we shall have it. Moreover, there is a new warmth of feeling toward us on the part of our sister republics in this hemisphere—a warmth that has replaced long misunderstandings not of our making.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—In spite of the opposition of Speaker Clark and of other influential members of the House, the bill that provides for raising the new army by means of a selective draft passed by a vote of 397 to 24. The amendment that provided for a preliminary trial of the volunteer system was voted down, 279 to 98. The Senate also passed a similar bill by a vote of 81 to 8. The two bills differed in the ages between which conscription was to be applied, and the matter was accordingly sent to conference. The House bill made all men from 21 to 40 subject to draft; the Senate bill fixed the ages at 21 and 27.—The Senate passed a resolution authorizing the President to take over and use ships owned in whole or in part by Germans, and lying in American harbors.—The House considered the espionage and censorship bill and also a resolution giving the Secretary of Agriculture broad powers over the sale, distribution and conservation of the nation's food supply.

LATIN AMERICA AND THE WAR.—Word came from Mexico City that the Mexican government was convinced of the necessity of supporting the other American republics in their protest against German methods of warfare. Measures have been taken to quiet the pro-German propaganda that has made considerable headway in Mexico, and it was believed that President Carranza might go so far as to break relations with Germany.—On April 28 Guatemala gave the German minister his passports and offered the United States the use of its ports and railways for the common defense.—Brazil has decided to remain neutral, at least for the present, although it has ceased diplomatic relations with Germany.

CONSPIRACY TRIAL.—Capt. Franz von Rintelen, a German naval officer, former Congressman Fowler and Buchanan of Illinois, former Attorney-General Monnett of Ohio, David Lamar, Herman Schulteis and H. B. Martin were on trial in New York, charged with conspiracy in the interest of a belligerent power to instigate strikes in munitions factories and in other ways to interfere with the lawful trade of the United States. It was in evidence that Rintelen brought over \$500,000 to this country to finance his plots.

THE WAR COUNCIL.—Arrangements were made for this country to supply \$200,000,000 to Italy and France out of the money to be raised by the great bond issue. Further advances will be made to the Allied nations as necessity demands.—The French and British commissioners impressed on the President their desire to have an American armed force in France at the earliest possible moment; they believe that the moral effect of such a force would be even greater than the material assistance it could give. On May 1 it was announced that the government had agreed to this plan, and would dispatch a force of perhaps 20,000 men at the earliest possible moment.—On the same day the French commission visited the Capitol and received an enthusiastic welcome in the Senate Chamber.—The Italian commission was said by the newspapers to be already on its way to the United States.—Mr. Root consented to lead the American commission that is to go to Russia. Through that commission the United States is to offer to the new government unstinted aid in the task of establishing republican institutions firmly in Russia and of carrying on the war against Germany.

MAY DAY ABROAD.—The labor holiday was celebrated with some disorder in Petrograd. During one street fight a bomb was thrown, and Gen. Kashtalinski was killed. Berlin declared that there were no strikes or other demonstrations in Germany. Reports from other sources spoke of serious strikes in the Rhine district and among the munitions workers. There were impressive but orderly demonstrations in Sweden.

IRELAND.—In a speech at the Guildhall, London, Mr. Lloyd George declared that Britain could not fight a victorious war unless Ireland were won by the just and generous settlement of the home-rule issue into cheerful, loyal cooperation. The Canadian Parliament has passed a resolution urging Great Britain to settle the question at once, and some two hundred members of our own Congress sent a similar message to Mr. Lloyd George, pointing

out the added enthusiasm America would bring to the conflict if it could feel that Great Britain and Ireland had come to an amicable and honorable settlement of their long differences.

THE GREAT WAR

(From April 26 to May 2)

The British and French continued their tremendous battering at the German lines; the British chiefly between Arras and Douai, along both banks of the Scarpe River, and the French north of the Aisne along the front between Reims and Vailly. Both armies reported gains by their infantry following the terrific artillery preparation that precedes all such attacks, but the gains were not significant. The Germans have poured thousands—probably hundreds of thousands—of reserves into the threatened areas and are dislodged from their positions slowly if at all. They have made a good many counter-attacks in force, but have retaken no important position. The fighting is desperate everywhere along this battle front.

Paris reported that the Germans were deliberately shelling the cathedral at Reims with their biggest guns, and that the collapse of the famous building was feared.



GEN. PETAIN

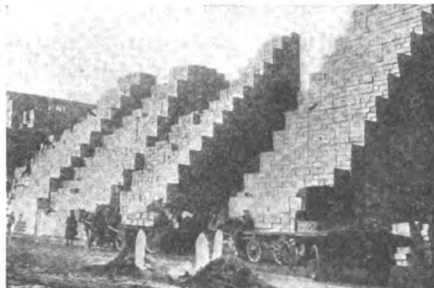
Gen. Petain, who commanded at Verdun during the critical stage of that great battle, has been appointed chief of staff to the French army. That will give him command over the entire conduct of the war so far as France is concerned, and it is believed that he will have some measure of control over the British forces also, in order to make the cooperation of the two armies more effective. Gen. Nivelle remains in command of the French troops actually at the front.

Gen. Maude reported that the Turks had been driven back into the Jebel Hamrin hills between the Tigris and Diala rivers. Constantinople announced that the Russians had evacuated Mush in Armenia. Apparently the disorganization within the Russian army following the revolution has made it impossible for it to cooperate with the British advance in Mesopotamia.

British attacks and Bulgar counter-attacks were reported from the Lake Doiran region in Macedonia. From the official communications it did not appear that either side had gained any important successes.

Artillery was active along the Italian front. England was stirred by the increasing losses of merchant vessels by submarine warfare. The government refused to make public any further details concerning the situation, but it admitted that the losses of shipping were serious, and Lord Charles Beresford in Parliament referred to them as "appalling." Berlin declared that 1,000,000 tons of shipping had been sunk by submarines in February and March, 1,000,000 tons of it British. The United States Shipping Board heard that 300,000 tons were sunk in one week in April. German officials regard the submarine campaign as a complete success, and sure to force a victorious

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



MOUNTAINS OF PROVISIONS, SEVENTY FEET HIGH, BEHIND THE LINES IN FRANCE

peace this summer. The weekly report from London mentioned 51 British vessels destroyed. From Christiania came the news that 23 Norwegian ships had been sunk in one week.

Among the vessels sunk during the week were the American ships Vacuum and Rockingham. Thirty-six men from both crews, including several naval gunners, are missing and probably lost.

German destroyers bombarded Ramsgate, England, but were driven off by the land batteries.

The Russian government removed a number of officers for incompetence or disloyalty; twenty-three generals were among them. Disorders in Petrograd were reported as a result of the activity of the Socialist leader, Lenin, who is agitating for a separate peace with Germany. The government permits him complete freedom of speech, although he is believed to be in the pay of the German government.

The conference for international affairs, recently called by the Chinese government, recommended that China declare war on Germany, and Parliament will probably do so.

Geneva heard a rumor that King Constantine of Greece meant to abdicate in favor of his son, Prince George. It lacked confirmation.

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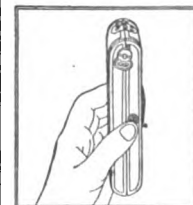
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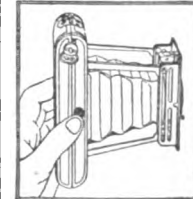
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Press the buttons and the camera front springs out—ready to "snap."



THE SIGN OF THE ANSCO DEALER



ANSCO COMPANY BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK

THE VILLAGE LIGHTS

By Martha Haskell Clark

THE little twinkling village lights, they hem me round like bars;

All night I lie and know them there like warders to my feet;

And ever till the dawn-light comes to dim their quiet stars

I hear the winds of all the world that walk the sleeping street.

The hill wind wanders, still and cool from fir-pricked northern sky

With knotted sash of sunset flame that sets the dark alight;

I catch a breath of hemlock scent, a loon's far, wailing cry,

And hear the trappers' paddles dip across the silent night.

Or else across my window drifts the reek of wet bamboo,

Of sandalwood, and orchid bloom, and night-sweet jungle moss,

As softly 'twixt the jutting walls the south wind tiptoes through,

His velvet mantle starred with gems from out the Southern Cross.

Or sudden as the beat of hoofs that top the grassland's fold

The west wind brings the breath of sage, and sun-shot prairie skies,

Till on each village lintel stone the plains' dust shimmers gold,

And lean and sun-browned riders pass before my eager eyes.

And off with swoop of sea gulls' wings that brush my darkened pane

The sea wind's coming fills the air with fragrance salt and keen,

With echoed tramp-ship jargon, and a chantey's wild refrain,

And, under pile-propped docks, the slow tide-waters, surging green.

The little twinkling village lights, they hem me round like bars;

All night I wake and know them there like warders to my feet;

And ever till the dawn-light comes to dim their quiet stars

I hear the seeking comrade winds that walk the sleeping street.

STORAGE RELIGION

THE day was rainy, and Mrs. McLean had sent Betty and little Judith to the attic to play. A trunk, full of old dresses, trinkets and papers, first attracted the children's attention. They gradually unpacked it, and dressed themselves in their mother's out-of-date finery. But after a while this pulled on them, and Betty began to read some of the old letters in the bottom of the trunk. Finally she found a letter of dismissal from a church in the Middle West where her parents had lived seven years before. Waving the letter, she hurried downstairs to her mother and cried:

"O mother, mother! I found your religion upstairs in a trunk!"

A look of sadness came over her mother's face as she remembered the happy days that she and her husband had spent as loyal workers in the little Western church.

When they came East they had made friends of a different sort—pleasure-seeking men and women who ignored the church and what it stood for. The McLeans had gradually drifted into the same ways. But the training of years could not so easily be broken. A secret feeling that all was not well kept gnawing at the mother's heart. It grew more intense as she saw her husband's moral fibre slackening.

This new life had been vastly more exciting than the old life in the sleepy little Western town with its narrow outlook and simple, sturdy adherence to religious ideals; but she knew it was shallower, meaner and more commonplace. And now her own child had risen up to challenge her thinness of soul, to condemn her faithlessness.

That evening she and her husband had a long talk. He was slower to admit the mistake they had made, but at last he came to the conclusion that his wife was right—right so far as their own lives were concerned, right in a deeper sense when he considered how they had been starving their children's religious natures. The McLeans began to go to church again the following Sunday.

The new life was not so exciting as that they had been living, but it was immensely more rewarding. The old moral ideals began to loom upon the horizon of their lives again like mountain peaks climbing out of the mists, their consciences stiffened to duty, and the inner peace that they had long lost came back; a peace and a sense of right living that pleasure-seeking cannot give.

TWO WAYS TO KILL A CAT

IT was three days before Christmas. In many departments of Bolivar & Clark's great store girls with tired eyes were trying, usually with patience, to serve the never-ending line of customers. In the gingham department, however, the clerks were having an easy time. Few persons buy gingham at Christmas time. The girls, grown careless, were talking together, taking it for granted that any chance visitor to the department was on her way to the silk department beyond.

So it happened that two women stood for several minutes in front of the seersuckers without being noticed. Presently one of them walked across to the group where Madge Harkness was graphically describing the Christmas that she would have if she had a thousand dollars to spend. Her voice cut sharply through Madge's gay tone.

"I want to see seersuckers, and I have no time to waste. Will one of you come and wait upon me, or shall I call a floorwalker?"

A hot color flamed in Madge's face. She turned at once and began taking down seersuckers. She answered every question distinctly; there was not a thing with which her customer could find fault, and yet her whole manner radiated antagonism. When she took the order she shrugged her shoulders behind her customer's back.

"The old cat!" she said to Minnie Dixon, as her customer left. "I'd like to fling the seersucker at her head. I'd like to put her behind the counter to

wait upon herself. Wouldn't she be a sweet one? She'd be fired at the end of the first day."

Just then the other woman stepped up to the counter. She was a little, white-haired, old lady, but there was a twinkle in her eyes. She smiled into Madge's sullen face with a warm-hearted friendliness.

"I hope you won't mind my saying it," she remarked, "but what pretty girls you have at this counter! Old ladies love to see them, you know."

For a moment Madge stared. Then she began to laugh, and the old lady laughed with her.

"Of course, I'd have to give you anything you want, for that," she said.

"Of course," the old lady agreed, twinkling again. "I expected you to. But all the same," she added, when her order was taken and she was turning away, "I meant it, too."

"Tally!" Madge exclaimed as she went back to the others. "But I believe she did mean it. Anyway, it made you feel good. Who'd have thought an old lady like that would be so foxy!"

The old lady herself was smiling as she went toward the elevator, but it was a tender smile, for she really loved girls.

And the interested bystander who had seen it all went on her way smiling, too.

WHEN THE "ETERNAL SNOWS" BREAK LOOSE

NATURE in a mood of wild destruction is an awe-inspiring sight. Man thrills at the tremendous spectacle and feels as never before his own insignificance. In the Rocky Mountains of central Colorado, Mr. Enos A. Mills, who was acting as government "snow observer," witnessed the violence and grandeur of a large snowslide at thrillingly close range.

The slide broke loose and "ran"—more correctly, plunged—by me, down a frightful slope, says the naturalist. Everything before it was overwhelmed and swept down. At the bottom of the slope it leaped in fierce confusion from the top of a precipice down into a cañon.

For years this snowy mass had accumulated on the heights. It was one of the "eternal snows" that persons far below and far away could see all summer long. Perhaps a century of winters had contributed to its pile. A white hill it was in the upper slope of a gulch, where it clung, pierced and anchored by granite pinnacles. Its icy base, like poured molten lead, had covered and filled all the inequalities of the foundation on which it rested.

Time and its tools, together with its own height and weight, at last combined to release it to the clutch and the eternal pull of gravity. The expanding, shearing, breaking force of forming ice, the constant cutting of emery edged running water and the undermining thaw of spring sent thundering downward with ten thousand varying echoes a half million tons of snow, ice and stones.

Head on the vast mass came toward me. It threw off masses of snowy spray and agitated, confused whirlwinds of snow dust. I was watching from the top of a precipice. Below, the wide, deep cañon was filled with fleecy clouds—a bay from a sea of clouds beyond. The slide shot straight for the cloud-filled abyss and took with it several hundred broken trees from an alpine grove that it wrecked just above the precipice.

This swift-moving monster disturbed the air, and cyclonic winds flung me headlong as the snow tore by with rush and roar. I rose in time to see the entire mass of wreckage deflected a few degrees upward as it shot far out over the precipice. A rioting acre of rock fragments, broken trees, shattered icebergs and masses of dusting snow hesitated momentarily in the air; then, separating—rocks, splintered trees and snow—fell whirling, hurtling and scattering, with varying velocities, into the white bay beneath. There was no sound as they fell into and disappeared beneath the agitated sea of clouds. How strange that noiseless fall was! A few seconds later, as the wreckage reached the bottom of the gulch, there came from beneath the silent surface of mist a reverberating but muffled crash.

TWO OF LINCOLN'S CALLERS

IN The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Francis F. Browne tells an entertaining story that illustrates the wide range of callers that Mr. Lincoln received while he was President and the diversity of the errands on which they came.

Two tall, ungainly young men—"suckers," as they were called—entered Lincoln's room one day while he was engaged in conversation with a friend. They lingered bashfully near the door, and Lincoln, noticing their embarrassment, rose and said, good-naturedly:

"How do you do, my good fellows? What can I do for you? Will you sit down?"

The spokesman of the pair, the shorter of the two, declined to sit, and explained the object of the call. He had been talking about the relative height of Lincoln and his companion, and had asserted his belief that they were of exactly the same height. He had come in to verify his judgment.

Lincoln smiled, then got his cane, and placing the end of it upon the wall said, "Here, young man, come under here!" The young man came under the cane, as Lincoln held it, and when it was perfectly adjusted to his height Lincoln said, "Now come out and hold up the cane."

Lincoln now stepped under, and after rubbing his head back and forth to see that it worked easily under the cane, stepped out and declared that the short man had guessed with remarkable accuracy—that he and the tall young man were exactly of the same height. Then he shook hands with them and sent them on their way.

The next caller was a very different person—an old and modestly dressed woman who tried to explain that she knew Lincoln. As he did not at first recognize her, she began to recall to his memory certain incidents connected with his rides upon the circuit, especially his dining at her house at different times. Then he remembered her and her home. Having fixed her own place in his recollection, she tried to recall to him a certain scanty dinner of bread and milk that he once ate at her house. He could not remember it; on the contrary, he only remembered that he had always fared well at her house.

"Well," said she, "one day you came along after we had got through dinner, and we had eaten up everything, and I could give you nothing but a bowl of bread and milk. You ate it, and when you got up you said it was good enough for the President of the United States."

The good woman, remembering the remark, had made a journey of eight or ten miles from the country to relate to Lincoln this incident, which in

her mind had doubtless taken the form of prophecy. Lincoln put her at her ease, chatting with her of old times, and dismissed her in the most happy and complacent frame of mind.

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD

THE Welsh national eisteddfod, or, to give it its full title, "The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, the Chair of Gwynedd, Mon and Manaw, and the Gorsedd of the Bards of the Isle of Britain," to which Mr. Lloyd George attracted much attention last year by a brilliant speech that he made there, is an annual event of long standing.

The object of the gathering is to promote interest in the music, bardism and literature of Wales and to preserve and foster the Welsh language and national spirit. During the ascendancy of the druids, gorsedd, or assemblies, used to be held periodically, and they served the purposes of a modern



CROWNING THE PRIZE WINNER

congress. After the destruction of druidism the gorsedd lost all political importance and it was revived merely as a sort of Welsh bardic order, under the auspices of which the present eisteddfods are held. A national, week-long eisteddfod cannot be convened unless the gorsedd issues a proclamation to that effect a year and a day before the intended meeting.

The first eisteddfod to be held with the present purpose was in the sixth century. The peculiar feature of this one was the offer of reward that the presiding prince made to bards and minstrels who should swim over the Conway. He maintained that vocal music was superior to instrumental, and proved his claim to his own satisfaction in that way, for when the minstrels reached the farther bank of the river their harps had been rendered useless by the water, while the voices of the bards were, of course, unimpaired.

During the last century eisteddfods have been held nearly every year, and have steadily increased in interest as more of the old customs, costumes and rites are discovered and introduced. In the presence of huge crowds the participants read poetry, make speeches and perform musical selections. There are prizes for the best prose composition, the best vocal and instrumental music, and sometimes for the best specimens of handicraft.

The chief event is the presentation of the bardic crown to the author of the successful poem. The laurel-crowned, white-robed leader stands close to the "Maen Llog," which is a sort of druidic stone altar. Distinguished delegates, some clad in brilliant plaids and capes decorated with jeweled brooches and symbolic embroidery, some in long, white, flowing robes and black caps, form in a circle round the altar and add an air of ancient romance to the scene. Amid a general hush, the leader announces the name of the winner of the highest honor that a Welsh poet can receive, and the fortunate person comes forward to have a fine, beaten copper crown placed upon his head.

GOLDEN HAIR

"LAND o' Goshen, Solomon, what you got there? Looks like your best girl must be a hair-restorer lady. Here—don't go handlin' it right over that box of fancy crackers. Customers are mighty particular nowadays."

Solomon Fearing obediently whisked a wavy and very golden tress of hair in a different direction; and the forelegs of every chair in Lem Stanford's grocery came down with a thump as the occupants leaned forward to inspect it.

"Found it this mornin', back of the cushions in the hack," explained Solomon, with mild enjoyment of the sensation. "Done up neat in a parcel 'twas, and kind of worked under; might ha' been there days and days; mightn't ha' found it at all only for a fool mouse gettin' in overnight and startin' to make a nest. The critter run out just as Mis' Dudley Cairns sot down, and of course she give one jump through the door, and wouldn't git in agin till I'd hauled out every cushion and whacked it agin the wheel so's to be sure the animal hadn't raised a family. I found this then, and when she said 'twasn't hers I opened it; but I'll be whipped if I know whose 'tis."

"What other womenfolks ye kerried this week, Sol?" inquired Uncle Eli Emmons. "I should think 'twould be easy, askin' 'em in turn."

"Well, it ain't," declared Solomon with feeling. "I ast one or two, and they most bit me! Why, Mis' Peters—"

"Mis' Peters has a red head, and a temper to match," chuckled Uncle Eli. "Ye might ha' known the thing wa'n't hers."

"Real golden hair, this is," assented Uncle Si Bonney. He added reminiscently, "Sally Sillo-way's hair was that color, but Sally's dead—thutty years, ain't it, Eli? And Elmina Tarvin's was, but she's gone, too. Shucks, what are we thinkin' of! Ye kerried Minnie Wimble to the train yestiddy, didn't ye? Well, Minnie's hair's yellor. Did ye ask Minnie Wimble?"

"I don't remember Minnie Wimble's mother," remarked Solomon mildly, "and I don't seem to recollect jest what Minnie's hair was like as a gal; but it's sort of dull and streaky now, ain't it?" "Is it? I hadn't noticed," murmured Uncle Si.

"I had," snapped Uncle Eli. "Where's your eyes, Si Bonney? Gray as a badger, Minnie Wimble is. How 'bout Della Veasey, Sol? Kerried her quite a few times lately, ain't ye?"

Solomon flinched. "I didn't ask Della right out," he confessed. "I was skereed to, after Mis'

Peters and Tilda Mottram jumpin' on me so. But I hinted round, and she—she looked so threatnin' I didn't press her. I'd been most sure it must be Della's, too."

"Course 'tis!" cried Uncle Eli. "But ye won't git Della Veasey to own up, and have it all round town hern are the kind she plin on mornin'."

"Well, but what am I going to do?" demanded Solomon plaintively. "I can't keep the consarned thing. Mis' Dudley, she says they cost a lot."

"Wrop it up in a bundle and hang it on Della's door knob," suggested Uncle Eli, with the light of adventure dawning in his eye. "Ring and run! She'll take it in, and no more said, ef it's hers—and ef it ain't, there'll be plenty said, and no mistake about that!"

Solomon glanced desperately around the circle from man to man. "What ye tryin' to let me in fur?" he demanded. "I won't do it, anyways; that's flat. Not if Della Veasey goes bald to her grave, I won't!"

"Dretful ongallant of ye, Solomon," reproved Uncle Si Bonney, gently. "Why not ask Lem here to turn it over to Mrs. Lem, and she'll find the owner easy. It ain't a man's job, anyway."

"Gosh!" remarked Solomon, mopping his brow, "I wisht I'd thought of that before."

AN ARMY AVIATOR'S LUCK

ANY an aviator among the fighting nations owes his life to miraculous good fortune, like the British air man whose escape is described in Tales of the Flying Services by Mr. C. G. Grey.

An officer went out on a bombing expedition and met a German machine. In order to save weight he had left his small arms behind him, but he thought it was a pity to pass by a good target, and so he decided to drop a bomb on him. But dropping a bomb on a swiftly moving mark is not the same as firing at a fixed point. So he missed the German. Unfortunately for him, he also exposed himself to the fire of the enemy, and received a rifle bullet in the thigh.

To be strictly accurate, the bullet struck his trousers pocket, hit a five-franc piece, broke itself and the coin, and distributed the assorted pieces of metal about the lower part of his body.

Feeling that he was badly hit, the pilot shut off his engine and dived for the ground from a height of about six thousand feet. When he was a thousand feet from the ground he espied some aeroplanes in a field, and, not knowing whether he was over German or French territory, he made up his mind to land among the aeroplanes, certain that if they did happen to be German machines, he would be well treated by the flying corps.

Two hundred feet aboveground he completely lost consciousness, but in some curious subconscious way he made a perfect landing—right alongside a British motor ambulance. So well did he land that for some minutes no one troubled about him. When they did go to look they found a badly wounded officer in a state of collapse.

He was promptly put into the ambulance and sent off to the hospital. There it was found that the bullet had cut a large artery and that the pilot would have bled to death in a few minutes if the bullet had not also cut a muscle, which had sprung back and wrapped itself like a piece of elastic round the artery and formed, as it were, an automatic tourniquet.

A MAID FROM "EGYPT"

IN all ages of the world and in all communities the servant problem appears to have been unsolved if not unsolvable, says the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, describing in his Reminiscences his life in Terre Haute, Indiana.

There were in Terre Haute in 1860-65 some peculiar difficulties in this problem. The city had no intelligence office to which servants could go to find a place or housekeepers to find a servant. If a lady wished a maid, she told her friends; the report of her need was circulated, and if any friend of hers knew of a maid, or any friend of a maid who was seeking a place happened to hear of this lady, the information was given. This process sometimes produced singular servants, and, I presume, it also produced singular mistresses.

I happen to remember one maid whose perpetual surprise furnished us with perpetual amusement. She had come from southern Illinois, popularly dubbed "Egypt." She looked on with wonder when my wife rolled the dining table to one side to sweep, for never before had she seen a table "on wheels." When, in dusting the piano, the keys struck the wires and some notes were sounded, she expressed her bewilderment by the phrase:

"Why, the critter speaks, doesn't it?"

When my wife lighted the gas, she fled in terror halfway across the room from the magic that brought a flame of fire from the wall.

UNCLE MOSE'S CONGRATULATIONS

A YOUNG planter in Mississippi had an old servant called Uncle Mose, who had cared for him as a child and whose devotion had never waned. The young man became engaged to a girl of the neighborhood who had a reputation for unusual beauty and also for a very violent temper. Noticing that Uncle Mose never mentioned his approaching marriage, the planter said:

"Mose, you know I am going to marry Miss Currier?"

"Yassuh, I knows it."

"I haven't heard you say anything about it," persisted the planter.

"No, suh," said Mose. "'Tain't fo' me to say nothin' 'bout it. I's got nothin' to say."

"But you must have some opinion about so important a step on my part."

"Well, suh," said the old negro with some hesitation, "yo' knows one thing—the most p'izest snakes has got the most prettiest skins."

AN EXCELLENT REASON

NOT every maid combines the aptitude for blundering and the talent for ingenious explanation that characterize the young woman about whom the United Presbyterian tells this diverting story:

"What do you suppose has come over my husband this morning, Sophia?" exclaimed a conscientious little bride to the new servant. "I never saw him start downtown so happy. He's whistling like a bird!"

"I'm afraid I'm to blame, mum. I got the packages mixed this morning, and gave him birdseed instead of his regular breakfast food, mum."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

A WOODLAND QUARREL

BY N. T. HATCH

REDDY SQUIRREL was having an afternoon nap in his cosy home, deep in the heart of an old chestnut tree. Mrs. Squirrel was out for a little airing, and had left Reddy to mind the babies while she was gone. The little fellows were sleeping so quietly that there seemed no good reason why Reddy should not have a nap, too. His sleep had been badly broken of late by one of the babies that was having trouble with its teeth. So he curled up in a fat red ball and in seven winks was sound asleep.

Rat-tat-tat-tr-r-r-r-rt!
That was the noise that made Reddy Squirrel wake up with a sudden start. He raised his head and listened hard. What could it have been? A moment later he heard it again.

Rat-tat-tat-tr-r-r-r-rt!
Then Reddy Squirrel knew very well what the noise was. He had heard it many times in



"GO AWAY!" CHATTERED REDDY SQUIRREL

the forest. It was Downy Woodpecker drilling a hole in the bark of the old chestnut. Reddy Squirrel was very cross when he jumped out of bed and ran to the door of his house.

"Go away from here!" he chattered, as he pushed his head outside. "What do you mean by such noises on the trunk of my tree?"

Rat-tat-tat-tr-r-r-r-rt! answered Downy Woodpecker, as he pushed his long, barbed tongue into a hole in the bark and pulled out a choice morsel.

"Go away, I say!" chattered Reddy Squirrel, louder than before. "You will wake up the babies!"

"You seem to be the only one to wake up so far!" retorted Downy Woodpecker, and his tones were just as unfriendly as those of Reddy Squirrel. "And don't bother me, for I'm busy getting dinner."

"Well, aren't there trees enough for you without trying to knock mine to pieces?" asked Reddy Squirrel.

"This is not your tree," replied Downy Woodpecker. "One of my cousins used to have a home here long before you came along. Moreover, you come to my tree for nuts when you feel like it, and only the other day you

frightened my family almost out of their wits when you were climbing round there."

So they scolded and argued, but they got nowhere at all. And meanwhile the baby squirrels woke up and cried, and Downy Woodpecker made no further progress toward getting his dinner. It was Reddy Squirrel who finally put an end to the quarrel.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at last. "If you will not come to my tree to drill for your dinner, I will not go to your tree for nuts or to harm your family. In that way things will be much more pleasant all round."

"Agreed!" said Downy Woodpecker. "That is a sensible arrangement. Why not go further than that? Why not get all the squirrels and woodpeckers in the forest to live up to the same arrangement? There are trees enough for all of us."

"Very well," agreed Reddy Squirrel. "I will see all my cousins at once, and you must explain the plan to all the woodpeckers. My, it will be fine to sleep in peace hereafter!"

That is the way the quarrel between the squirrels and the woodpeckers, a quarrel of very long standing, came to an end in the big forest. If you ever hear a squirrel and a woodpecker scolding away at each other you may know that one of them has broken the agreement, and that the council of the wood folk will punish him for it.



THE OCEAN

BY MARY BULL

How very big the ocean is!
I like it so—and yet
I think I'd like it better still
If it were not so wet!



O-M-E-H

BY FRANCES KIRKLAND

"O-M-E-H," Dilly said the letters over and over to herself. "O dear! I can never make you spell anything," she thought, as she looked down at the black letters on their squares of yellow cardboard. "Aunt Hannah said if I put you together right you'd make a word, but I've twisted you and turned you and you won't spell a thing! Of course if you didn't have to make a four-letter word, I could spell 'hem' and 'me' and 'he,' but I can't think what you can be when I have to use all the letters!"

Dilly was bending over a beautiful, shining mahogany table in a room where all the colors were soft and rich, and where a silver-voiced clock struck the quarter hours. Aunt Hannah's room was very still, even when she was in it, and now that she was gone Dilly longed to hear some sound.

She thought of the noisy nursery at home, and how she wished she were there! But Billy had measles, and Dilly must stay at Aunt Hannah's until he was well.

O-M-E-H—the letters stared up at her, and she looked back at them in bewilderment, for somehow they seemed to be speaking to her in tiny friendly voices.

The big round O spoke first, making Dilly a funny little bow. "My dear Dilly," he began, just as if he were much older than she, "I have known many little girls in my day, and I must say I never knew one with whom I would rather play than with you, Dilly, my dear. If it were possible, my friends and I would rise from our pasteboards and join you in some game, but we are hard workers, hard workers. We must always be busy in books and papers. Did you ever think how very, very many times we letters are used in a day? It is words, words, words, until there is seldom any rest for us. We should like to tell you the word you are trying to make of us, but that would be against the rules. Instead, we shall tell you some of the stories we make in books."

The big O began at once with Old Mother Hubbard, told in a new and wonderful way; then the big M followed with a delightful tale of the garden of Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. The E had been used so often in the story of The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe that he knew the names of all of the old woman's children, and he repeated them so fast that Dilly laughed merrily. At the very last the H told Dilly all about the hill where Jack and Jill had their famous tumble; he had been there and had seen the well. Just as Dilly was imagining that she was looking down into its cool depths something seemed to touch her, and there was Aunt Hannah lifting Dilly's head from the table, where it had fallen when she went to sleep! Aunt Hannah's jeweled hand turned the letters about until a beautiful word lay before Dilly's wondering gaze.

"Yes, Billy is well, and you shall go tomorrow," said Aunt Hannah.

Dilly smiled, for the word Aunt Hannah had given her was H-O-M-E. What friends those letters had come to be!

"GO TO WORK AND MAKE YOURSELVES SOME"

BY CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

IN a great yard at the edge of a city stood several pine trees and three big maples. All winter long the pine trees had worn their pretty, warm green dresses, while the maples stood shamefacedly by, bare and cold in the bleak wintry air. Finally, when the warm spring sunshine began to work its wonderful magic in the air, the maples could stand their bareness no longer.

"I'm so ashamed!" cried the biggest Maple. "This sunshine makes me feel queer!"
"I think we ought to get some new clothes," suggested the middle-sized tree.
"Yes, everyone has new clothes for spring, and we ought to have some, too," added the smallest Maple Tree.

"You're quite right," said the biggest Maple, and he looked over the yard and saw the fresh green of the lawn, the bright crocuses here and there, and the tulips by the walk. Even the people passing on the street looked fresher and brighter than during the cold winter storms. "Yes, we must have some new frocks."

"Let's ask the Pine Tree; her dress is always fresh and green. Maybe she can tell us how to get some new clothes," suggested the middle-sized tree hopefully. "Oh, Friend Pine Tree, can you tell us how to get some pretty green frocks like yours?"

"That I can," replied the Pine Tree cheerfully. "Go to work and make yourselves some." But the maples did not like that advice. "We don't want to work so hard or wait so long; we want dresses right away," they said.

"Let's ask the South Wind; maybe she knows where to get clothes," suggested the biggest Maple. So the next time the South Wind blew through the yard they asked her.

"To be sure I can tell you where to get new dresses," laughed the South Wind. "Go to work and make yourselves some."

"That same advice!" grumbled the Maples. "Let's ask the Sunbeams." So bright and early the next morning they asked the Sunbeams their question.

"New clothes?" laughed the Sunbeams. "Go to work and make yourselves some."

And then the Maples began to notice and to think. "Perhaps, after all, we shall get them just as soon if we make our own clothes," said the middle-sized Maple. "Let's try." So all three maples set to work.

Soon the South Wind blew by. "Oh, are you working?" she asked. "Do let me help you!" And quickly she blew a dozen warm breezes through the bare branches.

And the Sunbeams, when they came visiting, cried, "Oh, if you are making clothes, we want to help!" And they bathed the trees in golden light.

Even the raindrops, up on a cloud, saw those busy trees and came tumbling down to help all they could. And so, in no time at all, or so it seemed, those maples were dressed in new frocks of green.

"Just look!" exclaimed the smallest tree, as she settled her new gown with a dainty rustle. "We made them so quickly, and everyone has been so kind, and —"

"That's because you worked, yourself," whispered the South Wind. "We all like to help workers." And away she blew to find another busy tree.



DRAWN BY BESS GOE WILLIS



AN AFTERNOON STROLL

BY OLIVETTE MORRIS

Miss Squealy P. Grunter is out for a walk;
She's the belle of the town, you know;
And the people all stare and the people all talk
Wherever she happens to go.

She bows to them all with a ravishing smile,
And nothing can matter at all,
Since she knows she is dressed in the latest style
From sandals to parasol.

"Oh, Isn't she queenly!" and "Isn't she sweet!"
And "Isn't she fair as a rose!"
You will hear them murmur when down the street
Miss Squealy P. Grunter goes.

PUZZLES

1. NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am a word of eight letters. My 41753 is a color; my 4265 is a high wind; my 265 is a liquor; my 6237 is a narrow way; my 23476 is a divine spirit; my 4128 is a color; my whole is a large lake in Maine.

2. RIDDLE

They cross unfathomed deeps of foam,
Unforded gulfs of brine,
They touch great cliffs and stony steepes,
And many a danger line.

By them men go from land to land,
Without them trade would die,
And yet, they never stir an inch
Between the earth and sky.

3. ANAGRAMS

Duet sits neat. Ha! Sting a fan. Rang in ate.

4. ACROSTIC

I'm found in cramp, not in pain;
I'm found in loss, not in gain;
I'm found in gram, not in sand;
I'm found in arm, not in hand;
I'm found in flake, not in snow;
I'm found in boat, not in row;
I'm found in prayer, not in pray;
My whole is with us every day.

5. EIGHT ATES

To set apart; to proceed from; to urge; behind-hand; idle talk; ecclesiastical official; to invoke.

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The BOYS' PAGE for MAY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

BASE RUNNING

AFTER you have read about batting in the Boys' Page for March, and have practiced the methods described there, you of course wish to know how to get the greatest possible advantage out of the hits you make.

Base running consists principally of running and sliding, but there is a good deal more that a base runner finally comes to know about it. A year ago, in one of the games between two prominent schools, a player made a long hit to deep centre field that everyone believed from the moment the ball left the bat was a home run. The batter began his circuit of the bases by taking a long, loving look after his hit. Then he ran to first as fast as he was able, still watching the ball, crossed the bag, ran in a wide arc toward second, passed the middle sack, got his turn at deep shortstop, still watching the ball, charged past third in the direction of the bleachers, rounded toward home and made a dashing slide for the plate. He was out. He had made a home-run hit, and was a fast runner, yet he had circled the bases in slower time by several seconds than the slowest man on any professional team would have circled them.

Where did he lose his time? In the first place, the lingering look after that mighty hit cost him

If the pitcher is woolgathering or has begun his pitch to the plate, then you have a good flying start, and the steal should be comparatively simple. The difficulty in the manoeuvre is in getting back to first after a false start, for it requires nimble wit and quick action to change direction. Moreover, it requires good judgment to choose the right moment to start. But if you are clever both in watching the pitcher and in getting back to the base when that is necessary, it is undoubtedly the best way of taking a lead.

What you should watch as signs of the pitcher's being about to throw are his shoulder—preferably his elbow when it is exposed—and the knee of the leg that is farthest from you. Both must move when he begins his delivery. Of course every pitcher knows that, and often tries to deceive a runner by false movements. But there is a difference. After a little experience in watching the shoulder and the knee, you will not mistake the false for the true movement.

RETURNING TO THE BASE

About returning to a base on a throw from the pitcher there is this to be said: If your lead is short and you have plenty of time, do not slide. It is less tiring to run back. But when you have a full lead, it is better to make the hook slide, come to the feet quickly, and turn into the field of play as you do so. A great many ball players do not come to their feet properly after a slide; they turn their backs to the baseman and their faces to the ground. After a slide you must get to your feet with your eyes always on the play. With practice that easily becomes a habit.

Make a slide to second with reference to the position of the player who receives the throw. If he is in front of the bag, make your slide behind it toward the outfield. If he is over the bag or behind it, slide in front.

Remember that the hook slide is a hook slide, and that the hook should come quickly at the moment when you strike the ground. The slide loses much of its effectiveness if you allow the hooking foot to trail along two or three feet before it reaches the base. A quick movement of the foot from one side or the other is an important detail of the correct form.

Many ball players have sprained an ankle or broken a leg by making a poor slide—by starting to slide and then changing their minds because the throw was wide. Cleats stick in the ground, and something has to give. Most of such injuries are unnecessary. They are caused by the base runner's failing to obey the precept, "Always finish a slide." There is little if any danger in sliding to bases when you are thorough about it, but there



BALANCE LIGHTLY ON YOUR TOES, READY TO GO IN EITHER DIRECTION

overthrow, and out of any danger of getting tangled up with the baseman.

OFF THIRD

The lead off third should be conservative. It is no part of the game to take needless risks when you are so near a score. Moreover, a quick-throwing catcher often "nabs" a runner who takes a long lead toward the plate. A short lead increased two or three steps on the pitcher's delivery is correct. But you cannot hold the increased lead after the instant when the ball hits the pocket of the catcher's mitt. A retreat is then in order. This retreat should be inside the base line, so that you obscure the catcher's view of third base. This action makes the catcher's throw to the base a difficult one, and often discourages him about attempting it.

When you are at third, you have a chance of scoring on an infield grounder if you have a good lead and make your dash for the plate when the play is made to first. The chances are decidedly against you if you start when the ball is hit. If you are driven back toward the base by the threatening motions of the fielder, you cannot make the plate on the play to first. Here again comes in the advice: a full lead and stand still. The chances are that the fielder will not throw to third unless you are far up on the base line. If you will only hold your long lead and then go on the throw to first, you will have a little more than an even chance of scoring; but because of the risk the chance is seldom taken until after one man is out.

A delayed steal is made on a throw from the catcher back to the pitcher. Its success depends upon circumstances. If the baseman ahead is not near his bag, if the pitcher is not alive, and if the catcher has failed to notice the long lead that you have taken or is careless about throwing back to the pitcher, then the chances are favorable. It cannot be depended upon, however, as a set play. You must see your opportunity and take advantage of it without a signal from the bench.

Advancing a base after a fly ball is caught is good baseball. If you are on third you should be able to make home on a long fly to any outfield. The runner on second can make third on a long fly to right and sometimes on a deep foul. When you are on first, you prepare to advance on the catch only if the fly is a long foul fly handled by a fielder with his back to the diamond. On any ordinary outfield fly you have no chance to beat a throw. In all cases when one of your team mates knocks a fair fly ball while you are on first take a big lead and be ready to go if the fielder drops the ball. That, of course, applies before two are out.

CAUGHT BETWEEN BASES

Occasionally you will be caught between bases in spite of yourself. Then it is not a dodging game that will save you. If anything will do the trick, it is this: Keep the eyes on the man with the ball and work back to about twenty feet or so from the base; then slide suddenly and scramble for the bag, if you have not made it on the slide. Sometimes a quick slide, made before the fielder expects it, will get you back safe. Merely running in the opposite direction from the throw scarcely ever works out successfully.

If you are the first one to be put out on a possible double play, never slide for a base. It is harder for the baseman to throw round a runner who is standing up than over one on the ground. By not sliding you assist your team mate who is going to first. Always remember the runner who is coming behind you. If you get caught between bases, prevent yourself from being tagged until the other man has caught up. On the other hand, if there is a runner in front of you, remember that your job is to "follow the leader." Advance a base when the leader advances. The play under ordinary circumstances is to catch the runner nearest the plate, and so the pursuing



IF THE BASEMAN IS IN FRONT OF THE BAG. MAKE YOUR SLIDE BEHIND IT

runner generally is at liberty "to take everything in sight." Many a time with runners on first and on second the man on first has watched his team mate go to third, and quite forgotten that he should be taking second at the same time.

"TOUCH ALL THE BAGS"

Be wary of being entertained by your opponents. An opponent does not make diverting remarks merely from the goodness of his heart, but rather with quite different intentions. The magician at the theatre fascinates us with his sinuous motions so that we shall not detect some mechanism that helps him perform his trick. Likewise, on the baseball field, the amusing antics of shortstop or second baseman are not what they seem. The runner has his own business to attend to and nothing else.

"Touch all the bags" is the shriek of the first-base coach on a long hit. There is no better warning for you as you start the circuit. But remember, also, to be a sprinter; toe in, not out, and run.

That daring base running is dependable may seem like a paradox; but the policy of taking chances on the bases—of putting the game up to

the other fellow—cannot be questioned. Daring base running may sometimes lose a game, but more often it is the means of setting the ball rolling (literally), and bringing about the break in the play of the opponent that makes the difference between a win and a loss. Nothing puts a team on the ragged edge more quickly than the feeling that it must stem a base-running tide.

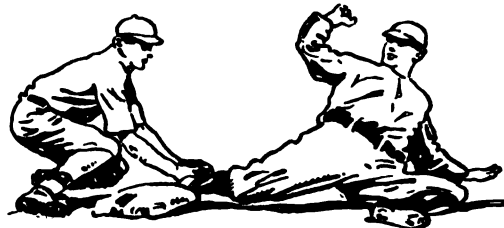
Base running is one of the most satisfactory parts of baseball. It is the last word in offensive play. Not even the feeling of having made a hard catch or a clean hit quite equals the satisfaction of coming to your feet after a successful slide and grinning at the baseman.



A SIMPLE METHOD OF LEARNING THE PLANETS

AN article on the Boys' Page for April told how you can find out about the principal stars. You will naturally want to learn something about the planets at the same time. For this you can use the star map and compasses described in the first article.

The planets, perhaps, will mystify you a little. They are not "fixed," like the stars, but are bodies similar to the earth and, like the earth, move in great orbits round the sun, and, as compared with the stars, are so near us that we can easily notice their movements among the stars. There are only eight major planets, including the earth, but four of them are usually so bright that they are sure to attract the attention. If some night you see a bright "star" that you cannot discover on your star map, you may be sure that it is one of the planets. Astronomers know the orbits of the



IF THE BASEMAN IS OVER THE BAG OR BEHIND IT, SLIDE IN FRONT

planets, and therefore, of course, know when and where each planet will appear. The amateur astronomer can tell the planets only by reference to an almanac, although Mars can always be distinguished by its ruddy color.

It is interesting to plot on the star map the orbit of one of the planets. With your compasses, or even with your eyes, you can observe each night the exact spot that the planet occupies among the stars, and mark it with a pencil. If, when you have done that for several weeks, you connect the pencil points, the line will represent the path of the planet among the stars. In the same way you can plot the orbit of the moon. You will then discover that its actual movement is east, although the motion of the earth makes it appear to travel west like the sun.



CUBAN REVOLUTION STAMPS

WITHIN the past seventy years nearly every revolution that has accomplished its purpose, and also many unsuccessful political upheavals, have been accompanied by new issues of postage stamps. The struggle between the North and the South is an example, and in recent years Mexico has supplied many others. The Boys' Page has described the stamps that the provisional government of Greece put forth. We may be sure that stamps for the new government in Russia will soon appear.

Notwithstanding these philatelic precedents, it was with genuine surprise that collectors received the news that a series of stamps was an outcome of the short-lived revolution in Cuba during February and March of this year. The territory that the rebels occupied was so small and their reign was so brief that collectors did not expect any special postal labels to appear. However, during the revolutionists' control of the province and town of Camaguey, letters came to the United States that bore stamps of a provisional issue.

One of the letters brought what was regarded as authentic information that the rebels had seized two thousand of the one-cent green, three thousand of the two-cent red and three hundred of the three-cent violet of the current issue bearing the map of Cuba, together with three hundred of the ten-cent dark blue special delivery stamps that picture an aeroplane, and that they had surcharged these in red letters.

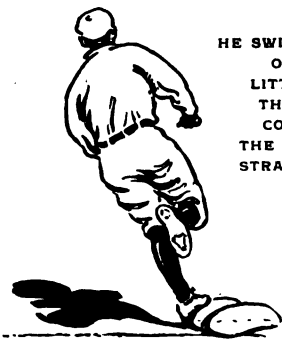
The surcharge on the stamps that paid postage on this letter from the occupied part of the island republic reads, 1917 GOB. Constitucional Camaguey. This overprint is in three lines. "Gob." is short for *gubernacion*, or government. The writer of the letter offered to supply a few of these provisional stamps at from ten dollars to fifteen dollars each. The future will tell whether that is a fair value.



TRAPPING TURTLES

IN slave-holding days in the South, the negro fishermen used to have an ingenious and simple way of trapping fresh-water turtles. Any boy to-day can use the same method with the same effect.

Turtles have favorite sunning logs. Beside one of the logs sink a water-tight box two feet long and a foot and a half wide. The open top of the box should stand about an inch above the water. Nail the box securely against the log in such a position that it will catch the turtles that fall from the log. After the trap has been set, leave the pond or lake for a time. On returning, approach the log quietly from the side opposite the box. If there are any turtles on the log, frighten them suddenly. They will pitch off hurriedly into the box.



HE SWINGS OUT OF LINE A LITTLE, HITS THE INSIDE CORNER OF THE BAG AND STRAIGHTENS AWAY TOWARD SECOND

at least a second; then in his rush round the bases he traveled 450 feet instead of 360; finally, he was unable to run his best while trying to see how good a retriever the centre fielder was. Probably he lost in all three or four seconds.

THE RIGHT WAY

For the sake of contrast, consider what a good professional does when he makes a "homer." At the crack of the bat he is off like a race horse. He does not even know where or how far the ball has gone; there is a coacher to tell him that. As he nears first base he swings out of line a little, hits the inside corner of the bag and straightens away toward second. Twice again, near second and third, he turns out of line before he reaches the base, treads the bag on the inside, and is away on the path without running an extra foot. Moreover, not once has he comforted himself with a look after his hit, except a quick glance as he passed first. All the rest of the time he has had his eyes on his running and his coachers, who alone are responsible for his progress. In the circuit he runs as close to the minimum of 360 feet as is possible, and he makes time all the way because he has his eyes on his own work and not on that of his opponents. He covers the distance in fifteen seconds, whereas the other player took eighteen at least.

At the crack of the bat a player has just time enough to understand whether he has hit to the infield or to the outfield. That determines his course to first base. If he has hit to the infield, he sprints inside the line all the way and overruns the bag. If he has hit to the outfield, he sprints on the outside of the line, swings out before reaching the base, hits the inside corner of the bag and takes his turn toward second. Whether he continues or not depends upon the coacher and upon the player's glimpse of the situation as he crosses the base.

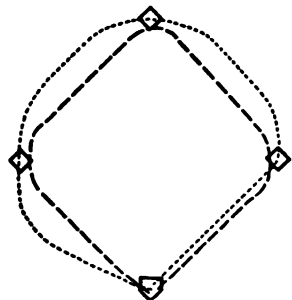
Some runners slide for first on an infield ball that is being fielded for a close play, but they waste a precious fraction of a second in getting their feet out in front of them. It is true that a base runner who does not slide frequently has to break his stride in order to touch the base, and so loses a precious moment; but if he runs evenly all the way, he touches the bag in slightly quicker time than he would have done had he slid. On the whole, therefore, it is better to cultivate a stride that is accurate and unbroken and not to make a practice of sliding to first.

STEALING SECOND

To steal second take a lead off first of eight or ten feet, according to the quickness of the pitcher. There are not many pitchers who will allow a lead of ten feet to go unchallenged, but there are few who can catch a runner if he is on his balance, even when he has taken as long a lead as that. It is not necessarily a long lead, however, that brings success in stealing bases. The quick get-away or flying start is more important.

Take a lead that is safe and then get on your toes ready for a quick dash the instant the pitcher begins his motion. It is bad form to dance up and down on the base line with the expectation of annoying the pitcher. It is too easy to get off balance and too easy for the pitcher to throw you out in the meantime. The very first thing that a base runner has to learn is to stand still when he has a full lead. The proper lead is straight toward second, not back toward right field, and just as much more than eight feet as the pitcher will allow you. Balance lightly on your toes, ready to go in either direction on the instant.

Another way of getting a good start for second is to take a short lead, wait until the pitcher seems on the point of delivering the ball to the plate, and then make a quick dash from the base. If the pitcher sees and hesitates, you must get back without any loss of time; but



THE LINE OF DASHES SHOWS THE PROPER COURSE IN RUNNING BASES. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE WRONG METHOD

is a very great risk of injury if you become careless about finishing a slide every time you begin one. Do not forget to wear a sliding pad. If you cannot get a tailor-made pad, use a towel so folded that it covers the thigh completely. The theory of using a double cloth is that much of the rub of the slide is taken up by the friction of one surface against the other. Nothing is more annoying than a sore made by sliding, and it is dangerous, for it easily becomes infected, and at best heals slowly. A description of sliding pads that you can make at home was printed in the Boys' Page for May, 1914. You will find a picture and description of the best pads to buy in the article on Equipment, published in the Boys' Page for March, 1916. Write to the Editor of the Boys' Page if you have any questions to ask about pads—or about anything else that has to do with the game.

OFF SECOND

The lead off second should be somewhat longer than that off first or third; but it is not wise to take daintily long leads, for there are plays to catch foolhardy runners. Rather take a moderate lead and increase it on the pitch. Because either of two men may take the throw to second, your base-running job is a little more complicated than it was at first base. You need to watch three players, who are somewhat widely separated.

When you lead off second, nearly face the bag, so that you have a view of the pitcher and of the second baseman, and cannot fail to get a glimpse over your left shoulder of the shortstop should he go to cover the base. Increase your lead with the pitch, so that you can make third on a sacrifice or home on a good single.

The thing to watch when sliding for a base is the baseman's hands. That is especially true when sliding for third. When the baseman's hands are low it means that you should slide behind the base to avoid a tag; when high, that you should slide in front. In the second case you are probably safe anyway, and you will be three feet nearer the plate in case of an

BLUE STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE money you save on a pair of Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires will buy an electric lamp for your bicycle. And, remember, Blue Streaks are unusually good bicycle tires, too.

WHY PAY MORE?

Many good bicycle tires sell for as high as \$5.00 each. But Goodyear Blue Streaks cost you only \$3.25 each, even in these days of high material costs.

So you may save as much as \$3.50 per pair by buying Goodyear Blue Streaks. And remember, in Blue Streaks you are getting wonderful tire quality and value. That's what Goodyear's square deal bicycle tire policy means to the bicycle rider.

HOW WE DO IT .

Goodyear is able to make these big savings for you, *first*, by cutting out the extra profits which you pay on other tires. Goodyear sells *direct* to the dealer in your town and eliminates needless profits between the factory and you.

Second, Goodyear makes only one bicycle tire—the Blue Streak. By making only one tire we cut down factory costs. That's doing one thing at a time and doing it well. These savings come to you in a tire just that much better.

YOU'LL BE PROUD OF BLUE STREAKS

Goodyear Blue Streak Bicycle Tires are tires you will be proud to have on your wheel. They are handsome, durable, rugged, strong, skid-proof and easy riding.

Goodyear Blue Streaks have tough, rugged treads with two reinforcing strips of fine fabric under the tread. This makes them long-wearing and trouble-free. The stout, two-ply tire body is laid in lively rubber, which makes the tire quick and elastic and, therefore, easy to pedal.

Blue Streaks have superior non-skid advantages. The tread is made of blocks of rugged rubber which come together and bite the ground to prevent side-slipping.

MAKE THESE SAVINGS YOURSELF

Ride around to the Goodyear dealer in your town. If you can't find him write to us. You have a right to make these savings yourself. The money will come in very handy when prices of everything are so high. And it will please Dad. You can prove to him you're a good business man.

So look for the Blue Streaks on the tire. Be sure you get Goodyears. Then see how much better your bicycle will look. And how much easier riding it will be.



W. P. FRANK & NORMAN

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The GIRLS' PAGE for MAY

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

THE CAMERA IN NATURE STUDY

AS an accurate means of recording observations, the camera is an invaluable aid to the student of nature. The details in a good photograph admirably supplement written notes in regard to form and structure, to say nothing of helping to fix the facts in the memory.

But to obtain the greatest educational advantage from such use of a camera, the pictures and the notes should go together. The nature lover who wishes to collect mementos of pleasant rambles abroad rather than to follow up closely any special course of study would enjoy a nature diary. If that is the purpose you have in mind, get an album that contains a number of flexible, light-toned leaves. Mount the prints as you make them, in regular order upon the left-hand pages, and on the opposite pages note the date, color, weather conditions, locality, and any other interesting details.

The student who wishes to file her prints so that she can readily refer to any subject will no doubt prefer a loose-leaf album or a portfolio, in either of which prints can be grouped and classified in whatever way is most useful, and fresh material inserted without disarranging the rest. The album is perhaps the best for home or library, and a portfolio for classroom use. Coloring the prints greatly increases their usefulness.

A series of comparative studies is usually of greater value than one print of each subject. For example, a picture of a birch tree taken in winter will show its structure; another in summer, the mass effect of the foliage; and close-up views of a small branch will reveal the shape of the leaves and how they are attached, the character of the bark, the blossoms, and so forth.

The same condition holds good with plants that you wish to show in different stages of growth from bud to seedtime. When taking the pictures, try to arrange a few specimens to show front, side and back views of different parts.

You can do simple work with a film camera, but by far the best outfit for nature-study work is a folding plate camera with enough bellows extension to allow you to make a large-sized image by focusing at close range—within twelve to eighteen inches—in order to show the details. The main advantage in using the plate camera lies in the opportunity it gives for focusing accurately by seeing the image on the ground-glass screen. Four by five is, however, an excellent size, and most convenient for field use. A rapid rectilinear lens of good quality is quite capable of giving first-class results, for it is generally necessary to stop down,—that is, use a small diaphragm opening,—no matter what kind of lens you use, in order to get depth and sharpness.

Color-sensitive plates, preferably the nonhalation kind, are best; or if you must consider weight, you can substitute film packs in an adapter, since they do not prevent you from using the focusing screen.

When possible use a ray filter to improve the rendering of various colors in truthful light and shade. A tripod is of course essential for most of the subjects. Other useful accessories are a cheap vise that you can clamp to a board or a table, to hold cut branches, and sheets of gray paper—some dark, some light—to use as backgrounds.

You will get the maximum detail and surface texture in outdoor studies when the light falls from one side and is sufficiently diffused to prevent harsh contrasts. Usually the most favorable time is the early morning or mid-afternoon hours on days when mist or fleecy clouds soften the direct rays of the sun.

Small plants require especially careful arrangement to avoid a confused effect. Rocks, smooth tree trunks or bare earth may afford satisfactory contrast, but it is often a good plan to provide a plain background by pinning a sheet of paper to a couple of stakes driven down a foot or so behind the specimen.

To attain the best definition, get a general focus first with the lens wide open, then stop down until you see good detail in all important parts. As a rule the background had better be a little out of focus to help concentrate attention on the rest. When you use a ray filter, always place it over the lens before you focus.

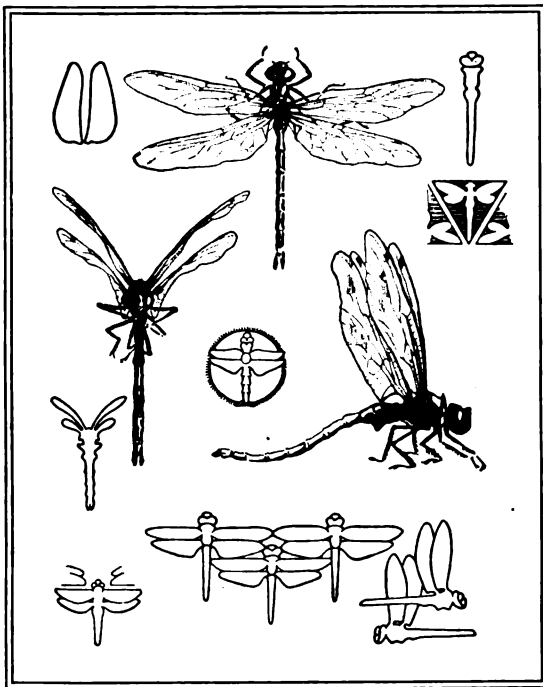
When you want to get details of structure and the like rather than views of the subject in its natural environment, it is usually easier to do the work indoors where the lighting is under full control and no blurring from wind need be feared. In such cases it is best to let delicate plant specimens stand in water an hour or so before you use them, to prevent possible drooping during the exposure. A window on the shady side of the house—north, preferably—gives the softest lighting. You can further regulate the contrast by moving the subject toward or away from the window.

A few trials will prove the best guide for estimating the length of indoor exposures, but as a rough guide to start with, you may allow as many minutes as you would seconds outdoors. Remember, however, that full timing is needed to preserve soft gradation and good detail in the shadows, and that in developing you must take care to hold back the high lights.



Homemade Bathing Shoes.—Anyone can make a satisfactory pair of bathing shoes from a pair of stockings and two pairs of shoe soles, such as are used for knitted wool bedroom slippers. Place

one of the soles inside the foot of a stocking and with heavy black shoe-button thread sew it to another—and a slightly larger—sole on the outside of the stocking. That gives double protection, and saves the bother that goes with putting on and taking off ordinary bathing shoes. In order to accommodate soles of the proper size and allow room for stitching, the stockings should be larger than the wearer's regular size.



ANALYSIS OF THE DRAGON FLY

MAKING AND APPLYING DESIGN

IV. Appliqué Embroidery

THE French word "appliqué" means "laid on," and appliqué embroidery is made by cutting decorative figures from one material and sewing them on another. The method gives a wide opportunity for introducing several colors, covering large surfaces, and for producing interesting effects by combining varied weaves and textures as well as colors. The design may be completed or enriched by stitches of silk, linen or cotton, or of gold thread. You can use appliqué embroidery successfully in decorating a great variety of articles, such as curtains, table covers, scarfs, sofa cushions, and so on.

Like every other method of decoration, appliqué embroidery imposes certain restrictions. Since you must cut out your design before you sew it on the material that forms the groundwork, the design should not be too intricate. But neither should it be heavy or clumsy. Since you are putting one material on another, you must consider carefully their relation to each other. For example, a heavy, rough material would be inappropriate if sewed on a delicate foundation material. And you will do well not to cut your design from material that ravel easily.

Various methods can be used to outline the figure—that is, to cover the edges of the form that you put on the foundation material. You can sew the edges closely over and over, you can use a close buttonhole stitch, or you can sew on a cord, a braid, or a strand of silk or thread. Couching—sewing down a cord or strand with stitches over it far enough apart to show the strand between—is a good method.

If parts of your design are too intricate to be cut out you can indicate them by stitches. For a line the crewel stitch is often the best—stitches set diagonally on the line, close together.

The illustration shows a slip cover for a book decorated by appliqué embroidery with a design taken from the dragon fly. The dragon fly was chosen as the subject of the design this month to show that you can get the forms of your design not only from flowers and plants but from animal life, too. For this purpose it is desirable to study the insect from a specimen that you have caught and mounted. But remember that in conventionalized design you must always express character. Therefore, you must observe the dragon fly in motion and in repose. In studying your subject you will notice the jointed segments of its body, the gauziness of its wings, the unswerving watchfulness of its great eyes, the general lightness of its movement as it darts about. In making a design from a plant you observe the movement of the plant—whether it climbs, sways, droops or winds. Likewise when you take animated nature for your model, you must observe whether your subject springs, soars, darts or crawls.

If it is important in a decoration based on plant life that the design be conventional and not realistic, it is doubly important in a decoration based on animated nature. A design that should imitate a real dragon fly or a real butterfly on a pillow cover or a curtain would be thoroughly artistic.

The analysis shown with this article gives several studies of the dragon fly and some units of

design derived therefrom. The combination of the three dragon flies is used on the slip cover. Although it is true to the subject in character, it is highly conventionalized.

The materials used on the slip cover are green linen of a rather broad, coarse weave for the foundation, a finer tan linen for the wings of the dragon flies and brown linen for their bodies, brown sewing silk, and brown and yellow twisted embroidery silk.

When you have cut out your design, touch it lightly round the edges with a little glue or paste to keep it from raveling. Then baste the wings on the green linen. Next baste the bodies in position over the wings. Overcast the forms on the green linen with small stitches of brown sewing silk all round the edges. Hold a strand of the brown embroidery silk on the edge of the form and sew it over and over with stitches of the same silk a short distance apart. In doing that, carry the outline of the wings slightly over on the body by stitches laid close together without the underlying thread.

The foundation material should be eighteen and three quarters inches by eight and five eighths inches. Fold it three and one quarter inches from each end to form the pockets into which the covers of the book are to slip. Turn down the edge of each pocket a quarter of an inch and stitch it, on the right side of the material, with brown embroidery silk. Turn down the top and bottom edges of the outside cover and of the pockets a quarter of an inch, and sew them over and over with the brown embroidery silk. Sew the turned-down edges of the cover in the space between the pockets with stitches of the same silk taken through from the right side, as in the edges of the pockets, but this time with the stitches close together.

The ties are also appliqué. They are made of strips of tan linen folded, with the narrow edges turned in. The ties should be basted on the green linen an inch and three quarters from the top and from the bottom of the slip cover and sewed on with over-and-over stitching of brown embroidery silk along the edges. On each tie, at intervals, should be worked a group of close-set over-and-over stitches that reach across the whole width of the band. Stitches in yellow embroidery silk may be set diagonally along the ties.



A LITTLE GARDEN OF SWEET HERBS

A PART of a certain garden that never fails to interest visitors is a sunny corner devoted to old-fashioned herbs. Whatever the visitors say or think about the flowers, the most apathetic of them wake up at sight of the herb patch.

"Mint!" one says, breaking off a leaf and nibbling it. "That reminds me of the time when I was a child"; and another, "Why, here is lavender! Mother always had that"; and so on. Even when the plant stirs no especial memory, the aromatic fragrance of the leaves often wins attention; and many of the herbs have a practical value for seasoning and dressings.

As a rule they are easy to cultivate; but for the best results the beds should be in a sunny place and the soil fairly rich and mellow, broken up fine and kept well stirred about the plants during the growing season. Some, like sweet basil, last only one season; of those, the seeds must be sown every spring; but others, once started, become fixtures in the garden, and renew themselves from the root year after year.

Of the latter kind are the two mints, peppermint and spearmint. The best way to raise them is to plant pieces of the creeping rootstock, dug from some wild patch, by roadside brook or meadow runnel. Lavender can be started from seed; but for the novice it is better, if possible, to get slips from established plants, preferably stems of one full season's growth with a "heel" of older wood, and to set out the cuttings either in late autumn or in early spring.

In the particular garden that has been mentioned, the clump of sweet marjoram—always an herb of romance because in ancient Greece and Rome its aromatic branches were woven into bridal wreaths—had its beginning in a root division given by a neighbor; but, if you are not in a hurry, it is interesting to start the herb from seed, being careful to keep the young seedlings shaded until they are well established, for they are very sensitive to the direct rays of the sun.

Sage, the herb that is associated with thoughts of sausage and roast duck, is raised either from root divisions of an old plant or from slips. If the second method is followed, the cutting can be made either from mature wood in the spring, or later from the soft stems just before they produce the blossom buds.

English thyme is also quickly grown from root divisions, but it may be started from seed. Rosemary, which is loved not only for its own sake, but for its pretty name and its association with old walls and cliffs of southern France, has drooping branches that often root where they touch the ground. From them the plants can be quickly raised; but if you cannot get the branches, young plants can be had from nurseries, or they can be raised from seed.

Catnip should not be forgotten in the herb corner, and, since it grows wild by so many roadsides, roots can readily be taken up and brought home. To enjoy the fragrance of the herb garden through the winter days when the snow and ice cover it, make clippings from the plants just before the blossoms are ready to expand. Do it on a fine, dry day, and at an hour when there is no dew on the leaves. Then tie them in bunches and hang

them in a shed or garret in a draft of warm air so that they will dry quickly.



YOUR NATIVE TOWN

A GAME that affords fun and an interesting test of wits is Your Native Town. At a party it will tide over any dull moments that threaten. Provide the players with paper and pencil, and ask them all to write the place of their birth. Then give them a limited time in which to make a sentence consisting of words that begin with the letters in the name of the town, and that follow the same order.

For example, if the city is Baltimore, then the sentence might be, "Behold a large town in Maryland, old, rich, enterprising!" The more aptly descriptive of the town, the better is the sentence. At the end of a specified time have the players read their sentences, and, if you wish, award a prize to the best one.



CROCHETED BUTTONHOLE EDGINGS

A PLEASANT change from the old tedious method of making buttonholes is here shown. The idea is carried out in crochet, and offers an attractive combination of buttonholes and ornamental edging for underwear, house dresses and children's clothes. Any kind of button



FIG. 1

can be used with this form of buttonhole, but the crocheted variety suits best. The edgings are easily made, and add a distinctive touch to even the finest lingerie blouses. Use mercerized cotton in a medium weight, No. 60 is fine enough for delicate fabrics, and No. 50 coarse enough for the heavier materials.

To make the plain-loop closing shown in Fig. 1, fold over the edge of the material one eighth of an inch and cover the folded edge closely with

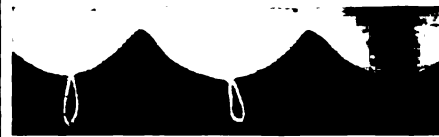


FIG. 2

single crochet. Make buttonhole loops at regular intervals as you go. The loops are made exactly like picots except that a longer chain is used—sixteen or more stitches, according to the size of the buttons. Be careful to make allowance for the fact that the loops will shrink when they are washed.

A row of machine stitching on the folded edge will give a firmer foundation for the crochet edging and add strength to the closing. If a hemstitched

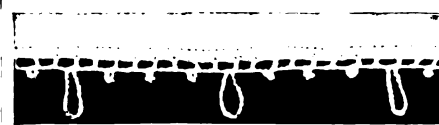


FIG. 3

effect is desired, draw three or four threads at a distance of one eighth of an inch from the folded edge before you cover the fold with crochet. The upright threads in the drawn space will be divided into groups by the crochet stitches.

The scalloped design, Fig. 2, provides an especially good closing for a blouse of linen or other firmly woven fabric. Fold and stitch a hem of the desired width. Stamp or mark the scallops on the right side of the hem, and outline them with a row of machine stitching. Cut away the surplus material and cover the edge evenly with single crochet. Make a loop at the highest point of each scallop.

To make the third closing, shown in Fig. 3, cover the edge of the hem with single crochet, chain five and turn. * Miss two s. c., d. in next s. c.; chain two, miss two s. c., d. in next s. c.; picot in top of d. just made; * three times; chain two, d. in next s. c. twice; in top of d. last made make a buttonhole loop; chain two. Repeat from beginning.



CANDY MAKING WITHOUT COOKING

IN warm weather, when the heat makes it a disagreeable task to work over a stove, the ordinary kind of candy making is not a pleasant occupation—the results seem hardly worth while. The following receipts are for sweetmeats that can be made without heating any of the materials.

Mock Oranges.—Mix a tablespoonful of orange juice with the finely grated outside yellow rind of one orange, being careful not to grate into the white part, for that gives a bitter taste. Stir in the unbeaten yolk of one egg, and enough confectioners' sugar to make a paste that is stiff enough to handle. Form it into balls about as large as a hazelnut, and insert at one end of each a bit of grass or tiny flower stalk. Place the candy on waxed paper to dry.

Mock Lemons.—Use the grated rind of lemon, and mix the sugar with the white of the egg. Add a trace of the yolk to give a faint yellow tint. Form the paste into miniature lemons.

Smothered Dates.—Stuff dates with nuts and wrap them in the following paste: two tablespoonfuls of softened butter, two of powdered cocoa, two of water, and enough confectioners' sugar to stiffen the mixture.

Peanut Butter Whirls.—Mix a teaspoonful of melted butter and a few drops of vanilla with one pound of confectioners' sugar, and add enough milk to bring the mixture to the consistency of stiff dough. Roll the paste into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick, spread a thin layer of peanut

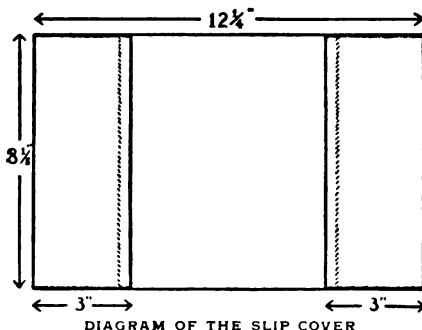



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CONTINUING THE GIRLS' PAGE FOR MAY

butter over it, and make it into a miniature jelly roll about an inch in diameter. Slice the brown and white roll neatly into thin wheels or "whirls."

Tea and Coffee Balls.—Steep either tea or coffee in twice its volume of water—for example, two tablespoonfuls of either in four of water. Drain off the liquid and stir in confectioners' sugar to make a paste. Form it into balls or cut it into squares. This confection is refreshing and stimulating on a journey or a long tramp.

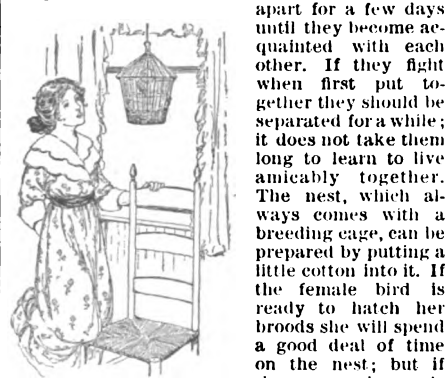
MONEY FROM CANARIES

[The fourth in The Companion Series Earning Money at Home]

THERE are few more interesting occupations by which girls can earn spending money than raising canaries for market. To supply the demand for good singers, between four and five hundred thousand birds are brought in normal times into the country every year, chiefly from Germany. The Harz Mountain canaries are the most popular, and of those the St. Andreasberg birds are the most highly prized. The German peasants devote much time and attention to making fine singers. They do not regard color or size so long as the male can be taught to sing sweetly with a variety of notes.

The girl who plans to raise canaries should start with a carefully selected pair. The male must be a good singer and the female strong. It does not matter whether the birds are of a clear canary color, or have greenish or grayish tints or are crested.

It is a wise plan to get a breeding cage with two compartments, so that the two birds can be kept



apart for a few days until they become acquainted with each other. If they fight when first put together they should be separated for a while; it does not take them long to learn to live amicably together. The nest, which always comes with a breeding cage, can be prepared by putting a little cotton into it. If the female bird is ready to hatch her broods she will spend a good deal of time on the nest; but if she scorns it, as is

sometimes the case, take it out for a week or two and then give her another opportunity.

During the breeding season it is well to feed the birds with hard-boiled egg mashed fine. The egg, however, should not be allowed to remain in the cage more than a day, for it spoils quickly.

The eggs will hatch in from fifteen to eighteen days. The mother will feed the youngsters herself, mother-bird fashion, until they are old enough to eat birdseed. Sometimes the father resents the advent of the young and kills them. To prevent such a tragedy he should be kept in another cage or else in the separate section of the breeding cage until his temper becomes less savage. But if from the first he does not manifest any hostility, he may be left with the brood.

After the young birds are two or three weeks old, the cage, which during the hatching should be kept in a quiet place, may be taken into the living room. At all times it must be protected from drafts.

If there are any males among the birds they will attempt to imitate the singing of their father. The peasants use various musical instruments when they teach the birds new songs, and they repeat the same notes over and over with great patience until their feathered pupils begin to imitate. Girls who have a similar stock of patience and who can whistle can get a good deal of fun out of training the young canaries to repeat after them a favorite call or trill.

When the birds have learned their song they are ready for the market. The girl's next task will be to find purchasers for them. Good singers sell at retail prices that range from two dollars upward, but not every canary will bring so much as that. If the young owner sells direct to her customers, she will get better prices than if she sells to dealers, and at the same time will be making a reputation for her stock. After she has raised one brood of birds and taught the singers, it will be easy to increase the number of breeding pairs and the number of singing pupils.

If she lives in a fairly large town or city, she may add to her profits in summer by taking canary boarders. One girl put an advertisement in a local newspaper that read like this:

If you have a pet bird that you want well cared for this summer, communicate with Miss Anna Brown, North Hilton. She understands all about birds. Terms reasonable.

She told her friends, also, and in a little while she had fifteen canaries to board at two dollars a month. They thrived, and not only brought their "landlady" a good profit, but also won her several new customers for other times of the year.

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Five or six croquet grounds, one lighted by red Japanese lanterns, another by blue lanterns, a third by yellow, and so on, are the tournament fields. The players progress from one ground to another, as from table to table in a progressive indoor game. A small prize for the winner will increase the interest.

Progressive refreshments go appropriately with the game. Serve them at small tables on each croquet field—sandwiches on the first, salad and wafers on the second, fruit on the third, and so on, with cake and ice cream at the last. Those who finish their games first will have the longest time at the refreshment tables.

Of course you can have the same sort of party, except for the lanterns, in the afternoon, but the "atmosphere" will not be quite the same.

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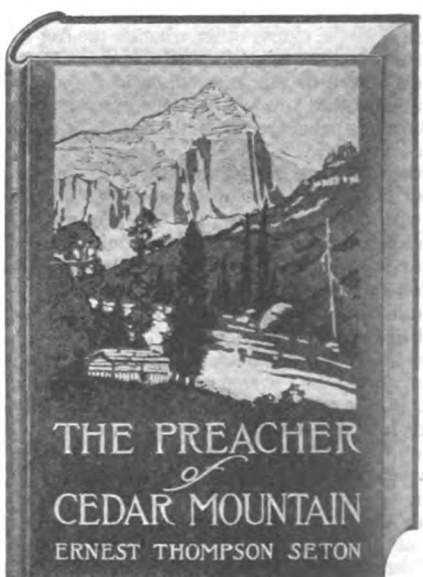
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The FAMILY PAGE for MAY

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RAISING THE FLAG

EVERYWHERE throughout the country the spring days are marked by flag raisings, as summer nights are starred by fireflies: flag raisings by schools, by colleges, by clubs, by business men's associations, by streets and little neighborhood gatherings, even by churches. Many of those who are called upon to manage such affairs are without experience in the matter and not in the way of getting the information they need in time to be of service. To meet that need The Companion herewith presents a programme that, if carried out with intelligence and spirit, will give even a modest flag raising the dignity that it deserves.

THE FLAG AND THE STAFF

First get your flag, and get one that is right—that is, standard in proportions, in the way the space is distributed, and in material. The fly, which is the length of the flag, should be one and nine tenths times as long as the hoist, which is the width of the flag. There must be thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, each of them one thirteenth of the hoist in width. They should begin and end with a red stripe. The field, or blue portion of the union, is seventy-six one hundredths of the hoist in length, and extends downward to the bottom edge of the fourth red stripe from the top. On it are forty-eight five-pointed white stars arranged in six horizontal rows of eight stars each. The material should be bunting, and neither stars nor stripes should be stamped or printed but each star and each stripe should be a separate piece, firmly stitched in place.

It is also important to choose a flag of a size suitable to the place in which it is to be displayed. One that is too large is as unpleasing as one that is too small. Since dealers offer all sizes, the proper choice is a question of good judgment only.

The staff should have a truck at the top into which has been set a pulley with either a metal or a lignum-vitæ sheave. Through the sheave should run halyards of thin, strong rope, not too large to slide smoothly even when swollen by dampness. Near the base of the staff should be a cleat to which the halyards can be made fast when the flag is at peak.

If the flag is not to be displayed from a staff, but is to fly as a banner, dependent from a rope stretched across a street, or from one building to another, the union, which is the blue portion with its stars, should fly to the north in streets that run east and west, and to the east in streets that run north and south. The flag should never be tacked to the side of a building, platform or stage, or in any way made fast so that it cannot be taken in at sunset. The only United States flag that should ever remain flying during the night is the great garrison flag of a fort, in time of actual war, and then only when the fort is besieged or under attack. The fact that just those conditions existed at Fort McHenry when Francis Scott Key wrote The Star-Spangled Banner is what gives point and poignancy to the opening lines.

Before you begin to formulate your programme, decide what you wish to be the climax of it: whether the flag shall be raised to peak first, and the exercises shall follow, and culminate in the important speech of the occasion, or in a poem, a hymn or a prayer; or whether you will have the exercises first and let the actual breaking out of the flag be the climax. It is the second plan that is adopted here.

In order to prevent the flag from breaking out before it reaches the peak, it must be sent up in stops. To put it in stops, lay it flat, with the union from you; fold it once lengthwise, from you, and then a second time, in the same way. You will then have four thicknesses, each a quarter the width of the flag, with the union underneath. Beginning at the end farthest from the union, roll the flag into a cylinder. Bend the upper, or field, halyard to the loop, or grommet, at the field corner of the flag, and the lower, or bottom, halyard to the other loop, or grommet. Bring the lower halyard down to the centre of the roll, give it one turn round the flag to the left, pass a bight, or loop, up through the turn, then down over the turn until it lies across the hanging portion of the halyard. Draw a bight of the hanging portion through the first bight, and your hitch is complete. Although it sounds complicated, it is only the "stitch" that children use to make a rope chain that unravels at a single pull.

The illustration shows the flag in stops, with the turn of the bottom halyard round it, and the bight brought under the turn, ready to be brought down over the hanging portion, to complete the hitch. In raising the flag, all the pull is, of course, put on the field, or top, halyard until the flag reaches the peak, when a slight tug on the lower halyard breaks out the flag in an instant.

Besides having the dramatic effect of climax, sending the flag up in stops has another advantage: it makes it possible to inclose in the end of the flag farthest from the field, when you roll it up, a quantity—anywhere from a dozen to a hundred or two—of little flags. When the big flag comes out of the stops and burgeons forth in full-blown majesty, the little ones come fluttering down like petals that the breeze has set free. That plan, however, is adapted only to a programme in which raising the flag precedes

THE INVOCATION

Almighty God, our refuge and our strength, be with us in this hour of high resolve. Guide our will to the accomplishment of thy purpose, and direct our fervor to paths that shall lead us to righteousness and to the lasting service of mankind. Put away from us all narrowness, all cruel and vindictive passion, all hatred toward our fellow men; but fill our hearts with wisdom to see the right and with courage to do it; and keep us ever mindful that it is to Thee, and Thee alone, that we must look for strength and guidance and comfort. Amen.

THE ADDRESS

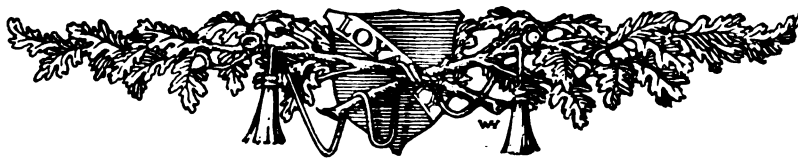
We have gathered here to-day to reaffirm our faith in the great assertion of human liberty on which this nation was established. We are to express that faith by raising a standard that from the beginning has been emblematic of it, and, please God! always shall be, so long as men aspire to freedom and have the courage to defend it.

The ceremony in which we are now engaged is both commemorative and dedicatory. By it we acknowledge with gratitude and affection the sacrifices of all those of every land who have given their lives that the boundaries of human liberty might be enlarged. By it especially we commemorate those of our own land whose courage and steadfastness made possible the priceless heritage that we now enjoy. The flag is dyed with their blood, lighted by the flame of their patriotism and sanctified by their single-hearted devotion.

But this ceremony is also an act of dedication. As we raise this flag, for which our fathers fought, let us not content ourselves merely with recalling the deeds of those who have so nobly served the nation in the past, but let us solemnly pledge ourselves that we in like manner, and in such measure as our ability permits, will serve it in the future; that in peace as well as in war we will cherish the principles for which it stands, and will do nothing to stain its honor or to lessen its influence. To that vow we pledge ourselves in person and in property. To the flag and the nation we offer all that we have, all that we are, and all that we hope to be.

THE PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge Allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands: One Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.



the exercises; otherwise those who are at salute during the playing of the national anthem would have to lower their salute to prevent the small flags from touching the ground.

The directions for rolling the flag that have been given describe the plan generally used on shipboard, which has the excellent quality of being simple and easy to carry out. There is, however, another way, common in the army when the flag is to be sent to peak before it is broken out. It is first folded as in the naval fashion, that is, twice lengthwise. Then, beginning at the end of the strip farthest from the field, a triangular fold is made that lays the end on—and even with—an equal portion of the side; in other words, the corner is folded down at an angle of forty-five degrees. The next fold is straight across the strip, at right angles, the next diagonal again, and so on, until the field end is reached, when the whole flag will be in the shape of a cocked hat. The stops are then put on, as in the naval plan. When well done, the cocked-hat method produces a very pleasing effect, especially if little flags have been inclosed; for, as fold after fold of the big flag opens out, first on one side then on the other, the little flags shoot out as if sown by some invisible hand.



THE MILITARY SALUTE



RAISING THE FLAG IN STOPS



THE CIVILIAN SALUTE

The flag should be folded and rolled in private, so that nothing will remain to be done at the staff except to bend it to the halyards and put it in stops; and that anyone who has practiced it a few times can do in half a minute or less.

If your programme includes a parade, those who are to take part in the exercises should meet at some place agreed upon and form under the direction of a marshal or master of ceremonies. The order will depend upon whether there is a band or not, and whether any military organization is to take part. Since it is easier to add to a simple programme than to cut down one that is more complicated, the formation here given is for occasions

where no uniformed groups are present except a color guard of four—Boy Scouts if no others are available—to give the touch of military interest that the occasion needs.

THE ORDER OF MARCH

MARSHAL.

BUGLER.

COLOR GUARD (in one rank, the rolled flag carried breast-high by the second guardsman from the right flank).

THE SPEAKER, THE POET, THE MINISTER.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

THE PUBLIC.

When the head of the line reaches the staff the marshal halts the procession. The color guard at once advance, bend the flag to the halyards, put it in stops, and make fast the field, or top, halyard to the cleat on the mast. They then return to their position and stand at attention. The bugler takes his place at their right, and the exercises begin.

If you do not march formally to the staff, gather there at an hour appointed, and bend the flag, in stops, to the halyards; then place your color guard and your bugler, if you have them, at attention, and proceed with the exercises from this point.

THE PROGRAMME

INVOCATION.

ADDRESS.

POEM.

{ TO THE COLOR, sounded by the Bugler.

{ RAISING THE FLAG.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

THE PLEDGE TO THE FLAG, by the Children.

The moment the reading of the poem comes to an end the color guard step to the staff, where the man on the right flank and the man on the left flank again stand at attention, while the other two men seize the halyards, one taking the field halyard, by which the flag is to be raised, the other the lower halyard, by which it is to be broken out, and which he now merely pays through his hands, without putting any tension on it as the flag goes up. At the instant when the flag begins to rise the bugler begins to play the call To the Color. The call takes about twenty seconds, and the color guard should so govern their work of raising the flag that it will reach the peak and break out as the last note is reached.

Upon finishing the call To the Color, the bugler immediately begins to play The Star-Spangled Banner, and the whole gathering takes up the song and goes through the first stanza of it—and the others, if you choose—under his leadership; but his instrument, of course, must be a cornet rather than a bugle, and he a cornetist, for you can no more play the national anthem on a bugle than you can play America on a drum. He is called a bugler merely because that is his official military title.

If you cannot get a bugler, you will have to set your ingenuity to the task of providing a substitute. A piano, moved out of doors or to a near-by open window and played with spirit and vigor, would serve creditably.

At the first note of The Star-Spangled Banner the color guard assume the position of the military salute and hold it to the end. The civilians uncover, hold the hat in front of the left shoulder and against it, and maintain that position to the end.

At the close of the national anthem, the children, on signal, give in unison the salute. They raise the right hand smartly to the forehead, with the forearm inclined about forty-five degrees, the hand and wrist straight, the forefinger touching the forehead just above the right eye, the thumb and fingers extended and joined, and the palm to the left. In that position they repeat together the pledge. At the words "to my Flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and remains in that position until the end of the affirmation, then immediately drops to the side.

The pledge was originated by The Youth's Companion in 1892, and since then has been in daily use in thousands of schools.

Both the prayer and the address should be brief; the prayer not more than two or three minutes long, at most, and the address not more than four or five. The address here given is intended, of course, more as a suggestion and guide than as anything to be committed to memory. Spontaneity is worth every other quality, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. But with the poem the case is different. The number of those who can write even respectable verse is limited, and it is far better to quote a good poem than to read or recite a poor one written for the occasion. There are plenty of good ones to choose from. Among them are Frank L. Stanton's The Old Flag Forever; Joseph Rodman Drake's The American Flag; George Washington Cutter's E. Pluribus Unum; Oliver Wendell Holmes's The Flower of Liberty; James Whitcomb Riley's The Name of Old Glory; Lucy Larcom's The Flag; Minna Irving's Betsy's Battle Flag; Hubbard Parker's Old Flag, and Henry Holcomb Bennett's The Flag Goes By.



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Commonwealth Ave. and St. Paul St., Boston, Mass.

HEADACHE

WHEN a sufferer asks the question, "What is good for a headache?" the only sensible answer is, "What kind of a headache?" Pain in the head is not a disease but a symptom, and it may result from a great many causes. For that reason self-treatment—and, above all, taking any of the so-called "headache cures"—is a dangerous mistake, for it ignores the underlying cause, forms a deplorable and harmful habit, and gives only momentary relief.

The first thing to do for a recurring headache is to hunt the cause. So much has been said of late about eyestrain that most persons now go to an oculist if the headache is persistent. If the eyes are not at fault, or if glasses do not stop the headache, the ears, nose, throat and teeth should also be examined.

In many cases the trouble is with the stomach—the patient is bilious. Poor circulation is sometimes the cause, especially if it is produced by tight collars and stocks. There are many healthy persons who have a headache if the ventilation is bad, and who always pay that price for attending any entertainment that takes place in vitiated air. Then there is the so-called sick headache or migraine, a nervous affection that often runs in families, and that sticks to its victims during long years in spite of all efforts to cure it.

It is not natural for children to suffer from headache at all, and when a hitherto healthy child complains of one parents should watch it carefully. In many cases the pain marks the onset of one of the more serious disorders of childhood.

When a disease of the brain causes the headache there are other marked symptoms associated with it that help the physician in his diagnosis. An anæmic person is very likely to suffer, because the brain needs more blood; in that case treatment for the anæmia will cure the headache.

The occasional headache often yields to a warm footbath and rest in a quiet, darkened room.

A PRESENT FROM NORLEY

AS a package, rather dingy and battered at the corners and several times read-dressed, was put into her hands, Aunt Clarissa laughed delightedly.

"It's my birthday present from Fidelia Bonney. She always sends one,—she hasn't missed since we were schoolgirls,—and I was just as uneasy as could be when it didn't come. I was afraid that she must be sick, or that Uncle Si had one of his 'dying spells' again."

"Why don't you open it, auntie?" demanded her namesake—who preferred to be called Clarice.

"Here are my scissors."

Aunt Clarissa shook her head in good-natured disapproval at her niece.

"You're a hustling daughter of the great metropolis, Clarice," she said good-naturedly, "but I'm Norley born and bred, and I can taste my pleasures without bolting them whole. Just look at that address, please—right in the first place; then crossed out and put wrong, and crossed out twice more, readdressed, and then back to the right one again. Fidelia knew where I'd be,—I'd told her, special,—but Joe Lake at the post office thought 'Boston' was a slip for 'Bolton,' and changed it, to be obliging. I'm generally in Bolton with Cousin Anna at this time, as Joe knows very well."

"But surely a post-office official wouldn't—"

"Joe Lake would! He's Joe Lake first, which means everybody's friend in general and Sister Sally's old beau in particular, and he's an official afterwards. He wouldn't meddle with a stranger's address, but I'm 'Clarice' to him still, just as I was when he used to bribe me with peppermints to go and play in the far end of the garden while he called on Sally. That's the Norley way. So the box went to Bolton; and Cousin Anna wasn't sure where I was, so she tried Cousin Ruth, and Cousin Ruth tried Cousin Mary, and Cousin Mary sent it back to Fidelia, and Fidelia sent it on to me. Now, I'll open it—"

"O Aunt Clarissa! Candied mint and rose leaves! Why, that doesn't seem a bit like a—well, a village offering. I never saw them anywhere except in the Christmas parlor of the Woman's Exchange and at the very finest grocers' and confectioners'. They couldn't possibly keep company with striped peppermint sticks, and chewing gum, and gluey candy lumps on sticks—the kind of things you find in a country store."

"No," assented Aunt Clarissa, delicately nibbling a rose leaf, "they couldn't and they didn't. But they're a 'village offering' all the same. There's been mint along Fidelia's brook since before the Indians deeded over the farm, and cinnamon roses up against the house wall since it was built, and the big pink hundred-head growing by the gate. Confectioners and exchanges are well enough, but when I get a present from Norley, child, it's the kind that's never sold and never bought, and never can be. Not at any price."

But that was verging very near sentiment for Miss Clarissa. She changed her tone briskly:

"Try a mint leaf, Clarice. Mint's always such a good, clean taste to finish with."

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KEDS are new shoes made for the comfort and good of growing feet. The tops are made of the firmest and finest of canvas; the soles are of durable, flexible rubber. Every line conforms to healthfulness and freedom; and at their cost Keds will outwear any footwear made. Ask, or have Mother or Dad ask, at your shoe store for Keds by these names:



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E. G. Shore

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Gentlemen. I wish you would make me a glove like the one you made for me last year. I used the glove all last season and like it so well I would like to have another like it. Send a bill for same and I will send you a check. Thanking you for past kind favors and wishing you much success in the future, I remain,

Yours truly, Ernest G. Shore



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



MEMORIAL DAY NUMBER
1917

Jiffy-Jell

For Salads and Relishes

Tart, Zestful Flavors
In Sealed Vials

Lime and Mint

For Summer Garnishes
Instant Relishes—Salad Jells



Made Direct
From
Mint Leaves

Jiffy-Jell is more than a dessert. Two of the flavors—Lime and Mint—are distinctly relishes.

Garnish your cold meats or salads with these zestful Jiffy-Jells. Or mix your salads into them before the jelly cools.

Both are green. Both have a tang or savor which fits with these cold dishes. Both are instantly prepared.

Ideal Summer Food

High-grade gelatine is ideal summer food. It isn't heating, and it easily digests.

It has unique value as a tissue-saver. That is, it prevents the vital tissues from wearing down unduly. For that reason in particular, food authorities highly recommend it. Each ounce of gelatine saves from destruction about one-half ounce of tissue.

It holds high place in scientific diet.

In hospitals, gelatine is a staple. Serve it at least once daily in some way.

Rare-Grade Gelatine

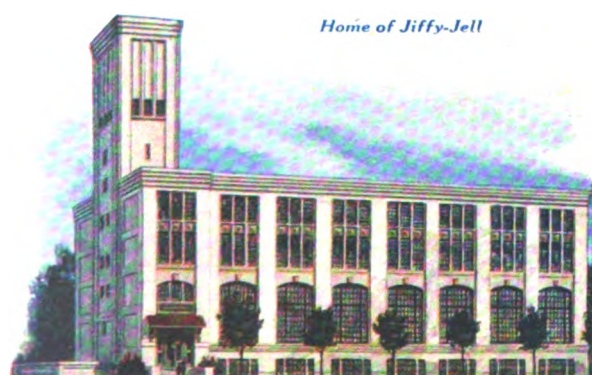
The basis of Jiffy-Jell is Waukesha gelatine. This is an extra grade which costs twice as much as the common. The supply is limited, and we control the output. We use no other grade.



Lime as Garnish

Jiffy-Jell will bring you a new conception of gelatine as a dainty. All the flavor and aroma come from the bottled essence. And that is made from fresh fruit juice, except the mint-leaf flavor.

Don't confine this dainty to desserts. Use the salad flavors as well as the fruit flavors. Keep an assortment on hand for the various forms of cold dishes.



Home of Jiffy-Jell



Flavors in Vials



Tart, Green
Lime Fruit

Jiffy-Jell

The Supreme Dessert

Fruit-Juice Flavors
Each in a Vial

Pineapple

A Summer Favorite
For Quick, Ice-Cold Desserts



A popular flavor for summer desserts is Pineapple. It is made from the fruit itself, and sealed in a vial. So it keeps its freshness until used.

So with all Jiffy-Jell fruit flavors. Each is made from the fruit itself—made by concentration. Each is sealed in a vial.

So Jiffy-Jell desserts taste like fresh, crushed fruit. You don't scald them in the making. Add the flavor when the jell has partly cooled.



One Dinner Free If You Are Not Delighted

Let one test show you how Jiffy-Jell methods improve a gelatine dessert. Serve one package of any flavor. If you are not delighted, take back the empty package and your grocer will return your money.

You will never again serve lower-grade gelatine, or flavors that are not like these.



Pineapple Dessert

For Hot Days

Serve Jiffy-Jell desserts on hot days. They are made in an instant. They are served ice-cool. They are light and nutritious, and easy to digest.

Serve with the flavor only. Or add fresh fruit, nuts, chocolate or whipped cream. Serve as side dishes as well as desserts. A Jiffy-Jell dainty, with fruit or whipped cream, is a perfect summer supper.

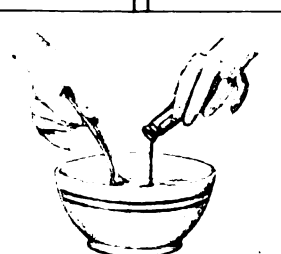
In summer, keep a variety on hand. Each package makes six to eight dishes.

But be sure it is Jiffy-Jell. No other kind contains Waukesha gelatine, or the true fruit flavors in vials.



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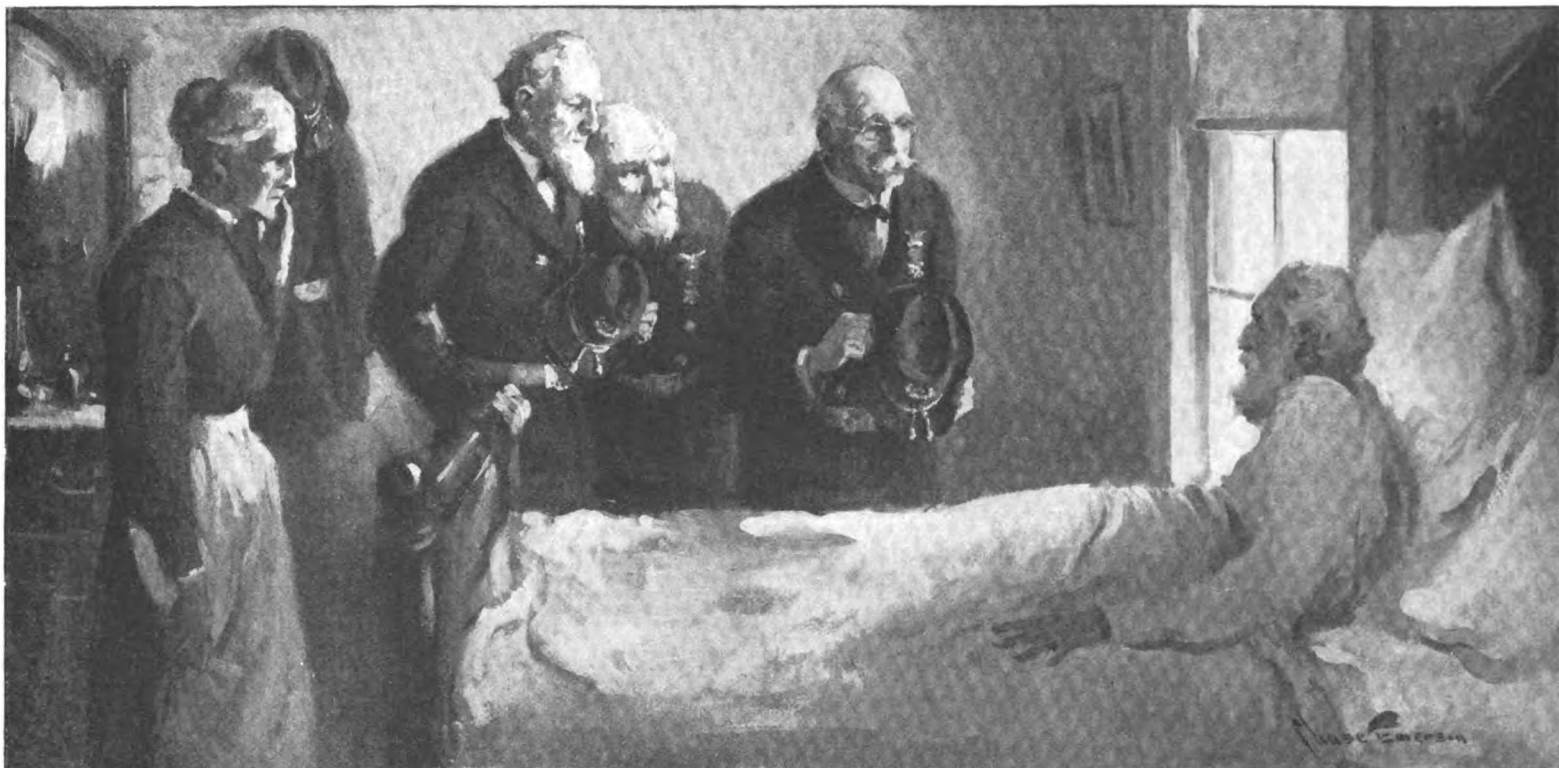
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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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DRAWINGS BY CHASE EMERSON

"THAT'S MY SECRET, WILLIAM TORREY," REPLIED THE SICK MAN FIRMLY. "I CAN'T TELL YOU THAT"

ABE GINTER'S RESIGNATION

By Homer Greene

WHEN the doctor came out of Abe Ginter's bedroom he had a puzzled look on his face. Mrs. Ginter, with her hands folded in her apron, stood in the living room awaiting him. "Well?" she said.

"Abe's not so very sick," replied the doctor, "although he ought to have had that old wound opened up sooner; but he has something on his mind that's worrying him. Do you know what it is?"

"I wish to goodness I did; but he won't tell me. Just worries and worries and won't tell. Men are so cantankerous!"

She lifted a corner of her apron to her eyes; for, although Mrs. Ginter was sharp of tongue, she was tender of heart.

"I think it's something about his war record," she continued, "though what it is goodness only knows. I've been married to him nigh forty years and I never heard anything against him as a soldier, or any other way, for that matter."

"Well," said the doctor, "if we can relieve his mind, he'll come along all right. If we can't, I don't know what will happen. It's the worry that's wearing him out. Let's see; you have some children out West somewhere, haven't you?"

"Only John; he never came East. Mary died, you know, and it's her Hannah that's with us."

"I see. Suppose you write to John and tell him he'd better come on. I—I think maybe the old man might like to see him."

"Doctor, you don't think —"

She hesitated and looked at him sharply.

"Oh, there's no immediate danger. Get that thing off his mind, if you can, whatever it is, and keep on with the same medicine. I'll call again to-morrow morning."

The doctor strode down the path to the gate, where his horse was tied, and jumped into his buggy. Mrs. Ginter, with her hands folded in her apron again, watched him drive out of sight. She was thinking what she should say in her letter to John.

"Sary."

It was Abe's voice from the bedroom. Letting her apron fall, she pushed open the door of the sickroom and entered. It was a small room and plainly furnished; conspicuous on the wall hung a Grand Army uniform, and over the old-fashioned bureau an American flag was neatly draped.

On the wide, high bed lay Abram Ginter. His

sallow, wrinkled face showed signs not so much of physical suffering as of mental distress.

"Sary, has the doctor gone?"

"Yes, Abe."

"He might as well. He can't do anything for me. It wouldn't be worth while if he could. A man that's done what I've done is better out of the world than in it."

Mrs. Ginter squared her elbows and put her hands on her hips.

"Abe Ginter," she said, "you just stop that nonsense. What's the use of your fretting and fidgeting your life away, and no one knows what it's all about, and you won't tell. I'm going to put my foot down now. Something's got to be done."

She pushed a chair back from the side of the bed and sat down in it resolutely. The old man turned his head on the pillow and faced her.

"You're right, Sary," he said. "Something's got to be done and I've decided to do it. Get me a pencil and paper."

She hastened into the living room on her errand. That the secret that preyed on her husband's mind had to do with his conduct as a soldier in the Civil War she felt sure, but what it was that he had done she could not imagine.

As a young man, indeed when he was scarcely more than a boy, he had gone West to seek his fortune. Then came the war. At the end of it, an honorably discharged veteran, with a wound received at Five Forks that was bound to last him a lifetime, he drifted back into Indiana, married and settled down. But he never prospered. He was too easy-going—too conscientious, some said; he lacked the true Western energy and push. And the old wound troubled him so that for months at a time he was unable to work.

When Abe's father died, back in the Pennsylvania town where he was born, and left him the old homestead, he and his wife, both now past middle age, got together their few belongings, and with their little granddaughter, Hannah, came East and settled down in Abe's boyhood home. It was a small truck farm on the outskirts of the village, but it served to supply a decent living for Abe Ginter and his little family.

When the old soldiers of his native village

learned that he was a veteran of the Civil War and had an honorable discharge, and especially when they learned—not from him, for he never told of it, but from some one else who knew—how valiantly he had fought, what desperate bravery he had shown at Five Forks, they besought him to join their Grand Army post. At first he would not listen to them, but they kept urging him and at last he yielded. No man in the post was more loyal and devoted; but he would accept no office and no honor. He had fought in the war as a private soldier, he said, and he always wanted to remain one.

When his wife returned with paper and pencil, she brought also a large geography of her schoolgirl days on which he could lay the sheet of paper. Then she got his spectacles and helped him to sit up.

He found it a great effort to write. At best, he was unused to writing, and now the pencil seemed obstinately reluctant to set down the thought in his mind. But he started in bravely: "James Madison ag—" He looked at his wife over the top of his spectacles. "How do you spell adjutant?"

"Why," she replied uncertainly, "it's a-d-g—Wait! I'll get the dictionary."

"No, I can't wait. There isn't time. I won't write to the adjutant, anyway. I'll write to the post commander."

So he took a fresh sheet of paper and started again.

Wm. Torrey comander sir. I resine my membership in Robert Durland Post.

"What!" exclaimed his wife, who was looking over his shoulder. "What's that, Abe?"

"I'm resigning my membership in the Grand Army," he replied quietly.

"You—resigning? What for? Just when you need friends most? Abe Ginter, you're crazy!"

"I've thought it all out, Sary. I know what I'm doing." Then, paying no further attention to her, he wrote on:

I turn in my button with this letter. I never had any right to join the post. I—

The last sentence was more than Mrs. Ginter could bear. "Abe Ginter, that's not so!" she cried. "Why hadn't you a right to join the post, I'd like to know! Weren't you a soldier?"

Didn't you get wounded? Haven't you got an honorable discharge? Why aren't you as good as any of them?"

"That's my secret, Sary. I've kept it for forty years. There are only three men that know it, and if they're living they're living in Indiana; but I can't associate any longer with volunteer heroes like Adjutant James Madison and Chaplain David Graham. I'm not fit."

"Fit, fiddlesticks!"

Sarah Ginter had completely lost her temper, but her husband was still calmly resolute. With increased effort he went on with his letter:

If the post had known what I know, they wouldn't have taken me in in the first place. It's better that I get out while I'm alive, and not wait till I'm dead. This is for the sake of my conscience and to be fair with the post. Your Obedt. Servant
Abram Ginter.

When he had signed his name, the old man read the letter over to himself.

"It's not just as I wanted it," he said. "That last is badly mixed. But I haven't time—or strength—to write it over. Where's Hannah? She must take this to William Torrey right away."

But Mrs. Ginter had not yet recovered from her astonishment and indignation.

"Hannah's not going to take that crazy letter to town till she's had her dinner. I'll settle that. Why, it's a mile to William Torrey's house, and here it's almost twelve o'clock!"

While she was scolding, she laid the letter on the bureau, and took away the pencil, paper and geography. Then, noticing the ashen look on the old man's tired face, her voice took on a more kindly tone.

"There," she said, "you lie back. You're tired now. Let me get this pillow out. I'll have your broth ready in a minute, and when you eat some you'll feel better."

She eased the old man's head down on the one pillow and smoothed back his thin gray hair.

"The letter must get to him, so it can be presented at the meeting to-night," he said. "There's no time to lose."

"I'll send Hannah with it just as soon as she's finished her dinner."

As she bustled about her work, Mrs. Ginter felt that after all it had perhaps done her husband good to write the letter, for apparently it had relieved his mind.

When Hannah returned in the middle of the afternoon and told him that she had delivered the letter into William Torrey's own hands,

Alice had always thought Grace rather stupid. She was sure of it now. No girl who was not stupid would have contrived a quarrel on the eve of a house party. And Mary was easy to get along with, the most pleasant-tempered of all the Hall cousins. Only an imp or a stupid could have quarreled with Mary.

"What am I to do, Alice?" asked Aunt Janet. "I can't give a house party with two of my guests not on speaking terms. I've talked to them both and they're adamant. As far as I can see, we shall have to give up the house party."

"O Aunt Janet, not that! Couldn't you ask some one else in their places?"

"Can't find 'em, my dear," her aunt replied lightly. "I've canvassed the possibilities thoroughly. There aren't two other girls who are congenial and who are able to go. The Ditsons have an uncle coming, the Graylings leave next week for California. There's some perfectly good reason in every case."

"Maude Jaffrey?"

"Cousins on the way to visit her."

"Tid Bates?"

"Mother needs her. They have a houseful of company for the summer."

Alice frowned in perplexity. Then her brow cleared. "Make it a six-party, Aunt Janet. Six is almost as much fun as eight."

"Think how six would rattle round in two cars! And what about the tennis courts? When you all want to play at once—"

"Two could play singles, Aunt Janet, and with two courts—"

But Aunt Janet shook her head. "Of course I could manage to get along with seven, making eight myself, but never six, Alice. I positively refuse to have a house party of six."

That settled it, Alice knew. Aunt Janet was as whimsical as she was lovable.

The two fell into a dejected silence, which Aunt Janet finally broke. "I made rather a mess of talking to them, I'm afraid. You don't suppose you could do anything to patch up peace, Alice?"

Alice had been dandling the thought upon her mental knees for a full minute. "I don't know, Aunt Janet. Grace is just a bit obstinate, you know, and Mary, if anything, is more so. They're neither of them exactly tractable. And if they wouldn't listen to you."

"That's no reason why they might not listen to you," rejoined her aunt quickly.

Alice let a minute go by. Already she saw in her mind's eye Grace and Mary strolling arm in arm up to Aunt Janet's gate, but it would not be polite to let Aunt Janet perceive her thought.

"They were pretty new to it when you talked to them, I suppose, and pretty hot."

"Torrid, my dear."

"I'll try, Aunt Janet, if you want me to."

"I wish you would. Meanwhile, we will hold the matter of the house party open. I hope you succeed, Alice."

Privately, Alice had no doubt of her ability to do so. Give up the house party? Preposterous! Neither Grace nor Mary was pig-headed enough to ruin Aunt Janet's delectable house party for the sake of a stupid little quarrel about a hat.

As she walked along the street Alice outlined her plan. She could "jolly" Mary into peace; it was always easy to "jolly" Mary. Grace would be harder to deal with.

What was it that Cousin Wilfred had been talking about last night? "The approach is the whole thing," he had said, hammering on the table for emphasis. "Give me a clue to the approach and I can talk convincingly to any man."

Cousin Wilfred ought to know. He was a lawyer, and a successful lawyer. Alice had listened to him and believed that she knew almost as much as Cousin Wilfred knew about the theory of "approach." You found out what a person would be interested to listen to, and then you began to talk about it.

Thoughtfully Alice applied the theory to Grace. She would be interested in the house party, and she was conscientious. She was always saying, "If that's what the other girls want, I'll go in for it." Grace was going to be easy, too. Alice straightened up and stepped more briskly. She wondered whether Aunt Janet had known how to "approach" Grace.

She crossed the street half a block sooner than she otherwise would have crossed it, in order to avoid passing a tall, slender girl in a

THE PEACEMAKERS

By Beth B. Gilchrist



DRAWN BY ADA C. WILLIAMSON



"LET'S HEAR YOUR REPORT. ALICE DIDN'T HAVE ANY LUCK, EITHER"

blue linen dress. Not yet could Alice "cut" Stella Dame with a happy heart.

Miss Grace was upstairs, the new maid said, and Alice, on going up, found Grace studying her reflection under the redoubtable hat.

"Is that it?" Alice asked, to set the ball rolling.

Grace tilted her chin at a new angle. "What do you think of it?"

"Not worth the row," said Alice critically.

"You're right there," Grace admitted. "Somehow it looked prettier in the store. It was rather a love—on its perch."

"Let's see," Alice held out her hand and Grace capped it with the hat. "Pretty, but not your style."

"Look out! That's what Mary said."

Alice laughed. "What do you think yourself?"

Grace shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, soso! But you needn't tell her."

"Tell her yourself."

Alice studied a photograph intently.

"You bet I won't. Nor you, either. Going to the Parkers' to-night?"

"I suppose so. Everything looks tame to me now beside Aunt Jan's house party."

"That's the way I felt yesterday. Now I'm not going."

"Not going?"

"Can't go when I'm not on speaking terms with part of the party." Grace's mouth set stubbornly. "I don't wish to be talked to about it."

Alice came away presently. On the steps she met Olive Gray.

"Alice," gasped Olive, "have you heard—Mary isn't going to Aunt Jan's house party!"

"Mary isn't going! Why, Grace just told me that she isn't, either!"

In the next hour Alice felt that she had acquired the swing of a pendulum up and down the street.

"But, Mary," she argued at one end, "it's perfect nonsense for you not to go. If Grace refuses, what is the point in your staying away, too?"

"What Grace James does or doesn't do has

no influence over what I do," Mary retorted. She was clearly not to be moved by argument.

Alice tried the "jolly" method. "So, Pollywog, we've got to have you," she finished. "We simply can't get along at Aunt Jan's without you. You're coming with the rest of us—you know you are."

Mary's small mouth was set. "I am not going to Aunt Janet's house party."

Alice put her arm round Mary's neck. "Make it up, dear. You know you will never be happy until you do."

"There is nothing to make up," said Mary.

"That hat is fearfully unbecoming to her," Alice ventured.

"She has a perfect right to wear an unbecoming hat if she wants to."

"Then I don't see —"

"Nor I."

Alice put both arms round Mary and shook her playfully. "You funny Mollikins! You aren't pretty a bit when you look cross. Come along now and kiss and make up. I'm not going to leave you until you do."

Mary turned on her. "You're a nice one to talk, Alice Lake! What about you and Stella Dame? Everyone knows you haven't spoken to each other for a whole month."

"That's different."

"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't. Anyway, I don't want to hear you mention Grace James's name to me again."

Alice took herself away, aggrieved. Mild little Mary's attack was as preposterous as it was sudden. She could not understand Mary. Very carefully she set her words in order on the way down the street.

"I want to talk to you, Grace, about the house party," she began, coming to the point at once. "You say you have made up your mind not to go, but I am sure that you don't want the rest of us to miss it."

"Why, of course not! My staying away won't affect you."

"Yes, it will. There isn't to be any house party if you and Mary don't go."

"How's that?" Grace asked in astonishment.

Alice told her what Aunt Janet had said.

"I'm sorry," Grace said. "But the house party is Aunt Janet's affair, isn't it?"

Alice stared. "You don't mean that you're willing to break it up—you can't mean that!"

"I'm simply not going. That's flat."

"But —"

"What comes of it is none of my business, Alice."

"All for a hat that you don't really like?"

"Who says I don't like it? I'm going to wear that hat every day this summer."

Alice hesitated. "Grace, you know how crazy I am over the house party. The other girls feel the same way. Knowing that, won't you—make up with Mary?"

Grace flushed. "Alice, I'll do anything for you girls—anything except that. I can't be friends with her the way I was before. She's not the girl I thought she was. You know yourself how it is. You and Stella used to be —"

"We didn't quarrel about a hat," Alice interposed. "That was different, quite different—something important—more important, I mean."

Forty-eight hours later Alice sank wearily down on a seat in Aunt Janet's garden. "I can't do anything with them, Aunt Jan!" she said. "I've talked till I'm blue in the face. I've suggested that maybe Mary didn't mean that Grace's hats were *never* becoming, and that maybe Grace didn't mean, when she said she'd rather wear an unbecoming hat than a frumpy one, that Mary's hats were frumps. They agree to everything I say, but they won't make up. It was just a silly little quarrel, but they're stubborn over it. They got fearfully cross at each other, you know. Their feelings seem to have frozen that way. It doesn't matter that there wasn't anything at all really to have been cross about—they're bound to stay so."

"It's frequently so with quarrels, I think," Aunt Janet agreed. "The feeling remains after the cause is forgotten or explained."

"But that's unreasonable. Anyway, I'm tired to death of the whole business. A quarrel like that is so stupid, Aunt Jan!"

"Think so, dear?"

A girl rounded a syringa bush hastily. "O Aunt Jan, I didn't have any luck at all—I beg your pardon! I thought you were alone."

"Don't go, Stella. Let's hear your report. Alice didn't have any luck, either."

Stella flushed. "I didn't know anyone else was trying. They're perfectly unreasonable, both of them; and I think they see it, but they won't give in."

Aunt Janet put out a hand and pulled the tall, slender girl to a seat beside her. "Your reports agree perfectly; so you must both be right. I'm afraid I'll have to give up that house party, Alice. If there were only one other girl I could ask." Aunt Janet wrinkled her brow in thought.

Alice's heart beat fast under her white smock.

"Perhaps Stella could go." Her voice did not sound quite natural.

"That's so. Perhaps she could. Say yes, and save our house party, Stella."

The tall girl's gray eyes were fixed eagerly upon Alice's face. "Do you—really mean it?"

Alice jumped up and threw her arms round the other girl's neck. "Come along, you old—*peach!*" she cried, with a choke and a laugh.

"I'd love to."

"That will make seven, Aunt Jan," Alice announced. "Eight, counting you."

"Ten, I presume," said Aunt Janet. "We can manage with a little squeezing."

But Alice had wheeled again on Stella. "Did they tell you that you hadn't any business to try to get them to make up, when you had a fight of your own going on?"

Stella nodded. "I told them ours was different."

"So did I."

"By the way, just what was the trouble between you two?" asked Aunt Janet.

The girls looked at each other and had the grace to blush.

"Nothing, Aunt Jan," said Alice. "Just some silly little nonsense. I'm not sure I remember. Come on, Stella, we'll tackle them together; they can't resist the two of us."

he seemed greatly pleased. That night he looked brighter and more cheerful than he had looked before in many weeks. He ate his gruel with a relish, and fell early into a restful sleep that lasted until at daylight the little brass cannon ushered in Memorial Day with its accustomed salute from the brink of the ledge north of the village.

But if Abram Ginter slept peacefully that night, there was consternation at the post. What did Abe Ginter's letter of resignation mean? Did not everyone know that no man in Pennsylvania was better qualified to belong to a Grand Army post than Abram Ginter? Had not a comrade from the West who had fought side by side with him told them all one night before Abe joined the post about

that dreadful day at Five Forks when Ginter got the wound that had lasted him through life? Of all the desperate and daring deeds of the Civil War, what deed on either side had been more desperate and daring than his? And all for the rescue of a tattered and blood-soaked flag that he could not bear to see fall into the enemy's hands!

Since he had been with them in the post had he not been a faithful member? Then what did his letter mean anyway? But of only one thing were they sure: they must not let Comrade Ginter withdraw from the post in this summary fashion.

So they appointed the commander, the chaplain and the adjutant as a committee to interview the old man the next morning and to

report to the post at half past nine o'clock, when they were to form for the Memorial Day parade.

At half past eight the next morning William Torrey's two-seated surrey stopped in front of Abram Ginter's house, and the members of the committee got out. Hannah was the first to discover them, and she darted into the house and broke the news to her grandmother.

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Ginter. "Hold them outside a minute, Hannah, while I tidy up your grandpa's room."

With the artlessness of youth, Hannah entertained the visitors on the porch for five full minutes before Sarah Ginter appeared at the front door and invited them to come in.

"It was a curious letter," she said, when

the commander had explained to her the purpose of the visit. "Whatever possessed the man, I don't know. But you can go in and find out if you can; I'm sure I can't."

So they went into Abram Ginter's bedroom. He did not seem greatly surprised to see them, nor was he greatly pleased. He guessed the purpose of their visit and feared trouble.

"I got your letter," said Torrey, when they had inquired after Abe's health. "I read it to the post last night, and the boys don't know what it means. They appointed us a committee to come up here this morning and find out."

"Hasn't my resignation been accepted yet?" inquired the old man anxiously.

"Not yet, Abe," replied the commander.

"The boys didn't understand; they wanted to know first what it was all about."

"That's my secret, William Torrey," replied the sick man firmly. "I can't tell you that. You ought to have accepted it the minute you got it—for the good of the post."

"Now, Abe," broke in the chaplain, "don't you think you owe us some explanation?"

"It wouldn't do any real good," was the reply. "No explanation would help any. Besides, what's the use of my spreading my disgrace broadcast? Can't you do the right thing by me and let me go?"

"But we don't want to let you go, Abe," said the adjutant. "We don't believe there's any good reason for your going. And we can't believe it till you tell us what it is."

Then Abe turned his face to the wall in silent protest. The visitors looked at one another awkwardly until Sarah Ginter came to the rescue. She had entered the room with the visitors and had remained standing at the foot of the bed.

"Abe Ginter," she exclaimed, when she felt that the silence had lasted long enough, "don't be a fool! Maybe you have been a knave, but if you have prove it! Prove it!"

"It wasn't quite that, Sary," he replied weakly. "Just a coward, that's all."

"Why, you weren't a deserter, were you?"

"No."

"Nor a spy?"

"No."

"Nor a —"

"Bounty jumper?" suggested the chaplain.

"No, oh, no!"

"Ever break and run under fire?" asked the adjutant.

"Me? Never!" replied the old man with spirit.

"Well, when you first enlisted —" persisted the adjutant.

"I didn't enlist," interrupted the sick man, facing his visitors.

"Didn't enlist!"

It was evident that the old man had spoken inadvertently; but Sarah Ginter quickly followed up the clue.

"Then how under the canopy did you get into the army?"

The gaunt face of the helpless veteran reddened with shame as he looked hopelessly from one to another of his inquisitors. He knew that the game was up.

"I was drafted," he said simply.

And now that the secret was out, he hurried on in explanation:

"Yes, gentlemen, drafted; forced against my will to help defend the flag of my country; for two years a laggard and a drone in the comfortable North, while you volunteers were spilling your blood and wasting your lives at the front. And then, drafted! Flung into the army! Oh, it's disgraceful! I'm not fit to associate with decent soldiers. That's why I want to get out—that's why!"

He lay back on the pillow exhausted, and the gray ghosts of weakness again chased the color from his face.

Commander William Torrey looked at Chaplain David Graham, and Chaplain David Graham looked at Adjutant James Madison, and the faces of all three men flushed consciously; but in William Torrey's eyes there was a merry twinkle.

"Well, boys," he said to his two companions, "I guess he has sized you up about right, eh? Better smile and take your medicine."

Then he turned to Abe Ginter and laid his hand affectionately on the sick man's arm.

"I have to tell you, Abe," he said, "that both my adjutant and my chaplain loved their country so much that they went to war—to escape the provost marshal's posse in the draft of '63."

Then all three visitors began to laugh, softly at first, and then more merrily, and Mrs. Ginter, after wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron, joined in, and—well, for a few minutes it did not seem like a sickroom at all.

Abe Ginter lay bewildered, and looked

helplessly from one to another of his visitors. Suddenly William Torrey grew sober.

"Abe Ginter," he asked, "did the fact that you were a drafted man make you fight any less vigorously, make you any less anxious that the old flag should come victorious out of every battle? I know very well that it did not."

The old man's hand stole along the coverlet

ought to be wearing a congressional medal to-day for exceptional bravery under fire. That's right!"

The chaplain and the adjutant nodded their approval vigorously; but Abe Ginter had nourished his delusion for years until it had become a deeply rooted conviction: he could not easily give it up. He was still doubtful what attitude

not almost time for the Memorial Day procession to start. The route was a quarter of a mile away, but at least he could hear the band.

"Not for an hour yet," replied his wife. "I'll open the window more, and swing the bed round so that you can look out and hear it better when it comes."

At ten o'clock, with the assistance of her granddaughter, she moved the head of the invalid's bed to the window, so that he could look out across the front yard to the orchard on the wooded rise of ground that hid the river road from his view; but he knew how the procession would look. There would be the village band in the lead, the marshal of the day on horseback with a red sash across his breast, a carriage containing the officers and speakers, another in which would ride the crippled and feeble veterans, a dozen old soldiers in uniform on foot, a score of young girls dressed in white, carrying wreaths and bouquets of flowers to lay on the graves of the soldier dead, and at last, on foot and in carriages, the citizens of the town.

Many a time he had marched in such a procession, but he would never march in one again. Even while he dwelt on this thought, from somewhere far away came the soft music of a band. The old man put his hand to his ear to catch the strains more clearly, and his wife raised the window sash higher and braced it with a longer stick.

The music grew more distinct. Doubtless the procession had reached the nearest point to Abe Ginter's cottage; and the melody would soon fade away. Mrs. Ginter had taken a chair by the head of the bed and was also listening.

"Seems to me," she said, "it's remarkably plain. The air must be clear to-day."

Then something that she saw down the road attracted her attention and she went to the window.

"Abe Ginter!" she cried. "I do believe"—then she brushed her hands across her eyes to make sure they were not deceiving her—"I do believe they're coming up this way!"

"No," he replied, lifting himself on his elbows. "No, they—they wouldn't —"

"Yes, they are. Sure as you're born! Look! Through the trees there, by Simpson's barn. Can't you see them?"

Sure enough, there they were, coming round by the back road, a half mile out of their way, just to pass Abe Ginter's house. There were the band and the marshal; and there were the carriages and the little group of veterans and the flower

girls and the citizens; he saw them with his eyes—at least until his eyes grew so wet that he could not see at all.

"They're doing it for you, Abe!" cried Mrs. Ginter. "They're doing it for you! Here, Hannah, quick! Help me get your grandpa up so that they can see him. Put those pillows at his back. There, how's that? They're doing it for you, Abe! Isn't it grand?"

"Halt!"

It was Commander William Torrey who gave the command. The old boys were there in the road, less than a hundred feet from Comrade Ginter's window.

"Left face! Salute!"

Every hand went up to its corresponding hat in obedience to the command.

"Comrade Ginter," said William Torrey, "the members of this post appreciate your bravery in war, your devotion to the Grand Army, and your faithfulness as a comrade. They know why you wished to resign, and they will not release you from membership. Living or dead, you shall never be dropped from the roll; and may God keep you with us in body for many a day."

He turned to his command:

"Right face! Forward march!"

The band and the marshal, the carriages, the veterans, the white-robed girls and the citizens passed up the road, leaving in his

MEMORIAL DAY IN WAR TIME



THERE is no other day in all the world like our own Memorial Day. No other people has set apart a day of remembrance on which the whole nation goes forth to beautify with the blossoms of spring the graves of the men who gave or risked their lives in battle for their country. That may be because no other modern nation has until now faced, as the United States faced half a century ago, an armed threat against its very existence; it may be because there is among Americans a vein of sentiment that expresses itself with unusual frankness and spontaneity. For there is no misjudgment more grotesque than that which accuses America of materialism. There are materialists among us, as there are in every country; but beneath and beyond all we are incurable idealists. We have never followed any leader who did not feel and nobly express the spiritual aspirations of a free democracy. We have never fought willingly except in defense of those aspirations. We fight to-day only because we know that there is a power in the world that threatens the things that we hold most sacred.

This Memorial Day finds us committed to a war beside which even our own great Civil War seems small; a war that presented to us an issue less simple than the issue we faced in 1861 and a choice less immediately inevitable. But through the smoke of battle we have seen clearly the principles that are in conflict; our young men who take up arms to-day, and who will offer their lives if need be in the struggle, may go forth serenely confident of the justice of their cause; they may be sure that in the days to come their country will remember their generous sacrifice as gratefully as it has remembered the sacrifice of those who gave their lives that the Union might live. In the days to come they will form another Grand Army of the Republic—a united republic now. Their service, and it may be their suffering, will have given a new and a fuller meaning to Memorial Day. They will take up the loving duty that the veterans of our Civil War have so long performed. They, too, like the survivors of 1861 and the volunteers of 1898, will make visible before our eyes the love of country and the spirit of self-sacrifice that this day was meant to immortalize.

For Memorial Day has always been an occasion not only for memories but for consecration. To the gray-haired men, every year fewer in number, who actually bore the heat and burden of our war of reunion it is perhaps chiefly a day of memories. But for the rest of us it cannot be that; if it is to have vital meaning for us, it must have root in our own experience and in our own present needs. The sight of the bent and aged men who in their youth and strength made it possible for this republic to come forth from its travail free and undivided and great, the simple and beautiful commemoration service, the half-masted flags, and the graves heaped with flowers—these things touch with momentary feeling even the most thoughtless. But if that is all, the day has failed of its noblest mission. If it does not rouse in us all—men, women and little children—a fresh understanding of all that our country means to us, if it does not kindle anew our devotion not only to our native land itself but to all the principles of human liberty on which our government is founded, if it does not make us glow with a living desire to be of service each in his own way to the cause of freedom and justice among mankind, then we have lost the message that the patriots who instituted the day meant it to carry.

If we have, some of us, taken this day too lightly, if we have thought of it rather as a welcome holiday than as a solemn day of consecration to the nobler ideals of national life, let us not make that mistake this year of all years. The world is being remade about us; it is not too much to hope that, in Lincoln's mighty phrase, all mankind is under God to have a new birth of freedom. In this great crisis of the race America is to have a part. On this most hallowed of days let us pledge ourselves and all we have to making that part not only honorable but glorious. Let each of us see to it that through him the republic is not hindered in the path of service.

until it reached and grasped the hand of the post commander. The others looked on with deep emotion.

"William Torrey," he replied, "when the government forced me into the fight it made a patriot of me. When I went down there and saw what those boys were doing and suffering for their country, it made me feel just as if I had wanted to lick the whole Confederate army single-handed. Oh, I tell you there wasn't a drop of my blood that was too good to be shed for Abe Lincoln and the flag!"

"Good! Good! I knew it!" exclaimed the commander. "That was just the way with Graham and Madison; wasn't it, boys?"

But without waiting for them to answer he hurried on: "And as for your getting out of the post, it's the rankest nonsense! The boys won't listen to it for a minute."

"But, maybe, if they knew," began the old man feebly, and William Torrey interrupted him:

"Knew? Knew what? That you were drafted? Ay! But they shall know. They shall know that you never lifted a finger for your country until you were forced into the service. And they shall know, too,—indeed they already know,—that no braver soldier ever wore the blue. Why, man! If what Sam Havens wrote me from Indiana is true,—and Sam Havens never told a lie in his life,—you

his comrades of the post would take. "I'm afraid," he said, "that they wouldn't want me to stay."

The commander rose to his feet. "Look here, Abe Ginter, I know those boys, every mother's son of them. I know they won't accept that resignation; and what's more, if you don't withdraw it, and do it to-day, they'll—they'll court-martial you for insubordination. I'm going back now and say that you authorize me to withdraw it, and Graham and Madison shall be the witnesses. You do authorize me, don't you, Abe?"

But the old man could not answer. His voice was beyond control, and tears were chasing one another down the furrows in his face. He took a fresh grip on the post commander's hand, and reached out his other hand to Graham and Madison in turn.

"Silence gives consent," said William Torrey. "Come, boys, we must go. We report at half past nine."

So they were off, and Abe Ginter was left alone with his wife. "Now that you've got that off your stubborn old mind," she said, "I hope you'll decide to get well."

But the old soldier soon began to worry again.

"William Torrey means well," he said, "and so do Graham and Madison, but they're not the whole post."

At half past nine he asked whether it was

wayside home the proudest man who saw the sunshine that beautiful day.

New hope came to him and new strength, and the long summer, the happiest that he had

known in years, passed gently over his head; but when the young girls went again in May to lay flowers on the mounds of sleeping heroes, they placed a wreath on Abram Ginter's grave.

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

In Ten Chapters Chapter Six 2

ON the same morning on which Lieut. Wharton addressed to the company the remarks that bewildered most of them, but that were sufficiently understood by some of the members of Squad 16, Capt. Hughes made an announcement of universal interest.

"To-morrow," said the captain, "you will have the first target practice. In order that all the companies of the regiment may get in their practice in the limited time permitted, it will be necessary for us to begin our work early in the morning. To-morrow, reveille for B Company will be at a quarter to five, breakfast at a quarter past, and at a quarter to six you will begin your target practice. You will be as quiet as possible dressing and leaving the camp, so as not to disturb those in the neighboring company streets. You will see that your rifles are all thoroughly cleaned and in order this evening. This afternoon, instead of the usual optional work, you will all report on the camp drill ground for some preliminary subcaliber target practice. Dismissed."

In tent 26, while the fellows were stowing away their packs, Greiner delivered an exhortation:

"Nothing's going to count more toward winning the prize than the record that a squad

was challenging: "What's the use of thinking even that our squad has a show for the prize? The squad that wins will be one that has a corporal it can get behind—a corporal that isn't always thinking about himself."

"It will be one that isn't full of soreheads," retorted Carton.

"I may be a sorehead, but it's not because I want anything for myself," returned Gray.

"You know that as well as I do."

"I don't know what you want, except that you're a trouble maker."

"If you're looking for trouble, you'll find it."

"Oh, dry up, you two, or else go outside somewhere and get it out of your systems!" said Stevens.

There was something authoritative about Stevens when he did speak, which was not often. His command, which was both peremptory and good-humored, quieted the belligerently disposed pair.

"Fellows always get on each other's nerves when they're put into such close quarters," continued Stevens philosophically. "It was the same way in the militia camp I went to. After a while you begin to make allowances for people. You'll all be feeling better in another week."

"By George, I don't know!" said Gray, shaking his head. "When a man once gets my goat the way Corp. Greiner does, it takes me longer than a week to turn into a pacifist."

"I wish Greiner would hurry up and come back with that ramrod," said Bradford. "He's always using it when I want it, and when he isn't using it it seems to disappear."

"Well, you've got a pretty good cleaning apparatus stowed away in the butt of your rifle," replied Stevens. He opened up the compartment in which the oil can and brush, line and sinker were stored, showed Bradford how to detach the brush from the line and substitute in place of it a square of Canton flannel, and showed what satisfactory results could be obtained by the use of it. Carton was as interested as Ted and Gray and Bradford, and by the time the B Company whistle sounded for luncheon harmony was prevailing among the occupants of tent 26.

The first sergeant had an announcement to make after the company had fallen in:

"After luncheon all Brampton College men will assemble below D Street on the drill ground to have their photographs taken. Every Brampton man is requested to turn out for the photograph. No rifles and no blouses, but wear your hats."

"Can we wear the pack?" asked some one of a jocular mind. And amid the laughter that followed the first sergeant said, "Yes, if you don't feel comfortable without it, you can wear the pack."

In the gathering of Brampton men after luncheon Ted was not long in finding Mark Perrin. He and Mark greeted each other in characteristic fashion.

"Hello, Mark! You don't seem to have worked off any of your fat."

"No, and you're still no bigger than a minute."

They sat down cross-legged beside each other in the front row with the other Brampton freshmen, and exchanged experiences while the crowd was assembling and the photographer was making his preparations. Mark told Ted of the "nut" in his company who had been induced to go to the captain and ask for a yard of skirmish line and to the lieutenant with a request for the key to the sentry box; and Ted responded with an account of the proceedings at tent 26 during the rain.

"Humph!" Mark said. "I'm glad I haven't got your corporal. The trouble with ours is, he's too nice to the rest of us. Does most of the chores himself, instead of ordering us to do them. I wrote to my family that the life up here is just making me lazier than ever."

"How about the extended-order work? You can't loaf much in that, can you?"

"Well, our company's had only one day of it. We didn't begin it as early as the rest of you. I'm afraid it's going to be fierce; but of course there's always a chance of my getting sick or having sore feet or something."

Ted laughed. "I guess you couldn't fool these army officers."

"Oh, of course I wouldn't try to fool anyone! But with my delicate constitution, I may not

stand up to it. Now, it's different with an athlete like you."

Ted gave him a poke, and then they both became still; the photographer uttered a word of warning, snapped the shutter, said beguilingly, "Now, gentlemen, still once more, please," snapped the shutter again and signified that all was over.

"Pretty good-looking bunch," observed Mark complacently, as he stood up and looked round upon the crowd. "Brampton's turned out for this camp better than either Crane or Thorpe has done. In our company Brampton just about runs things; nearly every corporal is a Brampton man."

"My corporal's a Brampton man," replied Ted; "but I wish he was either a Crane or a Thorpe man instead."

"Why? Who is your corporal?"

"A lobster named Greiner."

There was a chuckle behind them, and then a voice, "Say, Dick, there's a bouquet for you that smells like a lemon."

Ted and Mark turned their heads. In the dispersion of the crowd an ill chance had brought Greiner close up shoulder to shoulder with them, and beside him stood Meade, highly entertained by his friend's discomfiture. Others besides Greiner and Meade had overheard Ted's remark, and now they laughed at Meade's comment. Greiner muttered something about not giving a hoot for any freshman's opinion—especially a kid that was too hopeless ever to be licked into shape. Especially a puny little dub that was a drag on the whole squad. Especially a —

Ted executed a dignified withdrawal while Greiner's counter-attack, which had begun in muttering, was gaining in loudness and venom.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Mark. "You must be a happy family! After you've tented with that for a month, I guess I won't seem so bad as a roommate. What?"

"You have your good points," admitted Ted. "So has Greiner, I suppose, though he doesn't show them to me very often. It will be thumbs down for me now more than ever."

"Well, cheer up," said Mark. "It's a soldier's duty to suffer, if not to die, for his country."

"That may be," Ted answered. "Now I'm going down to learn how to shoot for it."

"I'm going to lie down and rest first," said Mark.

Ted jeered at him, but he declared that when one got so few good chances to rest it was foolish not to grasp every opportunity.

On the drill ground Ted found nearly all the men of the regiment scattered in small groups down near the railway embankment. Against the embankment at intervals targets had been set up, and already the practice had begun. Ted went from group to group looking for one that he might identify as belonging to Company B, and at last he came to it. Lieut. Wharton was in charge.

The range was short—only about fifty feet. The fellows in the group were from other squads; Ted did not know any of them by name. He stood looking on and waiting his turn; each man had ten shots from the kneeling position. The target was a sheet of paper about two feet square, with a bull's-eye in the middle and concentric circles round the bull's-eye. After a man had finished firing, he put up a fresh target in place of the one that he had been perforating. Ted was absorbed in watching the practice when the lieutenant summoned him.

Ted took the rifle, which was smaller than the regulation rifle, and crammed a clip of cartridges into the magazine. Then he knelt, rather too conscious that the lieutenant was watching him keenly.

"Use the open sight," said the lieutenant. "Aim at the bull's-eye. Get the left elbow well over the left knee."

Ted followed instructions, aimed and fired. The target remained unscathed. Ted threw out the cartridge, aimed and fired again—with the same mortifying result.

"How awful," thought Ted, "if I shouldn't hit it once in ten shots!"

He felt his face growing hot under the interested scrutiny of the lieutenant.

He was about to aim for the third time, when the lieutenant said:

"What's the range?"

Ted looked at him, not quite understanding. There was a glimmer of amusement in the lieutenant's eyes.

"About how far away is that target?"

"About fifty feet, I should think."

"Yes. And what are your sights set for?"

Ted inspected them and grinned sheepishly. "Five hundred yards," he answered.

"Yes. Your bullets must have struck well up on the embankment. Now adjust your sights and see what you can do."

Then, while Ted was making the adjustment, Lieut. Wharton continued:



TED BROUGHT OUT HIS WATCH AND STRUCK A MATCH

on half a dozen others. After the last man finished shooting, I changed the sights when you weren't looking. Every man that I tried that on did just what you did. Remember: always before shooting see that your sights are properly adjusted."

Ted said he thought he should not be likely to forget. He had the satisfaction of finding that his remaining eight shots hit in or near the bull's-eye.

"That's pretty good," said Lieut. Wharton. "You'll learn to shoot. You'd have done better still if instead of pulling the trigger you had exerted a slow, steady pressure. Take up the creep slowly while you get your aim and then just press; don't pull. Next!"

Ted withdrew, much elated. He went up to his tent, took his rifle, and then, kneeling or lying prone in the company street, practiced for some minutes aiming at objects two hundred yards away and pressing the trigger in the manner that Lieut. Wharton had advised.

Gray came up while he was thus employed, and Ted asked him how he had fared.

"Ten bull's-eyes," Gray answered.

"You didn't!"

"Sure. It was just like picking cherries."

"You must be a natural-born shot."

"It may have been a fluke. Perhaps when I go up against the real test to-morrow I'll be one of the worst."

"I guess not. There's no fluke about ten bull's-eyes. I was thinking I was pretty good because I missed the target only twice."

Then, unwilling to assume the entire responsibility for those two bad shots, he told Gray how they had occurred.

"Now, wasn't that a dirty trick of Wharton's!" Gray ejaculated. "Just the kind of man he is—laying traps to trip a fellow up! I bet there's not another officer in the service that would do such a thing."

"Oh, it was all right!" Ted answered.

"This test didn't really count; it doesn't go on our records. And he was good-natured about it—not sarcastic the way he often is."

"You've got a forgiving spirit—that's all I can say. After I clean my rifle, don't you want to go for a swim?"

"Yes. I'll stay out here and practice squinting and trying to hold the gun steady."

A moment later Gray came to the entrance of the tent and called to Ted:

"You haven't seen the ramrod anywhere, have you, Ripley?"

"Isn't it hanging on the nail?"

"No. I'll bet that pig Greiner has hidden it so that he'll be sure of having it when he wants it."

Gray disappeared into the tent again and a few moments later emerged triumphantly with the ramrod.

"Just what I thought!" he cried. "I found it under his mattress. Isn't that the limit?"

Ted came and sat beside him while he cleaned his rifle. They discussed what to do with the ramrod. Gray thought it might be a good joke to hide it and tell all the members of the squad except Greiner where it was. Ted pointed out that in such a case Carton would be sure to tell Greiner, and suggested that they simply hang the ramrod up in its proper place.

"I guess that's best," said Gray; "but I'm going to give Greiner a good roasting for his meanness."

After retreat that afternoon, when the fellows crowded into the tent, put down their rifles and took off their belts, Greiner sat down on the edge of his bed. Gray watched him out of the corner of one eye, and saw him after a while fumbling furtively under the mattress. "Looking for the ramrod, Greiner?" Gray

DRAWINGS BY NORMAN ROCKWELL



"OH, DRY UP, YOU TWO, OR ELSE GO OUTSIDE SOMEWHERE AND GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEMS!"

makes in the target practice; Capt. Hughes told me so. We've not been any too good so far, but if we can buck up now and turn in a top-notch score it will make all the difference. I know we have four pretty good shots. Carton, here, and Adams and Howland have all shot before, and if I don't make an expert rifleman I ought to be ashamed of myself. How are the rest of you fellows?"

Stevens said that he was a fair shot; the three others confessed to entire ignorance.

"Well, it looks as if five of us would have to be counted on to bring up the average," remarked Greiner. "I suppose there are other squads in which there will be three poor shots, but it's certainly a handicap."

"You're quite a crack shot, are you, Greiner?" asked Gray.

"I was on the Brampton Rifle Team, and made top score," Greiner answered. "All you need to be expert rifleman is to make 210, and I made 221. I'd like to bet there won't be many scores in B company better than that."

"I never knew till this moment how much pleasure it would give me to find I was a natural-born shot, able to beat the Brampton crack," remarked Gray.

"You probably won't find you're any such thing," retorted Greiner.

He took his rifle and the ramrod and went outside, where he would not be bothered by any further irritating remarks.

Gray addressed Carton in a manner that

sang out. "It's not where you put it—which was no place for it; it's where it ought to be."

"What are you talking about?" Greiner got up, with a scowl, and took the ramrod down from the tent pole.

"Me? I was talking about a squad corporal that sneaks away with the squad ramrod and hides it under his bed."

"What business have you prying round under my bed?"

"No pleasure, I assure you. I wanted the ramrod, and when I couldn't find it I remembered that it was always you that seemed to have it. You can ask any of the fellows here what they think of you for trying to hide it."

"I wasn't trying to hide it from any of you fellows. I was just afraid fellows from other tents would come in and pinch it if it wasn't put out of sight."

"Oh, all right, your apology is accepted!" said Gray, with exasperating cheerfulness.

"I'm not apologizing to you, or to anyone else," retorted Greiner.

"After apologies explanations are always in order," returned the cheerful Gray.

"Great Scott, Kilkenny cats are nothing to you fellows!" exclaimed Stevens.

And the laugh that followed made the atmosphere of the tent less electrical.

In view of the early start that they were to make the next morning, Company B, with hardly an exception, went early to bed that night. By nine o'clock the six inhabitants of tent 26 were snuggled under their blankets, and conversation among them had ceased. Ted was the last to fall asleep; he heard the even, regular breathing first of one and then of another; it made him feel drowsy just to hear them.

And then, after what seemed to him an intolerably short time, he was suddenly roused from sleep by the notes of the bugle; they were dying away as he got himself completely awake. It was still dark, but he could dimly see Greiner sitting up in bed.

Greiner yawned, ran his hands through his hair, and shook Carton, who was still asleep. "Get up!" he said under his breath.

"First call!" Ted shook Gray and Bradford, and Greiner roused Stevens. All of them yawned and muttered sleepily and then proceeded to dress with as little noise as possible, mindful of the captain's instructions.

They heard sounds and whispers from the neighboring tent; evidently everyone was up and doing.

"I didn't know it was so dark at this hour!" muttered Bradford, as he searched for his leggings.

"Some one's swiped the newspaper that I put down to stand on!" complained Gray. "Now I'll get my feet covered with sand."

"Well, you needn't make so much noise about it," said Greiner, with hushed asperity.

"Beefing away, always beefing away," observed Gray under his breath, as he stood up and pulled on his trousers.

Bradford was the first to leave the tent; in a moment Ted joined him outside.

"Queer how quiet everything is," said Bradford.

"I know it," Ted answered in a puzzled voice. "Those fellows in the next tent that we heard a few minutes ago—what's happened to them?"

The two stood still, listening; there was a strange quiet brooding over the street.

The others came out, and also expressed surprise and bewilderment.

"It looks to me as if everyone in the street except ourselves had overslept," remarked Carton.

"What time is it, anyway?" asked Stevens.

Ted went back into the tent and brought out his watch. He struck a match and announced in amazement:

"It's quarter past ten!"

"What!" exclaimed Greiner.

Ted held his watch to his ear and satisfied himself that it had not stopped. Gray burst into a laugh.

"It was taps you heard, not reveille!" he said. "It was taps you got us up for, Greiner! Oh, you boob corporal!"

All the fellows except Greiner were chuckling as they went back into the tent, and while they again got ready for bed all except Greiner gave vent at frequent intervals to their mirth.

"Those fellows in the next tent that we heard," said Ted, "they must have just been settling down to sleep."

"This will be a great tale to tell in the morning," said Gray. "Greiner, old top, I guess you'll never hear the last of this. A corporal that can't tell taps from reveille!"

"I heard only the end of it. I was sound asleep. I just heard a bugle sound," said the goaded and enraged Greiner.

"As I remarked to you this afternoon, your apologies are accepted and explanations are always in order," replied Gray.

"Oh, dry up; you make me sick!" returned Greiner.

With this exchange of amenities the occupants of tent 26 prepared once more for slumber.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE STRANGE CARGO OF THE LITTLE MULDOON

By Charles Boardman Hawes



IT was young Skofield who discovered the belated side show waiting on the pier at Wakefield for the Muldoon—the little steamer that made a meagre living for four men by carrying freight up and down the bay. As Skofield sat at the bow of the boat, the anxious manager hailed him and asked whether the Muldoon could be chartered to carry the properties of the side show to Pinkham's Cove, where the big tent was already pitched.

Young Skofield summoned old Capt. Murdoch, who scratched his head reflectively and remembered that between the shingles amidships and the potatoes forward there was a large vacant space that might hold even the mountainous pile of dunnage belonging to the side show.

A bargain was struck, and the trunks, the tent and the other paraphernalia were shoved forward over the shingles and stowed in the empty space; the manager and his men boarded the trolley car, and the little Muldoon put out to sea. But the first piece of baggage—a long, peculiarly shaped chest with holes bored in each end, containing something that was very heavy and that slipped strangely from side to side—had been pushed carelessly from the shingle pile; it had fallen with a bang on the keelson of the Muldoon and irreparable damage had been done.

Three hours later, when the Muldoon was rounding Fishtail Head in the teeth of a lively tide rip, Capt. Murdoch, with a puzzled expression, leaned over the open hatch. The sizzle and chug of the engine, the thrashing of the paddle wheels, and the whirl and hiss of the seas that beat against the Muldoon's broad sides continued with unbroken regularity. He could hear the swish of bilge water in the depths of the hold and the creak of straining timbers; but besides those familiar sounds was another, insignificant to be sure, and probably of little import, yet because of its strangeness, and above all because Capt. Murdoch could in no way account for it, ominous out of all proportion to its volume.

"Skofield!" Capt. Murdoch shouted. "Lay forward and put your ear to this 'ere hatch!"

The youngest of the Muldoon's crew came sauntering up the deck. "Yes, sir," he said, grinning at his wrinkled superior.

Capt. Murdoch scratched his head impressively. "Put your ear to the hatch and tell me what you hear, Harry," he commanded. "Your ears is young and had ought to hear sharper'n mine."

Young Skofield got down on hands and knees. For a moment he heard only the wash of the sea and the throb of the engine; then his expression changed sharply, and, crouching on the deck, he listened with a sudden intensity that confirmed the old man in his opinion that something unaccountable was going on below.

"What d'ye hear, Harry?" the skipper whispered hoarsely.

"A mighty queer noise!"

"Well," said the old man, "'tain't 'taters, that's sure."

"What?"

"'Tain't 'taters," he repeated, "and 'tain't Seth Granby's shingles; they ain't neither of them making no such cur'us noise, and if 'tain't them, must be it's the circus, 'cause we ain't got no other cargo."

Capt. Murdoch's logic admitted no contradiction. The entire cargo of the little Muldoon was divided into those three parts: forty bags of potatoes shipped from Wakefield to John Ash's store at Peck's Point, fifty bundles of shingles billed to Seth

Granby at Duckbill Island, and the bales and boxes belonging to the side show; and neither cedar shingles nor carefully stacked bags bulging with new potatoes would produce of their own accord a muffled, insistent thump! thump! thump!

Capt. Murdoch looked up at the fleecy clouds overhead; he looked down at the gray water under the rail. Dickinson, the mate, was at the wheel; Crabbe, the engineer, was wielding a coal shovel at his post of duty. Obviously, Capt. Murdoch and Harry Skofield must solve the mystery unless it was to go unsolved, and Capt. Murdoch had no desire to venture into the dark and evil-smelling hold of his little craft.

"Harry," said he, "s'posin' you take your leetle flash light and crawl in and see what's wrong."

Slipping over the edge, Skofield dropped on the shingles; then he leaned over and, with the aid of his electric torch, peered earnestly into the recesses of the hold; but he could distinguish only the even piles of shingles and indistinctly the knobby bags of potatoes beyond them.

"I can't make out a thing," he declared.

"Don't git out! Stay where ye be!" the skipper shouted, when Harry took hold of the side of the hatch and prepared to climb out. "Hear that!"

While Capt. Murdoch was speaking, the muffled thumps had been rumbling in a monotonous undertone, and had culminated in a loud crash. The shingles under the hatch settled, creaking, into new positions, and all was still.

"Maybe she's sprung a leak! Maybe we're sinking!" Capt. Murdoch gasped. "Git in there quick, Harry, there's a good boy, and see what in tarnation's gone wrong! I'm feared the Muldoon's bottom's bustin' in on her."

Skofield was a little alarmed. "Well, if that's so, I don't see what I can do to —"

"Git!" Capt. Murdoch's ire brooked no insubordination.

Ducking under the deck and holding his flash light in front of him, Skofield crawled forward on hands and knees into the darkness. He was puzzled by the noises and a little frightened by their sudden stopping, but nothing seemed to be wrong. The shingles, the trunks and bales, and the bags of potatoes were just as before, yet it was possible that the Muldoon was taking in water. He found a crevice between the potato sacks and the trunks and lowered himself into it.

There was no room to manoeuvre the light; so he began reaching down into the narrow spaces that he encountered. Slowly his fingers crept along the damp planks, but they met no inrush of water.

Skofield was on the point of straightening up, reassured, when close at hand and much louder now he heard again that thump! thump! Something moved; the cargo in his immediate vicinity was shaken by a vast upheaval; a trunk above him—it must have been poorly balanced—

fell over against the potatoes, and neatly covered the open end of the pocket into which he had lowered himself. Under that mass of luggage was something alive and free—something that was forcing its way little by little up through the entire cargo of the little Muldoon.

The trunk that had toppled across the top of the pocket in

which young Skofield was crouching was settling lower and lower. He felt one corner against his back. It pressed harder and harder, until it had forced him down flat on the potato sacks; he could hardly breathe. Unable to move the weight of the trunk because of his cramped position, and realizing that any shifting of the cargo might send bales and boxes down upon him, he shouted for help.

"I ca-a-n't he-a-r ye!" came Capt. Murdoch's high-pitched reply. The captain's ears were far from keen.

"Help!"

"Ye-e-y? Wha-at's that?"

"He-e-lp!"

"Th' ain't no help in her innards; must be hay left from last trip."

The thumping had changed to a scratching, rustling noise. The boxes creaked, and the tent was pushed to one side. Skofield felt a hard, cool object touching one hand. There was another bump, a renewed creaking as the boxes changed position; then a creature that breathed hoarsely and quickly nosed his arm.

In a frenzy of fear Skofield turned his flash light on it, and what he saw filled his heart with terror. A long, scaly reptile was working its way up through the cargo; its claws were scratching at the folds of the tent; its breath came in quick gasps as it squirmed forward. Skofield stared at it, horrified, and saw its small, twinkling eyes come into view and its long jaws open, revealing great rows of teeth. It was a huge alligator.

Enraged by the pressure of the cargo and by the bright light, the creature, glaring at the boy with its little eyes, struggled forward inch by inch. Thrusting out both hands, Skofield gripped the dilated nostrils and tried vainly to push back the ugly head. At the same moment the cargo settled again, and the corner of the trunk cut into his back and pinned him helplessly in the path of the beast.

Although the alligator was not yet near enough to seize him with its shear-like jaws, Skofield could reach its head with his extended arms.

Finding that he could not keep it from advancing, he tried to cut off its wind; but although he gripped its nostrils with all the strength of his hands, the only effect seemed to be to enrage the creature still further, for with glaring eyes and clicking teeth it squirmed closer and closer.

Skofield realized that he could not prevent the big beast from crawling out where it could reach him.

"Help!" he yelled once more; but he got no response, and knew that he must rely upon himself alone, and he must act quick. The nose of the ugly reptile was nuzzling his forehead.

For a moment he shut his eyes; then out of the blackness came an idea. Dropping the flash light, he began to fumble at his belt buckle; but at first, because of his cramped position, he could not unfasten it. He tugged at it frantically and at last succeeded in getting it loose. With trembling fingers he pulled it off. Then, working his hands forward and feeling his way by sense of touch, he began to twist the belt round the grim snout of the alligator. As if divining his purpose, the big reptile snapped its jaws and moved its head from side to side; but Skofield hung on, and finally pulled the belt tight and buckled it.

After a long, fumbling hunt he recovered the flash light and looked into the wicked little eyes of the brute. Its jaws were locked and it could not open its mouth. The thrashing tail was confined by the weight of many trunks and bales.

By the help of the flash light young Skofield studied the situation. Getting himself together, he gave a sudden squirm and twisted sideways. The corner of the trunk dragged across his back, tearing the skin, but he felt himself suddenly freed from the terrible pressure. Drawing a deep breath, he wormed his way backward. His feet were kicking back and forth in the open air when he was terrified to feel a firm grip on his ankles.

"Hi! Quit your hollering! It's me that's got hold of ye! I'll pull ye out!" It was Capt. Murdoch's voice.

"I want to know!" the captain ejaculated when he heard the story. "I want to know!" And taking young Skofield to the cabin, he applied witch hazel to his lacerated back.

When the manager of the side show came on board at Pinkham's Cove, the old man addressed him so violently and so fluently that he did not even protest at Capt. Murdoch's bill.

"I'm glad, though, that Alexander wasn't hurt," the manager said, as he helped drag the alligator on the pier. "He's a kind of pet of mine."

"Pet!" gasped Capt. Murdoch. "Pet! Je-hoshaphat!"

But young Skofield jumped to the pier. "Hi!" he yelled. "Give me back my belt! He's got it round his jaw."

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

WITH THE AID OF HIS ELECTRIC TORCH HE PEERED EARNESTLY INTO THE RECESSES OF THE HOLD



FACT AND COMMENT

Do not forget that "plan" is half of "planting"—and the first half, at that.

Three Neighbors ever good
Are Mountain, Stream and Wood.

Do not think you can discharge your patriotic duty toward the food supply by keeping a bee.

BREAD has gone to fifteen cents a loaf in many parts of the country, and cheese is thirty-five cents a pound. The third staple of the simple and idyllic life is fortunately no dearer; young couples need not economize in the use of water.

WAR brings many curious changes. A few months ago the American Bible Society sent to Panama a fine power boat, the Goodwill, for the use of its new Bible House there in supplying Bibles to the vessels that pass through the canal. Now the boat, mounting a gun, is in the government patrol service.

WHEN you are tempted to use the word "data," stop and reflect; there is a good word, "facts," that in most cases is better. Remember that "data" is a plural noun. "Datum" is the singular, and it means something that is known already. Data are things given, known. It is a mark of ignorance to say "this data."

PHOTOGRAPHS of St. Paul's Cathedral in ruins, as a result of Zeppelin bombing, were on sale in Berlin at the same time that the cathedral itself was crowded, on the occasion of the British thanksgiving at the entrance of the United States into the war. But the Germans solemnly affirm that all their war news is true.

ALTHOUGH saving waste paper is a practice that is exceedingly useful just now, it may nevertheless be a source of serious danger if the paper is piled loose in the cellar, in closets or in the attic. In several instances school authorities have had to stop children from storing paper in the basements of school buildings. The only safe way is to pack the paper in well-tied bundles, to keep the bundles separate one from another, and to send for the junkman before any large quantity accumulates. Newspapers, wrapping paper and magazines should not be mixed.

AN English observer who was in Petrograd during the Russian revolution says that the orderly, self-restrained conduct of the people was remarkable; and he is certain that their behavior was owing to the prohibition that has been in force since the war began. If the overturn had come a few years ago the revolutionists would have been inflamed with vodka, and bloodshed and vandalism would have been inevitable. National prohibition has made Russia able to bear the losses and sufferings of the war stoutly, and has given the masses the strength and the self-control to carry out the most glorious, because the least bloody, of democratic revolutions.

WHEN the British Empire is reconstituted after the war, Canada will undoubtedly ask that the British West Indies be incorporated with the Dominion. There are six groups of the islands, having an aggregate area of about twelve thousand square miles, or the combined area of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and a population of a million and three quarters, of whom much more than one half are colored. At present the trade of the islands is chiefly with the United States, and next with Great Britain. The trade with Canada is small. Union with the Dominion would undoubtedly increase that trade, but hardly

enough to make it true, as a Canadian correspondent of the London Times puts it, that it "would make the Dominion the economic equal of the United States, if not its superior."

THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

THE great German retreat did not disarrange the plans of the British and French commanders; the battles in front of Arras and along the river Aisne began before the Germans were safely established behind the Hindenburg, or Siegfried, line, and have been among the bloodiest and most desperate of the war.

The line on which the Germans meant to stand runs from Arras to Soissons in front of Cambrai, La Fère and Laon. The British undertook to turn the northern end of this line and the French the southern end. Real success at either end would mean the retreat of the Germans to the very border of France. To accomplish such a success the British must get through to Douai or the French must take Laon. The British, who are now in much stronger force than the French, began well by breaking through the original Siegfried line, and pushing the Germans back to a second line prepared for just such an emergency. The Germans have brought up tremendous reserves to hold that line; so far they have held it, but they have not regained the lost ground. They have made a score of desperate counter-attacks, but the British artillery is too powerful for them. That is a situation few of us ever expected to see, but it has come to pass: the Germans are completely outgunned on this most important of fronts.

The British artillery has again and again blasted to pieces seemingly impregnable trench lines and enabled the charging infantry to gain and hold ground with comparatively small loss. If the British can maintain their superiority in gunfire, they can certainly compel a continual German retreat; but if the morale and spirit of the German army is not shaken, the advance of the Allies will be a long and bloody and horrible fight across a blackened and devastated waste. The British officers think that the German morale is weakening under the pounding of the big guns. We must wait and see whether they are right. If they are mistaken, there will be time enough to train and opportunity enough to use all the American soldiers we can send across the ocean.

The French will support gallantly the attacks of their allies, but the burden of the fighting this summer must fall upon the British. France has given its best during three terrible campaigns, and it is far spent. Silent, uncomplaining of its fate, it has held its shield before a threatened civilization.

It is time that the rest of the world fought for France.

THE CRIMES OF GERMANY

THE world is not hostile to Germany because it is unwilling that Germany should have a fair chance in the world, or because it had in the beginning any special love for the enemies of Germany. When the war began it was a fair field and no favor with most of the neutrals. Germany has alienated a dozen nations by the faithlessness, the brutality, the arrogant contempt for the rights of others, that its government has displayed at every stage of the war. It has been its own worst enemy; it has written its own condemnation in the eyes of the world; it has done its best to convince everyone that German domination in the affairs of mankind would be a calamity that civilization must avert, even if it perish in the attempt.

The violation of Belgium and the looting and burning of Belgian cities and French villages; the horror of the Lusitania and the atrocity of the submarine warfare, in which the murder of noncombatants and neutrals is cynically planned and coolly carried out; the spiteful destruction of priceless memorials of the piety and artistic feeling of the human race; the invention of the Zeppelin raid and the poison-gas attack; the offenses—some of them nameless—against the liberty and the honor of French and Belgian noncombatants; the wanton and wicked desolation of the evacuated country of the enemy; the deliberate sinking of hospital ships; the Armenian massacres, which the Kaiser could have stopped by raising his finger—those things have one by one brought about a universal hardening of the world's heart against the government that can order such deeds.

We long hoped that the charges against the Germans were exaggerated through passion and prejudice. Here and there single accusations may be without basis, but the great

outstanding facts are well known. Our own diplomatic representatives resident abroad have told us enough in their official reports to convince us that Germany makes war in defiance of the laws of decency and humanity that other nations recognize; that it considers the slow and painful progress that civilization has made as a thing of no moment, a thing to be ruthlessly sacrificed if it restricts German ambition. The Kaiser once ordered his soldiers to fight as the hordes of Attila fought and to make the name of German dreaded as that of Hun was dreaded in the ancient days. They have obeyed him; but is it necessary to remind them that Attila and his hordes were not beloved among the civilized people of those early centuries? Neither can any nation that fashions itself upon such a model expect to prosper in the affections of mankind.

AMERICA DAY

ON April 20, one day later than the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, all England celebrated "America Day." Throughout the kingdom the Stars and Stripes were displayed as freely as the Union Jack; English men and women wore the American colors and carried small American flags; and from the Victoria Tower at Westminster, above the British Parliament, for the first time in history flew a foreign flag—the American. Not even the alliance with France, cemented by more than two years of common suffering and sacrifice, has called forth in England any demonstration of friendship at all comparable with that given for America and in gratitude to America for its entry into the great war for freedom. One language, one literature, one blood—these unities have done their work at last.

The solemn service at St. Paul's Cathedral was the most striking expression of the national sentiment. Among the four thousand persons who thronged the great church were the King and Queen, ministers of government, representatives of the army and the navy—and also a hundred American wounded, come recently from the firing line in France. There were, too, some veterans of the Civil War, who had marched in a body from London Bridge carrying a banner inscribed, "American Civil War Veterans: Not for Ourselves, but for Our Country."

In the cathedral, at the entrance to the choir, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were draped side by side. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London assisted the clergy of St. Paul's in conducting the service; Bishop Brent, the American Bishop of the Philippines, preached the sermon. The band of the Welsh Guards, stationed at the chancel rails, played The Battle Hymn of the Republic and The Star-Spangled Banner, with a heavy roll of drums, while the congregation sang the words. An English King singing The Star-Spangled Banner in St. Paul's Cathedral, beneath arches from which hung battle-torn British flags of the Revolutionary War—what scene of more dramatic and hopeful international significance was ever staged?

RAISING THE ARMY

CONGRESS has decided overwhelmingly in favor of the selective draft. There is no reason for shuddering when it is called—or mis-called—conscription, for conscription is merely enrollment; the army is made up by draft from those who have been conscripted. A large part of the Union force during the Civil War, as well as of the Confederates, consisted of men drafted from the enrollment; and no one asks a Grand Army man to-day whether he volunteered or was conscripted. They all fought well, as Frenchmen and Englishmen and Germans who did not volunteer are fighting to-day.

No doubt the advocates of the volunteer system were logically right on one most important point. Granting that the volunteer system may not produce so many soldiers as we shall need for active service abroad, it would give us a great many thousand men, and a force so raised can be collected and made ready for the front more quickly than a force gathered by draft. But it is understood that the governments of our allies do not regard the sending of reinforcements to their armies in the field as the most pressing need. So the chief argument for the volunteer system is not a controlling argument.

On the other hand, the contention is valid that the principle of universal liability to serve and universal training for service, combined with an impartial method of designating the requisite number of persons to serve at any

particular time, is strictly democratic, absolutely fair, and the only sure way to obtain the force required. It is a little slow now, because we have to begin at the beginning; but once established it will be even more prompt and efficient than the volunteer method, and it cannot fail, as the other system might have failed.

We have no hesitation in accepting it as a wise and necessary national measure, not only for the present emergency, but as a permanent policy. So far is it from introducing militarism that it is the most obvious and effective pacific measure for the years to come. That statement might have been denounced as absurd a few weeks ago, but to-day, when we are in league with other powers, it is not so likely to be questioned. When this war ends, if it shall end as we hope it will, all the victorious nations, our own among them, will be bound by a great and solemn resolution that there shall never again be an unprovoked war. If we are bound by such a covenant, the only use of the actual and potential force that universal training and universal liability to service will give us will be to help in preserving international peace. If we were to use it for aggression, we should bring down upon us the hostility and contempt of the civilized world.

And if the war should end otherwise,—if we then had to prepare for the attack that would surely be made upon us by our present enemy,—how weak and puny we should be in a military sense, if we had to rely on green and untrained volunteers to withstand a veteran army, the most highly trained of any in the world!

In either event, adequate preparation makes for peace.

CROPS FOR LATE PLANTING

IN February, 1915, beans sold at retail for seven cents and onions for three and a half cents a pound, and potatoes for twenty cents a peck. In February, 1917, the corresponding prices were fifteen cents for beans, twelve cents for onions and seventy-six cents for potatoes. Such facts, added to the world war and a shortage in the wheat crop, have given new importance to farm and garden.

People who never planted before will plant this year, and many who plant every year will plant more than usual. But the scarcity of labor will hinder some who depend on outside help. Others will find their interest roused too late to plant with their better-prepared neighbors. Can time thus lost in April and early May be regained in late May and June? Not entirely, of course, yet so much can be done by the use of late crops that by planting in June or July every family with a decent patch of ground at its disposal can still provide a winter's supply of many wholesome vegetables; and farmers not only can raise salable crops of considerable value but can largely extend their supply of forage, increase their capacity to market stock and prepare their soil for next year's planting.

Whenever a general shortage of vegetables occurs, turnips are in excellent demand. They need not be planted until July 4, and, if well fertilized, they often do best on fallow ground. Buckwheat is a rather old-fashioned crop; but it can be raised on relatively poor land, can be ground at any local mill, and need not be sown until early July. Winter cabbage can be put into ground that has already borne early peas. If parsnips have failed to start from early plantings, they can be resown up to mid-July, and under favorable conditions a very late planting has been known to supply a family with excellent vegetables throughout the winter, although the roots were scarcely of merchantable size. Long after the growing season seems to be passed, turnips and parsnips will still enlarge their roots. Turnips need not be harvested until the rush of fall work is over; and parsnips need not be harvested at all until the table or the market calls for them, if they are so covered that frost will not prevent digging. Sweet corn can be planted in the latitude of southern New England as late as July 4, and the season of its use as green corn can be materially prolonged if the home gardener will cut and stack the stalks with the ears upon them when a killing frost threatens. The protection of the stack wards off the cold, and the green stalks retain enough moisture in cool weather to keep the ears fresh for a considerable time; and those late ears, or "nubbins," are often the sweetest of the year.

Besides those late crops, the gardener will remember celery, which can be set out from mid-June to August 1; carrots, which can be planted nearly to midsummer; and cauliflower, which can be sown as late as June 1 and transplanted up to the latter part of July. He

can start his endive from June to August, and his corn salad, or fetticus, for winter use in August, or even in September.

These are merely suggestions. The belated farmer or home gardener who consults his county agent and studies the best practice of experienced neighbors may yet find October fruitful.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The conference committee on the army bill placed the age limits for the draft at 21 to 30 years inclusive, and struck out the provision permitting the Roosevelt volunteer army to be enrolled for service in France. —The House defeated the objectionable censorship section of the espionage bill, but inserted a provision very similar in effect, which did, however, guarantee a jury trial to any person accused of publishing military information that might be helpful to the enemy. The bill was then passed, 260 to 105. The Senate amended the bill by limiting the power of embargo that enabled the President to forbid American commerce with a neutral power that permitted imported supplies to pass across the German frontier. At the President's request it later reconsidered its action. —The House passed the bill authorizing the President to put into service enemy vessels seized in American ports. —On May 9 the Ways and Means Committee presented the war tax bill to the House. It proposes extra taxation to raise \$1,800,000,000 a year by increasing tariff and excise duties and the income and inheritance taxes, by laying new imposts on profits, luxuries, proprietary articles, railway and amusement tickets, and so forth, and by an increase in postage rates. —Mr. Balfour addressed the House on May 5 and the Senate on May 8.

RUSSIA.—On May 3 it was announced that the Russian government had sent a note to all the allied nations assuring them that Russia would never consider making a separate peace with Germany. That was followed by demonstrations in Petrograd directed against the Foreign Minister, Milukoff, by radical members of the soldiers' and workmen's party. The provisional government declined to modify the note, although it consented to issue an "explanation," which declared that Russia had no desire to conquer

or annex the territories of other countries, but insisted on the right of each nation to determine its own destiny. The Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates thereupon passed a vote of confidence in the provisional government. On May 9 the provisional government declared in favor of a coalition ministry, and through M. Kerenski invited the Radicals and the Socialists to designate representatives to join the Cabinet. —Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, sent a message to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, urging it to stand firm against the machinations of agitators who meant to serve the ends of the Prussian autocracy.

AUSTRALIA.—The elections have resulted in a parliamentary majority for the present ministry led by Premier Hughes.

BRAZIL.—Senhor Mello Pechana is the new Foreign Minister of Brazil. He is in sympathy with the Entente and with the United States.

REFORM IN GERMANY.—The Constitution Committee of the Reichstag has recommended that the Imperial Ministers of War and Marine be made responsible to the Reichstag, that the Emperor's decrees and ordinances shall be valid only when countersigned by the Chancellor, who shall be responsible to the Reichstag, and that military and naval officers heretofore appointed solely by the Emperor shall be appointed by him with the advice and consent of the war ministers, who are to be responsible for their offices to the Reichstag. The Socialists propose universal suffrage, including women as well as men, but the committee is not likely to recommend that. —In Hungary, Count Tisza, the Premier, declared against any attempt to jeopardize the fate of the fatherland by "a frivolous attempt at universal suffrage." His refusal to listen to the rising demand for electoral reform has increased the bitterness of party feeling in the Parliament, and was followed by strikes, openly declared by workmen as demonstrations in support of electoral reform.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—The War Department has given orders to form nine new regiments of army engineers, which will be sent abroad as soon as possible to assist in maintaining and improving the lines of

communication in France. Railway equipment, engines and cars sorely needed in France will also be sent by our government. —The United States government will act as fiscal agent for the Allies in this country, instead of the private banking firms that have hitherto served in that capacity. —The two billion dollars of the so-called "liberty loan," which was the first of the authorized bond issues offered to the public, was about half subscribed by May 10. —It was announced that almost two hundred thousand men had volunteered for the army corps that Col. Roosevelt wishes to raise and dispatch to France. —The Shipping Board will ask Congress for \$1,000,000,000 to build a great merchant fleet, and proposes to take for government use the output of every steel mill in the country.

THE GREAT WAR

(From May 3 to May 9)

The British and French continued to hammer at the German line all the way from Lens to Reims. The British gains were not striking and must have been made with considerable losses, but the German counter-attacks, which were promptly made, were at least as costly and regained only part of the ground that had been lost. At Fresnoy, Bullecourt and Chérisy the British troops came up squarely against the prepared positions known as the "Wotan" line that runs from Queant to Droocourt. Those are now the main defenses of Douai, which is the British objective at present.

Along the Aisne the French pushed their line forward until they controlled the high ground of the Craonne plateau and stood within five miles of Laon, the southern buttress of the German line that is under attack. The French, in their operations, took about six thousand prisoners, which makes twenty-nine thousand since the beginning of the offensive. The fighting along the entire western front is as hard as any that has taken place during the war. The village of Fresnoy changed hands half a dozen times in hand-to-hand combat.

There were artillery actions and local engagements in Macedonia, the report of which contained the news that contingents of Greek troops loyal to the Venizelist government of northern Greece were fighting beside the French in the Monastir region.

There were indications of a German concentration in the region of Libau, Russia, and the Russian leaders expected an attack there as soon as the Germans gave up hope of persuading Russia to a separate peace. The discipline among the Russian troops at the front appears to be loose at present, and Russia is certainly in no position to undertake any offensive movement.

The submarines, according to the weekly report from London, sunk 46 British ships during the week. The Dutch fishing fleet has refused to take the sea, owing to the continued destruction of fishing vessels by German submarines, although the German government has guaranteed the safety of fishing vessels. Fourteen men from the American ship Rockingham and five from the Vacuum, supposed to have been lost, were rescued, after all.

The British transport Arcadian has been sunk in the Mediterranean Sea. Two hundred and seventy-nine men were drowned.

Germany has apologized to Argentina for the sinking of the ship Monte Protegido, and Argentina has accepted the apology.

An international conference of Socialists has been called to meet in Stockholm, to consider the possibility of bringing about a general peace. The affair is under the direction of



French soldiers advancing on St. Quentin. They are crossing a bridge destroyed by the retreating Germans, and have to pick their way cautiously along the edges of the bridge, which may cave in at any moment.

Dutch and Scandinavian Socialists, but it is doubtful whether there will be representative delegations from any of the belligerent countries except Germany and Austria. A meeting of leading American Socialists held at Washington on May 8 condemned the conference as a pro-German undertaking controlled from Berlin.

The Swiss newspapers heard that the unrest in Bohemia was so serious that martial law had been proclaimed there, and that all newspapers had suspended publication. There was also a report that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to assassinate the German Emperor.

A new Greek Cabinet has been formed, led by Alexander Zaimis. The new Premier is not unfriendly to the Entente.

The food situation in Great Britain is increasingly serious. If it does not improve, a rationing plan, like that organized by Mr. Hoover in Belgium, will be put in force.



Flour Facts

Color in flour is an indication of its character.

Learn to tell from the color of your flour whether it has been bleached or otherwise chemically treated.

The best flour for bread, biscuits, or pastry is not chalky-white in color, but a delicate creamy-white.

Learn to know this wholesome flour color. You will recognize it in Pillsbury's Best. The beautiful, creamy-white color of Pillsbury's Best flour is natural to good, clean wheat, carefully and honestly milled.

Pillsbury's Best flour is not bleached. It never will be bleached.

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THE SWORD OF ARTHUR

By John Clair Minot



CASTLE stands in Yorkshire
(Oh, the hill is fair and green!),
And far beneath it lies a cave
No living man has seen.

It is the cave enchanted
(Oh, seek it ere ye die!),
And there King Arthur and his knights
In dreamless slumber lie.

One time a peasant found it
(Oh, the years have hurried well!);
It was the day of fate for him,
And this is what befell:

Upon a couch of crystal
(O heart, be pure and strong!),
He saw the King, and, close beside,
The armored knights athrond.

And all of them were sleeping
(Praise God, who sendeth rest!),
The sleep that comes when strife is done,
And ended every quest.

Beside the good King Arthur
(How high is your desire?),
His sword within its scabbard lay,
The sword with blade of fire.

Now, had the peasant known it
(Oh, if we all could know!),
He should have drawn that wondrous blade
Before he turned to go.

If but his hand had touched it
(The sword is waiting still!),
He would have felt in every vein
A lofty purpose thrill.

If but his hand had drawn it
(The sword still lieth there!),
A kingly way he would have walked
Wherever he might fare.

But, no; he fled affrighted
(Oh, pitiful the cost!);
And then he knew; but lo! the way
Into the cave was lost.

He searched forever after
(All this was long ago),
But nevermore that crystal cave
His eager eyes could know.

Pray God ye have the vision
(Oh, search in every land!)
To seize the sword that Arthur bore
When it lies at your hand.

A NEW RELIGION

YES, I agree with you. We need a new religion. The old doctrines of 'saved and lost,' of 'heaven and hell,' of 'atonement' and 'forgiveness,' and all that, are played out. The people of to-day demand a really modern theology and religion."

The two men who were discussing the need of a new religion appeared to be well-educated and cultivated. When they parted, one of them said, with a laugh, "There's nothing like progress. Better drop a word to our minister. He needs to read up and get some modern ideas."

Twenty-four hours later one of those men knocked at the door of his pastor's study in the city church to which he belonged. The look on his face was not one of easy-going complacency, but a look of fear and terror and almost of despair.

The moment the minister admitted him he cried out, "O Mr. Parker! My boy is in disgrace! He writes me he's contemplating suicide! He went on a drunken spree after one of the football games, and he's been suspended from his university. I need your help. I didn't know where else to go. To think that my boy—"

The minister knew just what to say and what to do. He emphasized the great doctrine of forgiveness and redemption, and when the father went away he carried with him on his way to his son a song of hope for the disgraced boy.

On his return he was able to tell the minister that his boy, by the grace of God, was beginning a new life.

"After all," said Mr. Parker, in reply, "there's nothing like the power of the old gospel. It endures through the centuries."

"Yes," replied the father. "It is good enough for me. It is the only thing that can save the lost."

It is one thing to discuss in a fashionable club the need of a new religion; it is another to create a religion as useful as the old gospel when your own son is a sinner.

A STAY-AT-HOME'S MEMORY

THE half dozen men who were sitting together on the hotel piazza were of the older generation, and the stories that had been told were of the war of long ago.

"I am sorry that I cannot contribute a tale of the battlefield," said one of them, at last; "but during the Civil

War I was one of the stay-at-homes. I was of a Quaker family in a country town in New York State, although that is not my excuse. My three brothers did enlist, but, at the time, I was a little too young for a soldier. Even stay-at-homes may have their war-time memories, though. I have one that came very vividly to my mind while you were fighting the Battle of the Wilderness over again just now. My brother Dan was there.

"News was a little slow in reaching our country home; but we knew that fighting was in progress and that Dan's regiment was probably engaged. Mother and I were alone, father having died the winter before. My other brothers, both older than Dan, were with the Army of the West. Our one horse had fallen lame, but I had gone on foot to the village post office, four miles away, every day for a week, hoping for a letter.

"I know it's hard on thee, taking this long walk," mother had said as I started off one afternoon, "but I have a feeling that we shall hear to-day."

"She was right. There was no letter, but a man at the office was reading a newspaper account of a battle, with a list of killed and wounded at the end. I listened until I heard a familiar name, and then started on my lonesome walk back, saying to myself, over and over, in a kind of slingsong, 'Corp. Daniel Farr—shot through the heart.'"

"As I drew near home I saw mother coming to

meet me. A twelve-year-old boy hasn't learned the art of breaking bad news, and I called to her as soon as I came within hearing distance, 'Dan has been killed!'

"You veterans of the war can doubtless call up visions of hundreds of men struck down by rifle shot or cannon ball or bayonet thrust. The picture that I see is only of a frail little woman stunned by the words that I had thrown at her, with her face as white as if the bullet that had torn her boy's heart in the Wilderness had found its way to hers on that hillside road.

"She recovered herself in a moment and came up to me and listened to what little I could add to my first abrupt announcement. Then she took my hand and we walked slowly home. 'I'll talk with thee about this by and by, but not just now,' she said.

"But I had another piece of news. 'Nathan Tinkham was hurt, too,' I told her; 'but it was only a scalp wound, and he's been promoted to be lieutenant.'"

"Nathan was the son of Hosea Tinkham, who lived two miles beyond us. Hosea had had a one-sided quarrel with father; that is, he had taken an unfair advantage, and father, being a man of peace, had let it pass in silence, and, as often happens in such cases, Hosea had never forgiven him. I felt mother's hand tremble in mine as I spoke, but she walked on very quietly.

"When we reached our home, she said, 'Now, Sammie, thee's had a long walk, but I want thee to do one thing more. I hear that Hosea Tinkham is away this week, and I know how Eunice, left alone there, must be worrying about her boy. I'd like for thee to go up there and set her mind at rest.' So I left her and trudged on.

"I found Eunice in the lane, going for the cows; and the frightened look in her eyes when she saw me coming gave place to one of relief and joy on hearing my news of Nathan. But when she asked if we had heard from Dan and I told her of his fate, she leaned against the fence and cried. I wondered at that, for mother hadn't cried; and I didn't know how to answer Eunice when she said, as I came away:

"Give my love to your mother, and tell her that I think she has the bravest and kindest heart I ever knew."

THE BOMB THAT BOUNCED

NOT long ago The Companion related the amazing part played by football during the battles on the Somme, when British troops actually kicked their ball before them across the battlefield to victory during a charge upon the German trenches. Now comes Mr. William Cooper Stevenson, in the Outlook, to show that not infantry alone have made the football field and the field of honor one: the field of the air must be considered also.

It seems, indeed, that the air service preceded the land service in employing a football against the enemy. At least a certain audacious aviator, whose biplane bore his nickname of Syd conspicuously painted on its wings, that his antagonists might know with whom they had to deal, found a use for one as long ago as April, 1916.

The town of St. Quentin, held by the Germans, knew him well; it lay in his beat or district, and he flew over the place almost daily to observe what was going on and to upset as many plans as possible. The first of April was perfect flying weather, and the townsfolk—all of them that remained—and their conquerors were equally on the lookout. At last a speck appeared in the western sky, growing rapidly larger and larger.

"C'est le bon Syd!" cried the Frenchmen. "Schweinhund!" growled the Germans, and "Good morning!" boomed the anti-aircraft guns, filling the sky with white puffs like halos. And on came the Englishman, casual and indifferent.

When directly over the *hôtel de ville* the visitor let fall a large, round object. There were frightened shrieks, "Attention!" "La bombe!" and hasty bolts indoors. But Germans and Frenchmen alike who were away from the danger zone watched it descend in hypnotized silence. It landed in the middle of the street. And then—*sapristi!*—it bounced!

Up higher than the roofs of the buildings it bounced; and then dropped to bounce again. The Germans, waiting to hear the awful crash that did not come, muttered, "Some more of that American ammunition!" and stuck out their heads—but only to spy the bouncing apparition and pull them in again with exclamations of fright. At last, however, the thing gave a final little bob and rolled peacefully into the ditch.

And then what shouts of laughter echoed through the streets of St. Quentin! The English airman had dropped a Rugby football. The saucy Syd, at the risk of his life, had successfully April-fooled the enemy.

WINNING VILLA'S FAVOR

DURING one of Villa's campaigns in Mexico several motion-picture photographers, of whom one by the name of Burrud was the most daring, were active in taking interesting pictures of the battles and of other events. Villa and the Mexicans soon began to look on the photographers with suspicion, and, as the success of the work depended largely on gaining the good will and the support of the revolutionary leader and his followers, Burrud decided to make a "grand-stand play" to win their respect. How well he succeeded is told by Mr. Francis A. Collins in The Camera Man:

It was the season of the bullfights, when the toradors were the heroes of the day. The photographer obtained permission from the authorities to enter the bull ring, and one fine day, when thousands of Mexicans had gathered to enjoy their favorite pastime, he loaded his camera, swung it from a strap over his shoulder and calmly jumped over the barrier.

The audacity of the feat won the Mexicans at once. To face the dangers of the ring is sufficiently perilous for the trained bullfighter, and the photographer was handicapped by a heavy camera. Moreover, the torador may dance back and forth before the infuriated bull and then jump nimbly aside, but the "movie" man had to get within short range of the animal and stand his ground long enough to grind out several yards of film. Burrud remained in the ring long enough to take several hundred feet of film, and yet managed to escape with his life and his camera.

Once the bull, which seemed to object to posing for his picture, singled out the photographer from among the toradors and charged Burrud so fiercely that he was obliged to run for his life. As he vaulted the barrier at the side of the ring he actually felt the animal's hot breath on his neck.

The feat caught the fancy of the Mexicans, and

they gave the "camera man" an ovation. Villa, who always attends such functions, was so delighted that he gave an elaborate dinner the same evening in honor of the daring Burrud.

A TALE OF TWO FACES



"There we stood, the tiger and myself, in the thick of the jungle, face to face!"

"O major, how perfectly frightful it must have been for both of you!"

—The Passing Show.

MR. PEASLEE ON THE SIN OF ENVY

"I VUM!" exclaimed Caleb Peaslee, half to himself, "a pusson would almost think Enoch Bates had moved in somewhere along on this stretch of road, and had got a grudge agin somebody, from the thank-ye-ma'ams there is here!"

The wagon jolted perilously and the summer boarder had to hold her hat with one hand, but she found breath to ask questions.

"Who was this Enoch Bates? Some local celebrity?"

"He wa'n't reelly what you could call celebrated, 's I know of," Caleb said thoughtfully, "and yit he was some noted hereabouts for certain things."

"Just what form did his notoriety take?" persisted the boarder.

"Well," said Caleb judicially, "for one thing, he was about the snuggest man that you most ever saw, in a money way. He raised a lot of stuff on his farm and sold everything he could git a cent for, and lived off'n the leavin's. I don't s'pose he et ten apples a year, though he was fond of 'em. He sold 'em all and put the money away. And as for eggs, I presume likely he'd forgot even what they tasted like, for eggs are 'bout the same as money here. Enoch used to keep a big flock of hens; and then he used to buy up eggs and ship 'em, a couple of hundred dozen at a clip, sometimes.

"To show you how he valued an egg: He had a boy workin' for him one time, and he sent the boy to the henhouse to gether the eggs, and he was gone a speck longer'n Enoch thought needful. It happened that there was more eggs than the boy could get into the basket, so he put a couple into his pocket. When he got back to the house, Enoch took him to 'bout bein' gone too long—took holt of him and give him a shakin', 's I remember it, and in doin' that he made out to break one of the eggs in the boy's pocket.

"When he found out what had happened it maddened him so that he started in to give the boy a reg'lar lickin', and so doin' he busted the other egg, and that set him putty nigh demented. He finished by givin' the boy a good trouncin', and sent him back to the poorhouse, where he got him.

"'Nother thing 'bout Enoch was that he had a jealous disposition—mean and envious, you know. It took a number of shapes, but the only one that matters in this case is about Johnny Doan's hoss. He had a nice-steppin' little drivin' hoss, and he liked to shove her right along—nothin' to hurt her, for the hoss liked to go as well as Johnny liked to have her. But it thorned Enoch to see Johnny kite past his place goin' so smooth, and he havin' nothin' but a wind-broken old animal that could scarcely get out of his own way.

"There was a wet place in the road 'twixt Enoch's place and Johnny's, and the s'lectmen hired Enoch to fix it. While he was workin' on it he got a mean idea, and went and made some of them thank-ye-ma'am jounces, like them we've jest come over, right crossways of the road.

"He said he done it to turn the water out into the ditch; but everyone knew well 'nough that he done it so Johnny couldn't speed past 'thout bein' in danger of lamin' his hoss or springin' an ex, or somethin' like that.

"Well, one mornin' a day or so after he'd got the road all fixed for Johnny, Enoch was loadin' up his wagon with eggs to take 'em to the station. He had the hoss hitched in and was jest goin' to put the last case of eggs into the back of the wagon when the boy that he'd trounced and sent away went by the house. What possessed Enoch, I don't know, but I s'pose he was only tryin' to scare the boy. Be that as it may, he grabbed his hosswhip and started towards him, yellin' and switchin' the whip, and he made such a touse that the old hoss started and run away with that load of eggs in the wagon and the tailboard down—a hundud dollars' worth of eggs if there was a cent's worth!

"Well, Enoch was makin' so much racket himself that the hoss got a good start 'fore he realized it, and then it was too late to ketch him, and down the road the hoss went, straight for that jouncy strip that Enoch had made to ketch Johnny.

"Well," continued Mr. Peaslee with grim enjoyment, "I d'know as there's much more to add to it. When the hoss struck them jounces the eggs begun to go into the air, a whole case at a time—and when a case of eggs goes out of the tail of a wagon and lights on the frozen ground, it makes quite a mess. Yes'm, quite a mess!

"And for that reason," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "them hummocks in the road are known round here as 'Enoch Bates's jounces' to this very day."

MANY INVENTIONS

IT is a curious fact about inventors that their genius is almost invariably a tireless bent toward experiment and contrivance in every direction; not often is it directed by a truly scientific devotion to one field of study. From Prof. F. W. Taussig's Inventors and Money Makers we take this interesting bit in proof of that assertion.

Cartwright is chiefly famous for inventing the power loom and Watt for inventing the steam engine; but their ingenious minds busied themselves on every sort of mechanical and physical problem. Cartwright never ceased inventing. When he settled down in London he set himself to the

systematic pursuit of scientific discovery. His little house in Marylebone Fields became a very treasure house of arts and sciences. He made bread in his own kitchen by machinery; published a scheme for rendering houses fireproof; invented bricks on a geometrical system; made a machine for biscuit baking; helped Fulton with his first steamship models; brought chemistry to bear upon the science of agriculture; introduced a new three-furrow plough; won the Agricultural Board's gold medal for experiments in fertilizer, and their silver medal for an essay on the culture of potatoes; and obtained patents for calendering linens, making ropes and cutting velvet pile.

Indeed, it may be said of Cartwright that he went to his grave inventing. In his eightieth year, when he was sent to Dover for the warm sea bathing, he invented a method by which the bath man saved the labor of two men in pumping up the water. A few weeks later he designed the model of a new centaur carriage, as he styled it; and a day or two before his death he wrote a long argument to a friend explaining a plan he had for working the steam engine by gunpowder instead of by steam.

Watt, likewise, was interested in many inventions and devices. Among them may be mentioned a new kind of clock, which, to quote Watt's own language, "is to be ranked in mechanics as riddles and rebuses are ranked in poetry"; a micrometer; a drawing machine, which he himself termed "a gimcrack"; a copying machine for letters, prototype of the copying devices so long in use; a machine for drying linen and muslin by steam; a method of getting illuminating gas from coal; a new kind of oil lamp; and a smoke-consuming device, on the down-draft principle.

Last, but not least significant, was a machine for reproducing sculpture, which he himself termed a "hobbyhorse," and which seems to have amused and indeed absorbed him for the last twenty years of his life. Long after Watt became prosperous and honored, he spent much time in his garret experimenting with this pet of his old age.

TWO LINCOLN STORIES

SOME of the characteristic traits that endear the memory of Lincoln to the American people are revealed in the recollections of Mr. A. J. Dittenhoefer, the author of How We Elected Lincoln. Two of the anecdotes show the martyred President's great sympathy for persons in trouble.

One day a visitor who was walking along a shaded path from the Executive Mansion to the War Office saw the tall form of the President seated on the grass. He afterwards learned that a wounded soldier, on his way to the White House, had met the President and had asked his assistance. Whereupon Mr. Lincoln sat down, looked over the soldier's papers, and advised him what to do. He ended by giving him a note directing him to the proper place to secure attention.

On another day, when Lincoln was driving up to the hospital, he saw one of the patients walking directly in the path of his team. The horses were checked none too soon, and Mr. Lincoln saw that the obstructor of the road was a boy soldier who had been wounded in both eyes. The President got out of his carriage and asked the poor fellow his name, his residence and his service.

"I am Abraham Lincoln," he said upon leaving, and the sightless face lighted at the President's words of sympathy.

The following day, the chief of the hospital delivered to the boy a commission in the army of the United States as first lieutenant. The papers bore the President's signature, and were accompanied by an order retiring the young soldier on three-quarters pay for the years of helplessness that lay before him.

"Some of my generals complain that I impair discipline in the army by my pardons and respites," Lincoln once said. "But it rests me, after a hard day's work, if I can find some excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and friends."

TOO MUCH NATURAL HISTORY

IN a detachment of Confederate soldiers captured near Warrenton, Virginia, several prisoners, by a freakish coincidence, bore names that resembled those of animals. The sergeant at the desk, a testy, fussy fellow, eyed them crossly.

"Your name!" he snapped to the first.

"Fox."

"Next!"

"Bhaer," was the reply.

The sergeant sniffed and glanced at the third.

"Wolfe," said the soldier, and his interrogator gave him a sharp look.

"Next!" he shouted; and he turned a dark red when the stolid answer came, "Campbell."

The sergeant knew well enough that they were not tricking him, for those were not the days of tricks, and the tired faces were impassive.

"And what do you call yourself?" he asked another tall Johnny in ragged gray.

"Lyon," the fellow responded sadly, whereat the officer threw down his pen and shouted with good-natured laughter.

"Go order some cages built!" he roared to a private. "We've got to shut up a whole blamed menagerie in the camp!"

PROBABLY "STUFFED"

A MAN and a woman entered a café. "Do you want oysters, Louise?" asked the man as he glanced over the bill of fare.

"Yes, George," answered the woman, who, says the Sunday Magazine, was vainly trying to touch her toes to the floor, "and I want a hassock, too." George nodded, and as he handed the waiter his written order, he said, "Bring a hassock for the lady."

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter, "one hassock." A moment later the waiter, apparently puzzled, approached the man and, leaning over him, said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I have only been here two days and do not want to make any mistakes. Will the lady have the hassock broiled or fried?"

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number

1. Rangeley.
2. Bridges.
3. United States. Afghanistan. Argentina.
4. Climate.
5. Segregate, emanate, inculcate, late, prate, prelate, imprecate.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

LILAC AND ROBIN

BY MARY LEE DALTON

There was a lilac blossom
That nodded by the way
And added to the fragrance
That flooded all the May.

There was a little robin.
High in a maple tree.
That welcomed in the morning
With rippling notes of glee.

Oh, they were very friendly.
The blossom and the bird;
One day I paused and listened.
And this is what I heard:

"Dear lilac," quoth the robin,
"Pray, will you tell to me
The reason you are smiling
So very happily?"

And thus the lilac answered:
"Dear robin, there befell
A wondrous thing this morning.
As I will gladly tell.

"I heard a woman saying.
As she passed on her way.
That she will gather lilacs
Upon Memorial Day.

"She meant that in the tribute
That loving hands will bear
To brave and loyal soldiers
The lilac blooms will share.

"My petals are a-quiver
With happiness and pride;
Could kinder fate befall me,
Or any flower beside?"

"Dear lilac," sang the robin,
"Upon Memorial Day.
When they shall come to pluck you
And bear you far away.

"My part shall be to follow
Wherever you may go.
And sing, where they may place you,
The sweetest song I know."

And so, where they are sleeping
Who fought to right a wrong
We see the fragrant lilac.
We hear the robin's song.



MANDY'S MEMORIAL DAY

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

MANDY'S mother took in washing and was as busy on Memorial Day as on other days; but for Mandy herself, after she had wiped and put away the breakfast dishes and carefully swept the kitchen of the little cabin where she and her mother lived, the day was her own to do with as she wished. There was no school, and her mother would not need her until night. So she tied her brightest ribbons to the ends of her kinky little braids and set off down the street to seek adventures.

Mandy often did errands for her mother, and she felt quite at home in any part of the city. She knew that on a holiday like this there would be many wonderful things to enjoy. Certainly there would be bands playing somewhere and men marching, and nothing could be finer than that. In a little while she had left behind the dingy part of the city where she lived, and found herself on a broad avenue that bordered a beautiful park. There the sidewalks were more crowded, and everyone seemed to be waiting for something. Mandy squirmed her way through the crowd until she reached the curbing, and there, in the very front row, she, too, waited.

She did not have to wait long. In a little while she heard music in the distance. It was the band that she had hoped for. It came nearer and nearer, but it was playing a solemn piece in very slow measure, instead of the lively airs that she liked. In front of the band big policemen marched, and other men rode on horseback, and behind the band came a long line of soldiers. How she loved the uniforms and all the bright buttons and buckles and rifle barrels that flashed in the sunlight—and the flags that waved over the ranks!

When the flags went by, the men and the boys near Mandy took off their hats. Mandy wore no hat, or she would have felt like doing the same; but her bright eyes grew brighter, and she stood very straight and saluted the flag with her hand, just as her teacher had taught the class to do during the flag exercises at school.

Next after the soldiers came a long line of automobiles. The first of them were filled with flowers, some in baskets and some fashioned into clusters and wreaths. Old men rode in the automobiles that followed—bent and gray-haired men in blue suits, with little ribbons and bronze badges on their breasts, and with wide-brimmed black hats on their heads. As they rode slowly past, the people on the sidewalks clapped their hands, and Mandy clapped hers as loud as she could.

Just then the band ceased playing and the procession stopped. Two of the old men stepped from one of the automobiles near Mandy. One of them bore a wreath and the other a cluster of roses. They crossed the avenue and went into the park, and there they placed the



MANDY PLACED HER DAISY WREATH BESIDE THE BEAUTIFUL ROSES

flowers on the base of a memorial to Abraham Lincoln. They stood there a moment with their hats in their hands and then walked slowly back through the crowd to their automobile. A young man on horseback, waiting near by, dashed down the avenue. A moment later the band began to play again and the procession moved on.

The crowd thinned out. Some followed the procession, some went in other directions. Mandy heard a man say that the procession was going to the Soldiers' Monument in Union Square and then to the cemetery at Holly Hill. That was a long way off, and the band was already so far down the avenue that Mandy could hear it only faintly. The park, with its trees and flowers and its broad stretches of green grass, looked very inviting, and she decided to stay there and play a while.

When she passed the Lincoln memorial she could not resist climbing upon the broad step at its base and smelling of the beautiful roses that the old men in blue suits had placed there. Suddenly an idea came to her. She would make a wreath of her own. Surely she ought to have some part in the Memorial Day that the teacher had told the class about only the day before.

In a few moments more she was busy, making a wreath of the daisies that dotted the green slope beyond the Lincoln memorial. Other children were playing near by; but Mandy was used to playing alone, so she kept at her task when curiosity drew them to watch her. It was not easy to make a wreath of daisies and grass, even with the help of a twig that she broke from a bush, and Mandy wished very hard that she could use some of the flowers that grew in a bed beside the path; but she knew that she must not touch them. There was a sign that said so, right in the middle of the bed, but the daisies were free to anyone.

After a long time Mandy finished her wreath and carried it over to the monument. Then, just as she placed it beside the beautiful roses, something happened.

"Hello, Snowball!" called a heavy voice behind her. "What are you doing here?"

Mandy jumped so suddenly that she almost snapped the bright ribbons from the kinky braids. "My name's Mandy," she said, "and I've made a wreath for Mr. Lincoln."

"Oh, I see!" said the man, and he smiled in such a friendly fashion that Mandy was not a bit afraid. There was another man with him. Both of them were old men with white hair. On the breasts of their blue suits there were little ribbons and bronze badges, and

they wore wide-brimmed black hats. Mandy knew in an instant that they were the two men who had placed the wreath and the roses there two or three hours before.

"And what do you know about Lincoln?" went on the man, still smiling down at Mandy.

"Oh, I know a lot about him!" answered Mandy promptly, with eyes shining. "He was a good man, and he saved the country in the great war, and he loved the colored people and —"

"Yes, yes, sure enough," said the man. "Lincoln was a good man and a great man, and he did indeed save the nation, and he loved all people, North and South, black and white. I don't know of any place where it is more fitting for us to put flowers on Memorial Day than on a memorial to Abraham Lincoln."

And then the other man spoke for the first time. "Somehow I feel," he said, "that Mandy's little daisy wreath is more beautiful than the roses that we left here."

The two men looked hard at each other and nodded. Then they both patted Mandy's head and walked slowly back to the automobile that had been waiting for them.

Mandy watched them ride away, and then she started for her home in the dingy little alley. It was well past noon and she was hungry. As she hurried along the street she thought over what the men had said—the old men who had been soldiers in the war long, long ago, when Abraham Lincoln had saved the nation, and her heart thrilled with a proud feeling that she had really had a part in their Memorial Day, and that their Memorial Day was her Memorial Day.

THE TWO TOWNS

BY RALPH M. JONES

"Pray can you tell me, little maid,
The way to Grumble-town?"
And first she pointed up the road,
And then she pointed down.

She pointed up and pointed down—
Then shook her pretty head:
"I've never been to Grumble-town,"
The little maiden said.

"Then maybe you can show me, child,
The Town of Pleasantville?"
"Oh, yes, indeed," she said, and smiled:
"It's just beyond the hill."

"Good sir, it's just beyond the hill;
And if you'll come with me,
I'll take you into Pleasantville:
That's where I live," said she.

HALF PAST EIGHT

BY JOHNSON MORTON

Half past eight's the meanest time!
When I'm seated in my chair,
And I see my breakfast there.
Then that little clock will chime!
Up looks father o'er his plate:
"Hurry, son, or you'll be late:
It's half past eight."

After school, though, I do things—
Fly my kite or play baseball—
Till I hear our Hannah call
When the supper bell she rings.
After tea they light the grate.
And I read there while I wait
For half past eight.

Seems to me I haven't read
Half a page, when I hear pa
Put his paper down, and—"Ma,
It's time for John to go to bed!"
So I have to yield to fate.
If there's any time I hate,
It's half past eight!



"I WISH I WERE"

BY CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

ONE summer morning a fairy awoke so late that the dew was all gone from the flowers and he had to run down to the brook to get his before-breakfast drink. And after he had had his drink he discovered that he was too late for honey, too; he could not find a speck of honey, not even one taste. You see, the fairies usually get up so early that they can eat all the honey they want long before the bees start from their hives.

But on this particular morning the lazy little fairy had slept so late that the bees had been round and eaten all the honey, —every scrap,—and that made the fairy so cross that he did not even remember that he might stir round and hunt for something else to eat.

He sat down at the foot of a tree, intending to sulk all day long; but before he had more than started sulking a robin came by.

"Good morning, Friend Fairy!" said the robin cheerfully. "Isn't this a fine day?"

"No, it's a very bad day," said the fairy crossly, "and I wish I were an apple!"

"What a funny wish for a fairy to make," said the robin, laughing. "If you change into an apple, I'll eat a hole in you."

"Then I won't be an apple," replied the fairy crossly, "for I don't want a hole eaten in me! I'll be something else."

The robin laughed and flew away just as a big toad hopped out from behind a tree.

"Good morning, Friend Fairy!" he croaked.

"Isn't this a fine day?"

"No, it isn't," said the fairy crossly; "and I wish I were a spider!"

"What a funny wish!" croaked the toad. "Don't you know that spiders have to work very hard and spin a web before they can crawl on it through the air? But I hope you do change into a spider; I'm looking for spiders this very minute, and if you become one I'll gobble you up!"

"Then I won't be a spider," said the fairy, "for I certainly don't care to be gobbled up. I'll be something else."

The toad laughed and hopped away, and the fairy was left alone to sulk.

"I don't know what I want to be," he sighed fretfully. "This is such a horrid world—no dew, no honey, no nice wishes! I think I'll be a star."

"A star?" exclaimed a soft little voice by his side. "Would you be a star and leave this beautiful world—all the flowers and birds—to live up in the bare sky?"

The fairy turned and looked. There, near by, was a tiny ant tugging away at a big grain of sand.

"Do you think this is such a fine world?" asked the fairy. "I should think you would hate it. You have to work all the time."

"To be sure I do," replied the ant proudly. "That's the reason I like to live. Working is the jolliest and most interesting thing in this whole big world—didn't you know that? It's true." And the sturdy little ant picked up his burden and started away.

Left by himself, the sulking fairy began to feel very foolish and very sorry. He remembered the flower bud he ought to have opened long ago; and he thought of the sunbeams he should have helped.

"What I should be wishing for," he whispered to himself, "is work. And then I should hunt round and answer my own wish."

Slyly he slipped round the tree to open a buttercup bud he was sure he had seen there. And as the flower opened, what do you suppose that surprised fairy found? A drop of fresh, sweet honey all ready for him to eat!

As he sipped the honey and planned what to do next, a cardinal bird hopped by.

"Good cheer! Good cheer, Friend Fairy!" called the cardinal. "Isn't this a fine day?"

And the happy little fairy called back, "A fine day for working, indeed it is!"



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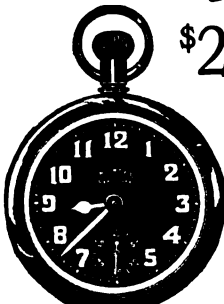
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A WATER CURE

DOWN by the bathhouses on the marsh two bulldogs sat waiting in the morning sunshine for their masters to come out for a swim in the overflowing creek that swirled along between green banks of waving grasses. The dogs were on opposite sides of the bathhouses, so intently watching the swallows flying over and suddenly swooping down among the grasses that they had not discovered each other's presence. If they had, there surely would have been trouble, for they were not well enough acquainted to be at all friendly, and there was no doubt that the white dog was quarrelsome.

The brindle, Rastus, had never been down on the marsh before, for ever since his arrival at the Sea Rivers Club a week before, his master, John, had been very careful to leave him shut up in the cottage whenever the white dog's master asked him to go swimming with the other boys. But this morning the white one, Mike by name, had gone off early to the station with his master, Avery, and when the boys invited John to go down with them for a swim, there seemed to be no reason why Rastus should not have a swim, too.

But Avery came back sooner than the boys had expected, and, not knowing that Rastus was down by the creek, he hurried along with Mike at his heels, to have his bath with the others.

John got ready first and came out. He did not notice the white dog lying on Avery's sweater. He threw a stick far out on the marsh for the brindle to fetch. But Mike saw the stick hurled through the air, and he, too, set off to fetch it. Both dogs reached the spot where the stick fell at the same moment; but instead of trying to get it, they forgot the stick, and each caught the other by the jaw in true bulldog fashion.

John was frightened, for Avery had told him what a ferocious fighter the white dog was. He called to the boys in the bathhouses. They all came running and shouted to the dogs, some trying to call them back, some trying to urge them on.

But Avery had no desire for a fight between the two dogs. He did not care to try to pull them apart, and he knew that he could not make Mike let go merely by telling him to do so. John had never seen Rastus fight, and he did not want to have Mike get the better of him, as he was sure would be the case if all that Avery had told of his prowess were true. But he was sure that Rastus would never let go until he was beaten. What could be done?

Avery had an idea. He took John by the arm and told him what was to be done as they ran along to where the dogs were growling and grimly holding to each other's jaws, near the creek. Before the dogs had time to understand what was happening, each boy seized his own dog by the collar with one hand and by the tail with the other and swung them, tightly locked together, splash! into the middle of the creek.

That was the end of the battle. The dogs let go and swam ashore. Neither looked at the other. Mike, at Avery's stern command, started dripping wet toward home; and Rastus, after shaking himself vigorously, shiveringly obeyed his master when he motioned for him to lie down on the boat landing.

During the rest of the summer the two bulldogs showed no signs of ever seeing each other. Although they lived side by side, no one ever heard so much as a growl from either of them. Their masters no longer tried to keep them apart, and both dogs went wherever the boys went. They seemed to have agreed to have no dealings with each other after their first and only fight.

THE DUTIES OF MENELIK

WHEN Menelik II of Abyssinia died in December, 1913, he was succeeded by his seventeen-year-old grandson, Lij Yasu, the monarch whose party the "new government" has displaced. The boy ruler faced an almost impossible task, for his wily grandparent was an exceptional man of remarkable energy. In Wildest Africa Mr. A. Henry Savage Landor gives a striking picture of the multiplicity of details that the old sovereign was accustomed to handle.

Everything in Adis Ababa was referred to the emperor. While attending to most important political affairs, his servants would bring matters of the most trivial character to him for settlement. The following is an example of what happened every minute of the day at the palace: Menelik, with his head bandaged in a white sash and with a cheap French felt hat far back upon his skull, is pondering with some minister over a political problem of great importance—let us say, the projected railway between the sea and Adis Ababa. The emperor is deeply absorbed in thought.

Suddenly a servant enters and whispers in the emperor's ear, regardless of the presence of the foreign representative of a great European country, "Your Majesty, the carpenter wants some more nails to mend the veranda."

"Here are the keys. Give him twenty nails," says the emperor. "If he needs more, come again to tell me."

The emperor is again deep in thought, when in comes intruder number two and whispers that a mule has escaped from the palace.

The emperor jumps down from his throne, a high packing case covered with Oriental carpets, slips quickly into the shoes that he has discarded and, hastening to his telescope, scans the country all round with it, in order to see whether he can detect the missing animal upon the hills near Adis Ababa. The escaped mule is much more important to the emperor than all the railways in the world.

The foreign representative vainly attempts to drive the emperor again to his throne, while the emperor on his side endeavors to induce the minister to come and look for the mule.

THE ADMONITION OF A FRIEND

ONE of the most delightful stories from the British trenches, writes an Associated Press correspondent in the New York Sun, has been illustrated and distributed among the troops for their amusement. One night an old sergeant was "doing a bit of snooping" in no man's land, between the trenches, when a recruit sentry spied him and called out:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Shut your bloomin' mouth, or I'll come over and knock your bally head off!" replied the exasperated veteran.

"Pass, friend," said the sentry promptly.

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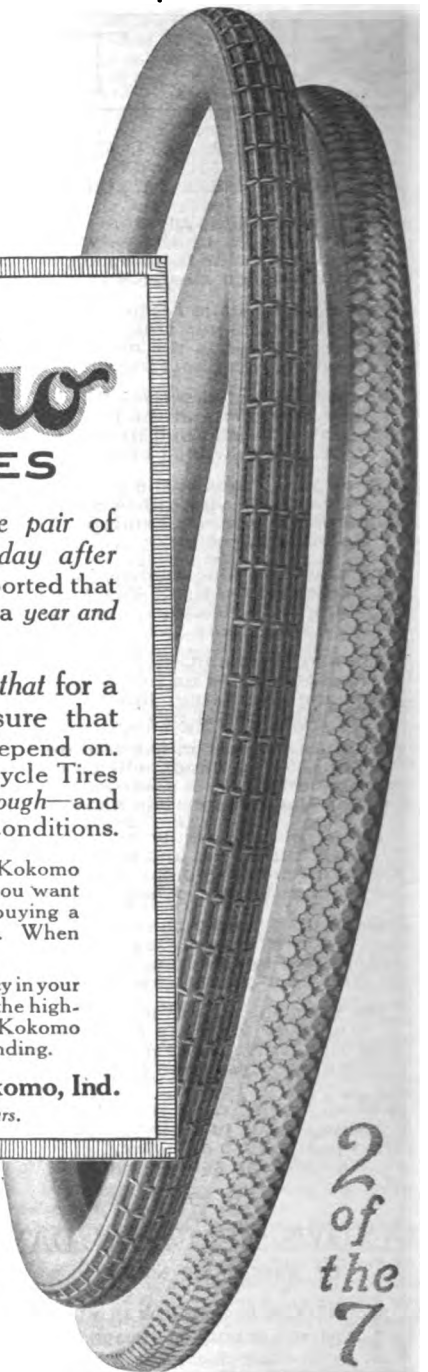
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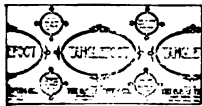
Government Issues Warning Against Fly Poisons

Following is an extract from "The Transmission of Disease by Flies," Supplement No. 29 to the Public Health Reports, April, 1916.

"Of other fly poisons mentioned, mention should be made, merely for a purpose of condemnation, of those composed of arsenic. Fatal cases of poisoning of children through the use of such compounds are far too frequent, and owing to the resemblance of arsenical poisoning to summer diarrhea and cholera infantum, it is believed that the cases reported do not, by any means, comprise the total. Arsenical fly-deströying devices must be rated as extremely dangerous, and should never be used, even if other measures are not at hand."

106 fly poisoning cases have been reported by the press within the last three years. As stated above this number is but a fraction of the real number. Protect your children by using the safe, efficient, non-poisonous fly catcher.

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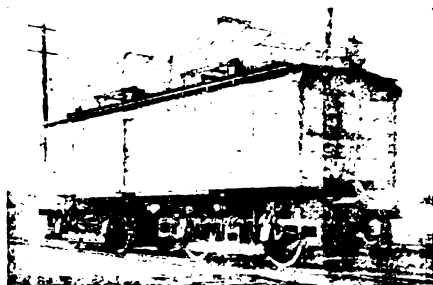
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NATURE & SCIENCE

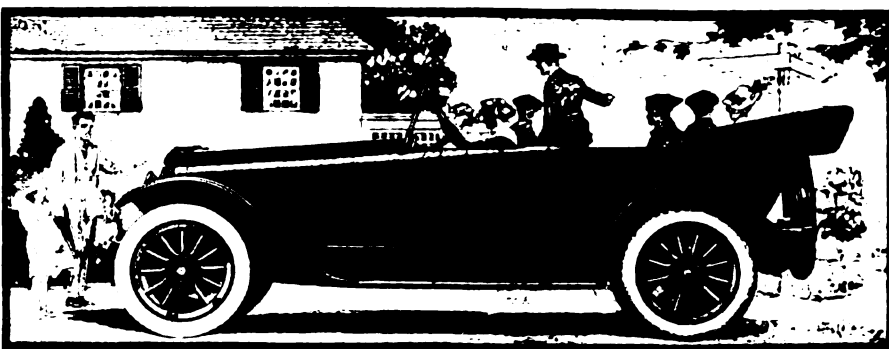
ZONES OF SILENCE.—Many times during the present war observers have noticed the fact that, because of the eccentric action of sound waves, cannon fire that is audible at great distances is sometimes inaudible at much shorter distances. The phenomenon was described in this column November 23, 1916. A correspondent of Current History describes two occasions when the same acoustic effect occurred during the Civil War. In the action between the Merrimac and the Congress at the mouth of the James River, March 8, 1862, the sound of the guns could not be heard at a distance of three and one half miles over water, yet persons one hundred and fifty miles away heard it plainly. On June 27, 1862, occurred the "silent battle" of Gaines's Mill. Gen. Law, of Lee's army, writing of it in the Southern Bivouac for May, 1887, has this to say: "To the troops stationed near the river, on the Richmond side, the action at Gaines's Mill was plainly visible—that part of it, at least, which took place on open ground. I have been told by an eyewitness that from Price's house on the opposite side he could distinctly see the Confederate lines advancing to the attack through the open ground beyond the Chickahominy Swamp, and could distinguish the direction of the battle by the volume of smoke rising from the woods farther toward the Confederate centre and left. But it was all like a pantomime; not a sound was heard, neither the tremendous roar of musketry nor even the reports of artillery. For nearly two hours, from five to seven o'clock on a clear midsummer afternoon, fifty thousand men with at least one hundred pieces of field artillery fought under these conditions." Mr. Tyndall experimented in acoustics in the English Channel, off Dover, in 1873-4, and came to the conclusion that on clear days the air may be composed of differently heated masses, saturated in varying degrees with aqueous vapors, and that that condition produces a deadening effect in the atmosphere.

LOCOMOTIVES BY FREIGHT.—Three big electric locomotives, sent from Erie, Pennsylvania, to South America, where they will be used to transport ore from the Chilean iron mines, were recently prepared for their long voyage in an unusual way. Each locomotive was taken apart and packed in sixty-two cases of such size and shape that they could be handled by ordinary ship and dock cranes, which can seldom lift loads of more than forty tons. Since each of the locomotives weighs one hundred and twenty tons, it was impossible to load them on shipboard fully assembled. All the various parts were therefore marked so that each locomotive could be quickly and easily reassembled after it reached South America. When completely prepared for the preliminary



part of the journey, by rail, the locomotives occupied eight cars, including three box cars for the smaller cases and five flat cars for the heavier cases and unboxed parts. When the cars reached the Harlem River the cases were transferred to one of the harbor lighters and taken to the Brooklyn pier for shipment on South American freighters. At the Cruz Grande mines, in Chile, the locomotives will operate on one of the most unusual ore-carrying railways in the world. Although the mines are only four miles inland, they are twenty-two hundred feet above the sea, and the railway winds in and out for a total distance of fifteen miles, in order to keep the grade within reasonable limits. Each locomotive will haul from twelve to twenty fifty-ton ore cars from the mines to the coast, where the ore will be shipped to the United States to be made into steel.

SCIENCE AND THE WAR.—M. Paul Painlevé, a member of the French Institute, does not agree with the reported remark of Mr. Thomas A. Edison that science is playing a rather small part in the war. In Current History M. Painlevé gives the following list of several important adaptations of scientific discoveries now in common use: The processes of wireless communication and for registering sounds at distances—that is, by the ordinary wireless currents and by ground induction—have been marvelously perfected. All the armies are rivaling one another in skillful methods for tapping the enemy's lines of telephonic communication from a considerable distance; not tapping as it is generally understood, but by the use of a marvelous instrument that enables the sentinel in his advanced listening post out beyond the front line of trenches to hear the enemy communications by telephone going over wires that are several hundred yards away. I would mention also a system that we perfected and put into use for locating the enemy's batteries by sound. The principle was known before the war, but it was regarded as impracticable. It has, since the war, been brought to the highest state of perfection and efficiency, and for months has been in use over the entire front. It has proved so effective that our adversaries, who captured a motor car with one of the outfits, have equipped themselves with appliances that are similar but that lack the delicacy and the precision of our instruments. Inventions for following the enemy's sapping and mining operations by sound that in all armies were very crude and insufficient before the war have made the most remarkable progress, and will reflect honor upon French science later on. Aviation in every respect has been remarkably perfected by the efforts of science and technicians since the war began. To-day a pilot goes up in all kinds of weather without fear of being upset by sudden squalls, so well have the measures been perfected for the stability of flying machines. Great progress also has been made in the improvement of motors, particularly in the reduction of their weight in proportion to their effective power, so that they speed up to one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Finally, in spite of the difficulties, and they were many and great, wireless telegraphy has been marvelously adapted to aviation.



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THE PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

THE prescription is an order on the pharmacist for a certain drug, or a number of drugs, in definite amount, and put up in a definite form, to be given to the designated patient, and to be taken by him in certain specified quantities at specified times. It is similar to the receipt of the cookbook, but is more binding on the druggist than are the directions in the cookbook on the cook, for carelessness on the part of the cook may merely spoil the dish, but if the pharmacist fails to follow explicit directions in preparing the prescription he may cause serious trouble—even death, if his error leads to the patient's taking an overdose of a poisonous drug.

Formerly great attention was paid to the form of the prescription; and if the writer was an educated physician, he would have been ashamed to make it out in any except the orthodox way. Today, however, doctors are much less punctilious in that respect; it is not uncommon for a physician to depart so far from the usual form and to use so many abbreviations that the druggist actually cannot decipher the prescription and has to call him on the telephone to discover what he means to prescribe.

The properly made prescription begins with the sign *Rx*, which is believed originally to have represented the Egyptian god Horus or the Latin god Jupiter, the first of whom was the god of mystery, the second the dispenser of all good gifts. The sign is now regarded, however, as an abbreviation of the Latin word *recipe*, meaning "take." Then follow the names of the drugs to be used, with the amounts, after which comes the letter *M*, or the word *Mix*, "mix," and directions as to the form of the compound, whether pill, powder or liquid, and finally directions regarding the dose and the times for taking the medicine.

It is still the custom in this country and in Great Britain to write the prescription in Latin—a relic of mediæval times, when Latin was the language of science as well as of the Church. The practice might well be abandoned; the only advantage it has is that it is sometimes a good plan to keep a patient in ignorance of the names and amounts of the drugs he is taking. But that is not a matter of great importance, and in these days, when the patient is likely to know as much Latin as the physician, even that advantage does not always exist.

TOLD AND RETOLD

NINA, just back from a meeting of the Girls' Sewing Circle, began abruptly: "I never knew that Caroline Chesney had an aunt who was an army nurse in the Civil War."

"Why, of course," said her mother. "Henrietta Chesney was your grandmother's most intimate friend, and went when she did; they served in the same hospital. They were absurdly untrained and inexperienced, but they were naturally capable, and the place was terribly short-handed, so—but grandmother must have told you all about it."

"Once," said Nina, "but somehow I don't remember the details, and I'd forgotten she had a chum. Caroline made it perfectly thrilling! Her sister's just been accepted as a nurse in an English war hospital, and the talk started with Carrie saying that sort of thing ran in the family; her Aunt Henrietta had begun it. The things she told got us first laughing, and then weepy; and then all of a sudden she announced it was my turn; I must know more hospital stories than she did, because she'd only had her Aunt Henrietta for a few visits, and grandmother had lived with us five years. And I couldn't think of a thing, and I was so ashamed! I seemed so stupid and unappreciative."

"To the girls or to yourself?" inquired her mother.

"Both! But to myself most," declared Nina. "I wonder why grandmother didn't talk to me more? Caroline said her aunt loved to 'reminisce' about war times; she would tell the same story over and over again."

"Caroline must have been dreadfully bored, poor girl!" remarked her mother dryly.

"Bored! With stories such as those? When the person telling them was a real, live, war-time heroine, who—why, mother!"

Mother made no answer, but a curious little smile played round her lips as her knitting needles clicked in the silence. Nina grew slowly red, and her eyes widened.

"Was grandmother afraid of boring me?" she demanded.

"Grandmother was unusually keen. Like most elderly people, she was apt to repeat herself; but she noticed in a minute if anyone's attention was wandering or forced. You say she told you her adventures once; if she had told them twice, are you sure you would have listened?"

"No," confessed Nina shamefacedly, "not with more than half an ear. I begin to remember that she started to once or twice, and checked herself; and I was glad to escape. Oh, what a featherbrained little idiot I must have been!"

"Not quite that; but it was a pity," said mother.

"If old people didn't tell old stories, and tell them over and over, and younger people listen to them, how would the history and traditions of our race have been preserved in the days before chronicles were written? They were learned and transmitted by hearing and rehearing, until they sank in deep and could not be forgotten. 'Old wives' tales' are less important now; but they may still be precious legacies."

"You were a good listener, if I wasn't," said Nina eagerly. "Will you tell me grandmother's stories, all that you remember? Beginning now—this minute?"

"I remember a great many," demurred her mother. "Are you quite sure they wouldn't bore you?"

"They would not! Before the Circle meets to finish up our bandages for this month's consignment, I'm going to have every one of those stories at my tongue's end, no matter how many times you have to tell them over and over! Begin, please—'Once upon a time!'"

"Once upon a time," began her mother obediently, "in 1861, when every American girl was busy, just as you are to-day, making bandages and comfort bags, only they were not to be sent across the ocean—"

A RUSSIAN MEMORY

LINCOLN'S birthday, recently passed, writes a Companion subscriber, brings back to me a memory of my boyhood days.

I was born and raised in Berdyansk, on the Sea of Azov. The serfs had recently been emancipated by the liberal Czar Alexander II, and the struggle going on in America for the freedom of the slaves was watched with intense interest by those who loved liberty. My father was one of these, and, although the censor was very strict, he received a great deal of information from the British consul, who was established in one of his houses. At that time, of course, the transatlantic cable had not been completed.

One Sunday morning, in May, 1865, father and I were sitting on the veranda of our house when we saw the British consul, Mr. Cumberbatch, running across from his house, waving a paper and shouting to us:

"Mr. Lincoln has been shot!"

It proved to be a copy of the Illustrated London News, which he had just received, bringing the first news of the assassination of the martyred President, with pictures of the tragedy. Father had always been an intense lover of liberty and an ardent admirer of Abraham Lincoln. The consul read us the sad story, and never shall I forget the expression of pain and agony that spread over my father's features. As he grasped the paper he broke down completely and wept like a child, his love for Lincoln had been so great.

Eight years later my father was exiled from Russia on account of his opposition to militarism, and we came to America, where we finally settled in the state the capital of which is named after the greatest American. Can you wonder that we became true and loyal Americans?

THE GRAND DUKE AND BUFFALO BILL

IN the early seventies, when Buffalo Bill was in his glory as a hunter and scout, writes a contributor to the Westminster Gazette, I was ranching out on the great plains in Colorado, and often heard men talk of him.

The Grand Duke Alexis paid us a flying visit about that time, accompanied by a train of Russian grandees, and the United States authorities, who were anxious to entertain them properly, arranged to have them go on a great buffalo hunt and very sensibly put Bill Cody in charge.

Alexis rode Cody's own favorite buffalo horse, and, skilled hunter that he was, Bill did not take very long to find the party plenty of buffaloes to chase. Naturally, there was a troop of United States cavalry to protect the important visitors from the Indians, for the Sioux, Arapahoes and Cheyennes were hostile just then, and naturally eager to take the scalp of any unlucky white man they could corral.

While the hunt was in full swing a cavalry sergeant came riding up to Bill and called out:

"Say, cap (he was not a colonel yet), one of them kings of yours has fell off his horse three times, and we're afraid he might hurt himself. What are we going to do about it?"

"Oh," replied Cody, offhand, "jes' tie his crown on under his chin with a chin strap and tie him into his saddle, and he'll do."

BRAVE BOY BEN

BOISTEROUS Beatrice broke beautiful bric-a-brac; but Beatrice's brother Ben bought barrells.

Bracing breezes blew boats bearing Ben's bric-a-brac by Bensonhurst. But blizzards belated bold, brave Ben. Boylike, Ben blasphemously blamed blustering blasts, but blinked blindly.

Bang! boomed Bensonhurst bell buoy blocking Ben's bow. Bah! boldly bragged Ben. Boys' bravery borders bravado. Ben's brimming boat barely breasted big, brutal breakers. Ben's breast burned because bills become big. Behaving badly benefits beleaguered boys.

Bang! Breakers buried Ben's boat. Bygones better be bygones.

A SERIOUS SHORTAGE

SANDY, a Scotsman that the Windsor Magazine tells about, had returned to his native village after a visit to London. When some one asked him what he thought of the great city, he said:

"It is a grand place, but the folks there are not honest."

"How is that?" asked his friend.

"Well, I bought a box of pins labeled 'a thousand for a penny,' and coming home in the train I counted them, and I found they were seventeen short."

"HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINT"

IT would take more than common courage to follow a suggestion that appears in a certain English book of receipts: To make stockings wear well and keep their color—before wearing stand for ten minutes in boiling water colored with washing blue.

Personally, remarks Punch, we shall let our stockings take their chance.

The Gambler



The Motorist who does not stop to put on Weed Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets gambles with his life and the lives of others.

Some men would gamble with anything, from a counterfeit coin to life and property and all that they or others hold dear.

But at least they gamble for some stake which to them—if to no one else—seems worth the gamble. They do not risk their whole fortunes with only a few dollars to gain.

Why then, if time be precious, would they risk all the time allotted them here on earth, for the sake of a few moments of it now?

Yet, strange to say, this is just what some motorists do when they fail to stop to put on Tire Chains before driving over wet-slippery-skiddy streets. They gamble their automobiles, their limbs, their very lives, and the lives of others on the road—for no more than a little of their time to put on Weed Chains, the only dependable safeguard against skidding.

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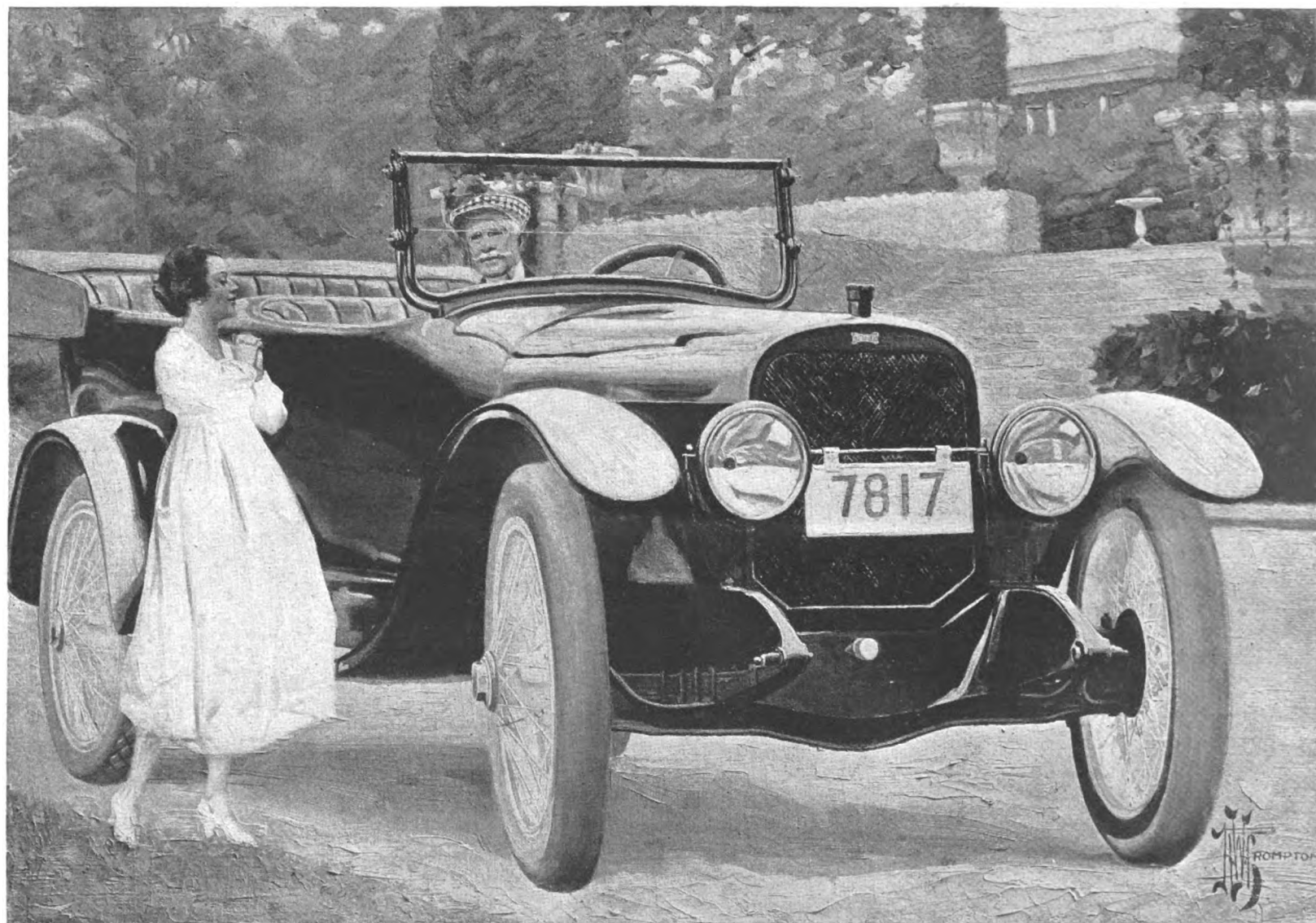
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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DRAWINGS BY EMLÉN MCCONNELL

WITHIN THE CAR THERE WAS A HUSH OF AWE AND TERROR

HOUR after hour the train sped on across the level prairie. Not a hill broke the straight, unvarying line of the horizon. Scarcely a rook rose to give a brief shelter from the heat. The long grass beside the track was dry. The sun shone hot and cloudless, and the air was sultry, although the month was only May.

The passengers had settled themselves as comfortably as they could for the long journey to the East—railway travel sixty years ago was not what it is to-day. Even the crotchety old gentleman whom Lucy had been watching with amused eyes across the aisle had at last arranged his numerous cushions to his satisfaction and had composed himself for slumber. The severe-looking professor beyond was nodding over his book. Lucy Barclay looked over at them and down at the sleeping baby in her arms. Her own eyes were wide. She wondered how anyone could sleep in that car, when every turn of its wheels carried it nearer to the land of the rising sun—the goal of her heart's desires!

That goal was Lucy's home. Five years before, she had come with the young minister, her husband, to the charge of his first parish in Lounsbury, Illinois. Five happy years they had been for them both, passed among people who loved them and in work that they loved; yet when, for reasons that seemed good to all, William Barclay had accepted a call to another church in the East, Lucy's heart had flown like a bird to the home of her childhood.

"People who go West are expected to come home rich, aren't they, William?" she said, turning her happy face to her husband, as he sat beside her, reading.

"Well, we are rich, aren't we, dear?" he answered, smiling back. "Consider the experience we have accumulated—to say nothing of the baser stuff back there in that baggage car."

Lucy considered. "I am thinking," she said, "how pleased mother and Mary will be with our riches. All the furnishings for our new home, and all the lovely things those dear people have given to me and my little daughter. Did you know, William, that Mrs. Tupper made this for the baby with her own hands?" She touched the cloak of wadded wool in which the child was wrapped.

"They have done more for us than we can ever measure," said her husband. "Perhaps we shall be able to give out to others something of what we have received from them; it is stored away, safely enough, in our hearts."

"And in your sermons," said Lucy, with a quick, proud glance.

He smiled. "The fruits of five years' thought and study and experience—they ought to count for something, oughtn't they, Lucy?—all packed away in that little leather trunk at the end of the car. It was so small

STORIES OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

By Margaret Johnson

III. SALVAGE

that I had it put in here, where I can keep an eye on it. What if I lost it?"

"A trunkful of treasure! I put your preaching coat in the other little leather trunk, and my wedding dress and the baby's things. The big black one held all the rest."

As she thought of the things that she had not been able to bring—the treasure that she must win again, with new care and patience, in another field, her face grew suddenly sober and her eyes wistful. Only a few weeks in the old home of her youth, and then the new parish, the new problems to be solved, the new way to be won, inch by inch, into the hearts and lives of the people.

Would there ever be a work so pleasant as that which they had left behind—or friends so dear? The experience that they had gained—would it avail them among their changed surroundings? Were they not after all going helpless, empty-handed, to the new field of their labor?

Then suddenly she forgot those things in a vision of her mother's face. She looked out dreamily from the window, and saw, with her smiling eyes, not the level grassy plains of Illinois, but the white steeple of the little church in Rivermouth, the hills and pastures of New England, the sea, breaking, breaking on the rocky cliffs.

Noon came and passed. The baby woke and, being an adorably sunny, blue-eyed, dimpled child, received her due share of attention, and quipped it right royally in her father's arms until even the crotchety old gentleman and the severe professor melted into answering smiles.

At three o'clock Lucy, crooning a lullaby under her breath, put the child to sleep again. The train raced on across the endless miles. And with it now there raced, far down on the edge of the horizon, a little cloud. Growing, and ever growing, that cloud, harmless enough at first, began presently to assume, to the careless eyes watching it from the car windows, a sinister and threatening look. Its hue was green, its shape peculiar. It spread and spread and rose higher and higher toward the zenith—a great vulture with dark wings hovering above the earth. Lightning began to dart through it; thunder mingled dully with the rushing of the train.

Lucy was timid in thunderstorms. "I hope it will not be a heavy one!" she said.

Her husband did not answer; but he put her with the baby in the end of the seat away from the window. He had seen the sky look like that once before.

Darkening the prairie and blotting out the sun, the cloud swept higher and higher. The engine shrieked at it in defiance and sent out a great feather of black smoke, which the wind caught and dashed back furiously against the windows. Then, with a blinding flash that seemed to fill the whole hollow of the skies, the cloud parted and the storm broke.

Rain, wind, thunder, lightning and hail—such a fury and a tumult Lucy had never seen or dreamed of. She bent her head forward over the baby in her arms and closed her eyes to shut out the dazzling glare. Her ears were filled with the roar and crackle of the thunder.

Within the car there was a hush of awe and terror. The crotchety old gentleman had forgotten his cushions and sat upright, staring out into the strange world of wrath and darkness. One of the women in his party was crying softly with fright while another, half crying, too, tried to comfort her. Anxious husbands reassured their wives and daughters with cheery words. A little knot of men in the forward end of the car—men who knew the storms on the Western plains—began to take down and to unfasten their traveling rugs.

Lucy bent closer over her child. "Look up, dear," said her husband very quietly. "You will never see such a sight again, I think."

Half awed, half comforted by his voice, Lucy lifted her eyes, and in the wild splendor and majesty of the scene before her forgot to be afraid.

A tempest of hail, driven against the side of the car, shattered the windows. The rain and the icy drops

beat in. Lucy wrapped the child in its wadded cloak and shielded herself as best she could while her husband went into the seat behind to fasten his traveling shawl up over the broken pane.

The car swayed and shook. The engine shrieked again, and the train shot forward, quickening its speed, to reach if possible the shelter of a little cut not many miles ahead.

"Can you hold that corner down for a

moment?" said William to Lucy, as he struggled with his flapping shawl.

When his wife leaned forward and caught it with her free hand, there rose above all the tumult round her, above the rush and racket of the wheels, the booming of the thunder, the clamor of the icy rain, another sound, deep, indescribable, appalling—a roar that seemed to fill and rend the universe.

A cry went up in the car. The passengers sprang to their feet. But before they had time to look into one another's blanched faces the tornado was upon them. It struck the train broadside and turned it over as a child would upset a toy; then, leaving it lying on its side in a shallow ditch half filled with water, the storm swept on.

"My baby! Oh, my baby!"

Lucy's voice was a shriek in her own ears; but in the wild terror and confusion of the moment no one else heard her. She had not lost consciousness in her fall, but after the first bewildering shock had realized that her child had been torn from her arms.

Raising her head, she thrust out her arms in anguish. By a great flash of lightning she saw the strange chaos into which she had fallen—broken seats, shattered windows, the jam and floating debris of the wreck. Then the darkness shut her in again; and she felt herself sinking, sinking into its unknown depths, until the soft, deep waters of unconsciousness closed soundlessly above her head.

From those depths she came floating slowly back at last, with a sound of voices, like the murmur of the waters, in her ears.

One voice that spoke close beside her, she knew. It was her husband's; and she spoke—or thought she did—in answer. What she said must have satisfied him, for she realized presently that he had left her side.

He was alive, then, and safe; but her baby was gone. She had waked with that fact fixed firmly in her mind. She was still lying in a tangle of wreckage, with her head on a cushion and her feet in the water. The car seemed a great black cavern, full of echoing noises. From its roof she saw strange stalactites hanging—the feet of people who had climbed up and perched among the broken seats, to be out of the water.

She smiled at that in vague amusement. Her despair had overwhelmed her like a narcotic. She lay passive, without pain of mind or body. Only one thought possessed her: she had been discontented, unbelieving, at going to her new home empty-handed. And now she had lost her baby. She knew that without feeling it. Presently, through her stupor, she heard a low, persistent sound near by: it was a woman sobbing.

"Don't cry!" said Lucy, with a vague and childlike instinct of sympathy.

"I guess you'd cry," moaned the woman, "if you'd lost all your money and jewels and



REMEMBERING-AUNT-ANN

By Lulu Linton



everything, as I have! They were in my little handbag, where I always carry them, and I never let go of it for a moment till the shock came. And now it's gone, and I don't suppose I shall ever see it again! To think such a thing should happen to me, when I'm always so careful—it isn't fair—it isn't right—"

Her voice became a mere babbling in Lucy's ear; but again her instinct, the cultivated instinct of the minister's wife, urged her on to help where help was needed.

"You mustn't complain," she said distinctly, although with an effort. "You may get back what you have lost; but if not, you must try to be resigned—you must remember that all is for the best, and that we have no right—"

There she stopped; for with the sound of the stereotyped phrases, at which she would have smiled had she been herself, her own apathy was broken. For the first time she realized with full consciousness what had befallen her, and with the realization her despair gave way and her whole being melted.

"Oh, I am sorry for you!" she cried out to the woman in her natural voice. "I have lost—something—too!"

And she broke suddenly into natural tears, weeping her heart out in grief and yearning.

At that moment another sound came out of the darkness—a sound at which another instinct leaped up in the mother's heart, stronger than all her weakness, so that she lifted herself and sat up with a cry.

"What!" said the woman beside her; and then the lightning flashed again, and she saw her husband hurrying toward her, and close beside him, lurching and stumbling through the water, the severe professor, severe no longer. His face, white in the weird light, was cut and bleeding, but the smile it wore made it seem to her the face of an angel; for in his arms he carried a bundle—a little bundle, wet and bedraggled, warm and moving, wrapped close and safe in a little wadded cloak.

"You see," said the professor, telling his story for the fourteenth time to an admiring auditor perched near him in the dark, "I was pinned down at first,—no, only bruises; no one was badly hurt, thank God!—and when I flung out my arms, my hand touched the queerest thing—bare and little and warm; and I pulled on it, and—it was the baby's foot! I dragged her out from under something that had fallen slantwise against the side of the car, and made a sort of shelter for her. I think Mr. Saunders has it now."

"It's under my head," said the crotchety old gentleman feebly. "Some one put it there; but it's very wet and anything but soft."

"It may not be soft," said William Barclay, with a chuckle, "but I am sure it must be dry. Hold on to it, for my sake, Mr. Saunders; if I am not mistaken, it contains my sermons."

"They'll never be dry again, then," retorted the professor.

And Lucy heard them laughing together in the dark, as men laugh when a great peril is safely past.

All through the long night with their cheery courage they kept up the spirits of the wet and weary prisoners; but Lucy, lying quiet in her corner, felt neither anxiety nor discomfort any more. With the touch of her baby's hands in the darkness her faith had returned. The overwhelming gratitude in her heart left no room for coward fears. Let the future bring what it would—it was in other hands than hers; all would be well.

"Why didn't you tell me it was your baby!" said the woman who sat beside her; she had forgotten her lost handbag and the jewels in helping, woman-like, to care for the found and living treasure.

With the dawn came rescue. To a tavern, still standing in a storm-wrecked town, the thankful passengers were carried; and with them went the little leather trunk. All that day, while her husband foraged for food and clothing, Lucy sat by the fire in her tiny room, drying the precious sermons, page by page, until, blurred and warped, but still legible, they were ready to be re-copied and re-preached over and over again, as the custom was, to listening and loving congregations.

The furnishings of the new home were lost or ruined. The wedding dress and the preaching coat and all the baby's finery, the handiwork of the dear people in the old parish—those Lucy never saw again. But what of that!

When, three days later, she alighted at the station in Boston, and fell into the arms of at least half a dozen of her family, waiting on the platform, they exclaimed at her blooming cheeks and shining eyes.

"You poor dear!" cried her sister Mary. "What a terrible time! How can you look so gay, when you have lost simply everything?"

"Everything!" cried Lucy, hugging her sister as well as she could for the leaping baby in her arms. "What can you mean, my dear? We are the richest people in the world! The things we really couldn't spare were saved to us with our lives; and what more do we want, William and I, to begin life with in our new home, than a baby and a trunkful of sermons?"

SOME insistent sound had roused Ruth Vincent from refreshing slumber. Still only half awake, she thought impatiently that the family next door had begun their Friday cleaning at an unearthly hour. Opening her eyes, she stared at the rough board ceiling overhead, and then at the sunbeam creeping through a knot hole in the opposite wall—and remembered with a happy chuckle that she was far from next-door neighbors. She rose hastily and began to dress, for the days in camp were so precious that she did not wish to lose one moment of them.

Mrs. Graydon, her hostess, heard her stir and slipped a letter under the door.

"Here's a letter for you, dear!" she called. "Jackson rowed across the lake early this morning to get the mail."

"Thank you!" Ruth answered. "I hope it's from the folks at home."

But when she stooped to pick up the letter, she frowned in disappointment. The letter had been forwarded from the home post office.

"Aunt Ann! Why—she never writes except to thank me for my Christmas and birthday gifts—"

Glancing at the calendar beside the washstand, she gasped, and sat down weakly on the bed. Aunt Ann's birthday had passed—and she had forgotten it!

As her mind ran back over the past month, she felt that it was quite natural that she should have forgotten the birthday of an aunt—especially a great-aunt whom she did not remember distinctly. There had been the excitement of getting ready for the high-school commencement, and then commencement week with all of its gay hours filled to the limit. After that had come the invitation to spend two weeks at the Graydon's summer camp.

DRAWINGS BY
SEARS GALLAGHER



SHE WAVED GAYLY TO THEM AS THE
CAR ROLLED AWAY

The last ten days had been brimming over with the pure joy of living.

But why had Aunt Ann written? Surely not to upbraid her because she had failed to remember. Ruth had grown up with the impression that Aunt Ann was—well, different. Opening the envelope, she drew out the note, written in a clear, precise hand; it read:

Dear Niece. I am writing to express to you my thanks for your remembrances of my birthday. All three of the packages arrived on the morning of that day, and I wish to assure you that I greatly appreciate your thoughtfulness. Very sincerely,
Your great-aunt, Ann Vincent.

"My three packages! What in the world does she mean?" Then suddenly Ruth rolled on the bed in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter. The thin walls of the summer cottage could not shut in such a tumult of merriment try as she would to muffle it, and immediately three girls in kimonos came rushing in and demanded to know at once what was causing such hilarity.

"It's—it's—my Aunt Ann," Ruth gasped, "and mother—and Aunt Helen and Aunt Grace!"

"Well, you've known them all for some time. How did you happen to discover all at once that they were so very amusing?" Irma Graydon asked, shaking her guest soundly.

"It's about Aunt Ann's birthday—I forgot it! But evidently the folks at home remembered in time, and to save me from disgrace each of them sent a present in my name, for Aunt Ann writes to thank me for her three gifts. I'm wondering whether it was three breakfast caps that they sent, or three handkerchiefs with tatting on, or three pairs of bedroom slippers."

Her friends joined in the laughter, and Mrs.

Graydon, who had entered in time to hear Ruth's explanation, laughed, too; then her face grew thoughtful.

"We'll hope that your Aunt Ann was not offended in any way," she said.

Everyone in the home town knew how hard little Mrs. Vincent and her two delicate maiden sisters had had to struggle to keep a home together and to keep boisterous, romping Ruth in clothes, shoes and books while she climbed steadily from the baby room, through the grades and through the high school. Occasional gifts from Aunt Ann, the one living relative on the Vincent side, had helped; but since the funeral of Ruth's father, whom Aunt Ann had reared, educated and loved in her own undemonstrative way, that lady had never visited his family.

Early in June Ruth's mother had written to Aunt Ann and asked her to visit them during commencement week; she hoped that when Aunt Ann should hear about Ruth's wonderful achievement in the high school, and her longing to go on with her education, she would offer to lend the money for the college course. Aunt Ann had replied very briefly that she could not accept the invitation, because it was the busiest time on the farm. She had added that she hoped Ruth would go to work now, and waste no more time in school, as she, for her part, did not believe in sending girls to college.

Mrs. Graydon knew Aunt Ann's views on the education of women very well, but nevertheless had hoped that this well-to-do relative would change her views and give Ruth the opportunity that she deserved. This episode, she feared, might make matters worse.

When they had all left the room, Ruth sat down in front of the mirror to rearrange her tumbled hair. She glanced squarely into the face reflected there, and suddenly all her laughter vanished.

"I—I'm ashamed of you, Ruth Vincent," she said soberly. "Seeing only the funny side of what must have seemed almost a tragedy to three of the dearest women in the world."

Their faces came to her very clearly. She could see the little worried wrinkle that had come between mother's eyebrows when she had realized that Ruth was too far away to be reminded in time of Aunt Ann's birthday. Then mother had taken down the baking-powder can from the top of the kitchen cabinet, counted carefully the week's allowance, and slipped out enough to buy some little gift, which she had mailed without telling her sisters that thoughtless Ruth had left another burden on her mother's tired shoulders.

Then, as Aunt Helen had hurried down to the office, she had remembered, too. She had decided loyally to keep Ruth's forgetfulness from the others, and had also mailed a package to Aunt Ann.

Gentle Aunt Grace, working ceaselessly over her embroidery or crochet work, had remembered and, snatching time from some of the orders that gave her a small supply of pin money, had made some beautiful thing and, keeping her own counsel, had mailed it to Aunt Ann.

"How dear they are!" Ruth whispered contritely. "I'll try to make it all up to them, but I don't know how to explain it to Aunt Ann."

She was quieter than usual during breakfast, but the others were so much excited over the projected motor trip to Great Caves, that they did not notice her silence. Irma and her father were looking over the guidebook and figuring up the number of miles to be driven that afternoon.

"Allowing for anything that could possibly happen, we'll reach the hotel in time for supper," Irma announced. "And early in the morning we'll get our guide and start through the caves, having all the time we will need to see everything. They say the trip up there is great—such picturesque scenery all along the way. Listen to some of the funny names of the little towns along the road."

Suddenly Ruth sat erect. Irma had rattled off the queer postmark on Aunt Ann's letter.

"Do you really go through Joppa?" she asked. "That is Aunt Ann's post-office address, and her farm lies just beyond the little village. I remember going there once with father. I thought that it was across the world from home then. I can't get used to the way your car annihilates distance."

A little later she caused consternation by announcing calmly, "Girls, I'm going to stay

with Aunt Ann while you go on to Great Caves." No amount of expostulation or argument seemed to affect her decision, and Irma rushed to her mother for help.

"Make her give up this foolish plan," she said. "She's been wild to go, and I can't understand her. She acts so—different. Come and talk to her, and make her see that it is all foolishness."

"Let her alone," said Mrs. Graydon gently. "I think that Ruth knows best."

If Ruth's high courage waned a bit when she stepped from the big car to the roadside where the gate opened into a lane, and where the mail box bore the grim name "Ann Vincent," she did not let the others know; she waved gayly to them as the car rolled away. Walking toward the big, square white house with its green shutters, she remembered that far-away day when she had trotted up the lane by her father's side, holding tight to his strong hand. Something like a sob caught in her throat as she thought of the many times that his dear feet must have passed this way.

There was no sign of life at the front of the house, but, hearing voices, Ruth followed

the walk to the rear. A man in working clothes was starting from the pump toward the back gate, where a horse and plough were waiting, and a woman called after him, "And if you've finished that south patch, you will have time to work the garden over before supper!"

She was a tall, straight woman with snow-white hair, but when she turned toward the girl the two pairs of dark eyes that met were very much alike.

"Aunt Ann, I have come to stay overnight with you," Ruth said in her quick, direct way.

The woman started at the sound of her voice, looked at her keenly, and then held out her hand and said, "You are John's girl."

There were no demonstrations; they shook hands like two men. Then they went into the cool sitting room, and Ruth in her straightforward manner began at once to tell how she had happened to come as an unexpected guest. When she had explained, she added, "I came to tell you about the three birthday gifts."

Aunt Ann's firm mouth twitched slightly at the corners.

"I didn't send them," Ruth went on and told the story. "And while I'm here," she said, "I might just as well tell you, Aunt Ann, that I never have remembered your birthday—though I didn't realize it until this morning; but I know now that it was always mother or Aunt Helen or Aunt Grace who reminded me in time. The part of me that was intended for the purpose of remembering birthdays either doesn't work well, or it was left out entirely. I've a notion that you would have survived without the hug-me-tights and caps and bedroom slippers—but I'm sorry I couldn't remember to send a friendly greeting, anyway."

Aunt Ann's lips had parted in a broad grin now, and, beckoning, she led the way into her bedroom, opened a drawer of the old-fashioned cherry bureau and pointed to the orderly rows and stacks of unused articles, each labeled, "From your loving niece, Ruth."

"Do you mean to tell me that you did not make all these—things?" she asked.

"I'm sorry to say that I did not," Ruth admitted. "It seems that the part of a person that is used to contrive fancy things was left out of my make-up, too. For the life of me, I can't see the use of things like those."

With a low chuckle Aunt Ann pushed the drawer in—and their visit began.

Ruth forgot her fear of the great-aunt whose favor she had been taught to strive for, and each of them started in on a new basis of friendship. Before nightfall they had explored every field, brook and woodland of the old farm, and Aunt Ann had answered all of Ruth's eager questions about her father, and she was enjoying the girl's frank comradeship more than she had ever hoped to enjoy anything in life again.

Ruth felt no regrets over the trip that she was missing. She slept that night in the room that had been her father's, and was standing the next morning by the window, looking out across the fields and woods, thinking of him, when Aunt Ann came in.

"You look just like your father, child," she said, putting one hand almost timidly on the girl's shoulder, "and—I am glad. Since yesterday I've made a decision. I am going to rent the farm and move to the state university town, and I want you to stay with me during school terms for the next four years, and attend the university."

"But—I thought—you didn't approve—"

"Of higher education for girls?" Aunt Ann



SHE WAS A TALL, STRAIGHT
WOMAN WITH SNOW-WHITE
HAIR

finished. "I don't—for all girls. Maybe I've been bitter over that subject. You see, I had wanted to go away to school, and finally father had given his consent and I was going in September; but mother died in August. I couldn't go away and leave father and brother right then, so I decided to wait a while. Just after Thanksgiving Brother John got married and brought his wife home. She was like a dear older sister to me, and helped me plan my clothes and get ready to go the next fall. When I was ready to start, she died—leaving her baby boy in my care. Late that fall John took typhoid and never seemed to want to get well, and then father had a stroke, and went, too.

"I was all that little John had left, and I did the best I could by him. I managed the

farm, and raised him, and I had managed to lay by enough for his education. Then he married, and I was left alone, too old to try to make of myself anything except a plain farm woman. All these years I've been watching how easily education comes to most girls, and how little most of them appreciate it; but I hadn't any right to say that none of them deserved it. I got the notion that you were one of the kind that didn't. Since I've seen you, I'm willing to risk it on you."

The morning was filled with their planning for the future, and Ruth heard the distant call of the auto horn with genuine regret.

At the door she hesitated, then said firmly: "Aunt Ann, they will be so glad at home—

those three dear little women. One by one they will take me aside and tell me about remembering your birthday for me. They will be sure that they helped me in that way to a college education—and—Aunt Ann, I don't want to be deceitful, but I can't tell them that they didn't."

Aunt Ann cleared her throat, and her shrewd dark eyes suddenly grew moist. "That isn't deceit," she said very decidedly. "That is only some of the tact and grace they've been all these years trying to drill into your matter-of-fact Vincent nature, and I'm glad to see that it's taking hold—in the right places."

The horn sounded insistently now from the end of the lane. They started to shake hands as they had done the day before; then Ruth

suddenly threw both arms about Aunt Ann, and gave her a hug that nearly lifted the older woman from the floor.

"Oh, I love you so! I may forget your birthdays to the end of time—but I'll always love you!"

And she was away, down the lane as fast as her feet could carry her.

Aunt Ann stood quite still until Ruth had vanished from sight; then she wiped her eyes and said to herself:

"I used to think it was just palaver and put on, when John's wife was always trying to be nice to everyone, but I guess it came from her kind heart. Seems like Ruth's got her father's straight, honest ways and strong brain and her mother's gentle heart, and—after all—it isn't a bad combination."

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier
In Ten Chapters ~ Chapter Seven

WHEN reveille actually did sound and the occupants of tent 26 again turned out, it was in the stillness and dim light of dawn. A thick mist was smoking up from the lake and blotted out the Green Mountains except in places where a peak shouldered through the curling vapor. Above those peaks the clouds were beginning to kindle. The light grew stronger, and the sun came boiling up through the clouds and over the mountain crests. In a few moments the chill had vanished from the air, and the birds in the woods adjoining the camp were giving an uproarious welcome to Company B.

The setting-up exercises were omitted on this morning, and the company took its way quietly to the mess tent. Ted sat beside Gray at breakfast; opposite them were Meade and some other fellows from Squad 15.

"No wind; we ought to shoot pretty well this morning," said Meade.

"You fellows may, but my rest was too much broken," Gray answered. "Did you hear how Greiner got us up and made us dress in the middle of the night?"

Meade and the others had not heard, and Gray proceeded to enlighten them.

By the time the company was ready to start for the target range every member of it had heard of "the corporal that didn't know taps from reveille," and every member knew his name. All down the company street fellows were laughing together while they made up their packs—laughing over the absurd blunder committed by the corporal of Squad 16. In deference to the captain's orders imposing quiet, their mirth was subdued; but Greiner, as he passed along the street, could not escape the knowledge that he was being pointed out and recognized as the "bonehead" corporal. Consequently, he bore himself with conspicuous haughtiness.

Before leaving the company street every man received a score card on which was to be kept the record of his shots. The order to march, route step, was given, and the company crossed the road in front of the camp and took a path through a thicket of alders and scrub oak, along which they had to travel single file. Meade looked back and saw Greiner.

"What's the time, Dick?" he called. And those who heard laughed, with the exception of Greiner, who answered tartly:

"Time to forget it!"

Meade, who had been smiling in good nature, looked surprised, and then proceeded to whistle taps, to the entertainment of Squads 15 and 16.

Presently they came out of the woods into a long, level open space. At one end of this field was a high sand bank, and against that at

equal intervals targets had been erected, eighteen in all. Beside each target was its number. At varying distances in front of the targets were rows of white slabs sunk into the ground with their tops projecting a few inches above the surface. They looked a little like gravestones; they were to mark the firing positions for the different ranges. Behind the row nearest the targets—the two-hundred-yard range—were tables at which enlisted men were sitting, and other enlisted men stood about in groups. Also there were several officers waiting.

Capt. Hughes halted the company.

"Right dress! Front! At ease! Each squad will take the target corresponding to the squad number. Two men from each squad will take their places together on the firing line; the others will remain six paces behind the scorer. The order in going to the firing line will be, first, numbers one and two in the front rank, then numbers three and four in the front rank, one and two in the rear rank, three and four in the rear rank. You will have ten shots, slow fire, at the two-hundred-yard range from the prone position. Aim so that the top of the sight seems to touch the lower rim of the bull's-eye. Before you go to the firing line see that your sights are properly adjusted and your sights well blackened. Now, each corporal take his squad forward."

Greiner gave the prescribed command, "Follow me!" and led his squad to position in front of the target on the extreme right of the line. He took out of his pocket a piece of candle with which the quartermaster sergeant had provided him, lighted it, and told Ted and Stevens to blacken their sights. They held their rifles in the flame until the metal all about the sights was thoroughly smoked. Gray was disposed to protest. "Here I do nothing but polish my gun all my spare time, and now I'm ordered to get it smooched up!"

"If you don't smooch it up, the reflection of the sun on the sights will pretty nearly blind you," said Stevens.

"Not that it's likely to make much difference in your score in either case," said Greiner.

"That was a hard one," admitted Gray;

"but I may surprise you yet, old top." Ted and Stevens were both all ready and stood waiting. Ted felt nervous; he hoped he should at least be able to hit the target!

"Take your places on the firing line!" An officer with a megaphone shouted this command, and at once Stevens and Ted advanced, as did two men from every other squad.

"Let me have your cards," said the soldier who sat at the scorer's table.

Another soldier, who stood at the firing line, supplied each of them with two clips of cartridges. "Don't load till you get the command," he cautioned them.

"Ready on the right?" called the officer with the megaphone. "Ready on the left? Ready on the firing line? Load!"

All along the line there was the quick rattle of bolts being thrown back and of magazines being filled.

"All right now," said the soldier. "Drop on your stomachs. Number one, you take the first shot, number two the second, and so on alternately. Shoot when you get ready."

Ted and Stevens lay down on either side of the white slab; the soldier squatted beside Ted. "Spread your legs wide and swing them a mite more to the left," he advised.

Farther along the line there was a shot, then another shot, and then the fusillade began. Ted's hand shook as he tried to bring the sight just under the bull's-eye; he pressed the trigger and in his excitement hardly felt

the slight kick against his shoulder. Alas! From the pit in front of the target a red flag was raised and waved to the left of the target, signifying that the bullet had gone wild on that side.

"Take it easy," said the friendly soldier. "You'll steady down in a minute."

Stevens began with a four.

Ted was not wholly able to control the tremor of his left hand, but the muzzle of the rifle did not seem to be weaving about quite so erratically when he made his second shot. He felt tremendously relieved when the marker pointed to the circle just outside the bull's-eye.

"Four on sixteen!" chanted the scorer.

Ted's next shot was a four; he followed it with a bull's-eye. He began to feel exultant, and impatient for Stevens to shoot. He hurried his next shot, and was disappointed to see the marker point to the extreme lower left-hand corner of the target and to hear the scorer call out, "Two on sixteen!"

"Don't hurry," said the soldier. "And be careful not to pull your shots to the left."

On his last five shots Ted got two bull's-eyes, a four and two threes, and while he gathered up the empty shells he felt that he had at least not disgraced himself or the squad. He got his card from the scorer and saw the total, 35, inscribed on it; then he rejoined the squad. Gray and Bradford congratulated him.

"Thirty-five!" said Bradford. "Going at that clip you'll make marksman sure, and you may make sharpshooter."

"I'm afraid, though, this is the easiest of the tests," Ted answered.

Stevens had done better still.

"Forty-three; that's an expert's average," said Greiner, as Stevens rejoined the squad. "If everyone does as well as you two, we'll be pretty good. Come on, Adams."

Greiner fired his first shot; Ted and Gray, who were sitting together, watched for the result. It was a bull's-eye.

"It would jar me awfully to find the lobster is as good as he thinks he is," remarked Gray.

"He's good, all right," replied Ted, when on Greiner's second shot a bull's-eye was indicated.

On his next two shots Greiner slipped up; one was a four, the other a three. Two bull's-eyes followed, then a four, then another pair of bull's-eyes, and finally a four—forty-five in all; but Greiner came back to his squad shaking his head.

"Rotten! Rotten!" he said, as he flung himself down on the ground. "That three there—that boob regular that was coaching me was responsible for that. He told me I was shooting a little high. If he'd kept his face still I'd have done a good deal better."

"O bunk! Your score's good enough without yapping about it," said Gray. "The fellow was trying to help you."

"I don't see why you feel sore over getting forty-five!" said Adams, who had made thirty-two. "I shouldn't be sore if I'd got forty-five." Carton and Howland were the next two to

go up; they came back without having contributed especially to the glory of the squad. Carton scored only thirty points and Howland fell three points below him.

The last pair, Bradford and Gray, took their places. Bradford was afflicted with an astigmatic eye that made accurate sighting impossible. He missed the target exactly as many times as he hit it; and it did not improve his efforts to know that Capt. Hughes and the officer who had given the commands through the megaphone had walked down the field and were now standing directly behind Squad 16. But as a matter of fact they were watching Gray rather than him.

For Gray's first two shots were bull's-eyes.

"This fellow looks pretty good," remarked the officer with the megaphone, and he drew a step nearer.

"Squad 16!" said Capt. Hughes, and laughed. "The corporal got that squad up a little after ten last night and made them dress—thought taps was reveille."

The captain may have had his own reasons for wanting the remark to carry to the corporal's ears. He may have been not wholly ignorant of Greiner's methods of dealing with his squad. At any rate, the remark did carry to Greiner's ears, which, together with his cheeks and neck and forehead, grew bright red.

The other officer laughed. "You ought to have a foolish prize as well as a set of silver cups to offer in your company."

Gray scored his third bull's-eye. The officer and Capt. Hughes watched in silence.

So did the members of Squad 16; but the silence of the corporal was different from that of his men, for his was embittered and theirs was cheerful.

Five bull's-eyes in a row for Gray, then a four; two bull's-eyes followed; then another four; the final shot was a bull's-eye.

Stevens and Ted led a ripple of applause as Gray came back to them, and Stevens said to Capt. Hughes, "Forty-eight! Isn't that top score, sir?"

"I shouldn't wonder. I don't know yet."

Gray, with a twinkle in his eyes, went up to Greiner, and said in the friendliest tone imaginable, "Much obliged to you, old top, for making me blacken my sights. If I hadn't done that I might have made only forty-five."

"Don't call me 'old top,'" said Greiner.

Capt. Hughes and the other officer had moved away. The last shots along the line had been fired at the targets; Capt. Hughes gave the assembly whistle; the company fell in and at command came to attention. "Inspection arms!" ordered Capt. Hughes. And there was a brisk rattle along the ranks as the magazines of the rifles were thrown open. "Order arms!" And another brisk rattle as the magazines were closed and the triggers pulled.

"Hereafter," said Capt. Hughes, "at the end of every target practice each corporal will give the order to his squad, 'Inspection arms!' This is a very important matter. Especially after rapid-fire practice some men are likely to



DRAWINGS BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

"TAKE IT EASY," SAID THE FRIENDLY SOLDIER. "YOU'LL STEADY DOWN IN A MINUTE"



THE FUTURE EDUCATION OF WOMEN

By A.W. Harris, formerly President of Northwestern University

BY standardizing processes a factory turns out from uniform raw material identical products. Schools face a more complex task. Their material is not uniform, and to turn out identical products is as undesirable as it is impossible. If all persons were alike and all were to live the same life, it would be easy for the schoolmaster to select the information to be imparted and to determine the methods of teaching. The best education would then be the same for all persons.

Whether intended for boys or for girls, education is identical at the beginning. Young children seem to be very much alike, and the training they receive and the facts they learn are necessary to all people; but from differences that appear at an early age it is evident that even little children are not made in one intellectual mould. One child learns quickly, is alert and confident; another is slow, timid and uninterested. Those are differences of individuals and not of groups. But as children grow, the variations grow with them, and there appear in them special tastes and special abilities that in some cases mark them as by nature fitted for particular pursuits.



THERE are teachers who believe that the ideal education ought to deal with each child separately; but of course such a plan is not practicable, and, if it were, it would not be wise, for children are social by nature, and work better in classes than alone. Within the necessary limits, however, the methods, the processes and the subjects of education are constantly changing in the attempt to fit the schools to special and new needs. For although the general controlling purpose of education is the same, the conditions of life are constantly in flux and flow, and the proper service of school or college must be adapted to them.

It has been said that the things vitally important in education are to develop the intellectual powers and to furnish useful knowledge, coupled with instruction in the better methods of using that knowledge most effectively. But when we ask what knowledge is useful, we find conflicting opinions. Is the study of language useful; is the study of poetry useful; is the study of mathematics useful? There are those who think that there is no need for more than an elementary study of mathematics. Many parents object to their children's studying Latin or literature or music. On the other hand, many of the more influential teachers regard the studies that bear very directly upon the work of life, sometimes called "bread-and-butter" studies, as commonplace and lacking in inspiration and in broad application.

There is a measure of truth in all those criticisms. A schoolgirl may give her time so completely to poetry and history and language that she will have none left for science and its applications to the care of the home that she is some time to make; or she may devote herself so completely to domestic science that her education will be lamentably narrow in its grasp and interest.

Teachers agree that education ought to include both the general or cultural studies

and the so-called useful studies; but the best proportion depends on what the individual is to do, on his abilities and tastes. If the teacher knew what field of endeavor each pupil would seek in later life, he would be greatly helped in making school plans. In the case of boys he can rarely know, for the employments of men are many and unlike, and unforeseen circumstances often determine what their vocation is to be. In the case of girls, however, the difficulty is not so great, for of a hundred girls more than eighty will become home makers; they constitute so large a group with a common life business that special studies and methods adapted to their needs may fairly be required of all. We come, then, to the question whether the schools and colleges are giving to women as a group the best education that may be devised for them.

Until quite recent times a very elementary schooling was thought to be enough for all young people except those boys who were to enter a learned profession. For the girls, the training was limited in amount, and what there was of it was largely ornamental and not exacting in demand. Most of the teachers regarded girls as unequal to the strain of the training that was given boys in the high schools and colleges. It was a common fear that too much learning would make girls strong-minded and unwomanly. The higher schools for girls, known as finishing schools, devoted a large part of their time to manners and accomplishments.

About fifty years ago a small but growing party of men and women began to insist that every educational opportunity offered to boys be offered to girls also. Those persons were fighting, not only to get for girls opportunities as great as those given to boys, but also to get for them the very same opportunities; they wished by that means to prove that girls were intellectually equal to boys. It thus came to pass that in the coeducational institutions—high schools, academies, colleges and universities—and in the institutions open to girls only, the plan of study is closely allied to that of institutions for boys only.

Probably everyone who has long observed the result will admit, whatever may have been his preconceived opinions, that there is now no good reason for doubting that girls are as capable mentally as boys and quite as able to do school work of the most exacting kind.



THE girl has proved that she is the intellectual equal of the boy; but in doing so she has greatly limited her opportunities, for, although there are many kinds of schools and courses for boys, there are very few specifically planned to meet the girl's peculiar needs. Insisting upon the same test that the boys had, she has necessarily confined herself to the most general courses of study and avoided the specialized boys' courses that were not appropriate for her. Moreover, she has been sensitive to any attempt to differentiate her work from his. Now, however, that her victory is won and freely conceded, questions may be considered that at an earlier time would have



called down suspicion on anyone who propounded them.

Has not the time come for an effort to determine how the schools and colleges may best help American girls to become the very best women—mothers, housekeepers, business women, scholars? Is it not true that the coeducational schools and colleges are planned primarily for boys, and conducted with little modification for girls? Is it not true that the girls' schools and colleges—or most of them—are close imitations of those for boys?



DO boys and girls, as groups, differ in mental and moral qualities? Of course there is not a difference of general superiority or inferiority, for, although each group has its points of superiority, the balance is even. Women are distinctly stronger than men in their ability to grasp details; men, on the other hand, seem to have a greater power of initiative.

These gifts are the equipment that nature provides for the part that women and men are to play in life. The woman's care of children requires ability to give attention to endless details and to be patient, effective and contented under the strain of constant interruptions. Girls are more conscientious than boys in fulfilling requirements. A girl will go to the end of her ability in an attempt to do all that a teacher asks, whereas a boy, having done all he thinks reasonable, will refuse to do more.

The boy is somewhat more independent of customs and fashions, and more free to grant privileges to others. The girl is an individualist; the boy is a socialist. The girl's mind responds more readily to sentimental considerations and to mystical influences, and is more intuitional. The boy's mind is slower but more scientific. Are those real differences? And if so, do we need to study them in considering training and education?

Between boys and girls there are great occupational differences. Girls expect to be married, and almost all of them will be charged with the duty of making and conducting homes, in which they will employ and direct labor and manage the family finances. Much more than the boys, they will need to know and enforce the principles of hygiene and to understand the development of children. They will be the home teachers, who will cooperate with the school and the church. Shall not education reckon with those conditions and lay the foundation for the special knowledge that they require?

If by chance a woman does not become a home maker, but enters a business pursuit, she meets unusual difficulties. The man has been in business for generations; the woman is a newcomer. Some employments are closed to her, either because they require too great physical strength or endurance, or because conventional considerations forbid. Americans look with disapproval upon women's working in the fields, as they do in foreign countries; and yet there is much field work that is more interesting, more wholesome and much more suitable than some of the work that American women are allowed to do—such, for example, as they do in laundries and in factories.

Not only are women considered as invaders in men's fields, but also they suffer because men, invading fields once considered strictly feminine, are becoming dressmakers, cooks, laundry managers and clerks. Moreover, for the same work women receive lower pay than men. Do not those difficulties constitute a compelling appeal to give women in their schooling every possible equipment for success?

The women who enter trades and professions are not the only business women, for the housekeepers, whether they realize it or not, are confronted by many business problems. Although the husband earns the family income, the wife spends it; and wise spending is fully as important as large earning. In the house, the woman deals with values in furniture and fuel, in food and clothing; she uses materials and labor; she cares for property; she supervises heating apparatus and household machinery.

To do her work well she needs to know something of good business methods and of how to determine the quality of what she buys. She must understand the chemistry and physics of the daily household operations, and must be sufficiently versed in psychology to be able to defend herself against the tricks of unscrupulous salesmanship and advertising. If she has the handling of the family savings, and especially if she is left a widow, she will need to know something of the general principles of safe investment and the care of money. Do not those tasks fairly demand consideration from the school and the college?



WOMAN is just making her entrance into public affairs, and is taking up public duties that have both a humane and a financial side. She is being called upon to help determine questions of public policy and to care for certain difficulties of local government—such as seeing that the town is wholesome and sanitary and beautiful, and that social and charitable problems are wisely solved. How shall the schoolmaster equip her for those new public duties?

By right of her natural tastes and opportunities and duties, woman has unusual chances for service in the fields of art, music, poetry, literature and religion. May not education recognize those facts and help her to make the best use of her natural abilities? In coeducational colleges the teachers, all or nearly all, are men, although women usually constitute the majority of the students. Should not the faculty of every institution in which there are women students include some women of the highest scholarship, of winning culture and social graces?

The questions, as put, suggest affirmative answers; but it is not so important that those answers be confirmed as that those who are interested in the advance of the general good through women recognize that the time has come when women and men, teachers and the public, ought to set themselves without prejudice to the study of how women may be best trained for usefulness to themselves, their families and their communities.

be left with loaded shells in their rifles. Company, attention! Forward, route step!"

"What time is it?" Ted asked Stevens. "I feel as if the morning must be about over."

Stevens looked at his watch. "Quarter of seven. Still time enough to get a good sweat before luncheon."

Meade, in the squad ahead, called back and asked Greiner what score he had made.

"Forty-five," Greiner answered.

"Best score in the squad, wasn't it?"

"No. One man got forty-eight."

"You fellows in 16 must be pretty good. Our best man got only forty-two. I suppose, Dick, you'd have made about forty-nine if you'd had a good night's sleep, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, cut it out!" said Greiner.

Meade responded by whistling taps. A full appreciation of his friend's sensitiveness about this matter had not yet descended upon him.

Upon returning to the camp the members of Company B were ordered to roll back their tents and make up their heavy packs. When the assembly whistle blew again, they all slipped on the packs and a few moments later were marching out into the country.

Three miles from camp they were deployed across a huckleberry pasture, rough, stony ground interspersed with thorn bushes and thistles. Up and down this hilly tract they were manoeuvred and drilled for three hours, with two half-hour intermissions for rest. It was not merely manoeuvring and marching, either; it was battle practice. That meant crawling and going through the motions of

shooting, springing up and charging, dropping at the word of command into a thorn bush or upon a rock as the case might be, working the bolt of the rifle back and forth, back and forth, regardless of sore elbows and aching shoulders, and doing all this over and over again, while the sun mounted higher in the sky and the pack grew heavier on the back.

The corporal of a squad had in one respect a somewhat easier time than the other members, if he chose to avail himself of his opportunities. The fire commands were issued by the captain and lieutenant behind the line, and the corporal had to keep looking back in order to interpret the commands to his men. So a corporal disposed to shirk could spend a considerable time resting on one elbow and telling his men to keep firing or to fire faster. During the earlier part of the morning Greiner did not abuse this privilege; but as time passed he shared the fatigue of the others, and became less concerned in executing the commands himself than in transmitting them.

Ted was on the extreme right of the line, and when he became too utterly tired to hold his rifle in position and go through the motions any longer he could drop his head and his rifle and rest without attracting a reproof from the corporal—especially as Stevens and Adams and Howland, who were all between him and Greiner, and who all had greater physical strength than he, kept up a pretty constant rattle of bolt and trigger. But Gray and Bradford and Carton were under Greiner's eye, and Greiner saw to it that Gray was goaded to the

utmost limits of his strength. If Gray lowered his rifle in weariness the corporal would say, "Keep on firing, Gray"; or if Gray showed any slacking in his fire, the corporal would call out sharply, "Fire faster, Gray!"

This repeated prodding Gray endured for a time in silence, but at last he snapped out, "Oh, shoot more with your rifle and less with your mouth!"

The exchange of incivilities that ensued was so violent that Lieut. Wharton came hurrying to the right flank and cried out, "Stop that talking! Haven't you been told that the corporal is the only man who is to speak at all? And he only to transmit the command? Now, we'll have no more of this magpie chatter."

Both Greiner and Gray choked down their wrath, and for the rest of the morning carried on their individual operations without paying any attention to each other.

It was a panting and perspiring and begrimed company that halted on the top of a ridge that they had gone through the motions of capturing by a bayonet charge. They were given a few moments in which to rest, and then they were marched back to the camp.

Arrived there, they were not slow in getting rid of their packs. Ted took his off gingerly, for his shoulders ached and the straps had chafed them. After he had washed his face and hands, he felt better and most immoderately hungry. He ate an enormous luncheon, and then became so drowsy that he could hardly keep his eyes open during the lecture on the field wireless. By the time it was over he had

waked up sufficiently to go in for a swim; he was just coming out, when Gray and Bradford, hot and dusty from their cavalry drill, made their appearance and began to undress.

"I certainly am jaded," said Gray. "But, Ripley, you should see the corp."

Bradford chuckled. "You mean the corpse."

"He's lying on his bed moaning and groaning because there's no hide left on him. The old saddle just about flayed him this afternoon. Looks as if he'd adopted the prone position for keeps. He's reaching round and daubing all kinds of ointments on himself; and his language is something shocking."

"I guess your getting a better score than his hurts him more than anything else," said Ted.

"I don't suppose I'll ever do it again, but that certainly was satisfying."

Ted found Greiner in a somewhat less deplorable state than Gray had pictured, but contented apparently to take his ease "in the prone position" and undesirous of speech. When it came time to make ready for retreat, he got up stiffly and hobbled about with many a grimace, but he managed to go through the drill without betraying any great suffering. Ted decided that, whatever Greiner might be, he was not a quitter.

After supper Ted found a crowd gathered in front of the bulletin board at the head of B Street. The list of scores for the day had been posted; Ted was delighted to find that Gray's name stood first. Two men were tied for second place with a score of 46; Greiner came next with 45; Stevens, with 43, was well up near

the top, and Ted himself had the satisfaction of finding that he was in the first third of the company.

"Well, I'm glad some one was worse than I was," said a voice at Ted's shoulder, and, turning, he beheld Bradford, whose name was about tenth from the bottom.

"You'll be up round the middle probably when you've had more practice," Ted said.

"I guess with my bad eye I can never hope to be anything but a boloman."

A "boloman," it should be explained, was one who failed to qualify as marksman.

After the open-air lecture that evening, Ted betook himself to the post exchange and indulged himself in three ice-cream cones. There he saw Mark Perrin, who was gorging himself in like manner with some of his G Company cronies. Ted went over and asked him what score he had made in the target practice.

"Forty," said Mark.

"Good night!" said Ted. "I thought I was pretty good at thirty-five."

"Well, I seem to be a natural-born soldier; that's the only way I can explain it."

A guffaw from the G Company group greeted this remark.

"He can't keep step and he won't follow in file, and he's never on time," one of them said to Ted. "A hot soldier you are, Perrin!"

"They're all jealous—nothing but bolomen," Mark explained to Ted serenely.

Ted returned to his own street. He felt weary and sleepy; and although it was not yet nine o'clock, he observed that a good many of the company were preparing for bed.

He found Bradford and Gray already tucked in; Stevens was undressing; and Carton and Greiner came in soon after Ted.

"This certainly ought to be the prize squad,"

Carton said. "Three men in it with a score above forty. No other squad in the company got two men into that class."

"I guess those seven-foot lobsters at the other end of the street won't look down on us now so much because we're little fellows," said Ted.

"It's the little fellows that have always been the great fighters," remarked Gray.

Stevens smothered a laugh. "Well, what's so funny about that?" demanded Gray.

"Nothing, oh, nothing! I'm not looking for trouble; I'm too sleepy."

The bugle sounded the call to quarters.

"Reveille," said Gray. "Time to get up, everyone."

The remark was heard in the adjoining tent in A Street. One of the occupants, who had a megaphonic voice, at once shouted, "All up! Corporal Greiner says it's time to get up!"

Immediately there was a roar of laughter in both streets, and other men in more distant tents took up the cry and belloved it in sheer enjoyment at making a noise in the darkness:

"All up! Corporal Greiner says it's time to get up!" "Greiner! O-o-o-o, Greiner! We want Greiner!" "Corporal Greiner!" "Corporal Greiner, B Company!" "Greiner says it's time to get up!"

These meaningless shouts, followed by outbursts of convulsive merriment, pervaded the whole battalion. The occupants of tent 26 shook with mirth, all except Greiner.

"They've got your number, Greiner, old top," said Gray contentedly.

"Shut up!" said Greiner. "Shut up, I tell you! And don't call me 'old top.'"

TO BE CONTINUED.

since I turned out this afternoon. My head is splitting, and even in this warm building the chills are going through me like knives."

"Let me call Dr. Fennell to take you home."

"No; I'd feel just as bad there. I'll stick to-night, and if I'm not better by morning I'll have to take a few days off."

The telephone bell rang, and Thad hurried to the booth. The Benton & Summerville line—the largest unit in the service—was calling for more voltage. Two of its cars were stalled five miles out. Thad answered that the plant was running to its limit and that he could do nothing; then, hanging up the receiver, he turned toward the switchboard. Holly was nowhere in sight.

"O Holly!" called Thad. "O Holly!"

There was no answer. Puzzled, Thad started to walk round the machines. Beyond the base of an exciter he caught a glimpse of a square-toed shoe, and in another moment he was bending over his friend.

Holly lay in a huddled heap. His eyes were closed, and there was a puffy, bluish bruise on his left temple. Kneeling beside him, Thad lifted his head and shook him gently.

"Holly! Holly!"

Holly's head rolled loosely round, and he breathed heavily. He had evidently become dizzy, and falling, had struck his head on the machine. Laying him carefully back, Thad stripped off his own coat to make a pillow for his friend. Then he ran to the telephone.

"Holly's sick!" he cried, when Bowles answered. "Bring Dr. Fennell!"

"We'll be there in twenty minutes," the superintendent promised.

Hurrying back to Holly, Thad began to sponge his forehead. The boy stirred, muttered, and then relapsed into unconsciousness.

Every light in the station suddenly grew dim, and Thad leaped to the switchboard. The light on the Benton & Summerville panel was the lowest. Somewhere a heavily iced wire must have fallen. Thad sprang for the telephone.

"Hello! hello!" he called. "Hello! hello!"

Br-r-r-r! He could get no one. The line was out of order. Well, at any rate, Bowles

that giant power would quickly transform the quarter-million-dollar station into a junk heap.

Instinctively Thad jumped for the A governor. Through the grating in the floor beside it rose an angry shriek, as the revolving field of A generator in the basement whirled faster and faster. With two or three quick turns of a thumbscrew he stopped the governor; now, with the turbine wickets closed and the water shut off, the wheel would slow down gradually.

With B generator it was different. The only way to check it was by turning the emergency wheel in the basement. Thad forgot his own danger; he forgot Holly. Only one idea possessed his mind: to reach the handwheel as soon as possible; to stop B generator; to save the station. Racing round the switchboard, he sprang down the iron stairs.

Whew-ee-ee!

Shriller, higher, rose the whistling. The building trembled. The normal rate of the revolving field was eight hundred revolutions a minute. Twice that number was supposed to be the limit of safety. How fast was it going now?

The spider was of cast iron. With increasing speed, centrifugal force would cause it to expand. Between the encircling armature and the twenty poles that projected from the rim of the spider there was only an inch of space. Soon some pole, looser than the others, would begin to rub the armature, to catch, clog, rip, break. Another would go, and then another. The wheel would burst. The flying mass of metal would be hurled up through the cement floor and would wreck the building.

Thad's heart almost stopped beating. Holly was lying insensible on the floor directly over the wheel!

The steel treads clanged under his panic-stricken feet. He must go as fast as he could; yet he must not slip. How much time had he? Everything depended on the screws that held the field poles to the rim of the spider. If they were finger loose, ruin might be only a minute off. Even if they were tight, the limit of safety could not be more than two minutes.

He reached the basement floor and, turning,

came in sight of B generator.

In those few seconds the great wheel had gained fearful headway. It had gone mad! Its whistling had risen to a demoniac screech. A blast sprang from it—warm, oily, sickish, strong.

As Thad hurled himself forward, the thick air wrapped itself round him as if to hold him back. His legs seemed of lead, as they seem when you try to run in a nightmare. As he dashed on through that strange, dim, lonely place, he noticed unconsciously every little detail—the dull red of the oil tanks; the moisture-dark grooves on the floor.

Now he was near the screaming wheel, which was simply a metallic blur beneath its over-arching armature. The steel shaft was turning like lightning, yet seemed not to turn at all. A moment later he was in the corner close to the outer wall wrenching at the small handwheel that was now the only means of closing the wickets above the B turbines.

Twenty turns would close them entirely and shut off the water; he must take at least ten before all danger would be past. Crouching over the wheel, with fingers hooked about its rim, he ground it madly down. His ears rang with the fiendish screech of the revolving field; the reeking air blast buffeted his face. He could feel the solid cement round him quiver.

Suddenly the wheel under his hands stopped with a jerk; he could turn it no farther. The wickets were closed! The scream of the generator began to drop in pitch, and Thad came to himself. He had saved the station and Holly.

Weak from the reaction, he staggered slowly up the stairs. By the time he reached the top the whistling had died to an almost noiseless humming. Soon the superintendent and Dr. Fennell came in. Before long Holly recovered consciousness, and the doctor took him home. Bowles stayed with Thad.

"Black," said the superintendent, when he had heard the operator's story, "I'd like to ask you a question. If you had remembered before you started down the stairs that Holly was right over that wheel, would you have kept on, or would you have carried him outside and let the station go to smash?"

"Mr. Bowles," returned Thad, "I'll answer your question after you answer mine. What would you have done?"

The superintendent laughed. "I guess we won't press that point any further. Only you can feel sure of staying with the Mousam Company until you discharge yourself."

WHEN THE LOAD CAME OFF

By Albert W. Tolman

BROTHERS were never closer than were Thad Black and Holly Corbett. They were born in adjoining houses, and began school in the same year. Together they progressed from marbles to baseball; Thad always caught for the team on which Holly was pitcher. In other things, too, their tastes were similar. At an early age they connected their houses with a string-and-tin-can telephone line. Later they jointly installed a wireless station. All through their high-school course they were tinkering with electrical machines in the Corbett barn.

After Thad had been graduated from high school he went to work as lineman for the Mousam Hydro-Electric Company. Holly entered a technical school. But they wrote to each other every week and so kept their friendship alive.

When Holly had at last completed his course, Thad was chief night operator in the power station at Harrakeesett Dam; and Holly, for the sake of practical experience, became his assistant. Holly's theory helped out Thad's practice, and vice versa. For both the arrangement was perfect.

On a boisterous night in January Thad and Holly came to their work at six o'clock as usual. A bitter gale whined piercingly across the sagging wires.

"Hope you get through the night without any trouble," said Frank Shane, one of the day force, as he bade them good night. "That new pinion ought to be here to-morrow."

Harrakeesett station comprised A and B units, two complete independent sets of machines for transforming water power into electricity. The building had a ground floor and a deep basement that extended several feet below the level of the river. Through its thick cement wall into the wheel pit ran two huge steel shafts, each of which had on its outer end four turbine water wheels inside a cement "beaver house." Movable wickets in the top of the "beaver house" let the water rush down upon the turbines, and thus turn the shafts.

On the basement end of each shaft a revolving field—a great open wheel, or spider, of cast iron, with twenty poles, or magnets wound with wire, projecting round its rim—was closely encircled by a fixed armature, in which the revolution of the field poles generated electric power. That armature, which rose arch-like from the cement floor, formed with the revolving field a generator.

On the ground floor were three large fluted cylinders standing on end, side by side; these were transformers, which "stepped up" the low-voltage current that the generators produced. Before the transformers rose the switchboard—a row of marble slabs, edge to edge, and taller than a man; they bore various dials and meters that recorded the fluctuations of the current.

On entering the station Thad went immediately to the book and looked over the report for the day. Then he telephoned to Ralph Bowles, the superintendent. Meanwhile Holly, with his head hanging and his feet dragging, made a circuit of the machines. His temples ached dully, and now and then a chill ran

over him. He suspected that he had the grippe.

When Thad had finished telephoning, the two boys sat down before the switchboard. Harrakeesett was the central station of a chain of seven, and through its wires passed the current that furnished power to several towns and cities and three street railways. Responsive to the thousand changing agencies that were sucking the harnessed lightning from the different lines, the lights dipped; the drone of the transformers rose and fell; and the index needles, standing on their heads, like little black pollywogs, on the white-faced meters, switched their spiky tails this way and that to indicate volts and watts and amperes.

Outside, the gale shrieked round the building and the river rumbled thunderously over the dam. Within, the deadened hum of the mighty generators in the basement, blending with the whining m-m-m-m-m! of the transformers, kept the air vibrating. Holly shivered as another chill passed over him.

"Hope that new pinion will be in place to-morrow night," said Thad. "It's getting on my nerves to run without it."

Holly nodded; it was troubling him, too. The day before, two cogs had broken on the pinion of B governor—the machine that automatically controlled the flow of water to the B turbines, opening or closing the wickets, and that in case of need would stop B generator altogether. Until a new pinion should arrive, B governor was, of course, useless.

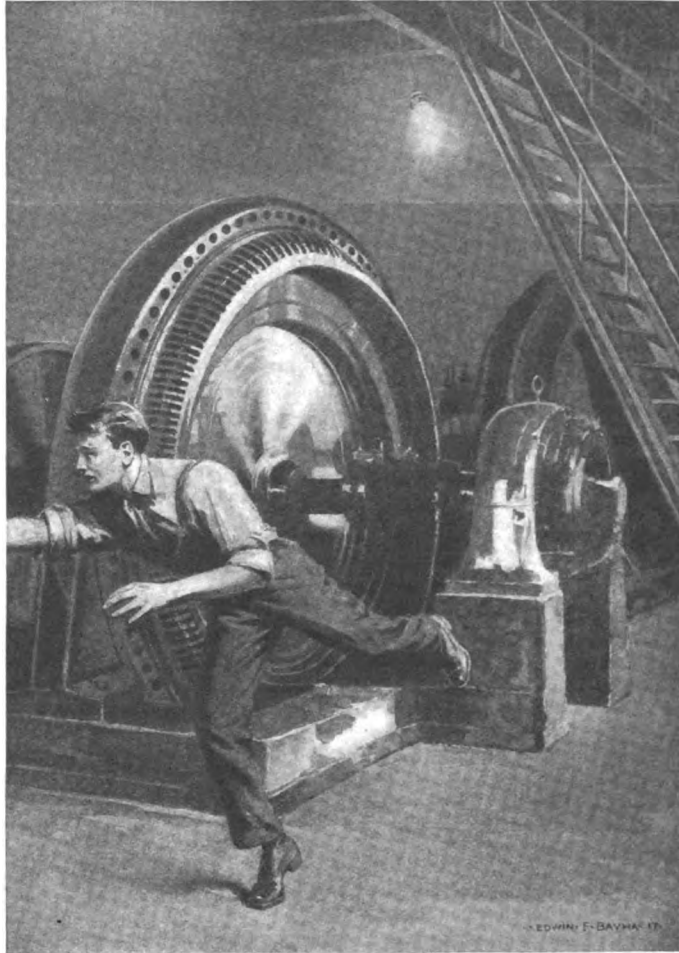
Meanwhile, in order to avoid crippling the system on which so many thousands relied for power, it was necessary to run both generators. Besides, during that storm the street railways had all their snowploughs out. Even with both generators operating at full capacity, the railways were short of current. So B unit had to run, governor or no governor, and Thad and Holly had to hold themselves ready in case of emergency to hurry down into the basement and to stop the turbines by turning a handwheel that also opened and shut the wickets.

So long as this insatiable demand for power continued, the load itself—that is, the work the machine had to do—acted as governor, and held down the speed of B generator. But if that load ever came off, then look out!

"What's the matter?" asked Thad, as Holly put his hand to his head with a groan.

"Guess it's the grippe. I've felt mean ever

DRAWN BY EDWIN F. BAYHA



THE GREAT WHEEL HAD GONE MAD! ITS WHISTLING HAD RISEN TO A DEMONIA SCREECH

would arrive soon. Returning to the switchboard, Thad watched the lights and meters and waited.

Three, five, ten minutes passed. Then, bang! Open sprang the circuit breaker at the top of the Benton & Summerville panel; the powerful compressed spring, suddenly released, forced apart two carbons that by their contact kept the line alive. Between them, as they separated, crackled a dazzling arc, greenish white at first, but gradually changing to red; it sputtered out when the carbons were an inch and a half apart. The line was dead.

The fallen wire, miles away, had burned through the cross arm of its pole and, dropping to the ground, had short-circuited the current and automatically opened the circuit breaker. The generators in the basement, freed instantaneously from the drain of the Benton & Summerville line, were now producing more horse power than could be used; and the two great eighteen-ton wheels, unburdened, began to race—to run away.

As they gathered speed, their hum changed to a shrill whistling. Unless controlled at once



FACT AND COMMENT

THE man who is always trying to save himself trouble is likely to save a lot more than he can take care of.

The Tempter was never so lacking in Grace As to enter the Door that was shut in his Face.

"FARM and arm!" which Mr. Roosevelt took as the text for a recent address in Chicago, puts the immediate duty of the United States in the most concise form.

FRANCE and Germany have each presented statues to the United States. France gave us the statue of Liberty lighting with her torch the sea path to the land of the free. Germany gave us Frederick the Great, to stand before the War College in Washington. The statues well express the ideals of the two nations to-day—liberty on the one hand, military power on the other.

IS it not curious that Germany, which began the war as the greatest of all military powers, and which expected its army to win for it a quick victory, finds itself forced to a warfare of defense and retreat on land, and that on the other hand England, long confident of its power on the sea, is threatened to-day with defeat because its navy cannot protect its merchant vessels from the enemy's submarines?

IT is hard to tell how seriously the break in relations between the United States and Turkey will affect the more than six hundred American institutions—schools, churches, missions, hospitals and libraries—that have been established in Turkey since the first treaty between the two countries was signed in 1831. Turkey has always made things as uncomfortable for American missionaries and teachers as it dared to make them.

CAMPBOR groves may some day be as familiar to us as peach orchards and orange groves. Agents of the Department of Agriculture have found that when planted in hedges fifteen feet apart camphor trees will yield each year about eight tons of trimmings to the acre, from which about two hundred pounds of gum camphor can be distilled. At present prices that means a profit of about one hundred and sixty dollars an acre. The camphor trees are hardier than many of our fruit trees, but are suited only to the southern half of the country.

MANY of those who were and are opposed to compulsory military service would most heartily approve conscription and the draft if it could be applied to idle boys and made the means of keeping them at work. A committee that has been investigating the matter reported to government authorities that there are now two million habitually idle boys in the country between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. Anyone who has noticed the vacant-eyed, loose-lipped, slouchy, cigarette-smoking young loafers who hang round city street corners will easily believe the report.

PEOPLE in all the nations now at war are in hopes that Spain will be able to keep neutral. The royal palace of King Alfonso at Madrid has been and is a clearing house of information about soldiers of all the armies who have been officially reported as "missing." A recent dispatch says that those in charge of the work, which the King himself directs, have handled no fewer than 200,000 cases and have disposed of 150,000 of them. They have also restored to their families 30,000 civilians, most of whom were in the invaded parts of France and Belgium; have helped to send home 5,000 seriously wounded men who were in the hands of the enemy; and have obtained pardons for more than 50 persons who were under military sentence,

many of them women condemned to death as spies. All that work would stop if Spain entered the war.

RUSSIA AND THE PEACE MOVEMENT

THE Russian revolution has entered upon a new phase. The events that marked the change gave no little uneasiness to the allies of Russia, for they feared that the labor and socialist parties would be strong enough to force the government to make a separate peace with Germany. There is of course some chance of such a result, for, like the masses of all the other nations, the masses of Russia are desperately tired of the war, and they have not enough education to understand why, having gained their own freedom, they should be under obligations to continue fighting a power that professes itself ready to make peace with them.

The greatest danger, however, is not of a separate peace, but of internal dissension and civil war. The real power in Russia does not lie in the hands of the provisional government, or even in the hands of the Duma; it lies in the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates that sits now in Petrograd. The Council represents an overwhelming proportion of the people, for the upper and middle classes—who of course are divided between sympathy with the old régime and allegiance to the provisional government—number scarcely one per cent of the population.

The masses, for whom those deputies speak, expected that their own revolution would be followed promptly by similar uprisings in Germany and in Austria, and that hostilities would end at once. Unable to comprehend the situation or the psychology of the German people, they could imagine only one reason for the failure of the Germans to rise against their rulers—the new Russian government had taken over the imperialistic aims of the old régime. That belief explains the demonstrations in Petrograd against Prof. Milukoff, the Foreign Minister, and the haste of the government to disavow any schemes of territorial aggrandizement for Russia. "We do not fight for annexations," the cabinet declared, "and we must be assured that the democracies by whose side we fight do not on their part intend to annex any territory from the enemy."

Whether England and France will be able to give assurances on that point that will satisfy the Russian proletariat remains to be seen. If they can, they need have no particular fear of a separate peace.

Meanwhile, two things are certain: the present government will never consent to a separate peace on any terms, and it can remain in power only by winning and keeping the support of the workmen's and soldiers' deputies. If they lose that support,—and the radical socialists, who hate a government under middle-class leaders almost as much as they hate an aristocracy, are doing their best to make them lose it,—they must either step down or embroil Russia in civil strife.

The situation at the moment of writing is not yet hopeless, for the provisional government is made up of men who are wise and shrewd as well as deeply patriotic; but it is delicate and dangerous, and it must long remain so. The effort of Russia itself and of the nations that are friendly to it must be so to shape events that the new republic will not have to pass through the reign of Jacobinism and terror that defeated the aims of the First French Republic, and that it will not, on the other hand, fly into a confusion of incompetent and warring fragments. Success in that effort will mean a great victory for democracy in the world.

THE LIBERTY LOAN

WHEN the Civil War began, the first loan for war expenses that was offered to the public was one hundred and fifty million dollars, and the rate of interest was 7.3 per cent. Secretary Chase estimated that the war would cost three hundred and twenty millions the first year. Now we begin the present conflict with a loan more than twelve times as great as that first loan, and do not even stop to consider how much the war is to cost.

The expense must be borne, no matter what it may be. The United States is about to do an unexampled thing: to offer all that it has in treasure, in service and in men, in order to make the world a better place to live in, and neither to ask nor to seek any other reward than the approval of its own conscience and the satisfaction that comes from a duty well performed. No doubt the world will

applaud, but it is our own approval, not that of others, that we seek. We must do what we are going to do in order to live at peace with ourselves.

One way in which we are going to do it is by lending more than we can easily spare to our government, and indirectly to the allies who are enlisted in the same great enterprise. We shall do it because we are proud to be citizens of a country that fights, not for material gain, but for the highest possible political ideal—justice and liberty and humanity throughout the world.

You cannot do much? Your mite will not count? You are playing false with your conscience if you say it. You are not proud of the stand your country has taken if you leave others to lend their money and you lend nothing. Do your part to make it impossible for anyone ever again to say that America is a nation of dollar worshippers.

THE GREAT QUESTION OF FOOD

THE people of America have come, or are rapidly coming, to a time when the question of food and food values will be serious. It behooves every mother of a family, every head of a household, to make haste to get a little scientific knowledge of the subject.

Times are no longer good. The price of every kind of food is mounting by leaps, but the matter of expense is, after all, not the most important one. We are bound in honor to send as much food as we can possibly spare to the countries in Europe with which we have allied ourselves. That makes it imperative that we should not only practice economy but acquire knowledge as fast as we can. It will not be difficult to inform ourselves. There are many good textbooks, the states publish pamphlets, the United States Department of Agriculture issues bulletins written by experts in clear and simple English, and to be had for a few cents. Many of the publications, indeed, can be had free. They deal with such matters as eggs and their food value; potatoes, sweet potatoes and other starchy roots; turnips, beets and other succulent roots, and their use as food; bread and bread-making at home; studies of the digestibility of some animal fats.

Those are only a few of the many subjects. Some of the bulletins discuss the chemical constituents that give the various foods their value. They show that many things we cling to because we like them are hardly foods at all; they teach how to avoid waste in preparing and cooking food; they give advice about storing and caring for foods, and teach people how to market wisely.

The shortage in the winter wheat crop in this country is going to make the bread question very important. We are going to send as much wheat as we can spare to our allies, and must train ourselves to be content at many meals with bread made from other things than wheat flour. Excellent bread can be made by mixing potato flour with wheat flour; and bread and muffins made from corn meal are both wholesome and palatable.

THE SUBMARINE WAR

EXACT figures concerning the ships destroyed by the German submarines are no longer available. The British government issues a weekly list, but it includes British ships only. Berlin makes public a report from time to time, but it is in round numbers, and contains no corroborative details. No agency any longer collects and publishes all the facts. The truth appears to be that the submarines are not sinking the million tons a month they hoped to destroy, but that they are coming a good deal nearer to doing it than the Allies like to admit, and that they grow more rather than less efficient.

Seven hundred thousand tons a month, or even four hundred thousand, is a serious loss when the amount of shipping available for commerce is probably reduced to twelve million tons. There does not, however, seem to be any grave danger that the submarines can reduce Great Britain to anything like starvation—at least within a year. No doubt Englishmen will have to go without the quantity of food to which they are accustomed, but the necessary supply of iron for France and of coal for Italy is more threatened by the U-boats than the supply of food for England. There is real danger that unless the Allies soon learn how to cope with the submarines the efficiency of both France and Italy will be severely reduced through the lack of coal and iron.

The Entente nations look to the United States for the needed help in this emergency.

They expect our Shipping Board to build cargo ships in such numbers that the menace of a submarine victory will pass away. They hope that our inventors and our naval experts will hit upon some effective means of attacking the submarines, and of driving them from the sea. To those tasks some of the best brains of the nation are devoting themselves; if they succeed, they will have struck the final blow in the war for democracy, for it is on the submarine that the Kaiser has staked his last chance of victory.

PIGS AND POULTRY

A PENNY saved is a penny earned," says the proverb; but in a year of food scarcity like the present it is worth while to ask whether the penny saved upon the farm may not better be used there as capital to earn another penny.

The secret of farm economy is not merely in avoiding waste but in the profitable use of by-products. With that fact in view county agents are urging farmers to keep more and better pigs and poultry. Swine and hens together may be made to turn to profitable account all the waste of the kitchen and of the garden, even many of the weeds that infest it—for example, purslane. Pigs and poultry will thrive on vegetables that are too small or imperfect to market—especially if the vegetables are well cooked; and they will eat other field produce that is often quite disregarded. When the sweet corn is thinned out in the hill, or when, later, a stalk refuses to bear ears, instead of pulling it and leaving it to dry upon the ground, let the gardener try the experiment of cutting it up and offering it to his hens. He may be surprised to see the eagerness with which it is attacked, even where the fowls have a "grass run."

Meanwhile, the pigs, if they are putting on fat from farm produce fed to them, are returning at present prices a very substantial dividend upon their owner's investment, and can often be made to earn a considerable part of their own living. The day is coming when the sty with its filth will be abolished, and the Eastern like the Western farmer will realize the worth of range and pasture for swine. From the pig that is allowed to feast on the acorns of the oak grove are derived ham and bacon of the finest flavor, and the pig is delighted to gather them for himself if he has the chance. He is equally glad to work over a forage crop like dwarf rape sown early for summer and late for fall feeding, and in the process he will profit not only himself but the field in which he pastures. Geese, for a similar reason, are likely this year to be highly profitable to such farmers as have pasture for them and foresight enough to provide a little green forage for their use. The residue of these green crops, after affording pasture to swine or poultry in the fall, may be ploughed in when winter is over, to the profit of the soil.

But it must be repeated that true economy always dictates the keeping of good instead of poor stock. Well-proportioned and well-bred pigs are the cheapest in the long run. They eat no more than scrub stock, and they command a far better market. Moreover, when neighbors cooperate and an intelligent county agent advises, they are not difficult to procure. The same thing holds true of fowls. The farmer cannot afford to keep unproductive hens; and in these days of trap nests the hen that pays for herself can readily be separated from her sister that ought to be hurried to market.

The manufacturer long ago learned that the use or waste of by-products often determines his surplus or deficit at the end of the year. There is a lesson here for the farmer; and in a time when both labor and supplies cost so much it is imperative that it be diligently studied.

CURRENT EVENTS

GERMAN POLITICS.—Copenhagen reported that the German government had announced its intention to reorganize the electoral districts represented in the Reichstag. That would meet one at least of the persistent needs for reform in the German political system.—Alarmed by the activity of the Reichstag's committee for constitutional reform, and by Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg's deferential attitude toward it, the ultraconservatives have issued an appeal to the Kaiser, protesting against the policy of the Chancellor, and insinuating that if the Kaiser will say the word, Marshal von Hindenburg will see to it that the ancient powers of the monarch are restored and defended from democratic assaults.

There is still evidence of profound disagreement between the political parties of Germany concerning the kind of peace to be aimed at. The Chancellor, in his speech of May 15, declined to explain the precise "war aims" of the government, seeing that such a definition at present might satisfy no one, and only encourage further dissension between the Pan-Germanists and the Socialists. He promised that a Russia no longer entertaining views of conquest would find Germany ready for an honorable peace. Discussing his speech, the Socialist Ledebour frankly urged the establishment of a republic in Germany.

CONGRESS.—Congress continued to debate and delay war legislation. Having the report of the conference committee on the army bill before it, the House reversed its action, and voted into the bill an amendment authorizing the Roosevelt volunteer army for service in France. The Senate passed the espionage bill at last, after striking out the provisions for a press censorship, for restricting the use of grain in the manufacture of liquor, and for curbing speculation in food products. The war revenue bill was under discussion and criticism in the House, and Mr. Kitchen, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, admitted that it was an emergency measure pure and simple, unscientific, and inadequately considered.

THE ALLIED COMMISSIONS.—On May 13 the French and British commissioners brought to an end trips that had taken them to Chicago, St. Louis, Springfield (Illinois), New York, Boston and other cities. They



JOFFRE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON

were everywhere received with cordiality and often with great enthusiasm. Gen. Joffre was greeted with especial warmth. The French commission also paid a brief visit to Canada, and the military men, both French and English, visited West Point.

IRELAND.—At a by-election in Longford, Ireland, a Sinn Feiner named McGuinness, who is serving sentence in prison for participation in the Dublin riots of last year, was elected to Parliament. On May 16 the Premier communicated his plan of settlement to the Irish leaders. It provides for an Irish parliament at Dublin, the exclusion of six counties of Ulster, and the establishment of a council representing both parts of Ireland to consider business common to the whole island.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—The fleet of submarine chasers building for the Navy Department is already leaving the ways. The first craft was launched early in May; others are following almost daily. On May 13 the government Shipping Board began letting contracts for the cargo-carrying fleet it means to provide.

RUSSIA.—After voting against designating representatives to sit with the provisional ministry the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates on May 14 reconsidered that action and voted in favor of participation. Prof. Milukoff resigned as Minister of Foreign Affairs and was succeeded by M. Tereshtenko. The discipline among the troops was still further relaxed, and on May 13 Gen. Korniloff, commander of the Petrograd garrison, resigned rather than submit to constant interference in his command by the Soldiers' Delegates. The next day Gen. Guchkoff, the Minister of War, resigned in protest against the course affairs were taking, and M. Kerenski, the Minister of Justice, took his place. On May 15 Gen. Brussiloff and Gen. Gurko resigned their commands at the front. At the same time M. Kerenski, speaking to a delegation



GEN. HUGH L. SCOTT

of soldiers, warned them that Russia was falling to pieces for want of a sense of national solidarity and a willingness to consent to necessary discipline, and told them frankly that national disintegration or a dictatorship were the only alternatives if present conditions continued. On May 15 the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates, alarmed at the situation, issued an appeal to the army, warning it of the intrigues of German imperialism and urging it to defend Russia against

the danger of a separate peace with the Kaiser. —The personnel of the United States mission to Russia was finally announced. It includes Mr. Root, Gen. Scott, chief of staff of the army, Mr. C. R. Crane of Chicago, Dr. John R. Mott of New York, Mr. Cyrus McCormick of Chicago, Rear Admiral Glennon, Mr. James Duncan, a vice president of the Federation of Labor, Mr. Charles E. Russell, the Socialist leader, and Mr. Samuel R. Bertron of New York. The commission is a strong one, and it is hoped that it will be of service in restoring order and harmony in Russia. —The United States loaned \$100,000,000 to Russia on May 16.

RECENT DEATHS.—On May 10, former Senator Joseph B. Foraker of Ohio, aged 70. —On May 14, Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain, aged 85.

THE GREAT WAR

(From May 10 to May 16)

Fighting was continual and desperate along the British and French fronts. The British gained possession of Bullecourt and Roex, two villages for which there has been a prolonged struggle, but made no serious impression on the German line. The German counter-attacks were strongly supported, but they did not dislodge the British. At the end of the week another French drive was under way north of the Aisne.

The military collapse of Russia and the cessation of fighting on all other fronts where the Germans are engaged have enabled them to throw tremendous reserves of men into the regions in front of Douai and Laon. It was in those places that their new defensive line was seriously threatened; but they have been able by the use of their reinforcements to check and perhaps to stop the French and British drive. According to one report 500,000 men have been withdrawn from the Russian front and sent into France. London declared that 50,000 German prisoners were taken by the Allied armies between April 9 and May 12.

In Macedonia, the Allied forces took a number of positions from the Bulgarians near Lake Doiran, and held them against counter-attacks.

The Italian army became active on the Isonzo front, and reported substantial gains north of Görz, and over 3000 prisoners.

The British advance in Mesopotamia, no longer able to count on Russian support, has apparently come to a halt. Further advance would only result in dangerously extending the line of communications. According to reports from Petrograd, the Russian forces, both in Armenia and Mesopotamia, are withdrawing rather than advancing.

A British naval force, assisted by a strong flying squadron, attacked the German submarine base at Zeebrugge on May 12. A number of buildings were destroyed, and, according to one report, a breach in the harbor mole was made. Sixty-three persons are said to have been killed. Amsterdam reported a great fire at Wilhelmshaven, and heard that the submarine building yards were seriously damaged.

The submarines continued their activities. The weekly report from London mentioned 23 British ships sunk. Paris reported four French ships sunk in February, five in March and eight in April. A flotilla of United States destroyers arrived at Queenstown and is taking part in the antisubmarine campaign in British waters. It was reported in Washington that a flotilla of German submarines on their way to our waters had been caught and destroyed by British vessels early in April.

There was a sea battle at long range between British and German destroyers in the North Sea. Not much damage was done.

Gen. Pétain has been made generalissimo of the French armies, and Gen. Foch succeeds him as chief of staff. Gen. Nivelle is to retain command of one of the field armies.

Admiral Jellicoe has been made chief of a new naval staff, which is to have full responsible control of naval operations and of ship-building in England.

Italy declared that its patrol vessels had sunk thirteen Austrian submarines in a few weeks, and had entered the harbor of Durazzo and sunk transport vessels there. Sir Edward Carson, First Lord of the British Admiralty, told Parliament that the antisubmarine campaign was making distinct progress.

The Chinese Parliament, in a rather stormy session, refused to pass the declaration of war against Germany that the Cabinet had recommended. The republic of Liberia has severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

The Scandinavian nations, in conference at Stockholm, have again determined to remain neutral, and to take no steps looking toward mediation.

The Swiss government has abandoned its commercial agreement with Germany, since it cannot count on supplies from the United States if reexport into Germany is permitted.

The British government is considering buying up the entire liquor trade of the country and administering it in the interests of the nation as a whole. Prohibition is not likely, but severe restrictions on the use of liquor would be certain in case the plan is adopted.

BLUE STREAKS

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THE Fast Mail does not travel zig-zag. The straight line route is the shortest, fastest and most efficient. Therefore, the most economical.

It is more economical for you to buy bicycle tires that come direct to your dealer. Thus you save paying needless profits.



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Result: Better Bicycle Tires Cheaper

WHEN you buy bicycle tires you want good tires at a fair price. Not poor tires at high prices. Q It used to be difficult to buy tires this way. Good year Blue Streaks have made it easy. For only \$3.25 each you may now buy a really good tire. Q There's an interesting reason why: Q Goodyear found out that tires were too high priced and not good enough because manufacturers employed expensive ways of selling. Also, they made too many brands. Q So Goodyear cuts out the needless profits between the factory and the rider by selling direct to the dealer. This saves extra cost of handling and brings down retail prices. You benefit. Q Also, Goodyear makes only one bicycle tire—the Blue Streak. By this single standard of production, factory costs are cut down. You get better tires cheaper. Q Every bicycle rider can profit by this Goodyear square deal way of making and selling tires. The Goodyear dealer in your town can supply you. Ride around and get acquainted.

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You don't need tire money so often when you ride on Goodyear Blue Streaks. These tires have a strong two-ply body of rugged fabric. The treads are tough and long-wearing with two reinforcing strips of fabric beneath. This means durability and economy.

Forget Side-Slipping on Goodyear Non-Skids

You can test the Goodyear Blue Streak tread with your thumb. Press on the sharp-edged blocks of rugged rubber. Feel how they "bite" your hand. That is the way they hold the ground under your weight in riding. You needn't worry about side-slipping with these non-skid treads.

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Goodyear Blue Streaks are not only durable but they are springy and resilient. High grade fabric, strong but light, gives this quality. The two-ply tire body is laid in lively rubber. It's easy to push a bicycle on Goodyear Blue Streaks.

Good-Looking Tires Dress Up Your Wheel

We've made Goodyear Blue Streaks smart-appearing with a clean-cut Blue Streak on each side of the tread. You will be proud to ride anywhere on Goodyear Blue Streaks. Visit your Goodyear Dealer or write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, for his address.

GOOD YEAR

IN THE PARK

By Mary Carolyn Davies



I HAD forgotten children felt so sweet. One sees them on the street, And passes by with only a faint start of pleasure in their being. For they dart Through our gray lives like sea gulls in gray skies, And we, like fisher people, watch with eyes Made by long years indifferent. But to-day Alone, half dreaming, in the crowded park I sat upon the ground, and a book lay Before me. And I read; and then watched the dark And light run through the grass. There were children calling, And hiding, romping, falling.

At length a little group came playing near me; I thought that they might fear me, And so I kept my eyes down. Suddenly, Forgetting them, I raised my head—to see The close face of a child. I smiled, And she smiled back, and came A little nearer me, and asked my name. "Mary," I said. "What's yours?" "It's Geraldine."

Named for my aunt. But she has never seen A single one of all us children yet. And, quickly pointing, "her name's Margaret, And that's my brother Jimmie. Margaret's two; She'll be three, though, next April. What are you Reading?" "A story." "May we sit here?" "Do!" "Or will we be a bother? Mother tells Us not to bother strangers. The grass smells Good, don't it? Will you play Blind man with us?" "Perhaps, some other day."

Then they ran shouting, dancing, where the men Were gravely making a flower bed, And then The gardener, scowling, walked to me, and said, "Lady, don't let your children go Over there where the men are digging." I Stared at him, saying nothing in reply. I knew That it is very wrong to act a lie, But still I looked at him and made no sign. I wanted him to think that they were mine!

The children straggled back, and played; then heard The stories that I knew, and scarcely stirred. I caught up Margaret in a little ball And kissed her face—child faces are so small! The rounded mouths! The little, curious shape Of the soft ears, and the curls in the nape Of the proud baby necks! Their arms are white, And Jimmie put his curls upon my knee, And Geraldine came closer bashfully And pressed against me. Jimmie hurt my feet By leaning on them. Margaret snuggled tight. I had forgotten children felt so sweet.

THE MUSIC THAT WAS HEARD

HERE is an old story about the brothers in a monastery "somewhere in France" long ago. The monks were beloved throughout the countryside for their loving sympathy and kind deeds; but as it happened, not one of them could sing. Try as hard as they would, the music in their services was a failure; and it became a great grief to them that only in their hearts could they "make melody to the Lord."

One day, however, a traveling monk came by and asked for entertainment; and to the great joy of all the monastery he proved to be a wonderful singer. High and sweet and clear his voice soared over all the other voices. And one by one the rest of the monks stopped singing to listen, until finally the visiting brother sang alone. No envy, however, filled the hearts of the good brothers in the monastery. Instead, they rejoiced with each other that now at last they could have beautiful music in their chapel services, and they planned to keep the traveler with them always.

But that night an angel came to the abbot in a dream.

"Why was there no music in your chapel to-night?" he asked. "Up in heaven we always listen for the beautiful music that rises from the services in your monastery; and to-night we were sadly disappointed."

"Oh, you must be mistaken!" cried the abbot. "Ordinarily we have no music at all that is worthy of your hearing; but to-night we had a trained singer with a wonderful voice. He sang the service for us, and it was so sweet that we all stopped to listen. For the first time in all these years our music was beautiful."

The angel smiled. "And yet, up in heaven we heard nothing," he said softly.

IN CIRCULATION

AS Sidney entered the library, Janet's dark head was still bent over her work, although it was seven minutes after five by the library clock. Sidney promptly walked across to the desk.

"Is this the information desk?" she asked. "I should like to inquire if the attendants in this library are not under the eight-hour law?"

Janet sprang up, laughing. "It's terribly hard for this attendant to squeeze herself into it," she acknowledged. "I just wanted to look up some French reports—I hadn't had time before. And anyway, I have to wait until Madge Harkness relieves me."

Madge Harkness, however, was crossing the room very leisurely; evidently Madge was in no danger of being cramped by the eight-hour law. She listened indifferently to Janet's explanation of some memoranda that she was leaving, and dropped lazily into the chair behind the desk. Janet, however, did not notice—she was looking half apologetically, half whimsically, at Sidney.

"If you don't mind waiting just three minutes longer until I investigate the biography shelves?"

"May I come, too? What's the matter with the biography shelves? They look very nice and orderly to me." Sidney had followed without waiting for permission, and was looking over Janet's shoulder.

Janet turned impulsively.

"What's the matter with them? Everything! Library books are to be read, not to stand round on shelves and look nice. They ought to be getting thumbed and dog-eared and dirty—and be doing

something down in people's lives. I try and try every way I can think of, but people won't take them. I could just cry over it."

Sidney studied her curiously. "It seems so queer to care like that," she said.

"Care like that? Of course I care like that! How can I help it? I care like that over every beautiful thing that people keep out of circulation anywhere—homes and talents and beauty that would make other lives so rich, and they don't see—they don't see! If I had a home, wouldn't I use it, Sidney Faris?"

Sidney's face had changed. "Maybe," she said slowly, "the people with homes don't know how to get them into circulation, Janet."

Janet did not hear. Her quick eye had caught a hole in the orderly rows—two holes. She was leaning forward breathlessly. When she turned, her eyes were shining.

"It is, it is!" she cried. "The Life of Mary Lyon is gone, and I just know that little, discontented teacher took it. I begged her to so. I wanted her to see how big life—and teaching—could be. And the other is Lincoln's Life that I have been trying for a month to get Freddy Bryan to read. Oh, I'm so glad, Sidney—so glad I can't tell you! There, I am going now; it won't take me half a minute to get my things."

Out in the keen autumn dusk Janet drew a long, eager breath. "Oh, it's a fine old world!" she cried. Sidney did not answer. She was thinking hard. Did she care about putting things into circulation—her things—like that?

WHEN THE COMPANION DID NOT COME

IN the fascinating picture of boy life on a Western farm that the author, Mr. Grant Showerman, calls *A Country Chronicle* there is one chapter that will especially interest the readers of *The Companion*. Like Mr. Browning's *Going After The Companion Thirty-Six Years Ago*, which we printed in 1915, it illustrates the affection that three generations of readers have felt for the paper. It may add a little to the interest of the sketch to know that the serial story that the boy was following so eagerly was Mr. Trowbridge's famous tale, *The Pocket Rifle*. The chapter follows:

We hear my brother and my father come in through the woodshed door. They stamp a great deal, and then we hear them sweeping the snow off their feet and out of the door. They come in and wash.

My father says, "I declare, it's all you can do to see from the barn to the house! Makes me think of what they say about the blizzards out in Dakota."

We all sit down to dinner. My mother says, "I read of a man out there the other day that got lost going from his house to his barn. When it cleared up, they found him within a stone's throw of the barn. 'Tain't safe to go out without holding on to a rope tied to your house, out there, they say."

We have fried salt pork, potatoes and gravy, and onions sliced in vinegar. My brother sits and eats without saying anything. When I ask him for things, he passes them without stopping or looking at me.

When we are through, I get up and look out the north window. The glass is all steam. I can just see the barnyard fence, and that's all. Everything is white. The wind makes a rushing noise. The snow makes a little ticking sound when it blows against the glass.

My father says, "This is about the worst we've had yet, ain't it? Seems to me we're getting a good deal of snow this winter."

We all sit round and read. At half past two I say, "I guess I'll go down to the depot."

I always go down to meet the three o'clocks on Saturday, because that is the time *The Youth's Companion* comes.

My brother says, "Well, you must be sick! You think they'll be any trains through to-day?"

But I keep thinking of *The Companion* and the continued story. I think of the way Mr. White tears the wrapper off the bundle and folds every paper and puts it in the right place. I think how smooth the paper feels and of the fresh paper smell.

I put my cap and comforter and mittens on and go down the hill. The snow is so deep I can hardly walk, and I soon get warm and out of breath. The wind blows the snow into my face until I can hardly see.

When I get halfway down the depot hill I can see that the rails are all covered up. No one would know there was a railroad track there if it weren't for the switches.

There is nobody in the store except Mr. White. When I go in he is reading a newspaper.

Mr. White looks at me over his glasses. He says, "I'm awful 'fraid you won't get your *Companion* to-day."

I say, "I thought maybe that's how it would be, but I thought it might come." I feel disappointed.

Mr. White says, "The girls'll be sorry. And hanged if I know what to do without it myself, I'm so used to havin' it come Saturday. I kind of like it for part of my Sunday readin'."

Mr. White gets up and looks at the clock. He says, "Quarter to three. Well, I s'pose I must get to the mail. I know mighty well they won't be no trains out to-day, but I s'pose I'll have to get it ready same's if they was comin'. The government's mighty strict about the mail." He is always telling about how strict the government is.

Mr. White goes behind the counter where the mail case is. He says, "Of course, they might come, but then, I don't much expect it." He takes a bunch of letters out of one of the holes in the case and picks up his stamp.

First he stamps all the postage stamps. Then he takes another stamp and stamps the date. Mr. White is very careful and brings the stamp down hard, and then presses on it. He says, "The government wants 'em stamped so's you can see the date and the name of the post office good and plain."

When he is through stamping he ties the letters all up together with some coarse, woolly string. He cuts the string with his scissors and says, "There!" Then he puts the packet in the mail bag.

Johnnie comes in. He stamps his feet and knocks the snow off his cap. He says, "You needn't mind about the mail to-day, White. Everything's laid off on both lines."

Then he says to me, "Well, you might just as well go on home now. You won't get no letter from her to-day."

Johnnie is always making fun of me that way. He pretends that I like the girls.

I start home. At the top of the hill I meet Tip. He has to lift up the rim of his cap to see me.

I say, "Everything's laid off on both lines. Johnnie just said so. No *Companion* to-day!"

Tip says, "Aw-w, now we got to wait till Monday

before we can find out how the story's agoin' to come out!" We stand there a minute. Tip says, "Maybe it'll stop, and number one'll get out to-night before the store is shut."

I say, "No, Johnnie said everything was laid off for to-day. Come on back home with me!"

Tip says, "I can't."

I say, "Why can't you?"

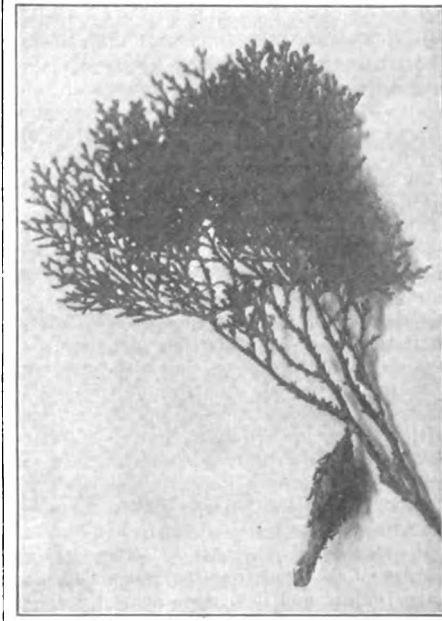
Tip says, "'Cause, I got to get a pound of sugar for auntie. Pa said I had to."

We say good-by, and I start on home. The wind blows so hard on my back that it almost blows me over.

THE BAGWORM

ONE of the lower forms of animal life, the bagworm, imitates man in one respect. While it is a tiny worm, feeding on the foliage of trees, it begins to make clothes for itself. Its garment is a basket, lined with a soft silk, in which it walks about as it feeds. The arbor vitae is its favorite haunt, but it feeds also on the leaves of a dozen other varieties of trees. After the deciduous trees shed their foliage you can easily detect the bagworm baskets, swinging on the bare limbs.

As the worm grows, it enlarges its basket. The head and a small part of the body, including the feet, are exposed to the air, and so the worm can eat



and walk from limb to limb. Its tail is provided with two claws that hook into the basket to prevent it from falling off. The worm can release these claws at will and crawl out of its "clothes."

The bagworm seems to possess a keen sense of pride, too, for in constructing its garment it utilizes the small-leaf twigs of cedars, arbor vitae and other leaves to decorate the outside of its "clothes." The head end of the bag is fitted with a flap. If you sprinkle water on one of the baskets, the worm draws its head inside and closes the flap until the supposed shower of rain ceases. At night, too, it closes the flap.

When the male reaches maturity, he fastens his cocoon or basket to a twig, and when wings appear he crawls out in the form of a black moth and flies away. The female never transforms into a moth, but is wingless. She hangs out of her basket, and when she is ready to lay her eggs crawls back into the bag. Having deposited them, she drops to the ground exhausted and dies.

MONSTERS IN BATTLE

AMONG the curious experiences that Mr. Edward St. Clair Weeden records in *A Year with the Gaekwar of Baroda* was an elephant fight that he was permitted to attend. The great beasts were led into the inclosure with their legs so heavily chained that they could only shuffle along in ludicrously short steps. The men led the animals in at opposite ends of the arena, backed them against the walls and undid their shackles. At first the elephants moved slowly, looking from side to side, as if uncertain of their freedom; but as soon as they caught sight of each other they instantly charged, like two express engines dashing into collision.

It was an imposing, terrific sight to see those two monsters, with raised trunks and locked tusks, swaying backward and forward and exerting their enormous muscular strength to its utmost limit against each other. The crowd grew excited and filled the air with shouts that drowned the trumpeting of the elephants.

At length one of the elephants broke a tusk, and the maharaja, not wishing that they should damage themselves further, gave the order to separate them. Two men crept up behind with huge steel springs set with sharp spikes, which they clapped on their legs. The pain must have been severe, for they both stopped dead in a moment, holding the injured leg in the air; in the next moment they were making for each other again; but by that time other men had run up with ropes and chains and dragged them apart, still trumpeting defiance and waving angry trunks. By the united efforts of some hundreds of men they were slowly hauled off the ground.

THE FATHERS OF THE NEW RUSSIA

AMERICANS will be interested to know something about the men who have done for Russia what Franklin and Washington and Adams and Jefferson and Patrick Henry and the others did for the United States. These men, according to Baron Rosen, formerly Russian ambassador at Washington, are the "fathers of their country," and Mr. John H. Snodgrass, who was long our consul general at Moscow, in an article in the *New York Times* adds his assent to Baron Rosen's words.

Prince Lvoff, the premier, is a landowner and an aristocrat—as Washington himself was—but he has always been a patriot. His greatest service has been in organizing the zemstvos, or provincial councils, for coöperation during the present war, and he stood sturdily against the treacherous and corrupt ministers who led the Czar to his downfall. More than once he did so, at the peril of his property and even of his life. He is a firm believer in

the future of the Russian race, but not a Pan-Slavist in the aggressive sense of the word.

Prof. Paul Milukoff, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the most famous of all the new leaders of Russia. He was long a member of the faculty of the University of Moscow, and has been imprisoned and even sent to Siberia because of the radical democracy he preached from his professorial chair. He has lectured both in New York and Chicago, and he both admires and loves this country. He is, like so many Russians, a splendid linguist. He learned to read and write English during a three-months' imprisonment for some political activity, and he learned to speak it perfectly during a three-months' visit to London. He is the greatest authority on politics and international law in Russia, and the greatest authority on the ethnology and history of the Balkan Peninsula in the world. He is also the editor of a great liberal newspaper, the *Retch*.

Rodzianko, the president of the Duma, is a moderate liberal and an aristocrat like Lvoff. Manuiloff, the Minister of Public Instruction, is a college professor and the editor of the liberal and literary newspaper, *Russkiya Vedomosti*.

Guchkoff, the new Minister of War, is a landowner and a rich man, but he has been active in liberalizing the institutions of the country, and the peasants look upon him as a particular friend of their order. He has also been president of the Duma.

Kerenski, the Minister of Justice, is a lawyer by profession, a determined radical in politics and the representative of labor in the government as he was in the Duma. He is a socialist and a republican, and his influence among the Russian people grows daily.

The leaders of the revolution are all men of substance and education; their interest in politics is patriotic, and not at all class-conscious. There is, indeed, little division among the classes in Russia, and not very much socialism. There is no great industrial population, and there is land enough for each peasant farmer to have his own piece of earth. There is, therefore, little jealousy of mere wealth, especially when it is in the form of land; and the peasant, knowing himself ignorant of great affairs, is ready to follow the lead of his educated and prosperous fellow citizens whenever he is convinced that they are honest, well-disposed and loyal to Mother Russia. It is that combination of high character in the leadership and of trustful confidence on the part of the mass of the population that makes the future of the new government hopeful.

EXPERIMENT BY ARTILLERY

THE ever-delightful Henri Fabre in the recently translated *Life of the Grasshopper* thus describes the ingenious experiment by which he convinced himself that the cicada cannot hear, and therefore that its continual song cannot be a love call intended for his mate's delectation:

Of my experiments in this matter, I will mention only one, the most memorable. I borrow the municipal artillery—that is to say, the mortars that are made to thunder forth on the feast of the patron saint. The gunner is delighted to load them for the benefit of the cicadas, and to come and fire them off at my place. There are two of them, crammed as if for the most solemn rejoicing. No politician making the circuit of his constituency in search of reelection was ever honored with so much powder.

We are careful to leave the windows open to save the panes from breaking. The two thundering engines are set at the foot of the plane trees in front of my door. We take no precautions to mask them; the cicadas singing in the branches overhead cannot see what is happening below.

We are an audience of six. We wait for a moment of comparative quiet. Each of us checks the number of singers and the depth and rhythm of the song. We are now ready, with ears pricked to hear what will happen in the aerial orchestra. The mortar is let off, with a noise like a genuine thunderclap.

There is no excitement whatever up above. The number of singers is the same, the rhythm is the same, the volume of sound the same. The six witnesses are unanimous: the mighty explosion has in no way affected the song of the cicadas. And the second mortar gives an exactly similar result.

WHERE THE WOOL COMES FROM

IN addressing a group of small children recently, one of the workers of the American Humane Education Society tried to impress on their minds the fact that they obtain a great many of the necessities of life from the animal kingdom. Her difficulties are told in *Our Dumb Animals*.

"Where do you get your milk and butter and cheese?" she asked.

"Cows," answered most of the children, although some replied, "From the store."

"And eggs?" demanded the instructor.

"Hens," answered those who did not answer "Store."

"And wool?" asked the instructor.

There was only one answer to this question: "The store."

"Yes," said the instructor, "but how does it get into the store? Now think, wool—wool, you get wool from the back of—what?"

Expectantly she awaited the answer; presently it came from a small girl in the front seat:

"Back of the counter!"

A NEW USE FOR SALESMEN

MORE or less suggestive moral may be deduced from the following story in *Everybody's Magazine*:

Two women, one of whom carried a baby, asked a salesman to show them some carpets. It was a hot day, but the salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll until perspiration streamed from his face. Finally one of the women asked the other if it were not time to go.

"Not just yet," was the answer, with the whispered explanation: "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and we've plenty of time to catch the train!"

PLENTY OF TIME

OUT at the front two regiments, returning to the trenches, says Answers, chanced to meet. There was the usual exchange of wit.

"When's this bloomin' war goin' to end?" asked one north-country lad.

"Dunno," replied one of the south-shires. "We've planted some daffodils in front of our trench."

"Bloomin' optimists!" snorted the man from the north. "We've planted acorns!"

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

TOMMY'S STAMP BOOK

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

When through my book of stamps
I look,
What wondrous things I see!
It's dearer than the storybook
My mother reads to me.

With great delight ten times a day
I stop my play to glance
Upon these stamps of Paraguay,
Greece, Italy and France.

They beam on me in every hue
That in a stamp is seen—
In crimson, lavender and blue,
And cardinal and green.

I look upon the book with pride
To see its pages fill;
And yet I am not satisfied,
And shall not be until

The postman pauses in his tramp,
And in his outstretched hand
I see a letter with the stamp
They use in Fairyland.

♦ ♦

THE "GIVE-AWAY" GARDEN

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

WHEN the school gardens were parceled out last year, Rose and Tom Marlow received plots in a near-by vacant lot. The man who owned the lot gladly had it spaded and prepared for the children's gardening.

"I shall hope to see roses and cabbages where weeds and hay-fever germs used to flourish," he told Tom and Rose gravely. And they made a resolution that he should not be disappointed.

It was not an easy job, they soon discovered. Cutworms and new soil must be met and conquered. But Tom and Rose were there early and late, weeding, sprinkling, hoeing and hoping. Their bright eyes spied every garden enemy that plotted to fly or creep in, and their nimble fingers soon put an end to any such foe.

The vegetable and blossom babies began to thrive, eager to repay such faithful care. By midsummer Tom was putting into his little express wagon bunches of fresh, green onions, crisp curly lettuce and roly-poly red radishes that Rose had washed carefully and arranged in neat bunches. Besides, there were pink and lavender sweet peas, nasturtiums and sweet alyssum to lend beauty to the more useful products. Mrs. Marlow, their mother, had first choice, and paid the small peddlers just what the hucksters in the street demanded. There was plenty left to sell after that, and the children were so polite, and their wares so tempting, that the little tin elephant on the shelf swallowed enough nickels and dimes to fill his trunk several times over. Tom then relieved the bursting beast, and kept his treasure in a tin tea box.

"I've made over twice as much as Rose," Tom announced one day in August, "and more than any of the boys in the neighborhood. Maybe I'll win Miss Moore's prize for the best-paying garden, when she judges them, mother!"

Mother looked with questioning eyes at her bright-eyed daughter.

"You have worked as faithfully as Tom," she said, puzzled. "Why haven't you earned as much?"

Rose's flower face flushed and her golden head drooped. She did not quite know how to tell her mother about it.

"Because," explained Tom, feeling ashamed for getting his loyal partner into trouble, "because she's given away most of her garden."

Mother's eyes softened with understanding, and she drew Rose to her side.

"Always a generous fairy, even in business matters," she said, smiling.

"Oh, but I love to, mother!" whispered Rose eagerly. "I'm making enough money; and besides, it's lots more fun to give them away."

Later her mother heard all about it. When Rose and Tom went by old Miss Gray's, Rose would leave a bunch of sweet peas—those fairy butterflies—or cheery gold and red nasturtiums.

"She loves flowers better than anyone," Rose would say to Tom, "and she's too old and rheumatizy to raise them. Isn't it lucky I have them to give her?"

About the Shultz place romped four noisy children. Mrs. Shultz had no time for gardening, and the quartette of towheads were too little to help much. The cheery washerwoman would leave her soapuds to buy onions or turnips of the Marlow peddlers.

"A nickel's worth of each," she would say. Then she would add admiringly, "My, I hope my children will grow to be just like you! What a help you must be to your mother!"

At the Shultzes' Rose always left twice the

THE LAND THAT UNCLE SAM BUILT

BY JESSIE ANDREWS

Illustrated by Sears Gallagher

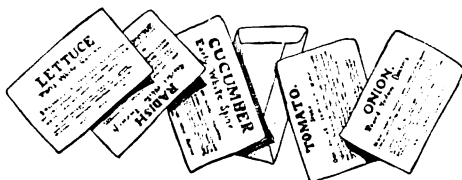
This is the Land
Uncle Sam built.



This is the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



This is the Furrow
That waits for the Farmer
That raises the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



Here's Uncle Sam,
Who sends us the Seed
That long for the Furrow
That waits for the Farmer
That raises the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



These are the Crops
That grow from the Plants
That spring from the Seed
That long for the Furrow
That waits for the Farmer
That raises the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



These are the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



This is the Farmer
That raises the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



These are the Seed
That long for the Furrow
That waits for the Farmer
That raises the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



These are the Plants
That spring from the Seed
That long for the Furrow
That waits for the Farmer
That raises the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built.



I'll be the Farmer,
And I'll plant the Seed;
All the young Plants
I will water and weed;
All the ripe Crops
I will gather, indeed,
That grow from the Plants
That spring from the Seed
Uncle Sam loves to send
To the Farmer, his Friend,
Who raises the Food
That feeds the Folks
That fight for the Land
Uncle Sam built!

amount of produce paid for. "They need it so, and they're so poor. She works so hard, and those children must eat bushels!" she told Tom one day, when they talked it over.

When the prizes were given out, Miss Moore presented Tom with the beautiful Honor Badge for having earned the largest amount from his garden. Then, to the little girl's astonishment, she pinned a tiny gold pin to Rose's dress.

"For the one who shared her garden with all," said the teacher, smiling. "A little bird told me all about Rose of the 'Give-Away' Garden." And all the others applauded.

♦ ♦

THE FROG'S FROLIC

BY MABEL S. MERRILL

DOWN by the pool in the pasture, where the sun shone pleasantly, lived an ant in his sand house. His next-door neighbor was a grasshopper, who lived in a tuft of grass. Close by the tuft of grass a cricket fiddled all day long under a clover leaf. Then there was the rose bug, who lived in a wild rose that swung overhead. Last of all there was a beetle, who lived most of the time behind a ragged old buttercup leaf.

Those little people were always thinking that they should like to go on a journey. They had talked it over a great many times and had made up their minds that some day they would start out to see the world.

"Now, here's our chance!" cried the grasshopper one morning, as he made three long hops up from the pool to his tuft of grass. "Right at the edge of the water is a fallen leaf that will hold us all. Let's get on it and sail away to parts unknown."

"The frog lives in that pool!" cried the ant, looking out of his sand house. "And talks very loud, too, when things don't please him. Who knows whether he would be willing we should sail there?"

"I shouldn't mind anything he said," declared the rose bug, tumbling headfirst into the beetle's front yard, which was her way of coming to make a call.

"It's high time we started out to see the world," said the beetle, looking out through a hole in the ragged buttercup leaf. "I say, let's go this minute!"

At that all the little people set up a shout and rushed down to the pool, where they stood gazing at the fallen leaf floating on the water.

"Why, it looks strong enough to carry us round the world!" they said.

Suddenly the grasshopper hopped and landed on the big leaf. Then the cricket gave a jump and stood beside him. The ant scrambled on board quite cleverly, and the beetle followed, trying not to wet his feet. As for the rose bug, she suddenly spread her little wings and came floating into the middle of the leaf among her group of neighbors.

"Hurrah! All aboard, now!" cried the whole company.

"Off she goes!" shouted the grasshopper, although the leaf was not moving a bit.

"I shall fiddle every single day while we are at sea," promised the cricket.

"I'm not at all seasick," whispered the ant, "but I don't know about the beetle. Don't you think he looks a bit strange?"

"Silence, please!" called the rose bug, standing up straight in the middle of the leaf ship. "I've thought of a very important question. Where are we going?"

All the other passengers looked hard at one another. "How should we know?" they muttered.

Just then there was a dreadful noise in the water close beside them; it sounded almost as loud as an earthquake.

"Ger-r-r-r-um!" That was what it sounded like, as much as anything.

"It's the frog!" whispered the beetle in a fright. The little people of the pasture were all rather afraid of the frog in the pool, because he made such a dreadful noise.

The rose bug was braver than the others, perhaps because she had wings to fly away with. She tiptoed to the edge of the leaf and looked over. There sat the gruff old frog on a rock under the water with just his nose at the top of the pool.

"What did you say, sir?" inquired the rose bug.

"Ger-r-r-r-um!" answered the frog.

"Why, now I know what he says!" whispered the rose bug. "He says, 'Go home!'"

"It's good advice!" cried the grasshopper. "I've had enough of traveling myself. Think what fun we can have all this long day in the grass!"

"Traveling is certainly hard work," added the beetle. "Why, I feel tired out already!"

By that time the grasshopper had made one long hop to the shore and three long hops up to his tuft of grass. The others followed as fast as they could, and when they were safe in the corner of the sunny pasture they all cried, "O my! Isn't it good to be home again!"

"Ger-r-r-r-um!" said the old frog in the pool, but now it sounded like laughing.



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THE OPEN AIR FOR CHILDREN

HERE is a growing body of testimony as to the great value of fresh air in the treatment of children. The doctors who confine their practice exclusively to children are almost to a man advocates of the fresh-air life for their little patients. They order it to keep up vigorous health in well children and to reinforce their treatment of sick ones. They declare that all children sleep better, eat better, are better tempered and of a fresher color, if their parents keep them in the open air both day and night. "Outdoor children" are also much less susceptible to colds and other infections than the children who are kept coddled in warm rooms and depend upon a daily walk for their airing.

There are many days in winter, of course, when children cannot be kept out very long, but there are no days when it is not possible to have them in rooms that are virtually open-air rooms. That is equally true of bedrooms. A child need not be chilly and wretched merely because he is in a cool room where the windows are open. His clothes in the daytime and his bedclothes at night should be warm enough to make him comfortable. It may be necessary to have him wear a full suit of Angora woolens and at night to supplement his bedding with a hot-water bottle.

Some fortunate persons are the possessors of a porch that faces south, and many more might be if they would only take pains to arrange one. If there is a properly protected porch on the house, the child should never be permitted to sleep anywhere else. Many obstinate cases of marasmus and malnutrition have yielded quite quickly to this treatment when all other attempts to cure them have failed.

When the porch is lacking, it is often possible to press a balcony into service or to arrange a sleeping shack on a roof. But when none of those are available the next best thing is a room with a southern exposure, in which you keep all of the windows open all of the time so that the air may be as much as possible like that of the outdoors. The acute infectious disorders in children respond well to this treatment, as do common colds, for which infection is also responsible. Of course, you should arrange the night clothing so that it will stay in place, and take care to prevent the cold air from blowing directly on the child's head.

A DAY OF NOTHINGS

"I'M all tired out," lamented Celia. "I know I shall be sorry if I don't go to the club concert to-night, but it doesn't seem as if I could summon the energy. And this morning I was positively eager for it! I don't understand. I've no business to be so used up. If I'd worked hard, or accomplished anything big, but it's been a day of little nothings. I'm ashamed of myself."

"Lie perfectly flat for an hour and rest; make up your mind to do just what you feel like when the time comes, go or not go, but not to decide till after your rest and supper," advised Sophie wisely. "I know what 'nothings' are! They're a great deal worse than 'somethings,' unless they're sprinkled in between and between."

"You're the most comprehending soul, Sophie!" sighed Celia, settling deeper into her cushions. "You always do understand. All the same, it's ridiculous. Why, I haven't done anything."

"Didn't I see a pile of letters and parcels on the hall table?" inquired Sophie. "They're something, you know."

"Oh, those! There are four birthdays in the family this month, and I thought I'd start the presents off to-day. They have to be done up daintily, of course, but I'm rather a star at that sort of thing; I never mind it, although it does take time."

"Fussy! fussy! fussy!" said Sophie, shaking her head. "Fussy tasks are always tiring, whether you know it or not. Letters, too, when you write them in a batch —"

"Most were just little notes, but one was 'fussy,' if you like; anyway, I hated to write it because I don't know her well, and she's touchy. I had to explain tactfully that her committee hasn't accomplished what was expected of it, and she'd better stop visiting round and see that it didn't loaf on its job, or else resign. Pretty little bit of correspondence to undertake, wasn't it?"

"Restful to the nerves," assented Sophie ironically. "I can guess how you felt when you'd finished."

"Like a wrung-out dishcloth," confessed Celia. "And yet, it filled only half a sheet."

"Any more cheering trifles like that?" prompted Sophie.

"Oh, no! Only ordinary things—telephoning, mending, hunting up a missing address, getting rid of a persistent peddler, washing a bit of old lace, cleaning up a bureau drawer—just nothings."

"There's one good thing about that sort of day," said Sophie, reflectively. "It does help to explain things a good deal."

"What things?" demanded Celia.

"Persons, perhaps I meant. The ones who will and the ones who won't, you know, when you ask

them to help with anything big and worth while outside their own affairs. You must have noticed for yourself that it's very seldom the persons without responsibilities, those whose lives are given up to little things—things they could drop or defer perfectly well—whom you can really depend on? They'll do a few more little things, perhaps; but they're too tired and fussed, or they think they're too busy, to undertake the really big tasks; or, if they do, they are erratic and inadequate about doing them, and keep you on edge with anxiety till the last moment.

"It's the persons who already have real, serious responsibilities whom you expect to be ready to shoulder other responsibilities, and who generally do. Of course, we all have little things to attend to, but when they are scattered along with the big ones, or make a part of them, they keep their proportion; they stay little. They lose it when there is nothing big to test them by. They stay petty, but they loom up dominant."

"Mountains out of molehills," suggested Celia.

"And nerves out of nothings," added Sophie.

Celia laughed. "I've lain flat only ten minutes," she said, "but your prescription is working. My nerves aren't as tense as they were, and I almost believe after another fifty minutes —"

"Oh, I do hope so!" cried Sophie. "I'll go with you, if you will. I've been dying to all the time!"

TOMMY TO THE RESCUE

HOW Tommy—by no other name known to fame—came to the rescue of a hungry infant and a distressed mother in a metropolitan subway car is the theme of an incident described in the New York Herald. Somewhat condensed, it runs as follows:

The mother opened a small wicker bag and drew forth a bottle, the slightly gray color of which indicated that it had formerly contained milk. She gave it to the infant, who, after two lusty intakes, discovered the deception that had been practiced upon him and went up two octaves in his roaring. On all sides looks of distress began to appear in the eyes of the passengers.

At about this time a young man of eleven years came into the limelight. All that is known of him is that his first name was Thomas. He broke the side of a large paper bag that rested between him and an eight-year-old companion and drew forth a pint bottle of milk. He looked bashfully at the troubled mother opposite, and when she glanced at him he held the bottle up and nodded the question:

"Want it?"

Two minutes later the only unusual noise in the car was a gurgle; the baby was still "going strong" when the car reached Ninety-sixth Street.

No sooner had the older boy regained his seat, after doing his good turn, than his little companion whispered in awe:

"Say, Tommy, you'll git kilt!"

The answer to that was immediate. An elderly man at Tommy's right turned the boy's hand flat and put a quarter into it, and the smiling mother tossed ten cents at his feet. The boy immediately returned the ten cents to the infant's mother, but, for some strange psychological reason, he kept the elderly man's quarter.

WHAT BIG GUNS ARE MADE OF

ACCORDING to the Millgate Monthly, no fewer than one hundred and seventeen miles of steel wire are wound on a twelve-inch gun that weighs thirteen and a half tons. In appearance this wire, which is of the same quality as piano wire, resembles tape; it is one quarter of an inch wide and one tenth of an inch thick. It is tested to a breaking strength of one hundred and ten tons. The wire unwinds from a reel as the gun barrel revolves; and a tension of about fifty tons to the square inch insures mechanical accuracy in wrapping it round the gun.

Various parts of the gun receive different thicknesses of wire. At the breech of a twelve-inch gun, where the chief strain comes, there are ninety-two layers, which give a thickness of nine and a half inches of wire; but at the muzzle there are only fourteen layers. Over the wire the gunmakers shrink on steel rings at white heat. When they cool, they contract and grip with immense force. The rifling of the barrel is an automatic process—an example of wonderful mechanical ingenuity. When the gun is finished, experts test the accuracy of the rifling with plastic gutta-percha.

UNQUESTIONABLY

THERE was a prominent lawyer in San Francisco who prided himself on his astuteness in questioning Chinese witnesses. He was very nearsighted, however, says Case and Comment, and on one occasion got into difficulty through failing to notice that the dress of a certain Chinese witness was of finer texture than that worn by the ordinary coolie. The following dialogue ensued:

"What is your name?"

"Sell Lung."

"Do you live in San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"You savvy God?"

"Mr. Attorney, if you mean to ask whether I comprehend the entity of our Creator, I will merely reply that on next Thursday evening I shall address the State Ministerial Association upon the subject of the Divinity of Christ, and I shall be pleased if you will attend."

To the day of his death the celebrated lawyer will never escape the question, "You savvy God?"

HE THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE

THE late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky used to relate with much relish an amusing experience that he once had in connection with waffles. At a fine old Virginia homestead, where he was a frequent guest, the waffles were always remarkably good.

One morning, as breakfast drew near an end, the tidy little linen-coated black boy who served at table approached the bishop and asked in a low voice:

"Bishop, won't y' have 'n'er waffle?"

"Yes," said the genial bishop, "I believe I will."

"Dey ain' no mo'," said the boy.

"Well," exclaimed the surprised gentleman, "if there aren't any more waffles, what made you ask me if I wanted another one?"

"Bishop," exclaimed the boy, "yo's done et ten a'ready, and I t'ought yeh wouldn't want no mo'!"

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Get the Bicycle Bug!

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IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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ONE FLIGHT DOWN

By
Mary
Elizabeth
Sears



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

SHE CLUNG TO THE ROPE WITH ONE HAND AND WITH THE OTHER PUSHED AGAINST THE WINDOW. IT WAS CLOSED AND LOCKED!

THE invitation came so casually that Elsie Emerson could hardly believe that she was really being asked to her first party. Mrs. Dayton had come up that morning with friends of Elsie's father to see some etchings that Mr. Emerson had made in Paris. As she looked at the pictures, she suddenly turned to the artist.

"Won't you bring your daughter down to my apartment this evening?" she said. "I'm having some young people in for Jack and Dorothy, and now that we are such near neighbors Elsie ought to know them."

Mrs. Dayton smiled at the young girl as she gave the invitation, and it seemed to Elsie that everyone in the room must hear her heart beat as she waited for her father to answer.

"Yes, indeed," he replied carelessly. "Delighted. Now, here is a sketch that illustrates just what we were speaking of."

Mrs. Dayton took the picture into her hand, but she still looked at Elsie. The girl managed to smile timidly. Everyone was so much occupied that it did not seem necessary for her to speak—and she was very glad of that, for her English, although correct, had a distinctly foreign sound. It embarrassed her not to be able to speak her native tongue perfectly. But she had not been in America since her mother had died ten years before, when she was still a little girl; all her school life had been passed in France, and so it was not strange that English was a little hard for her.

It had been the happiest day of Elsie's life when, after the war broke out, her father decided to return to New York to live. She could remember little of her own country, but she loved it with an intensity of feeling that would have amazed most young people who have never had to live in foreign lands. Besides, she was to keep house for her father in New York; and although Elsie had never known her father very well, she lavished all the affection of her lonely life upon him.

At Mr. Emerson's studio in Paris there was no one to care for a young girl, and so Elsie had spent most of her time at boarding school. The life she had led had made her shy and retiring.

Now everything was to be different. Even after three lonely months in New York, which had seemed very strange to her after her rosy dreams of America, Elsie still had hopes of what this new life was to mean when her father was once settled and when she should know some one in the great city. There must be some one for her to know—among so many people.

Day after day she went out on little household errands and painstakingly practiced her English on the clerks at the stores. At home her father was usually either busy in his studio or was talking to one of his fellow artists who dropped in for a chat now and then. They never asked her to join them in their talk, and so she passed much of her time in her own small room with her sewing or reading.

Sometimes, when her eyes grew tired, she would sit and look out of her window, which was at the end of an oblong court. The house, an old-fashioned mansion on Washington Square, had been made over into large apartments; there was one apartment on each floor except the top story. That had been divided into small studio apartments, in one of which Elsie and her father lived.

Elsie's window, just under the roof, had

plenty of light and air, but no outlook except on the bricks and mortar of the court. She could see the perpendicular row of windows on the wall at her right; they belonged to the other apartments in the house; but as the season was late, and most of the occupants of the apartments had left the city for the country or seashore, all the windows except one were closed. That window opened from Mrs. Dayton's apartment on the floor below.

Although she had met Mrs. Dayton that morning for the first time, Elsie felt that she knew the family better than she knew anyone else in New York. When she had sat at her window gay young voices and music had often floated up from the floor below, and so she had come to know that the family consisted of a mother and a son and daughter of about her own age. She had imagined so much about them that she had come to feel really intimate with them. At first she had thought that it would be only a question of time when she should meet them, but after a while she had begun to realize that people often live

within a few feet of each other but never get beyond a casual greeting on the stairs.

Elsie had never mentioned her disappointment—there was no one to mention it to, in fact, except her father, and somehow the girl thought that he would not understand. She was right; Mr. Emerson had lived alone too many years to appreciate easily the needs and the feelings of his young daughter. Moreover, he had been especially preoccupied of late. Although he had acquired a reputation for a certain kind of work in Paris, he had been away from New York too long to drop into things again without a struggle—and he had not sold many pictures.

As the guests turned to go this morning, after looking over his etchings, Mrs. Dayton took Elsie's hand and told her not to forget the party that evening.

"O madam, I could not forget!" Elsie answered impetuously, and then blushed because her speech had sounded so un-American.

Mr. Emerson went off with one of the men of the party for luncheon, and Elsie was left

alone. She did not mind, for she had much to do. She must get a dress ready for the party; her simple wardrobe did not boast an evening gown. But laid away carefully in the bottom of her trunk was a white silk dress that had been her mother's. Elsie had saved it for some great occasion, and surely, she thought, the proper moment to use it had arrived.

Very gently she unwrapped the gown, tried it on, and surveyed herself critically in the glass. It was undoubtedly becoming. The creamy whiteness of the silk gleamed against the whiteness of her neck and arms and brought out the brilliant color of her cheeks and the blackness of her hair.

But Elsie did not notice those details—she was more concerned with the fit, for her mother had been larger than she. Through all the afternoon she worked hard, and when evening came she was tired, but not unsatisfied with the results.

At six o'clock a messenger boy brought a note from her father: he had a business engagement and would not be home until after dinner. For the first time a little, unhappy doubt tried to thrust itself into Elsie's mind, but she banished it. When she had eaten her dinner, she gave herself up to the pleasure of dressing for her first party. She felt no discontent that she must be alone, without any of the loving help and comment that most girls would expect on such an occasion.

She piled her dark hair in high coils on the top of her head—for the first time; then, when she had donned the old-fashioned gown, she looked into her small mirror. Her eyes sparkled back at her with excitement and happiness. There would be other young people at the party—at last she was going to meet some of her own dear Americans whom she had so much longed to know.

She was ready now, and, sitting down, she prepared to wait for her father. She went over in her mind what she should say that evening. She hoped that people did not have to talk much at a party, but whatever she did say she wished to be correct.

An hour passed, and Elsie began to feel uneasy; but she was sure that her father would return. It was still early—in her eagerness she had dressed too soon.

After a while she went into her own room to see whether there were any signs of the party on the floor below. The sound of young voices came to her through the open window, and now and then some one passed in sight. Presently there was music.

She got up and opened her door into the studio, so that she should hear her father the moment he came in. As she passed the mirror, her hair seemed to her a little "mussed." She coiled it again, hastening excitedly lest her father should enter and find her not ready to start.

But still he did not come.

A heavy uneasiness made it impossible for her to sit still. Up and down her room she wandered and out into the studio, but the sounds of gayety on the floor below drew her back often to the window. Nine o'clock came and went and finally ten o'clock. Two bright red spots burned in Elsie's cheeks and a hard lump gathered in her throat. She did not know at what time people went to parties, but probably it did not matter—except, of course, that you missed so much.

After a while there was extra noise and bustling on the floor below,—voices called

back and forth, some of the lights went out, — then, silence. The party was over, and she had missed it. Two great tears stole down her cheeks and splashed unnoticed on her hands, tightly clasped in her lap.

The next thing she knew she was curled up on her bed, sobbing miserably. She should "muss" the gown, but what did it matter? She should never be asked to another party.

But after a while she got up and smoothed out her dress. It was wrong for her to feel so badly. Probably her father had some good reason for not returning—perhaps he had received an order. She sat down by the window and did not move again for a long time. When she did move, it was to draw her breath in sharply, suspiciously. She had certainly smelled smoke.

She went out quickly into the studio and on into her father's bedroom beyond, and into the tiny kitchen, but everything was as she had left it. When she returned to her own room the smell was stronger than before. Puzzled, she hesitated for a moment, and then, leaning from her window, looked down. Suddenly she caught her breath in a quick gasp—for from the window on the floor below came a small but steady spiral of black smoke.

In another moment Elsie had run down the stairs and was frantically ringing the Daytons' doorbell. There was no answer; Elsie did not know that Mrs. Dayton had taken her guests to a hotel near by for supper; the servants slept downstairs. The girl wasted several precious minutes in trying to make herself heard; then, disconcerted, she returned to her own rooms. She had no telephone; if she had had, she would not have known whom to call. As she hurried back to her room, Elsie tried to compose herself and to think what was the best thing to do. So far as she knew, Mrs. Dayton and her children might be in actual danger. Then suddenly it occurred to her that there must be a window directly under hers.

By leaning out as far as she dared, she could just see the sill, and she instantly decided to go down. She had done it once in a fire drill at school. She found a strong piece of trunk rope and with fingers that trembled with excitement tied it securely to the steam radiator. Then, flinging the end of the rope over the sill and bracing her feet against the side of the house, she swung herself over. For one instant she hung dizzily in the air; the next she had slipped down the rope and her feet had found the stone window sill.

Gasping with the effort and trembling with fright, the girl clung to the rope with one hand and with the other pushed against the window. It was closed and locked! Great packing boxes were piled against it! Too late she saw what a trap she had let herself into, but strangely enough the danger in which her position placed her did not occur to her. She was almost frantic with worry because she could not get into the Daytons' apartment.

She called for help—but there was no one to hear her, and after a few minutes she gave that up. Unable to go either up or down, she stood on the window sill and pondered the situation. Carefully turning her back to the window, she next peered out into the court. At first she could not see anything distinctly in the half light; but her long, lonely hours had taught her to know every brick in the place, and gradually things took shape.

Just below her, running round the building, was a narrow ledge. Would she dare to walk on that to the window from which the smoke was coming? With a shudder, she turned her face up toward the sky. The stars had never before looked so big and bright to her. For a moment she gazed at them, and then, bracing herself, looked down again. A wave of dizziness surged over her, so that she had to close her eyes to keep herself from falling.

When she opened her eyes again, she looked down upon the ledge, which seemed waiting for her to decide. It was the only way—and yet, how could she—with nothing to hold to—and turn the angle of the wall, too? Her quick memory for detail told her that the telephone wires that came from the roof above would help her.

She decided that it would be easier to go with her back to the wall. And she would have a firmer hold in her stocking feet; so she kicked off her slippers, one at a time. She listened, fascinated, to hear them fall, four floors below. Would it take her as long as that if she were to drop?

The thought sickened her, but she did not hesitate a moment. She had lost too much time already, she decided. Clinging to the rope, which fortunately was long enough, she stepped down, cautiously, to the ledge. Then she dropped the rope. For an awful instant she trembled so violently that it seemed that she must fall. Then she groped for the telephone wires, found them, took three steps, and then another—and she had turned the angle. The worst was over, she told herself bravely, as she stopped for breath. Her heart was pounding so that she found it hard to breathe. One more step and she must go alone. The wires went downward from there.

Again the dizziness threatened to overcome her; it seemed that she must pitch forward into the blackness. With her eyes tight closed, she went on. Sight could not help her now—every nerve was concentrated on feeling her

way. Half a dozen steps would do it. She counted them painfully—and then, just as she was sure that she could do no more, her hand touched the edge of the window casing. With a quick swing she turned, flung her other arm over the sill and pulled herself up into the room, where she dropped upon the floor.

Utterly exhausted, she lay quite still where she fell; but although she could not have moved at that moment, she did not lose consciousness, and presently the strong smell of smoke reminded her that her task was not yet finished. Aching in every nerve, she pulled herself to her feet and stood looking dizzily round the room.

By the one light that had been left she saw what had happened. A spark from the open fire had set ablaze the rug and a pile of cushions lying on it, and was creeping slowly up a heavy curtain and threatening the more gauzy drapery of the window. Elsie took in the situation at a glance—and turned to rouse the family. Much to her surprise, she found that she was alone in the apartment. But, nothing daunted, she went to work single-handed.

Fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Dayton and her son and daughter opened their front door and halted in amazement at the strange little figure that stood, blackened, begrimed and wet, in the middle of the wrecked room.

Jack Dayton was the first to recover himself. "Why, we've been having a fire, and Miss Emerson has put it out!"

The next moment they were all gathered round Elsie, asking her excited questions, praising her, thanking her, all in a breath.

"How did you ever get in?" Jack asked. Elsie was suddenly much embarrassed. She

Elsie did not hear what they said, so much engrossed was she in what the young Daytons were telling her of the wonders of New York. But when her new friends had gone, Mr. Emerson drew his daughter to him and kissed her.

"Never take such a chance again, little girl," he said, and there was something in his voice that Elsie had not heard for years—not since her mother had died.

"We will surely go to Mrs. Dayton's party to-morrow night," he went on after a moment, releasing her gently. "But go now and get off that wet dress; you'll catch cold."

Then, for the first time, Elsie looked down at the "mussed" and ruined gown, and there

was a catch in her throat as she answered. "O father, I cannot wear it again—I cannot go to the party!"

"Indeed you can go to the party. You shall have the prettiest new dress in all New York. I will go with you to-morrow to buy it. That engagement of mine meant a splendid order, —so I am to be very busy,—but after this I want to see more of my little girl than I ever have done before."

As Elsie went to take off the wreck of the dress that she had got ready so carefully a few hours before, she wondered whether anyone in all the world could possibly be as happy as she was that night. At last New York and her new life had surpassed her rosiest dreams.

BITTERS

By Sheldon C. Stoddard

THE stout gray team owned by Redfield Barnes halted just within the wide-swing gate that led to the hill pasture where the spring ploughing was in progress, and looked round in mild surprise at the delay, for their owner was in the habit of "keeping things moving," as he called it. The tanned face of the energetic farmer usually wore an expression of distinct self-satisfaction, but just now it showed a decided frown. The frown, occasioned by the appearance upon the premises of a reddish-brown dog of the collie breed, was only partly lifted as he turned to the

stiff days in that stony pasture in the hot sun Jimmy'll make up his mind he don't need that little pup nigh as much as he thinks he does. We'll see, anyhow. Go on, Bill!"

Haying was finished at "Red Barns," and the great lofts were well filled. When the oat harvest was well under way, Redfield Barnes said to his nephew one afternoon:

"I guess I've done a pretty foolish thing, Jimmy. I've bought the Egerton heifers."

"What!" exclaimed Jimmy, in excitement. "The five-hundred-dollar ones, Uncle Red?"

"Sure thing, Jimmy. Five hundred apiece,—and there's four of 'em,—pure bred, of course. It's a sight of money, boy. But I don't know; it may be a good thing for 'Red Barns.' There's a great call now for these black-and-white cattle, pure bred, and I'm thinking there'll be a much greater call later on. I'm going to send you after the heifers, Jimmy."

The boy stared in mute astonishment at his uncle. Redfield was leaning on a crutch and he winced as his foot touched the ground. The day before he had been thrown from a load of grain and had sprained his ankle.

"The Egertons are going to leave," the farmer went on, "and I agreed to take the cattle to-morrow or next day; but I can't go with this foot, and almost everyone is busy just now with the oat harvest. One or two men that I could get I don't want. I think I can trust you with the heifers. You've done real well this summer, Jimmy; your potatoes are looking fine."

The boy flushed with pleasure. Words of praise from his uncle were rare.

"Can I take Bitters?" he asked quickly. "Take him along if you want to," his uncle said, smiling good-naturedly. "He'll help some—as much as he hinders, maybe. I've noticed he's quite a cute pup. And I guess you've earned his keep for a year with those potatoes, or will by the time you get 'em harvested."

But it was with much secret anxiety that the next morning Redfield watched the early stage out of sight. High up on the driver's seat was his young nephew—and racing joyously far ahead, the little red collie, Bitters. As the last cloud of dust disappeared, he turned and hobbled slowly back to the veranda.

"Two thousand dollars' worth of pure-bred stock—and just that boy!" he muttered uneasily. "But what's a man to do?" And he looked wrathfully at the offending foot.

Late in the afternoon of the following day Jimmy Downs, following the valley road as his uncle had directed, began to look anxiously for a certain crossroad that should take him to the Wilder farm, where he was to pass the night. He had been delayed, for, used to their quiet pasture, the heifers had been extremely reluctant to take the road. Indeed, without the dog's help, Jimmy would more than once have been at his wit's end; but the collie, now thoroughly in his element, seemed always



"BUT HE—HE WOULD COME, UNCLE RED," ANSWERED JIMMY DOWNS

felt herself blush hotly as she struggled with her heavy hair, which had fallen over her shoulders. She hated desperately the idea of telling how she had come—the adventure seemed so foolish, so unnecessary now.

But the Daytons were all waiting for her answer. "I—I came down a rope!" she faltered.

At first they did not understand; then Jack Dayton went over to the window and looked down upon the ledge.

"Do you mean to say," he said, and his voice was husky, "that you walked along that ledge? Why, you wonderful girl!"

Elsie looked from one to another. How kind these Americans were! They had not thought her silly—they had understood at once.

"I believed that you were asleep," she explained, but before she could say more Mrs. Dayton, who was sobbing, gathered the girl close in her arms. No one had ever made such a fuss over Elsie before—it was surprising, to be sure, but very agreeable.

So, at last, they all sat down in a row on a big couch to talk it over. And Elsie explained shyly about the party, and how it was the first one she had ever been asked to, and how sorry she had been to miss it, but her father had been called away on business; he would be sorry, too, she added politely.

Mrs. Dayton and Dorothy had exchanged frequent glances during this recital.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Mrs. Dayton said. "We'll have another party to-morrow night—a much nicer one—on purpose for you."

"O merci, madame!" Elsie began in her excitement, then blushed again, and finished primly, "Thank you, Mrs. Dayton, you are very kind." But the sparkle in her eyes said more than her words.

Mr. Emerson was very much astonished when they all brought Elsie home a few minutes later. He had come in and, supposing that Elsie was in bed asleep, was looking over some drawings in his studio. He apologized contritely to Mrs. Dayton—he had forgotten the party—his engagement had been very important—but he was glad that Elsie had gone, anyway.

"But what have you been doing to yourself?" he finished as, for the first time, he noticed his daughter's bedraggled condition.

Then Mrs. Dayton explained—in fact, she and Mr. Emerson talked for a long time; but

much-freckled boy, who was evidently the dog's master.

"I thought I told you not to bring the pup, Jimmy. We don't want him here. I thought you understood that, I thought you did."

"But he—he would come, Uncle Red," answered Jimmy Downs. "And I thought if—if you saw how good he was!"—the boy's brown hand that had been furtively caressing the fine ears of the dog slipped suddenly round the animal's neck

—"and if you saw what a lot he could do, why—maybe you'd—you'd—"

"Do! A lot he'll do—a little mongrel pup like that! He'll eat a lot and hang round underfoot, and probably bark at teams. That's about what he'll do. We don't keep that kind here at 'Red Barns,' my boy—you may as well understand that, first off."

Redfield Barnes cast an approving glance at the substantial farm buildings neatly painted in red and white. The farm name had always seemed to him especially fitting.

"And so I'll tell you, Jimmy," he went on, "you can just take that dog, right now, and—"

Redfield Barnes stopped suddenly, for a look of such keen distress had appeared in the boy's round face that the man was strangely stirred. There were times—he had often noticed it—when, notwithstanding the freckles, the boy's face looked strangely like that of Redfield's favorite sister, the boy's mother, who had died some years before. The big gray horses pulled at the lines and started forward, but the farmer stopped them again.

His eye was on the distant ploughing, and a sudden shrewd smile had lighted his face.

"I'll tell you, Jimmy," he said, "I don't want to be hard on ye. If you want to keep the pup had enough to put in an acre of potatoes up in the pasture there where we're ploughing—it's stony, you know, and weedy—bull thistles and mare's-tail and what not—and raise the whole crop, why, go ahead. It'll take all your play spells and some more, you understand. What do you say?"

"I'll do it, Uncle Red. I'll do it. Thank you," Jimmy replied. "Come, Bitters."

As the boy, with his face once more alight with happiness, walked away, Redfield Barnes laughed softly to himself. "I rather guess that after two or three good



JIMMY EXPLAINED
BRIEFLY AND WITH
A VAGUE SENSE
OF DISTRUST



to be in the right place
at exactly the right time.

The afternoon, too, had proved unusually hot and sultry, with the close, stifling heat that precedes a storm, and the boy, alert to the welfare of his valuable charges, had not hurried them.

It was nearly night when at last the two long rows of scrub bushes that marked the crossroad came in sight. The road was overgrown with grass and plainly had been little used, but the boy turned into it with a sense of relief. With good luck he should yet reach the Wilder farm before dark and then the first half of his journey would be safely over. Calling cheerily to the collie, he started briskly up the crossroad. But he watched rather anxiously a thick bank of inky black cloud that was now coming up rapidly, although not a breath of wind seemed to stir the still, sultry air. It was the unnatural stillness that precedes a great storm, and was broken only by an occasional rumbling of distant thunder.

Instinctively, the boy pressed forward, and as he called to the dog his voice seemed to carry with almost uncanny distinctness. The heifers, too, seemed strangely uneasy, and now and then lowed dismally. Even Bitters occasionally looked back at his master with a whine.

When they reached the top of a little rise, Jimmy saw a quiet valley stretching away to the left and a group of dilapidated farm buildings clustered two hundred yards below. Suddenly a blinding flash of bluish-white light filled the whole little valley, followed instantly by a crash of thunder that was almost deafening. Then, whirling and churning over the woods near by, came a great gray wall of rain. At the blinding flash and the peal of thunder, the heifers for a moment cowered almost to the earth in fright; then, with the boy and the dog following, they raced down the hill toward the buildings.

A rough-looking man in shirt sleeves, who had just shut the doors of the main barn, glanced round and saw the cattle coming. Running out to the road, he swung wide the pasture gate and, waving his arms and shouting loudly, turned the frightened animals into the pasture. The old gate swung shut with a clang.

"Quick, now!" the man shouted, and, followed by the boy and the dog, rushed to the house. They reached it just as the great storm of wind-swept rain and hail burst upon them with a roar that made further speech almost impossible.

"Close shave, that, youngster!" shouted the man, with a grin that was plainly meant to be amiable. "Who be ye, sonny?"

Jimmy explained briefly and with a vague sense of distrust.

"So-o, so-o!" commented the man, and under the unusually heavy eyebrows his sharp eyes twinkled shrewdly. "Wa-al, wa-al, they're a nice bunch of heifers—pure bred, ain't they?"

The boy had not mentioned that fact and did not wish to do so, but he saw no way to avoid it.

"Yes, um-m, I thought so," said the man. "Wa-al, you're all right now, bub—snug as a bug in a rug. Guess we o'n keep ye. Wilder's is two-three mile farther on, and to-night'll be darker'n Tophet, but ye needn't worry. Heifers'll be all right in the pasture—plenty of feed; and you're all right, too—see? But I must say, bub,"—he paused impressively as the storm surged against the rattling windows,— "ye didn't reach cover a minute too quick."

He called to his wife, who came in to greet the boy and who then began to prepare the evening meal. She was a bony, angular woman fully as tall as her husband.

Left for a time to himself, Jimmy's thoughts were busy, and suddenly, with a feeling of uneasiness, he realized whose guest he was. He had heard occasionally, and at ways more or less unfavorably, he remembered, of Marcus James, or Old Mark James, as he was usually called, of whom many curious stories were told. He knew that, if there were one place on his entire route at which his uncle would not have wished him to stay, it was the lonely farmhouse to which the storm had driven him.

And yet—he could see no other way—he must actually pass the night there.

For nearly an hour the storm continued, with occasional vivid electric flashes, accompanied by peculiarly sharp peals of thunder. "The kind that does mischief," the master of the house, knitting his bushy brows, more than once remarked.

When Jimmy went to bed that night he determined to be up and away early the next morning. But he did not rest well during the early part of the night; there were two or three showers with thunder and lightning. At last, however, he fell asleep, and when he woke the sun had been up for an hour. As is usual after a thunderstorm, the weather was clear and bright and cool.

Jimmy dressed quickly and ran downstairs, where Bitters greeted him with a joyful bark. Old Mark and his wife were just coming in from the direction of the pasture, and the boy had a quick premonition that something was wrong.

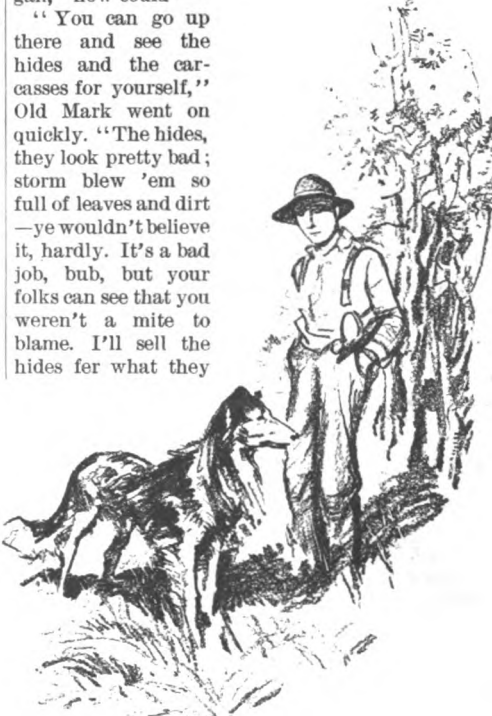
"Lightnin' played high jinks round here last night, bub," Old Mark said gruffly. "Hit us fair fer a fact—you the worst, though, 's fur's I c'n see yet. Bad job—bad job."

"How is that?" asked the boy, feeling suddenly faint and sick.

"Wa-al, I may 's well tell ye first as last: them four heifers of yours and one of my best ones are dead 's bats—lightnin' killed 'em—under that big maple in the pasture yonder." He pointed with a big bloodstained hand toward the hill pasture. "Lay there in a pile, 's ye might say—hull five of them. Got them skinned a'ready, me and my wife have. Wife is quick at butcherin', I can tell ye—mighty nigh 's handy at the job as I be."

"But," Jimmy began, "how could —"

"You can go up there and see the hides and the carcasses for yourself," Old Mark went on quickly. "The hides, they look pretty bad; storm blew 'em so full of leaves and dirt—ye wouldn't believe it, hardly. It's a bad job, bub, but your folks can see that you weren't a mite to blame. I'll sell the hides fer what they



SEVERAL TIMES THE DOG STOPPED AND
LOOKED BACK

will bring and send your uncle every cent—no charge for my work. He'll see that Old Mark ain't small about such things. Now come on in and we'll have some breakfast."

As Jimmy Downs trudged down the James crossroad that afternoon he was sorely troubled. After the first keen feeling of loss and disappointment that had overwhelmed him when Old Mark told him the news about his heifers, other thoughts had begun to take shape in his mind. Were the dead heifers his pure bred? He could not be at all sure from looking at the hides, for they were covered with the dirt and debris of the storm. He had lingered at the farm as long as he dared, hoping to find some definite proof that Marcus had deceived him; but at last he could find no further excuse and had had to depart.

He had not gone far on the road, however, when the actions of Bitters confirmed his suspicions. Several times the dog stopped and looked back toward James's pasture, and then gazed questioningly into his master's face. At last the boy stopped by a clump of bushes.

"We'll just wait right here till night, Bitters," he said, "and then we'll see what we'll see."

As soon as it was dark he went quietly back to the big pasture into which the heifers had been turned the evening before, and stopped in the corner near the road. On one side lay the great silent pasture; on the other a strip of woodland lay sombre and dark.

Here he waited until the lights were out in the farmhouse. Then he slowly took down a length of the pasture fence, while the collie, intensely alert, watched every motion and gazed into his face with keenly understanding eyes. The boy paused a moment, looking squarely at the dog.

"Go get the heifers, Bitters," he said quietly, but confidently. "Go get them, sir."

Instantly and without a sound the collie disappeared in the darkness. With a sudden feeling of loneliness and apprehension the boy seated himself on the old rail fence. If the heifers were still alive and in the pasture, he believed that, notwithstanding the wide sweep of the great tract that stretched far back on the hills, the dog would find them. Were they still alive? And if they were alive, was Marcus James guarding them?

Listening and watching, he waited for a full hour. Twice he started expectantly, only to find that the objects looming up in the dim light were cows that belonged to the James herd. Another hour passed without a sign of any living thing, and the only sound that came to the boy's ears was the plaintive sighing of the night wind in the hemlock woods across the road. He shivered, partly with cold, but more with an ever-increasing apprehension.

Had he made a mistake? Had he now lost not only the heifers but also his one best friend, who never yet had failed him? For he knew well that, barring death or a trap, the little red dog would come back to the gap in the fence—joyfully and alert if with his charges; if without them, with drooping head and tail. But come back Bitters certainly would—if alive.

Jimmy suddenly sprang up, alert. Surely he had heard—not from the great pasture but apparently from the woods across the road—a low, anxious whine. He listened breathlessly. Could it be the collie—in that direction? He whistled softly, and instantly there came again—he was sure of it now—the low whine of a dog in trouble.

It was quite dark now, but Jimmy plunged into the hemlocks. The belt of woods proved to be thin, with another great pasture stretching far back beyond it. As he crawled through the old brush-and-rail fence he was almost upset by the eager rush of a panting dog that threw himself upon him in joyful welcome. The collie was wet and bedraggled and panting hard, but his ears were alert and his tail was waving proudly.

The boy could only guess at the miles that the dog had traveled, at his patient search here and there, at the almost uncanny intelligence with which he had followed the trail, but he knew even before he turned to the little group huddled close to the fence that the heifers were there, every one. Silently but surely the dog had brought them as near as possible to the designated place. He had not been able to find an opening in the stout old fence, and so he had whined to attract his master's attention.

"Bitters, oh, you Bitters!" Jimmy said, and with something very like a lump in his throat he flung his arm round the dog's neck.

At the first faint whitening of the eastern sky the little herd was again on the road. The boy was in great haste now to get as far as possible from the premises of Old Mark James. So thoroughly did he now distrust the man that he doubted seriously whether the animals under the tree had been killed by lightning at all. Doubtless the old schemer knew the value of pure-bred stock as well as anyone.

The sun was just rising over the hill as the boy neared the Wilder farm at the end of the crossroad, and he now heard the gruff "Co-boss! Co-boss!" of some one calling the cows to the pasture bars. The sound cheered him greatly; but the next moment his heart sank and he felt a shiver of dread, for he had heard behind him the quick pounding of feet—the sound of a horse coming at a gallop. He turned and saw Old Mark, red with anger, plying the whip furiously.

"Look here, you young whelp!" the man shouted as he came up. "What do you mean by running off my cattle? I'll show —"

The boy's face was white, but he stood his ground.

"They're not your cattle, Mr. James," he said, "and you know it! They're —"

"I'll show you whose they be!" broke in the man, with a volley of oaths.

"And I'll show you another thing. You get these cattle back, right now, or —"

He strode angrily toward the boy and raised the heavy whip as if to strike.

"Go slow, Marcus," broke in a drawling voice. "Go a little slow."

Jimmy Downs turned with a gasp of relief. A big man, broad of shoulder and ample of girth, stood squarely in the middle of the road, quietly chewing a blade of grass. A bushy red beard covered his face, and he had a pair of keen gray eyes. He glanced at the boy with a twinkle, and turned again to James.

"You're out early this morning, Marcus, and talkin' pretty loud, seems to me!" the big

slow, confident voice boomed out again. "What's the row, anyway? Let's hear about it."

"Row!" shouted Old Mark, with his face redder than ever. "Row's just this: this young scamp is trying to run off these heifers of mine in the place of some he had killed by lightnin' over in my pasture night before last. But I rather guess not, I do. I'll show him!"

Again he raised the whip angrily. But the big man quickly stepped in front of the boy.



THE ONLY SOUND . . . WAS THE PLAINTIVE
SIGHING OF THE NIGHT WIND IN
THE HEMLOCK WOODS

"No, Marcus, no!" The big voice was still slow, but the words somehow carried an ominous ring, and the keen eyes flashed into the face of the man on horseback with a look that bore only one interpretation. Then he said to Jimmy, "Let's hear from you, son."

Feeling that he had found a friend in need, Jimmy Downs told his story promptly and without hesitation. "And I can prove every word—give me time," he added eagerly.

The big man nodded slowly and motioned up the road. "The boy's going on with the heifers, Marcus—and you're going to let him alone," he said quietly. "Redfield Barnes is good for the cattle, I'll guarantee that; and you can come back—if you want to," he added meaningly.

Old Mark slowly turned his horse. "I'll fix you for this, Dave Wilder!" he said, choking with anger. "I'll fix you for this!"

"Well," said David Wilder, with his slow smile, "it won't be the first time you and I have locked horns, Marcus." And he turned to follow the boy.

As he came up with him, he laid a big hand on his shoulder and, looking down into the boyish face that was still pale and pinched from anxiety and weariness, said, with his quizzical smile:

"It takes a pretty cute hand to beat Old Mark James, son, but I guess you've done it this time—you and the little red dog. I shall tell Redfield about this myself, I shall. Now you go right up to the house and get a good big hot breakfast—both of you."

"Ploughin' time's here again, Jimmy."

As he addressed the boy, Redfield Barnes pointed toward the creek meadow below, where the first green of the early spring was starting up invitingly. The gray team, driven by one of the farm hands, was turning the first smooth furrows. Followed closely by Bitters, Jimmy Downs was crossing the yard with a little pail of salt for some specially fine-looking young cattle in the pasture near by. At his uncle's words he stopped in surprise.

"Why, I didn't know you were going to break up the creek meadow, Uncle Red! It's the best of the farm, isn't it?"

"I calculate 'tis, Jimmy, the very best. It's for potatoes—'bout an acre of it. Thought maybe you'd like to plant it—all for yourself. It'll raise two hundred and fifty bushels, I shouldn't wonder. Thought maybe you'd like to buy a colt or something bimeby—boys do, sometimes."

Jimmy's face lighted up eagerly, and then, as his eyes rested on the stony hill pasture, as suddenly fell.

"I'd like, Uncle Red, I'd like to awfully; but if I do an acre on the hill for Bitters, I —"

"What's that—Bitters?" said Redfield Barnes quickly. "Well, I've been thinking 'bout that, and I'll tell ye now." He stooped to stroke the soft ears of the collie and perhaps to hide the emotion in his face. "I'll tell ye now, you won't have to tend any potatoes in the hill pasture—or anywhere else—on account the little red dog, not just now—in fact, not ever, Jimmy. No, you needn't say nothin'. I don't want any 'thank you's'. The dog's paid for his keep."



"YOU'RE OUT EARLY
THIS MORNING, MARCUS"

THE next morning, when Greiner got up and went out to wash his face and hands, Ted was finishing at the basin. The pail was empty; so Greiner started up the street with it, to fill it at the hydrant. In front of their tents the members of other squads, who were washing or completing their dressing, looked at him and laughed.

"Hi, Corporal Greiner!" said one, grinning at him good-naturedly. "You and your squad overslept, I guess. Not up at your usual hour."

Greiner, instead of making some amiable response, marched by in silence, very much on his dignity. While he was filling his pail at the hydrant, some one farther up the street called, "All out, fellows, for Corporal Greiner!"

The cry appealed to the humor of the company and was taken up in tent after tent. "All out, fellows, for Corporal Greiner!" And out would come the occupants of the tent, half dressed, to laugh and gibe at the unfortunate corporal.

Greiner had started back with his well-filled pail, when some wag had the inspiration to shout, "Attention, B Company, and salute the corporal!" Immediately the idea became popular; all along the street the cry was repeated, "Attention, B Company, and salute the corporal!" And all along the street in front of their tents the fellows came to attention,—except that they did not "wipe off" the smile,—and each one raised his hand in salute when Greiner passed. To be the focus for the wit and humor of the company was not the kind of eminence that Greiner craved; the expression of his face betrayed his stern displeasure while he walked down the line. The annoying fact, of which he was fully conscious, was that a man cannot look impressive and dignified while carrying a brimming pail of water. If he had had his rifle over his shoulder, he could have defied the ridicule more successfully; a feeling that the crowd had taken the most unfair advantage possible enraged him.

He arrived at tent 26 to find all the occupants standing at attention and saluting—even Carton. Gray was the first one on whom his glance fell—Gray, grinning, derisive, the hateful rival, the author of all his woes; and upon a sudden, uncontrollable impulse Greiner hurled the whole drenching pailful against Gray's face and chest.

Gray choked and sputtered and then made a rush. Greiner parried his blow; the next moment the two combatants had clinched and were rolling over and over in the middle of the street. They were pretty equally matched in point of strength, and the struggle between them attracted and fascinated a crowd of spectators that rapidly increased in size. But the issue of the tussle was still in doubt when Lieut. Wharton came hurrying down the street, pushed his way in among the spectators, and addressed the struggling pair on the ground in stern and angry tones:

"Get up, both of you! Get up at once!"

Neither Gray nor Greiner ventured to ignore that command. They released each other and stood up, a sorry, disheveled, dirty-looking pair.

"What do you mean by rolling round in the middle of the street like two nasty little gutter-snipes?" demanded Lieut. Wharton. "If you have a difference to settle, go off in the woods and settle it with your fists, like men. But don't you dare to carry on this brawling in the camp. You ought both of you to be put away in the guardhouse for twenty-four hours, to cool off."

The lieutenant let his contemptuous eyes travel slowly over the person of each combatant.

"Go and get cleaned up," he said.

Greiner took the empty pail and walked off again toward the hydrant. Gray went into the tent and muttered his indignation to Ted while he changed his shirt.

"Just like Wharton—bawls out the innocent just the same as the guilty! I'd like to know what he'd have done in my place—turned the other cheek, I suppose!"

"Well," said Ted, "I suppose he couldn't wait to find out which of you had started it—he just had to put a stop to the row. Of course he couldn't allow such disorder in the company street. I guess he won't hold it up against you."

"I don't care whether he does or not. He's nothing to me. No boob corporal, or lieutenant either, for that matter, is going to douse me with a bucket of water and get away with it!"

"That's all right," said Ted. "But you don't want to spoil your record; here you

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier
In Ten Chapters Chapter Eight



have started out to be the crack shot of the company, and it would be a pity for you to give yourself black marks in other ways. You'd better just try to rub along with the corporal as peaceably as you can."

"I'm peaceable enough!" grumbled Gray. "But I'm not going to let him or any other man try to drown me and get away with it."

Ted felt reasonably sure that, unless there was further provocative action on Greiner's part, Gray would not insist upon renewing hostilities. He felt still more certain that there would be no further encounters when, after breakfast, he saw Meade and Carton and Adams holding a conference with Greiner at the end of the street. They all were talking to him earnestly, and Greiner was listening in silence.

When B Company fell in to march to the target range, the sun was high; for more than two hours the sound of popping rifles had come to their ears while they had sat on a bank and heard a talk by Capt. Hughes on

bank and scowled at him with disapproval. "Now, you've given a very good illustration of how not to do out-guard work," said the lieutenant in a severe voice, which was loud enough for the whole company to hear. "You've come back to the main body walking in plain view most of the way. You've not only afforded a good target to the enemy, but you've betrayed to them the position of the main body. It's of the most vital importance that patrols should keep under cover and in retiring should not disclose the position of the main body. Your own life may be comparatively valueless, but you must remember that your regiment counts for something."

Having thus served as an unfortunate object lesson to his comrades, Ted was permitted to sit down and rest. In a few moments Greiner and the others of the squad appeared. They had worked through the cornfield and up the gully, keeping themselves well hidden all the while; and because of that fact Lieut. Wharton expressed his satisfaction.

his belt for a clip of cartridges, the sixteen targets rose out of the ground. Ted crammed the clip into the magazine of his rifle and hastily sprawled at full length. He had to shoot without the advantage that he had received in the slow fire, of having the result of each shot immediately demonstrated. He was not sure whether he was firing wide of the target or not, and the uncertainty worried him. He finished with the first clip, jerked the second clip out of his belt, and tried to press it into the magazine. He started it in crooked and it jammed. He worked over it madly, feeling that the seconds were flying past, but his efforts were vain until the soldier took compassion on him and gave him a hand. Then the clip slid into place, and hurriedly Ted took aim and began to shoot. After he had finished, the target remained in sight for some little time before it sank, as it were, into the earth.

"You see, you had plenty of time," said the soldier. "If your piece jams on you, the thing to do is not to get flustered."

The target rose into view again, and Ted watched eagerly while the marker pointed out the result of his shots. Two fives, three fours, three threes—and then the red flag was waved twice.

"Probably missed because you got rattled and hurried yourself," remarked the soldier. "Still, you didn't do so bad."

Ted went back to the scorer's table and got his card on which the total, thirty-one, was

entered. He rejoined the squad and before Stevens began to shoot had figured up his average. It was still high enough to qualify him for the marksman class, if the next three trials did not reduce it.

Stevens did even better than on the preceding day and turned in a score of forty-five.

"Well, Steve," said Gray, with his irrepressible desire to irritate the corporal, "I guess it's you that will be high man to-day."

Greiner had a look of determination on his face when he went forward to shoot. The members of the squad watched for the result with keen interest. Six bull's-eyes were indicated, three fours and a three—forty-five in all. As after the first test, Greiner came back fuming.

"There was no need at all for me to have got that three," he declared. "I hurried my last shot—pulled it off to the left."

"Still, you did pretty well," Gray said consolingly; "you tied Stevens. Maybe no one will make a better score. Then you'll be able to feel terribly proud of yourself."

This satirical sympathy incensed Greiner. "I hope for your own sake you don't make a better score," he said. "I've never seen a head grow in size the way yours has done since yesterday."

"Awfully good of you to be worried about it, old top."

Bradford and Ted smiled; Stevens laughed outright, and in an effort to make peace said:

"It's no use, Greiner, old man. He's got to have the last word; you can't beat him out of it."

"He'll get beaten out of something," said Greiner, so angry that his words were meaningless. "Now, let's keep still and watch these fellows."

Ted glanced at Stevens and imagined that in the faint smile that he observed there was an echo of his own feeling. There was no use in trying to help Greiner through any situation; he was too obstinate and too proud.

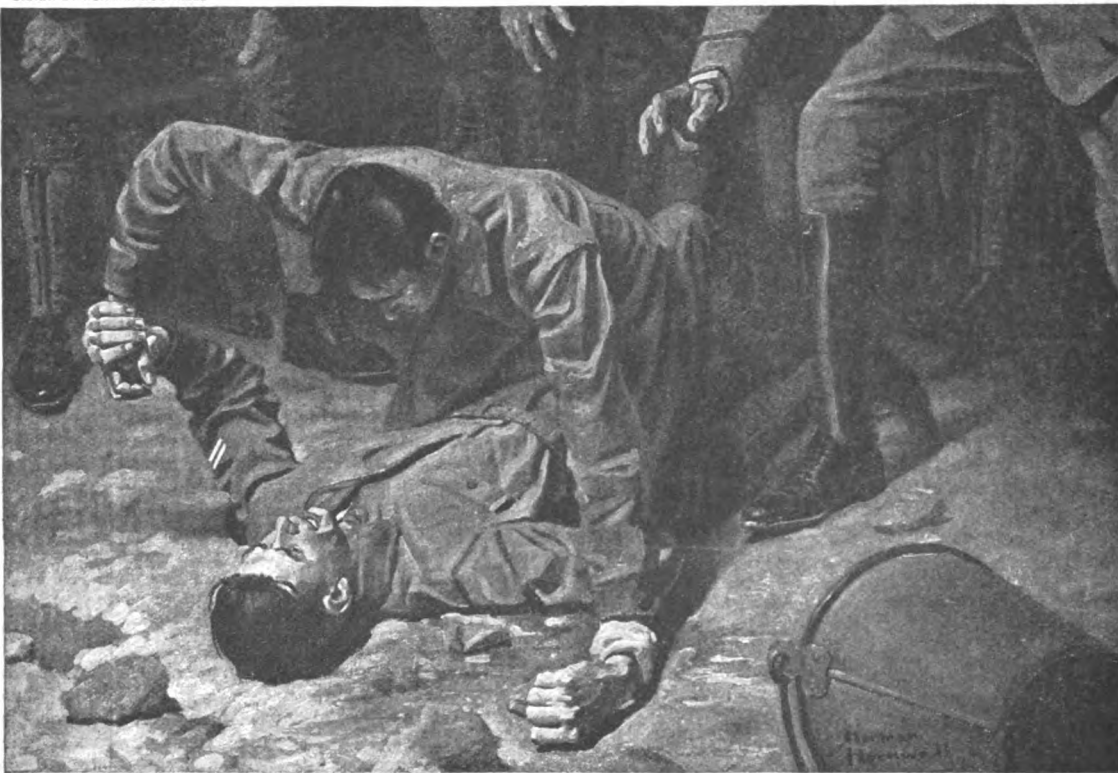
Carton, Adams and Howland all made mediocre scores, as on the preceding day, and Bradford shot even more wildly than before. His face was rueful as he returned after seeing the red flag waved four times.

"I certainly do hate a gun," he remarked.

Gray began to shoot, and while he was at work the members of the squad looked on in silence. When he had finished and the target had gone down, Greiner could hardly conceal his anxiety. He sat cross-legged, with his rifle across his knees, watching intently for the target to reappear. It rose, and the marker proceeded to point out the hits: one bull's-eye, two bull's-eyes, three bull's-eyes, four bull's-eyes, five bull's-eyes,—Greiner plucked nervously at the grass,—six bull's-eyes,—Greiner sat rigid,—seven bull's-eyes,— "A perfect score, I'll bet!" muttered Ted,—eight bull's-eyes,—a dull flush bathed Greiner's cheeks,—and last of all, two fives.

"Good boy!" exclaimed Stevens, as Gray returned and joined the squad. The others,

DRAWN BY NORMAN ROCKWELL



THE NEXT MOMENT THE TWO COMBATANTS HAD CLINCHED AND WERE ROLLING OVER AND OVER

outpost and advance-guard duty, and then had been given a demonstration of the duty and work of outguards. For this, Squad 16 had been one of the two squads selected. Squad 15 was established as a sentry squad behind a clump of trees on a ridge overlooking the road; two men of the squad were posted in observation, while the other six were told off as patrols. Squad 16 was sent forward to furnish a Cossack post on a knoll beside the railway, and patrols to cover the cornfield and pastures lying between this and the ridge on which the sentry squad was posted. The whole sector thus covered was about a mile in length.

From their place on the edge of the ravine, the other members of B Company could see the individuals of the squads selected for the outguard duty making their way along stone walls, crawling through fences and disappearing behind barns and farmhouses. The enemy was supposed to be advancing along the turnpike and the railway, and at the first discovery the outguards were supposed to fall back on the main force. Discovery was signaled by the captain's sounding the company call.

Ted, who had been ordered to conceal himself in the cornfield at a point where he could command a view of the railway for several hundred yards, tried to obey instructions and rejoin his squad without emerging from cover. He went crouching and skulking among the cornstalks, stumbling in the loose, dry soil, sweating under the heavy pack, and at last came out on the edge of a gully that led up to the big ravine on the top of which the company was stationed. He could not see any of the members of his squad, and concluded that they must have preceded him. So, quite unthinkingly, and feeling there was no longer any necessity of concealment, he emerged from the cover of the cornfield, walked along the edge of the gully, and at last clambered up the bank of the ravine and rejoined the company.

Lieut. Wharton met him at the top of the

"That's a good piece of work, Mr. Greiner. One of your men got away from you and came strolling along in the open, as if he was promenading in the park; always make sure that every member of your squad understands the instructions. All right, now; fall in!"

Owing to the praise that he had just received, Greiner recovered in large measure the self-assurance that had been shaken by the rebuke of the morning; and he was so elated that he neglected to call Ted to account for having blundered. He was, however, snappy and on his mettle during the march to the target range, and lifted his voice from time to time to correct some individual ahead of him who was careless about following in file.

The target practice on this morning was at the two-hundred-yard range—rapid fire, from the prone position. A brisk wind was blowing across the range. Capt. Hughes advised the men to take half a point windage—that is, move the wind gauge half a point toward the direction from which the wind came.

"You'll have two minutes in which to get off your ten shots," said the captain. "That's a longer time than you'll think. The chances are that most of you will hurry your shooting unnecessarily. Each man will receive two clips of cartridges and will at once put them in his belt. Don't touch them until you get the order, 'Load!' Now, then, two men from each squad take their places on the firing line."

From Squad 16 Ted and Stevens advanced, gave up their score cards and received the ammunition. Ted was about to throw himself on the ground, but the soldier at the firing point checked him. "Not till after you load," said the soldier.

There were no targets visible—only the numbers designating the targets were displayed. After a moment of nervous waiting Ted heard the officer in the rear shout through the megaphone, "Ready on the right! Ready on the left! Ready on the firing line! Load!" At that instant, while Ted was kneeling in

all except Greiner, had some word of praise and congratulation, and crowded round to shake hands with him.

"You're even better at rapid fire than slow fire," Ted said, marveling.

"I guess it must be easier, if you once get going right," Gray answered.

"I bet you'll be top man again to-day," declared Bradford.

"Oh, I trust not!" said Gray. "Greiner is simply overflowing with pity for me as it is."

"Fix your slings and get all ready to march," said Greiner, feeling that he must say something, and not able to find words to express what was in his heart.

The company was beginning to assemble a little distance behind the firing line.

"Squad fall in!" commanded Greiner. "Follow me."

"I say, Greiner, old top," said Gray, "if I may make a suggestion, wouldn't you order inspection arms?"

"Squad halt!" Greiner faced his men with a glitter of wrath in his eyes. "Attention! Inspection arms!" There was the obedient rattle of the bolt. "Port arms!" Another obedient rattle, and the click of the trigger. "At trail. Follow me."

When he had marched the squad back to the point where the company was assembling, he turned and said to Gray in a savage undertone:

"After this drill is over, I'm going to take you outside the camp and lick the tar out of you."

"You won't need to take me," Gray replied. "I'll go with you with pleasure."

Bradford, standing next to Gray, overheard the exchange and reported it to Howland, who passed it on to Adams; and before Capt. Hughes had called the company to attention everyone in Squad 16 knew that Greiner and Gray were going to settle their differences with their fists.

During the march back to the camp Stevens discussed the situation with Ted. They agreed that an effort to prevent such a discreditable episode as a fight must be made. But when the company had been dismissed and the members of Squad 16 had stowed away their packs, Greiner said to Gray:

"Now, Gray, I'm ready for you."

The pair left the tent and started off toward the woods beyond the camp. Stevens immediately followed and called, "Gray, just a moment! Let me speak to you a second!"

Gray came back reluctantly; Stevens linked arms with him so that he could not escape.

"Look here," Stevens said. "You and Greiner have got to call it off. It won't do either of you any good to pound each other's faces, and it's bad for the squad to have you two quarreling all the time. I'm not saying Greiner isn't to blame, but you know you are impertinent to him all the time, and you've absolutely got to treat your corporal with respect."

"How can I?"

"You've got to. It makes no difference that you don't like him. He's your corporal, and in the field and at other times it's your duty to suppress your personal feelings."

"I admit there's something in what you say; but I'm not going to let him think I'm afraid to fight him."

"He won't think that. Here, come along with me while I talk to him."

Gray followed Stevens reluctantly; he was unwilling that Greiner should think he was welcoming intervention. But he need not have been apprehensive; Stevens dealt with the situation tactfully.

"I've butted in on your little arrangement," Stevens said. "I've been trying to get Gray to call it off, and now I want to persuade you. It won't do the squad any good to have you two come out of the woods in half an hour with bloody noses and black eyes. With the shooting we're doing, there ought to be a good chance of our squad's winning those cups. A row in the squad will prejudice the captain and the lieutenant. For the sake of the rest of us you two ought to bury the hatchet."

"If he wants to apologize for his insolence, I'm ready to accept his apology," Greiner stated.

"Apologize nothing!"

"Now, hold on," Stevens interposed quickly. "You two will have to meet each other half-way. Gray has admitted to me, even if he won't to you, that he's been too fresh. At the same time, I'm bound to say that in my opinion you've been to blame just as much as Gray. You started in by trying to show your authority, and you antagonized all of us. Now, the thing for you both is to do the best you can to pull the squad together; and you'd better begin by agreeing to overlook past mistakes. You can be just as cool as you like to each other; you don't need ever to speak to each other; but it won't do for you to keep up your bickering, and it certainly won't do for you to try to pound each other to a pulp."

At that moment the assembly call for mess sounded.

"There," said Stevens. "What you both need is to feed, not fight."

Greiner looked irresolutely at Gray, who preserved a fathomless expression of nonchalance.

"Well," said Greiner, "there's something in what you say." He started toward the head of the street, where the men were falling in.

"But," he declared truculently, "there's one thing I won't stand for, and that is his calling me 'old top.'"

"I know, I know," said Stevens hastily, fearful lest Gray might on a perverse impulse reply by using the objectionable epithet. "I've

told him that he simply mustn't show disrespect to his corporal. He understands."

"I get you, Steve," said Gray. And that was as near as he would come to making an apology to Greiner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GRIM RAIDER

By Archibald Rutledge

I DON'T know what's doing it, but if it doesn't stop I'm ruined!"

Ben Loftus had been calling up his drove of Tamworth shotes and counting them as they came running with squeals of eager anticipation. Some galloped down the dusky path on the old river bank, and some out of the waste field of wampee and marsh. He had been calling for half an hour, and he knew that all the hogs on the island must now be before him. When he had brought them from the mainland two months before, there had been seventy-five; now there were only sixty.

The young planter realized that a few might have died from common causes; but he also knew that there must be something at work on his drove, something that was taking a shote every few days. He had brought them to their summer range as weaned pigs, and he thought it probable that wildcats had taken some while they were small; but now that they were better able to take care of themselves another raider must be responsible. Loftus was sure that it was not a human thief. What, then, could it be?

As the shotes ate the corn and the cut sweet potatoes that he was scattering, a young sow came limping down the bank. When she neared the drove, instead of mingling with the others, she lay down beside a little birch tree. She would not touch the feed that Loftus threw to her, and she did not try to move when the planter went over to examine her hurts. They were many and deep: there were broad lacerations that looked as if they had been made by some blunt-toothed weapon. There was evidence, too, that the struggles of the captive to escape had widened the wounds.

"She's badly hurt, but she'll get over it," the planter said to himself. "And there's only one thing that could have caught her—the same old marauder that has caught fifteen others, and will get every one of these if I don't get him first. It's nothing but —"

The words were taken from him by a low, moaning sound that swept over the vast, level sedge field and increased in volume and intensity until it became a sullen roar—grim and terrible, weird with the wild menace of death in it, challenging in its insolent savagery.

Some of the Tamworths on the edges of the drove marked the sound and, lifting their heads alertly, winded the danger-tainted breeze from over the marsh. Sharp lights were in their eyes; and their attitude showed that they realized the presence of something familiar and dreaded.

"A bull alligator," said Loftus; "and, judging from the bass solo that he can sing, he must be a monster. Either I get him or he gets all my Tamworths and my year's work comes to nothing."

The young planter had paid a year's rent for the lonely island, which lay in the river opposite his place on the mainland. He had invested a good sum of money in the Tamworth drove, and every shote that he now lost meant a clear eventual loss to him of twenty dollars or more. He had no place on the mainland that would serve as a summer range for his drove; besides, he did not want to lose the use of the island. It was a fine place for raising hogs—except for the presence of this grim raider.

After he had finished feeding his drove, the planter made up his mind to walk round to the back of the island, whence the roar of the bull alligator had come, to find if possible the monster's range and haunts. The bull would make his home, Loftus knew, in the river; but there might be a ditch or a canal leading into the island that the alligator used on his marauding expeditions. If the planter could find such a place, he would know where to lie in wait for a shot. Besides, he was eager to see the robber; but he did not want the alligator to see him, for that would make the beast wary.

Loftus made his way thoughtfully along the old river bank, past whispering canebrakes

and dense jungles of blackberry vines. Along the muddy slopes of the bank he saw the tracks of many wild creatures—minks and rabbits, raccoons and wildcats. When he came to a point on the island opposite the place where he had left his herd, he moved very cautiously; for it was from near there that the roar of the great bull had come.

At one place the old bank that years ago



IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE MOMENT LOFTUS MISJUDGED THE DISTANCE ... AND STEPPED TOO NEAR

had separated the rice field from the river had given way, leaving a muddy crevasse with sloping sides and a treacherous bottom, through which trickled a dingy stream of water. A glance showed Loftus that the alligator could easily use this as a "crawl" from the river into the canal, which ran deep into the old field where the hogs were accustomed to feed. Presently the planter went down to where the drain entered the river; and there in the mud he saw great bear-like tracks leading up out of the river, and marks where a huge scaly body had dragged itself toward the crevasse.

Looking from the river to the old canal, Loftus wondered whether the alligator could even now be in the rice field. Even as he pondered the situation he heard a rush and flounder in the waters of the canal, followed by a hog's squeals of fright and pain. The cries were quickly smothered, and Loftus knew that the grim raider had taken another victim—a straggler that had not come up to feed with the herd. And the monster had done his work within rifle shot of where the planter stood.

The tide was at the low ebb, and there was little water in the canal. Loftus felt sure that the big alligator would not remain there with his kill, but would return at once to the river and plunge with his prey to some subterranean haunt where he could devour the shote at leisure. The planter therefore ran from the river; he had no sooner reached the crevasse than he saw the big reptile coming down the canal, grotesquely wading where the water was shallow and swimming through the deep pools. Gripped in his great jaws was one of the planter's Tamworths, a young, red sow that had been of unusual promise.

The bull alligator had set his head for the river; moreover, his recent kill had awakened his consciousness of power. Between him and the river Loftus now stood, alone and unarmed, but grimly determined not to let the great reptile escape. The planter had stripped off his coat and had armed himself with a stout oak cudgel.

When the raider first saw Loftus, he paused craftily; but it took him only a moment to decide that there was only one way out, for now he came steadily on. He was trapped in

the canal, and the water was running out all the time. He must have known that he was facing a battle, for, with a deft movement of his formidable head, he tossed the dead shote out of his jaws. He was thus stripped for action, and like some dread chimera he came onward.

Loftus knew that when an alligator sights an enemy between him and the safety of his river haunts, he will not change his course, although his enemy be man. It was a dangerous feat that the planter was undertaking, but for all he could tell he might never again have such a chance at the marauder.

Loftus chose his footing carefully, where the mud was shallow and the subsoil quite firm. He knew that he should have to avoid the dread strokes of the bull's massive tail, as well as the powerful jaws. And now he waited for the monster to come.

From the moment when the alligator had tossed his prey aside he had not paused in his course, but had advanced slowly and steadily down the canal bed. He was only ten feet away when his formidable head rose over the hump in the crevasse that marked the line of the old bank. Nor did he then pause for the man who blocked his path; his cold eyes were on the broad river, now in full sight.

"If I can't kill him," Loftus muttered to himself, "I'm going to hit him on the head once for every Tamworth he's killed!"

The great reptile cleared the mound in the crevasse and, opening wide his cavernous jaws, came waddling forward grotesquely, like some huge dragon, straight toward the planter. Gripping his club with both hands for a powerful blow, Loftus at the right moment swung the knotted cudgel upward and brought it down with all his force on the blunt black nose of the alligator. The reptile's jaws closed convulsively and the bulging eyes blinked with the force of the shock, but he did not falter in his course. His broad, malignant head turned somewhat, and Loftus saw that he was trying to get his lashing tail into play.

Again and again, until his hands tingled from the jar, the man struck the bull over the head; but the alligator, although he was plainly weakening, continued his flanking movement. In the excitement of the moment Loftus misjudged the distance controlled by the sweep of the alligator's tail and stepped too near. In an instant he had been hurled violently into the crevasse,

straight in the path of the infuriated bull, which now, with jaws wide and with cold eyes gleaming, rushed down on his prostrate and helpless victim. The planter tried to struggle to his feet, but the blow had almost stunned him. He gasped, half rose, and put up his arm to protect himself; but the alligator, maddened by the blows he had received, was upon him.

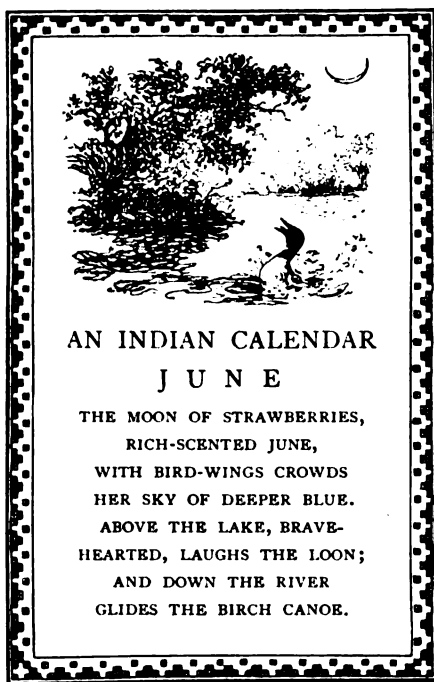
Loftus still grasped the oak cudgel; and now, when the breath of the bull, which was like the breath of death, was in his face, he suddenly lifted his weapon and thrust it into the reptile's cavernous mouth. Instantly the grim jaws closed with a hissing sigh, and the stout oak limb was sullenly ground by the beast's great molars; but when the alligator found that the club was not flesh and bone he relaxed his grip, and Loftus jerked the weapon out.

The bull's momentum had brought him into such a position that his huge head was now parallel to the prone body of the man. Weak and dazed as he was, Loftus managed to get one arm about the monster's neck and to draw himself up on the alligator's back. In that position, precarious although it was, he was safe from both the lashing tail and the terrible jaws. The alligator, seeming to know that, increased his pace toward the river, which was now only twenty feet away. Desperate from fear that his prey was escaping, Loftus summoned all his reserve of strength and, lifting the club once more, struck the bull between the eyes. The monster gave a great convulsive heave and shudder that flung Loftus from his back. In another moment the waters of the river had closed over the huge scaly form of the grim raider.

Picking himself up, the planter leaned against a cypress tree and looked over the river for another sight of the bull. But the monster did not appear.

"I believe I win," Loftus said to himself, "for after the drubbing I gave him it will be a long time before he comes into this canal again."

The planter was right. The raiding ceased, and the Tamworths came unmolested to their maturity; and never again was the island haunted by the destructive monster.



AN INDIAN CALENDAR JUNE

THE MOON OF STRAWBERRIES,
RICH-SCENTED JUNE,
WITH BIRD-WINGS CROWDS
HER SKY OF DEEPER BLUE.
ABOVE THE LAKE, BRAVE-
HEARTED, LAUGHS THE LOON;
AND DOWN THE RIVER
GLIDES THE BIRCH CANOE.

FACT AND COMMENT

MORE foolish words are spoken in earnest than wise ones in jest.

The Trumpet Note of Fame a Hero heeds
But as a call to do still nobler Deeds.

TO double your troubles and lessen your friends, talk about them.

NO wonder that neutral Norway is in anything except a neutral mood! Since the German U-boat campaign began, a fourth of the Norwegian merchant tonnage has been sunk—about 450 vessels out of 2630—and many lives have been lost.

EVERY war puts a heavy burden on the women who wait and work at home, but there was never a war that gave the women a more direct and vital work to do than this war gives the women of America. That work is to prevent the waste of food.

TO indicate some of the difficulties that our language presents to foreigners, a subscriber sends us this: "I sat on the bough of a tree and began to cough, having some dough in my mouth and my feet in a trough. I was not thoroughly tired, though roughly used. Wasn't that tough?"

IT is an unexpected although really a logical development of the war that the nations of Europe should join the United States in making May 30 a day of special honor to their soldier dead. The beginning that was made this year is likely to grow into a world-wide observance of the day in years to come.

AN ironical turn of the wheel of fortune gives Belgium a slice of the German possessions in East Africa that is three times as large as Belgium itself. The region, which has been occupied by Belgian troops under Gen. Tombeur, offers a most advantageous outlet for the commerce of Belgian Congo. Of course the new possessions do not go far to offset what Belgium has suffered at home, but they are something on the other side of the ledger.

WHEN anyone repeats that worn-out gibe that the mighty dollar is the American god, we can at least console ourselves with the knowledge that not all who judge us from the outside accept it as deserved. The Marquis of Crewe, for many years the leader of the House of Lords, said when the Peers commemorated the entry of this country into the war:

I question if there ever has been a community which has so steadily pursued high ideals, which has so conscientiously been swayed by serious impulses, and which has been so uniformly dependent on moral sanctions, as the United States of America.

THE two German raiders, Kronprinz Wilhelm and Prinz Eitel Friedrich, seized by the United States government and now in our naval service, will continue to bear German names, but they are names that Americans will always hold in the highest honor. One becomes the Baron de Kalb and the other the Baron von Steuben. Baron de Kalb, a German officer who had fought for France, came to this country with Lafayette. He was wounded many times and died a prisoner of war. Baron von Steuben, a former aid of Frederick the Great, was one of Washington's most trusted officers, and was known as "the drillmaster of the Revolution."

CORN-MEAL bread, the wholesome food of early days when the settler threw a bag of corn across his saddle and rode to the nearest gristmill, is likely during the coming year to become well known to millions who have hitherto been little familiar with it. Although we have called corn the king of our

crops, it has been relatively little used for food in this country except in the South. The Indians knew its virtues; the Mexicans know them, and among the Europeans so do the Italians. But statistics show that recently the ordinary American has eaten yearly three hundred pounds of wheat flour to fifty pounds of corn meal and other corn products.

THE MISSIONS

WHATEVER hopes were entertained in Europe or in America of benefits that would accrue to the general cause from the visit to this country of distinguished European statesmen and soldiers were fully realized and even exceeded. It is not conceivable that any other step could have accomplished more than the memorable joint mission has accomplished, because the success of the mission has been perfect and complete.

Without straining probabilities, it may be surmised that the revelation to France and England of the true feeling of the American people was the most important result attained through the visit of the commissioners.

The envoys certainly regarded it as their chief duty to give such advice as we might ask for concerning the activities in which we can be most helpful, the best form of the help we can render, the errors into which we might most easily fall. Those duties are diplomatic, military, naval, financial and industrial, and to them the envoys gave most serious attention. But the American people saw in the missions more than their purely practical aim. Here was the military hero who had saved France and the cause that we have adopted as our own, the statesman who had led the House of Commons and who had governed the vast British Empire during eventful years, the deputy premier of France; here were the governor of the greatest bank in the world, other public men of eminence, and soldiers and sailors, all representing the same cause. The American heart thrilled with admiration for the men, with pride that they had come to us, with enthusiasm and patriotism and gratification that we could at last range ourselves beside them, in counsel, in active service in the field, in policing the seas. The people have shown by all their words and actions how deeply they are touched by the significance of the missions.

Wherever the envoys went they were received with almost unexampled expressions of regard and affection. When they spoke they expressed sentiments that found an instant and hearty response from their hearers. Limited as were their tours, few as were the cities they could visit, their presence and their words have pervaded the whole land, united the people and roused the spirit of patriotism within us as perhaps nothing else could have done. No man can estimate the importance of the reflex influence of that mighty work upon the nations that for three years have been bearing the burden of the war.

We are now sending a similar mission to the new Russian republic—similar because at the head of it goes a great statesman of the United States. May success attend it! We cannot help having misgivings; for although our envoys are eminent, and although we are confident that they will perform their duties with skill and discretion, there must be doubt of the stability of the present Russian government. Let us hope that our mission to Russia may be as brilliantly successful as the missions of our brave allies to us.

OUR TROOPS GO TO FRANCE

WITH the registration of the ten million young men from whom the new national army is to be drawn, the mobilization of the entire National Guard and the designation of a division of regular troops for immediate service in France, the United States has given earnest that it does not mean to enter the war merely as banker or commissary for its allies, but as a real belligerent. Its man power, if fully called upon, must in the end exert a tremendous, perhaps a decisive, influence upon the actual fighting, but that power cannot be very extensively employed this year, since the necessary processes of training and equipment will occupy most of the months that are suitable for campaigning in the field.

But the flag is to go to the front at once. One army division, and very likely more as the summer goes on, will be dispatched to take a place in the battle line. We shall have our share, even if it be a small one, in the great war in behalf of freedom and the rights of man. How much material assistance we shall give to our allies is not clear—some at least, although

perhaps not much. But it will cheer and hearten them to see our soldiers fighting at last beside their own; especially it will encourage our sister republic, France, which has so spent itself materially and spiritually in the struggle. The sight of the Stars and Stripes floating beside the Tricolor in the trenches will double the value of the small expedition we shall send.

It will be a wonderful experience for the men of Gen. Pershing's division. They will be welcomed as almost no other band of soldiers was ever welcomed, for their presence in France will have a significance that it is impossible to exaggerate. They carry with them America, a world power at last, forced out of its comfortable isolation by the peril of its sister nations; they carry with them the pledge of the oneness of the New World with the Old, and of its determination to do its part in defending civilization and democracy. It will be a historic moment when they disembark on the shores of France, and every American's heart will beat more proudly when that moment comes.

DRILL FOR EVERYONE

AMONG the gleams of hope in this terrible war is the prospect of military drill for the young, and indeed for all. In England, where the work of the war has at last been most superbly organized, much stress is laid upon military drill for the women who offer themselves for service. Those who enlist under the "Voluntary Aid Detachment"—the "V. A. D.," as it is called—are all asked to submit to military drill for a stated number of hours during thirty-six weeks in the year. The heads of all the departments for women's work in England speak most strongly in favor of the rule. Not only does the training set the women up physically, but it leads to such habits of instant obedience, to such poise and freedom from nervous irritability, that it is worth three times the hours given to it.

What is true for the women of England is true for all of us. There are thousands and thousands of young people in America who will not be likely to have to serve unless the war lasts much longer than we now think it will last. Many of them have reached the troublesome introspective age when self-consciousness is a bother and valuable time is lost in vapors and imaginary troubles. Military drill would give those young people a new outlook on life. They would learn through the mass discipline that is so potent a matter in soldiering that whether an order is pleasant or unpleasant is neither here nor there; that they are not called upon for opinions about what is going on about them, but that all they have to do is to obey instantly whatever order they receive.

One great authority in England said the other day, "The people who have been useless to England are those who have never organized and submitted to training." It is unnecessary to point out what the physical gain will be if all the young people of the country are obliged to submit to military drill and some measure of military training. The Boy Scouts tell the story. Even a few "setting-up" exercises every day would work miracles for our anemic, flat-chested, sallow, restless boys and girls.

THE WELCOME TO JOFFRE

NOT since Dewey returned from Manila have the American people given such a demonstration of enthusiasm for one man as they have given for Marshal Joffre. They have welcomed his colleague, M. Viviani, and the British commissioner, Mr. Balfour, with generous sympathy and profound admiration, but to Gen. Joffre they gave not only enthusiasm but the more precious tribute of affection and reverence. It was Gen. Joffre that millions of people lined the streets of cities to see. It was to gaze at Gen. Joffre that thousands of fathers lifted up their little boys.

There was sound reason for the tribute. The Battle of the Marne was one of the decisive battles of the world; never in any battle that history records was there a greater issue at stake. It was there that autocracy, the foe of civilization, learned that it was not to conquer the world. There democracy was saved; and it was saved chiefly through the skill, the genius and the steadfastness of Gen. Joffre. Ever since those days in September, 1914, he has been for the American people the hero of the war.

It was, however, more than his soldierly qualities that captivated American hearts. The endearing traits that won him the nickname "Papa" Joffre showed in his serene and kindly face. Those who saw him could better

than before appreciate a touching anecdote, perhaps not too well known, that illustrates his tenderness of heart. He had called for volunteers to perform an important but desperately hazardous service. Out of a number of young soldiers who presented themselves he selected three. He gave them their instructions. They saluted and turned to go. "Mes enfants!" called the general with a note of appeal in his voice, and the young men turned back. "Since when do children go upon a long journey without kissing their father good-by?" And the general, with tears in his eyes, kissed each one upon the cheek.

Two incidents in Gen. Joffre's career might be commended to the thoughtful study of Americans in high position. He won the Battle of the Marne only because in the first days of the war he relieved some twenty generals—most of them his personal friends—of their commands. He did not permit personal friendship or political influence to weigh in the balance against incompetence. And he himself, when it came time to relinquish the supreme command in the field, gave way cheerfully to a younger man, and was content to serve his country in a post of less authority than that which he had held.

TRUE AND FALSE ECONOMY

THERE is a story, at which farmers smile, of a thrifty man who cooked his potatoes after laying by the peel for seed. The peel, he reasoned, contained the eyes, or buds. Plants ought to spring from them and bear potatoes in their turn. So they did, and the potatoes reached the size of walnuts. Some newspapers have recommended a similar practice this year, when seed is expensive and everyone is making a garden; and it is true that with skillful cutting, abundant fertilizer and expert cultivation a very small part of the potato, if it contain a bud, can be made productive. But any attempt to cheat nature is bound to fail. Nowhere is the proverb, "Nothing spend, nothing have," better illustrated than on a farm. The sprout should have a decent amount of nourishment from the substance of the parent seed if it is to make a vigorous growth.

The principle thus illustrated has a wide application. Lime, for example, is known to have little worth strictly as a plant food. So some farmers and gardeners count it a waste of time to bother with it. They will feed their crops with true fertilizer and save both time and money. But a soil from which the lime has leached out and which has become sour is like a man with impaired digestion. It cannot assimilate the plant food spread upon it in such a way as to become productive. The lime corrects the acidity by a chemical process; so, in breaking up a fallow field, in planting ground so repeatedly cultivated that rain has washed out its lime, and particularly in making a lawn, few things pay better than a careful examination into the acidity of the soil. Wherever moss and sorrel grow lime is likely to be needed; and if a test with litmus paper shows considerable acidity, true economy dictates immediate treatment.

Spraying for insects and fungi costs time and money. Trees get on and bear some fruit without it. Potatoes ripen after a fashion, although the leaves blacken with blight or are half eaten by beetles. But potatoes thus given over to their enemies refuse to return any profit to their planter. Unsprayed trees unquestionably bear fruit; but the fruit ceases to sell to advantage in the market or to keep in the cellar, and the tree itself fails to make adequate growth. You look at the tip of an apple bough and see the leaves of it curling under the attacks of the aphids. If you will take the trouble to kill the insects with a mild solution of nicotine, you will soon see the new growth start and will learn a lesson about the cost of such seemingly insignificant pests that you will not easily forget.

Pruning is so generally recognized to be good economy that little need be said about it; but to thin out growing plants properly requires more resolution than the average amateur possesses. It seems a sinful waste to pull up half your onions or to pick young fruit when it has set so thick and markets are so bare. But it is good practice if the vegetables are too close to permit normal growth or there is more fruit than the tree can ripen without overstrain. This year, in particular, many young gardeners who look with delight upon the start of their beets, onions and turnips will be disappointed at harvest to discover how small and immature their vegetables seem. The trouble will be that they have crowded and smothered one another. Thinning seems

like waste, but it is real economy; and in such processes continued year after year the worker in the earth learns how just a judge between true and false our Mother Nature is.

CURRENT EVENTS

IRELAND.—All parties in Ireland having expressed dissatisfaction with the form of settlement proposed by Mr. Lloyd George, the Premier announced that the Cabinet had determined to put the future of Ireland into the hands of Irishmen. The new plan provides for a convention, representing every variety of political opinion and religious belief, to discuss the situation and, if possible, to unite on a constitution for Ireland. Even the Sinn Fein revolutionists are invited to be represented, although they do not view the plan with favor, since absolute independence of the British Empire is their ideal for Ireland. The proposal was received with satisfaction by almost all Nationalists, including Mr. Redmond and Mr. O'Brien, and was generally approved by Englishmen of all parties. The chief difficulty promised to be with the extreme Unionist sentiment in Ulster.



JOHN REDMOND

RUSSIA.—The Cabinet has been reorganized by adding several representatives of socialistic opinion, and there is reason to believe that a much greater degree of national unity will result. Prince Lvoff remains the Premier. —The appointment of Kerenski as Minister of War is popular with the army, and several of the generals, including Brussiloff and Gurko, have withdrawn their resignations. The provisional government issued a declaration that Russia would stand firmly by its allies, and that its military resources would soon be employed in active support of those allies. It reasserted its desire for a "peace without annexations."

GERMANY.—The Reichstag adjourned to July 5, when it will meet for a three-days' session. —The Grand Dukes of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Mecklenburg-Strelitz have announced that they will consent to "far-reaching" revisions of the constitutions of those states. Neither of those duchies has at present any popular legislative body whatever. —It was reported that the Imperial Chancellor had proposed to Bavaria the division of Alsace-Lorraine—now an imperial province—between Prussia and Bavaria.

CONSPIRACY TRIAL.—Capt. Franz von Rintelen, David Lamar and H. B. Martin were convicted of conspiracy against the legitimate trade of the United States and given jail sentences. Concerning the other defendants the jury disagreed.

CONGRESS.—The war army bill was finally passed by both houses and signed by the President on May 18. The Senate passed the army and navy deficiency bill, which provided \$750,000,000 for building merchant vessels, and authorized the President to take over ship-building yards throughout the country. On May 23 the House passed the war revenue bill. It had been amended by adding heavier surtaxes on large incomes. In the case of incomes of \$1,000,000 or over the surtax amounts to 45 per cent. —The Senate took up the Gore food bill, which authorizes the government to control the producing, distribution and marketing of food, including the fixing of prices. There was some opposition to the broad powers conveyed by the bill, but the Lever bill, introduced in the House, gives the President far more sweeping powers of control over the supplies of food, fuel and clothing.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—After signing the war army bill, President Wilson set apart June 5 as the day on which all male citizens liable to military service under the new law must be registered. The date for making the selective draft was not fixed. The President also announced that he should not avail himself of the authority to permit volunteer forces to be raised, since his military advisers believed that such a course would be a mistake. Col. Roosevelt accordingly released the men who had enrolled for the division he hoped to take to France. —On May 18 the War Department announced that a force consisting of approximately one division of United States regular troops would be sent to France as soon as possible, and that Gen. John J. Pershing would command the expedition. A regiment of marines under command of Col. C. A. Doyen is to go with this force; with the engineer corps that has already been formed for service abroad there will soon be nearly or quite forty thousand Americans at the front. —The President has ordered the mobilization of the entire National Guard, beginning on July 15. —On May 19 the President made public a

statement to the nation explaining his reasons for desiring legislation to permit very complete control of the food situation by the government, and declaring that if such legislation were passed he should appoint Mr. Herbert C. Hoover as food administrator. —A report from Philadelphia brought the news that Mr. Simon Lake, the inventor, had made plans for a fleet of submarine merchant vessels each capable of carrying a cargo of several thousand tons, and virtually immune from submarine attack. —The United States plans to build thirty-five hundred war planes for its air service this year. —The Italian war commission, led by the Prince of Udine, reached Washington on May 23. Marconi, the inventor of the wireless telegraph, is a member. Capt. Tardieu, the commercial high commissioner from France, has also reached Washington.

THE GREAT WAR

(From May 17 to May 23)

During the week the British made good their hold on the villages of Bullecourt and Roex, and the German counter-attacks in those districts came to an end. There was evidence that preparations were being made for another forward movement, which must now be directed against the new Drocourt-Queant line, which protects Douai and Cambrai.

On the French front the Germans made a number of counter-attacks in great force, particularly at the two ends of the French advance that is directed at Laon. They took back some lost trenches, but made no serious impression on the French line. Air fighting was continuous, and both armies lost a number of planes.

The Italian offensive on the Isonzo front turned out to be a very determined one. Supported by some British heavy guns, the Italians have smashed a number of Austrian positions on the Carso plateau and the left bank of the Isonzo. According to one report, the Italians have taken Duino, which is on the seacoast only twelve miles from Trieste. The main attack, however, was on the strong Austrian positions on Monte Cucco and the Vodice, a few miles north of Görz. Those positions the Italians took by assault; if they can be held, they will make it possible to resume the campaign on the Carso plateau north of Trieste, for so long as the Austrians held them they threatened the flank of any Italian advance.

From Macedonia, French attacks on the heights above Monastir were reported.

There was renewed activity along the Russian front in the form of local skirmishes.

There was a lively sea battle in the Adriatic. A squadron of Austrian light cruisers attacked a line of British mine sweepers in the Strait of Otranto and sunk fourteen of them before Allied war vessels came up and chased the Austrians back into port at Cattaro. Vienna reported a British cruiser sunk in the battle. London admitted that the Dartmouth was hit by a torpedo, but added that it returned safe to port. The Austrian account also spoke of several Italian merchant vessels and destroyers sunk during the raid. Paris admitted the loss of a French destroyer.

There was much indignation in Sweden when it was announced that three Swedish steamers loaded with grain had been sunk by German submarines, although their safety was supposedly guaranteed. The German minister at Stockholm hastened to apologize, but the Swedish newspapers agree that Swedish sympathy for Germany will be less marked as a result of the episode.

The British troopship Cameronia was sunk on April 15 in the Mediterranean with the loss of 140 lives. The fact has just been made public.

The weekly report issued from London on May 23 admitted the loss of 27 British merchant ships, large and small, from submarine attacks.

Serious riots occasioned by an insufficient food supply have occurred in Lisbon, Portugal; it was reported that the Portuguese fleet had been obliged to turn its guns on the city.

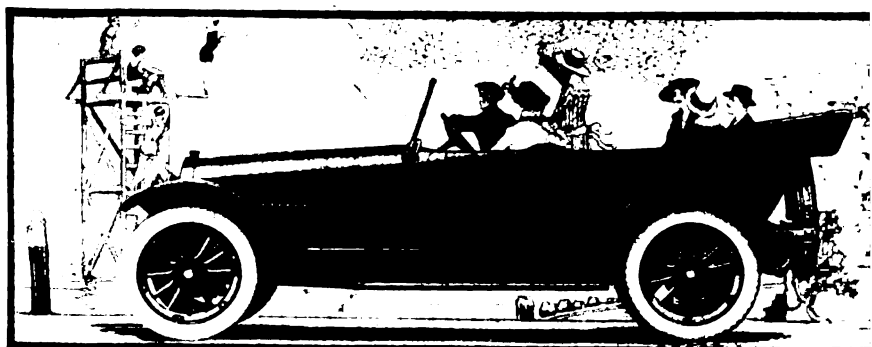
Our State Department has protested to Germany against the detention in Belgium of American citizens who wish to leave that country. It also refused passports to American Socialists who desired to attend the conference at Stockholm, and warned all American citizens against taking part in that conference.

Semiofficial dispatches from Budapest announced the resignation of Count Tisza, the Hungarian Premier; his views concerning franchise reform in Hungary did not agree with that of the Emperor.

On May 18 Sir Robert Borden asked the Canadian Parliament to pass a law for conscription by a selective draft. He said that Canada must raise 50,000 or 100,000 more men. The law is likely to be opposed by the French Canadians and perhaps by the labor party.

Nicaragua has severed diplomatic relations with Germany.

On May 22 President Braz of Brazil asked the Congress of that republic to revoke the declaration of neutrality made when the United States went to war against Germany.



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The reason for this lies in a model factory, built and equipped by John W. Bate. A factory which typifies scientific efficiency, and which saves this year, by its up-to-date methods, about \$4,000,000 in factory cost.

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Everything You Want

You want a complete car. In the Mitchell you find 31 wanted features which nearly all cars omit.

You want beauty and luxury and comfort. We have added 24 per cent to our luxury cost in one year.

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It has taken 14 years and 700 improvements to develop the Mitchells as they are today. Thousands of motorists have been consulted, hundreds of other cars examined. In 1913, John W. Bate spent one whole year in Europe to glean ideas from there.

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Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

\$1460

Four-passenger Roadster, \$1495. Sedan, \$2175. Cabriolet, \$1895. Coupe, \$1995.

Also Town Car and Limousine

Mitchell Junior

—a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor, 1/4-inch smaller bore.

\$1195

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Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

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THE GOLDFINCH

By Odell Shepard

DOWN from the sky on a sudden he drops
Into the mullein and juniper tops,
Flushed from his bath in the midsummer shine
Flooding the meadowland, drunk with the wine
Spilled from the urns of the blue, like a bold
Sky buccaneer clad in sable and gold.

Lightly he sways on the pendulous stem,
Vividly restless, a fluttering gem,
Then, with a flash of bewildering wings,
Dazzles away up and down, and he sings
Clear as a bell at each dip as he flies
Bounding along on the wave of the skies.

Sunlight and laughter, a winged desire,
Motion and melody married to fire,
Lighter than thistle tuft borne on the wind,
Fainter than violets—how shall we find
Words that will match him, discover a name
Meet for this marvel, this lyrical flame?

How shall we fashion a rhythm to wing with
him,
Find us a wonderful music to sing with him
Fine as his rapture is, free as the rollicking
Song that the harlequin drops in his frolicking
Dance through the summer sky, winging so
merrily
High in the burning blue, singing so airily?

THE FAR LOOK

THE oculist leaned back in his chair and surveyed his patient thoughtfully. "Is there a beautiful view anywhere near your house?" he asked.

For a moment Mrs. Parsons frankly stared. The various tests through which the specialist had just put her eyes had not prepared her for any such commonplace question as that.

Then, with a smile, she recovered herself. Even doctors might like to chat a little. "Why, yes," she answered, "there's a very pretty view across to the distant hills from one of my upstairs windows. Some of our suburbs are lovely, aren't they?"

"How often do you look at it?" asked the doctor.

"Why, every day or two, I suppose. You see it best from the guest room, so perhaps —"

"And for how long a time, should you say?"

Something in his tone told her there was a real purpose in his questions. Mrs. Parsons paused a moment to think before she answered.

"Why, perhaps a minute," she said, and then she added with a little embarrassment, "sometimes more, but not often."

"And yet it's a beautiful view?" The doctor's tone was quizzical.

"Yes, it is," she said, "but I'm a busy woman, doctor, and I have to do most of my looking at little dresses and stockings—when it's not family letters or some kind of necessary reading. A house-mother has to use her eyes mostly on things that are close at hand."

"And that is just what tires them," said the doctor, rising. "It is the far look that rests the eyes, Mrs. Parsons. If you wish to cure those eyes of yours, make it an ironclad rule to gaze at your beautiful view for at least twenty minutes a day—preferably thirty. If you keep that rule, you won't need to come to me again in a long time—if ever."

Mrs. Parsons herself told the story months later to one of her friends, and in answer to a question she said delightedly, "Yes, I followed his advice, and he was right; all that my tired eyes needed was the rest of that 'far look.'"

"But I wonder," she added thoughtfully, "if that wise doctor knew for how much more than my eyes he was prescribing. My soul needed rest quite as much as my body, and the re-creation that I gained was miraculous. The twenty minutes soon grew into half an hour, and more. It became the most important part of the day to me."

"Instinctively as I gazed out over that beautiful prospect my mental eyes began to take the 'far look,' too. The little things close at hand didn't seem so overwhelmingly important as they had before I could see further into the future and higher in the scale of values; my mental eyesight grew stronger and clearer along with my physical. It's possible, I am sure, to have eyestrain in the mind and in the soul as well as in the body. And the practice is far too valuable ever to let go. Even in the city, where I have no hills and mountains, I can look up and up into the sky and imagine more miles than I can count. If there is anything better than a stary night for cultivating a 'far look'—in every sense of the word—I have yet to discover it. And oh, how it 'trues' your sense of values!"

ELEANOR'S BIRTHDAY

AND one more thing," said Eleanor. "I know you're going to protest about this—being the kind of family we are. And you understand that I am not criticizing in the least; I am only asking for myself the privilege that I accord everyone else, of living his life in his own way. I don't want—please understand, everyone!—any more birthday celebrations. I know you all love me, and that's all I want. It's so foolish to give me things when I am earning enough to buy everything I need, or to invite people in when we'd be happier just by ourselves. Don't you see, dears? I want the love but not the things."

It was very clear and sensible, of course—Eleanor was clear and sensible, and they were all consciously proud of her, only —

"But, dear," mother began.

Eleanor looked across at her with a smile. "But, mother! Isn't it far better to give the money—if you must give something—to some one in need?"

"But there won't be any secrets!" Pippa cried in dismay.

"And if there aren't any secrets, kitten, then you won't have any terrible time keeping them," Eleanor told her.

She had her way, of course—Eleanor always did. And she went off to her work, gay and contented. She had thought of it just in time—her birthday was only two weeks off. And Pippa would have made her a handkerchief or something with dear, impossible stitches, which she would have had to keep because "the baby" made it; and Dick would have spent his money on some awful thing like perfume; and mother—the laughter in Eleanor's eyes softened to tenderness—mother would have denied herself something she needed to buy Eleanor some

luxury she did not need. Oh, it was so much more sensible just to be loved!

Ten days later Eleanor's work happened to take her near Nina Lavezzo's, and she dropped in for a moment; she was very fond of the soft-eyed little Italian woman. She found her excitedly decorating the tiny rooms with tissue paper and tinsel.

"It is a festa," Nina explained. "Rosa has a birthday. The children have the grand excitement. Carlotta has made a collar, and Pietro, he has built a box—show Mees Eleanor, Carlotta—Pietro! They love best of all the year the festa of Rosa."

Eleanor praised the gifts, but she was thinking of something else. All that day two faces would not leave her—Carlotta's, radiant over her loving gift, Pippa's, with dismay in her big, brown eyes. And there was mother—mother who so loved to make birthday cakes! Had she after all been selfish? At four o'clock she could stand it no longer and called her mother on the telephone.

"Dear, I've changed my mind about my birthday," she said. "It wouldn't be right without my cake. And if the children want to do some bits of things, bless their hearts—Isn't it horrid of me not to see fit so late?"

She hung up the receiver and turned back to her desk. She could still see Pippa's face, but her eyes were shining like stars now. Oh, suppose she had kept on being blind, and hurt them all so!

THE BEAR AND THE BUGLE

IN The Companion for February 12, 1914, writes a contributor, there was an account of a bear that died of fright, which reminds me of a story that was often told me by a man, now old, who in his youth herded geese for a farmer on the St. John River, between Maine and Canada. I cannot vouch for its truth, but the old man was not accustomed to trifle with the truth, and I know his neighbors all gave the story complete credence.

"I was a hearty, lusty kind of critter in them days," so the old man used to say, "and there was very few things I wasn't into and out of. I could reap and bind and use an axe, and I was pretty good at runnin' and wrasslin'. There was an old man nearabouts that was thought to've been a deserter from the English army, and some of us youngsters he showed how to drill; and as I took to it better'n some, he showed me the use of the bugle and taught me some of the calls. He'd been a bugler in the army."

"That year I worked for a farmer who lived on the river near where a small stream made in. The point of land where the two streams arrowed together was very flat and smooth, and it run out to a thin sliver of sand at the point. Back of the point it was covered with thick grass. It was a handsome place to fatten geese, if they were let alone, and that was my job—to make sure nothing bothered 'em."

"The farmer I worked for had a big farm. He raised a power of hay and he tied up forty head of cattle, and the butter he made he sent downriver to the big settlements. And in the fall of the year he'd send down load after load of chickens and geese. Many a night I've been up till daylight gettin' a load of 'em ready to go in the mornin'—a load for a yoke of oxen, mind you!"

"The chickens had the run of the farm and took their own chances of foxes and such, but the geese he looked after more careful, herdin' 'em down where the grass was good and sendin' me to get 'em up at night. The geese had got so they knew me, and would come when I called 'em, and generally they'd come when I'd got to the top of the hill that looked down on the river and blew on the bugle the old soldier let me take. The old gander'd squawk once or twice, and the whole 'b'llin' of 'em would p'int for me, and I'd drive 'em home. I guess there was four hundred of 'em."

"One evenin' I went down for the geese, and when I fetched the top of the hill and looked down onto the flat there wasn't a goose there—they was all out in the night of the river, huddled together in a bunch, lookin' like half an acre of snow ice. Their heads was all p'intin' one way, and when I hove in sight they set up a squallin' that all but deafened me. I never heard such a touse!"

"Thinks I, 'There's a fox there, mebber,' and I sneaked down over the grass to'rds the place where their heads was p'intin'. There was a little clump of basket willow right there on the edge of the bank, and the geese seemed to be squallin' at somethin' hid there. I jealousy it would be a good prank for me to jump into that bunch of willows and let out a blast on my bugle when I lit. I figured it would give that fox somethin' to think of all the rest of his days."

"So down that slope I went, and when I come over against the bunch of bushes I gathered myself and lep' up and out—and while I was in the air I'd 'a' give anything in the world to be able to turn and jump back without lightin', for it wasn't a fox at all; it was a bear, black as a winter mink and as big, seemin'ly, as any cow we had! He was jest risin' to his hind feet and he had his for'ard paws stretched out to'rds me, and I lit right in 'em, so all he had to do was to hug me in and that'd be the last of me."

"It wasn't a question of seconds, even; it was time reckoned by winks of the eye, or less, that the rest of it happened. Just as I come down into the bear's arms, as you might say, his ear come at the mouth of the bugle, where I'd set it to my mouth as I'd jumped, and with the last bit of breath and strength I had, I blowed a blast into his ear—a blast fit to stir the dead!"

"And with that blast," the old man always finished, "I felt his arms, that had been tightenin', grow slack, and only for my jumpin' back smart, he'd 'a' fell on me. Yes, sir, it killed him. That awful clare, like nothin' he'd ever heard in all his life, comin' right inside his ear and head, you might say, killed him as quick as a bullet—mebber quicker. But you better believe I never tried to kill another one that way!"

AN OPPORTUNITY LOST

RUSSIAN peasants have the kind of credulity that arises from a vivid imagination. If you tell one of the daily life in Paris or in London—of the tubes, the underground railways, the telephones—he will tell you plainly that you are jesting with him; but if you should assert that silver and gold were scattered about the streets, he would believe you implicitly, for he has heard many stories of the wealth of the French and the English. Fairy tales and miracles are his native mental fare; facts concern him very little.

The average peasant holds very curious ideas on religion and the will of the Almighty, a characteristic that the author of Petrograd, Past and Present illustrates by means of an amusing story. A droshky driver once drove a gentleman to a certain

bank. His fare, who had money and valuable papers with him, pushed them under the cushions for safety while he did his business; but on returning he found to his dismay that the man had driven off, taking with him the portfolio, which contained among other things notes to the value of several thousand rubles.

The owner was, of course, in a state of great perturbation, and informed the police, who forthwith summoned every day a number of the thousand drivers in Petrograd to report themselves. At last they found the missing one and charged him with the theft; but the poor fellow was astounded, and stoutly denied having taken either the money or the papers. The police searched the cab, and there, sure enough, was the missing portfolio with its contents intact.

The owner was overjoyed and gave the man a handsome reward. But the droshky driver was dumfounded and could not understand the reason for his patron's generosity. When, at last, he learned that the little leather book had contained a small fortune, his sorrow and disappointment knew no bounds. He could not get over his astonishment, and finally hanged himself in disgust at the thought that God had sent him all that money and he had not taken it!

AND NO WONDER

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"Shut that blinkin' door; there's an awful draft in 'ere." —Bruce Bairnsfather in Bullets and Billets.

HOW SILAS HELPED

PLODDING slowly toward the village, Obed Gunney stopped to exchange a neighborly word with Caleb Peaslee. The sun was hot, and Obed rested a heavy parcel on the fence while he mopped his heated face.

"It's somethin' I thought I'd get for my wife, to kind of pleasure her a mite," he explained, "and after I'd got it home I found out that she'd gone and got somethin' 'bout the same ahead of me; and if she hadn't, what I got wa'n't what she'd have wanted, anyhow." He sighed and looked at the parcel despondently. "So I'm taking it back to the store," he added.

Mr. Peaslee expressed his sympathy heartily. "There ain't much use in callatin' to please a woman," Mr. Gunney went on pessimistically. "A man can plan to do somethin' to help one of 'em, or please her, or both, and the chances are that, after he's done it, it'll be jest the wrong thing. Sometimes I'm a good mind to quit tryin'."

Mr. Peaslee smiled comprehendingly. "That was 'bout the way Silas Bent felt the time he tried to help out his sister once," he remarked, "only in the case of Silas, he wa'n't tryin' to help his sister nor give her pleasure half as much as he was plannin' to help Silas."

"This Silas Bent," Mr. Peaslee went on, "was a very snug, sparin' kind of a critter that lived on the ridge road. He had a little farm that he carried on mostly with borrowed tools."

"Right the next place to Silas's, as you went along the ridge, was where his sister, Mary Forbes, lived. She'd married a smart kind of a man that had died and had left her the place and tools to farm it with, and Silas used to depend on her mostly for anything he wanted to borrow."

"Silas had a hoss—that is, he called it a hoss, and it had four legs and switched its tail—but he didn't have anything to hitch into but his farm cart. Mis' Forbes had a couple of express wagons, and Silas got so he used 'em full mornin' she did; he'd jest go and get 'em when he was minded to, 'thout leave or license."

"It so happened one day that he was up there, and he heard her talkin' with one of the women neighbors 'bout paintin' the wagons—'t any rate, they was lookin' at 'em and talkin' paint. Silas done what he come for, whatever 'twas, and put back home, and all he remembered 'bout it was what his sister said last—that she'd get the paint the next day and have it done right off."

"Well," Mr. Peaslee went on placidly, "a couple of days after this Silas was thinkin' things over, and all at once it come to him that he was goin' to need one of them wagons to get to Bangor with pretty soon, and he thought he'd better go up and see whether she'd had 'em painted yet, lest they didn't have time to get dry by the time he'd want to use one. So off he put to see 'bout it."

"When he got there he couldn't find a sign of his sister, but he got to mousin' round, and out in the carriage house he found some cans of red paint settin' in a row on the floor—'nough for a half a dozen wagons, if he'd stopped to think."

"Well, there it was! The wagons wa'n't painted and he was goin' to want one pretty soon, and anyway he'd got so into the way of usin' 'em that he felt a good deal 'sif he owned 'em; so what did he do but turn to and paint 'em both, usin' the paint he'd found."

"He'd jest got the job cleverly done and was standin' there all paint from head to foot, kind of admirin' the way they looked, when a wagon drove into the yard; and when he turned to see who it was, there was Mis' Forbes with a man and a led horse, and Silas didn't have to take two looks at her to see that she was mad clear through."

"I'd like to ask you, Silas Bent," she snapped

out, "what on earth you're tryin' to do here? Where'd you get that paint, and who give you any liberty to paint them wagons, anyway?"

"Silas started to say somethin' 'bout findin' the paint in the barn, and that give her a new and wuss turn. 'I've put up with a lot from you,' she says, 'but this passes bearin'! I got that paint to go over the end of my barn with,' s'he, 'and I traded both them wagons to pay for it, and now you've gone and wasted half of my paint on two wagons that don't belong to me! But I ain't going to lose by it; you can pay me for it or you'll pay a lawyer—brother or no brother!'"

"Well," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "Silas paid, but he done it kind of grudin'. And I overheard him say, a spell afterwards, that it would be a long day fore he ever tried to do anything to help out a woman again. He said there didn't seem to be any please to 'em."

THE HORSES

A RECENT observer of the British methods of training horses for use in the army noticed that at the close of each day's drill there came, following the order to dismount, another order that is without parallel in any other army. It was apparently a single mysterious word: "Muchyerosses!"

The fact that each rider proceeded to stroke, pat or pet his charger, perfunctorily or affectionately, as the case might be, rendered the interpretation clear. The command meant, "Make much of your horses."

The English are a nation of horse lovers, and in the English army horses are as well cared for, both from true humane feeling and motives of economy, as the cruel wastage of war will permit. They are overworked only when they must be, are well fed and often "muched"; and there are horse hospitals for the wounded. But many poor, faithful creatures are sacrificed.

A graphic writer, Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham, has described, with much feeling, the last free run and feed of one of the many troops of horses sent from Uruguay to the battle front. There were five hundred of them, including two beautiful bright bays with white legs and noses, which were known as the twins.

"Whenever either of them stopped to eat, its companion would turn and neigh. On the instant the other would raise its head and gallop up. Arena, our head man, riding beside me, wheeled round on his horse so suddenly that they stood poised like an equestrian statue, looked at the twins and remarked:

"Patron, if they have got to die in the great war, I hope one shell will kill them both."

"The horses smelled the water at the bottom of the hill and the whole five hundred broke into a gallop, with manes flying and tails raised high, and we raced madly by their side until within a hundred yards of the great lake. They rushed into the water and drank greedily, while the setting sun fell upon their many-colored backs and gave the whole herd the look of a vast tulip field."

"After the herd had drunk and had scattered in the lush pasture to feed tranquilly, one of the herdsmen apostrophized them sorrowfully:

"Eat well; there is no grass like that of La Pileta where you go, across the sea. The grass in Europe must all smell of blood."

TRULY EXCLUSIVE

TO a contributor, Mr. W. E. Nesom, we are indebted for this sympathetic and humorous word portrait of our friend the ground hog:

The woodchuck, in his earthen cell,
Will sit all day and pout,
And, like some hermit monk, repel
Attempts to draw him out.

You see him not, though he sees you,
And he will never choose
To propagate acquaintance through
An interchange of views.

Against the "feelers" you employ
He's absolutely proof;
Retiring, reticent and coy,
He holds himself aloof.

With points of view or points of sticks
In vain will you cajole him;
He doesn't care for politics,
And you will fail to pole him.

With burning word or burning twig
'Tis useless to endeavor;
They leave this little stoic prig
Reserved and cold as ever.

He never makes advances, nay,
And when that burden's laid
On you, you have to pick your way—
Unless you use a spade.

A MIGHTY MONOLITH

A WRITER in the Christian Herald says that he had heard great stories about the pyramids, but that after seeing the stones at Baalbek, those of the great pyramids looked like children's building blocks. In the quarry is a stone on the upper surface of which a troop of cavalry could stand. It is squared on five sides, but not yet detached from the ledge.

The Arab legend is that a female giant was carrying the stone when she heard her baby cry. She dropped it there, and no one has moved it since. If that baby had not cried for its mother, there would be to-day in the walls of the temple a stone seventy feet long and fifteen feet square! Doubtless it will some day justify the amount of work done upon it. At present it helps six hotels, a dozen curio shops, a score of muleteers and a station master.

CONSERVING HIS ENERGY

CLARENCE announced his approach, says the Chicago Herald, by a rising succession of howls. "Oh, my finger! my finger!" he cried. "Poor little finger!" his mother cooed. "How did you hurt it?"

"With the hammer."

"When?"

"A long time ago," Clarence sobbed.

"But I didn't hear you cry."

"I didn't cry then; I thought you were out," said Clarence.

A SAD AWAKENING

THE foreman of a construction gang was walking along his section of the railway one day when he came upon a laborer fast asleep in the shade of a fence. Eying the man with a stern smile, he said:

"Slape on, ye idle spalpeen, slape on. So long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake up ye're out of wurrk!"



CHILDREN'S PAGE



THE DAISY MONTH

BY MARY BULL

This is the best of all the months,
For school is ending soon;
And that is where it gets its name—
"The daisy month of June"!

WHAT MADE THE DRAGON FLY

BY ABIGAIL BURTON

THERE was once a dragon fly—only he did not fly. He just crept round the edges of the pond, and swung on the reeds for exercise, when the wind was not too strong, and cuddled to sleep in the heart of a big water lily.

Oh, he was a terrible coward! His wings were big, beautiful, gauzy ones, but instead of spreading them over his back and floating off into the sunshine he kept them folded tight. And the very thought of flying made him shiver so that he tumbled into the mud and got himself all sticky.

No wonder that they called him Dragon Creep!

It was not a bit of fun being a dragon creep. The sunlight and the flowers seemed so far away! And his legs would wobble! You see, they were annoyed at being used so much. Of course they did not mind carrying Dragon Creep a part of the time, but they thought that the wings should do their share.

And the other pond people were most unpleasant. The butterflies and the moths were too polite to say anything, but it was plain that they did not care to associate with a coward; and the gnats and the water bugs and their friends were always poking fun at Dragon Creep, till, really, he hated to be seen.

One fine morning Dragon Creep was picking his way to shore across the lily pads.

The going was decidedly bad. The lily pads bobbed up and down, as the wind blew waves across the pond, and Dragon Creep was wet to his knees. He felt sure that he should be drowned, without even having had breakfast.

"Hello, Dragon Creep!" shouted Warty Water Bug.

Dragon Creep made no answer; he particularly disliked Warty Water Bug.

"There's a big wave coming!" shouted Warty Water Bug.

"You'll be drowned sure," said Longish Lizard.

"See him wobble!" cried Gnaughty Gnat.

Dragon Creep was only a few inches from shore; but just as he reached the last lily pad it drifted off in the wind.

"Mind your step," said Warty Water Bug, laughing, and kicked with all his legs against the leaf that held Dragon Creep.

Dragon Creep sat down suddenly. He was wet now to the chin, and his legs shook so that he could not get up on them again.

"Ho! ho!" said Longish Lizard, chuckling.

"So you're taking a bath!"

"Don't forget your ears," said Gnaughty Gnat, giggling.

"Is there room for me?" asked Snarly Snail.

And with that he climbed upon the lily pad. Gnaughty Gnat and Warty Water Bug lighted on the upturned edge, and Longish Lizard settled in the mud close by.

You should have seen how that lily pad rocked! Dragon Creep felt that he had crept his last. And without any breakfast!

He must have looked hungry, because Snarly Snail said, with a wink at the others, "I had a fine meal at the Cressess' just now."

"So did I," said Warty Water Bug. "They set a good table."

"Where do you eat, Dragon Creep?" asked Gnaughty Gnat.

"It's none of your business!" cried Dragon Creep angrily.

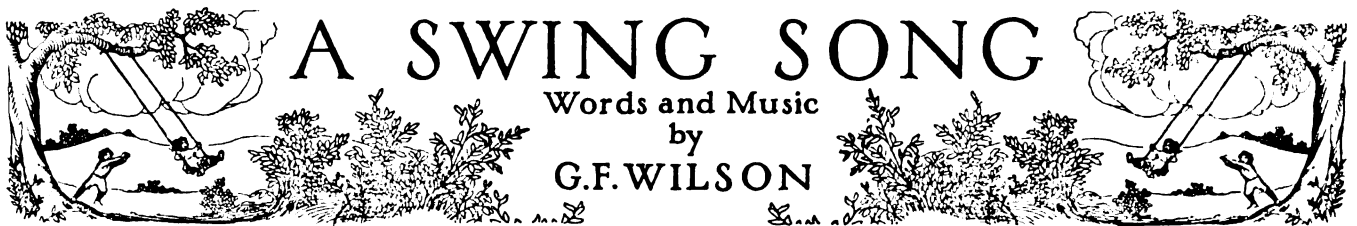
The last lily pad had not yet drifted back; but something floated in its place—a black, scaly stick. What bridge could be better? Dragon Creep waded to the edge of the leaf, and stepped upon the stick.

There seemed to be a joke somewhere. If Dragon Creep had looked, he would have seen how Gnaughty Gnat poked Warty Water Bug in the ribs, and how the others covered their faces to keep from laughing aloud.

But Dragon Creep did not look; he was busy crossing his bridge. And he had got quite to the middle of it, when—"Ho! ho!" cried the bridge suddenly.

Dragon Creep nearly lost his balance, as you may imagine. But worse was to follow; for with astonishing swiftness the bridge caught its tail in its mouth and began whirling round and round on the top of the water. Did anyone ever hear of a bridge's acting like that?

Dragon Creep, too, went whirling round and round on the back of the bridge. He was frightfully dizzy, and he knew very well that



A SWING SONG

Words and Music
by
G.F. WILSON

1. Swing-ing in the old ap-ple tree, To a sleep-y tune,
2. Swing-ing in the old ap-ple tree, This is sum-mer joy,
3. Up and down I go in the swing, Skim-ming o'er the grass;

Allegro

Moderato

Hummed by all the breez-es, In the month of June. Lit-tle leaves a flut-ter Sound like danc-ing drops
Fun for all va-ca-tion, Don't you think so, boy? Up and down I see-saw, Mer-ry and at ease,
Ap-ple blooms and dai-sies, All a wo-ven mass. I am like a sail-or, Rock-ing on a mast,
sempre staccato

ril. *Tempo di valse*

Of a brook on peb-bles, Song that nev-er stops. Swing-ing in the old ap-ple tree, To a
Care-less as a brook-let, I-dle as the breeze. Swing-ing in the old ap-ple tree, To a
All the world my good ship, Ho! she sails so fast. Swing-ing, swing-ing, O what fun! One more

molto ritard on last time *perdendosi*

sleep-y tune, . . . Hummed by all the breez-es, In the month of June. . .
sleep-y tune, . . . Hummed by all the breez-es, In the month of June. . .
push up high! . . . Now the swing-ing time is done, Let the "old cat die." . . .

Sva loco *ril.* *perdendosi*

the black, scaly stick was nothing in the world but Slippery Snake—not a bridge at all.

What was Dragon Creep to do? If he tumbled into the water, he would drown. If he kept on winding up, he would never get unwound again so long as he lived.

Just then Slippery Snake took his tail out of his mouth and snapped himself like a whip. Dragon Creep went sprawling, and then—

His wings unfolded! They opened of themselves, in the way they had always longed to do, only Dragon Creep would not let them. They fluttered and trembled at first, but off they floated, up, up, into the sunlight, and carried shivering Dragon Creep with them.

You have no idea how delicious that sunlight felt! Dragon Creep forgot that he had ever been frightened. How delightful it was to have wings! And that was just what his legs were thinking. Dragon Creep lighted on a cat-tail. It was pleasant to be dry and warm again and to find some breakfast. But he scarcely took time to eat. Away he flew in circles—for he was still dizzy—high over the pond.

The butterflies and the moths saw him. "He is no longer a coward," they told one another, and bowed to him as they passed.

Oh, but Dragon Creep was happy!

"I shall never creep again!" he cried. "I shall always fly, fly, fly!"

And that is how he changed to a dragon fly.

GAMES OF OTHER DAYS AND LANDS

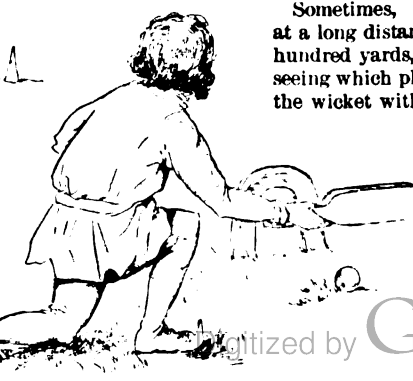
BY HARRIET O'BRIEN

IV. PALL-MALL

Five hundred years or more ago the young people of France had a game that they called *paille-maille*. In the time of Charles I, or perhaps a little earlier, the young people of England took up the game and called it pall-mall—which they pronounced "pell-mell." It has not been played in recent years, but it was the beginning both of the game of croquet and of the game of billiards. The players used a large wooden ball, a wicket or iron arch and a mallet or heavy bat. The object of the game was to drive the ball through the wicket and hit a stake or other mark beyond it.

Sometimes, however, the ball was placed at a long distance from the wicket, even several hundred yards, and the contest took the form of seeing which player could drive the ball through the wicket with the fewest strokes, or whether

any player could drive it through in a certain number of strokes agreed on in advance. In London the game became very popular in the seventeenth century, and one of the best-known alleys, that of St. James, was eight hundred yards long, and made of hard sand "dressed with powdered cockleshells."



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ARIE SCHOONHOVEN WOULD SIT ON THE DIKE PEERING INTO THE LOWERING LAKE

MYNHEER SCHOONHOVEN

By Gerrit Verkuyl, Ph.D.

ONE summer evening, not many years ago, as I was wandering aimlessly through the drained bottom lands of Haarlem Lake in Holland, I overtook an old man and walked on with him. His thin, white face was graced with a silver beard that fell in tresses over his sunken chest. He had been tall, but now he was stooped with age.

He wore garments that had been in style more than half a century before: knickerbockers gathered at the knees with silver buttons, and black woolen stockings that terminated in low, fancy shoes, the heavy clasps of which had been fashioned out of beaten silver. His vest was of clerical cut, but it lacked one button at the bosom and was slightly open there, as if to show the white shirt underneath. Close-fitting about his neck he wore a dark silk kerchief, such as in the earlier part of the nineteenth century used to be substituted by the country gentry of Holland for the linen collar of the city. Topping all was a high silk hat with narrow rim.

Mynheer Arie Schoonhoven was one of the rare survivals of the old Dutch gentlemen of the farm. It was not long, however, before he let me know that his heart was not on the land but on the water. For on the water he had been born; on the water he had spent his childhood, and on the water he had hoped to live and die. But when the lake of Haarlem was drained some seventy years ago the waters had been taken from under his feet. Willy-nilly, he had been forced to quit ploughing the deep, and ever since he had followed the plough in the field and had raised grain where once the nets had stood and the ships had felt the breezes. His love of the water had never died, and he was glad to tell me the story that made him muse during the evening of his life.

His grandfather, for whom he was named, had been the last of a long line of barons that traced their ancestry into the eleventh century. The ancient castle round which the modern village of Schoonhoven nestles has long since crumbled into ruins. It had been razed to the ground during the days of William the Silent, because a Schoonhoven had fought for his country against the tyranny of Spain. Later it had been rebuilt; but when toward the close of the eighteenth century the French revolutionists invaded Holland, it was leveled once more and the dwellers were driven away.

After many years of wandering, Mathys Schoonhoven, the father of my companion, settled in the beautiful town of Aalsmeer, on the east shore of the lake of Haarlem and about halfway between Amsterdam and Leiden. He had still sufficient money to purchase a well-built ship, with which he plied between the two cities on either side, a distance from each other of some twenty-five miles. During most of the year the entire family were with him on the ship. Their one room had to do service as kitchen, dining room, library, sitting room and dormitory, but it was sweet and clean and sunny.

During the winter months, when the ice was thick, the boat lay idle at Aalsmeer. That was the time for school attendance, which was not possible for at least nine months of the year. Mother Schoonhoven tried to instruct her children; but with the ship tossing about and new things to see every moment except at night, her teaching did not carry them far.

While the old man was ruminating so pleasantly over bygone days, a cloud of sadness crept slowly over his face. For a few long minutes he stood gazing at the fields about us; then he turned to me with a query as to whether I cared to hear what was uppermost in his mind. Of course I begged him to tell me.

In the early spring of 1838, after the ice had broken up, his father had sailed out for

Amsterdam to carry a cargo from there to Leiden. Mother Schoonhoven and the children never saw him again. But it was weeks before the tragedy became absolutely certain to them.

On the morning of the third day, as they learned later, Mathys Schoonhoven left Amsterdam. At seven o'clock that morning, three hours after leaving the city, he passed out of the peat-bog canals and made for the lake of Haarlem. At nine that same morning other ships sailed out of the lake into the peat-bog canals for the city; but none had seen Schoonhoven's ship. In those two hours, therefore, the ship and its crew had met their fate. A careful search was made by friends of the family and even by the government, but never a clue was found to unravel the mystery of that sudden disappearance.

Arie was then fourteen. He had expected to follow the mast and had apprenticed for no other trade. During those anxious weeks he grew from a careless boy into a thoughtful man. He was the oldest, and he determined to support his loved ones as God gave him strength.

The years of struggle that followed he spoke of hastily. They probably provoked no pleasing reminiscences. One thing, however, stayed with him through his every experience: he must some day discover where the noble ship went down and if possible what was the cause of its disaster. Since the ship had gone down between seven and nine the possible area was very limited. Somewhere within a space of some twelve square miles lay the ship and all that it contained.

A few years after the accident the government of Holland decided to undertake the gigantic task of draining the lake of Haarlem, which was gradually eating its way toward Haarlem, Leiden and Amsterdam. Next to such feats of engineering as the digging of the Suez and the Panama canal, this is probably the most daring enterprise of the last hundred years. They threw a dike round the fifty thousand acres of lake, and without a single flaw drew those untold billions of gallons of water upward to a height above sea level, and then poured them out to help fill the ocean.

After the draining had well started, and here and there a hull began to show above the surface, Arie Schoonhoven would sit on the dike of evenings and on Sunday afternoons, peering into the lowering lake. Every piece of mast or rearing prow challenged his keenest attention; perhaps he might discern the shape of his father's ship or even read its lettered name on the stern.

The bottom was strewn with the ships of many centuries. My friend tried to picture the scenes he witnessed as the water lowered every day. The wrecked vessels had never sunk deeply into the clay, but were for the most part lying on their sides. Smaller ones had lurched forward in their final plunge and now were standing on their heads, like boys at play. Older ships, wrecked hundreds of years ago, looked like so many fortresses. Their sides were thickly walled with the accumulation of ages. Here and there an opening remained as if for cannonading. To make the impression more striking, there were gathered about those older wrecks sunken vessels of every description whose ruin they had occasioned.

No sooner was the work of draining finished and the new land offered for sale, than Arie Schoonhoven bought as large a section as the government allowed to a single owner—about one hundred and fifty acres. He had carefully studied the probable location of the shipwreck, and felt convinced that the farm he had bought contained it. The ship itself, he had learned earlier, could never be identified. Too many hands had been there to dismantle every wreck almost before it emerged.

But there must be other evidences of his father, if he could only find them.

Years passed by with nothing but disappointment, until he had virtually given up all hope. One day he was ploughing a field that had never before been broken. On the up-turned soil, as he happened to cast his eye there, lay a rusty-looking tobacco box. Although the thing was probably of no value, he picked it up and carried it to his home in the evening. After a night in oil it yielded to his efforts to open it, and proved to be of silver. Inside the lid were the initials "A. S.," the same as his own. Above the letters he discovered the engraving of a farmhouse that had touches here and there of an ancient castle. It was a figure of the old family estate, "Schoone Hove," or Fair Estate. The blackness of the silver convinced him that the box had seen fire, and he still believes that fire was the cause of his father's disaster.

A few years later his laborers were digging a narrow ditch when they came upon a human skeleton. Near by were several pieces of gold and silver, bearing the image of William I, King of Holland; the most recent date among them was 1836. Most interesting of all was a huge watch. The case fitted so well that not a drop of water had entered the works even then. The big watch proved to be one of a well-known English make.

Mynheer Schoonhoven knew that his father had carried such a watch. If only it could be identified beyond a doubt he would feel more content. Inscribed on the outside of the inner case he found written, "Eduard Hill, London, No. 1691." Searching his father's papers, he came upon the corresponding name and number and so completed the identification.

To-day, if you should visit the Aalsmeer cemetery you might find among the family tombs one of Schoonhoven that bears, translated, this inscription: "Here lies Mathys Schoonhoven. Born Jan. 16, 1782. Shipwrecked March 4, 1838. Buried October 9, 1839."

My friend, after telling the story, reached into his vest pocket and brought out the same beautiful watch. Of late it had not run as perfectly as had been its wont; but he never would carry another. And he had willed it to his grandson, also an Arie Schoonhoven, already grown to manhood.



THE FRENCH PEASANT AND WAR

THE backbone of the French army, as he is the backbone of France, is the French peasant, says Mr. Henry Sheahan in A Volunteer Poilu. He has three very good qualities: endurance, patience and willingness to work. Apart from those characteristics, he is an excellent fellow by himself; not jovial, to be sure, but solid, self-respecting and glad to make friends when there is a chance that the friendship will be a real one. He does not care very much for the workmen of the towns, the *outriers*, with their fantastic theories of universal brotherhood and peace, and he hates the *député* whom the workingman elects as he hates a vine fungus. A needless timidity, some fear of showing himself off as a simpleton, has kept him from having his just influence in French politics; but the war is freeing him from those shackles, and when peace comes he will make himself known; that is, if there are any peasants left to vote.

Another thing about the peasantry is that trench warfare does not weary them, the constant contact with the earth having nothing unusual in it. A friend of mine, the younger son of a great landed family of the province of Anjou, was captain of a company almost exclusively composed of peasants of his native region; he loved them as if they were his children, and they would follow him anywhere. The little company, almost to a man, was wiped out in the battles round Verdun. In a letter I received from this officer, a few days before his death, he told me that his company was waiting, in a new trench, for the Germans to attack. Suddenly the tension was relieved by a fierce little discussion carried on in whispers. His soldiers appeared to be studying the earth of the trench.

"What's the trouble about?" he asked. Came the answer:

"They are quarreling as to whether the earth of this trench is better for cabbages than for turnips."

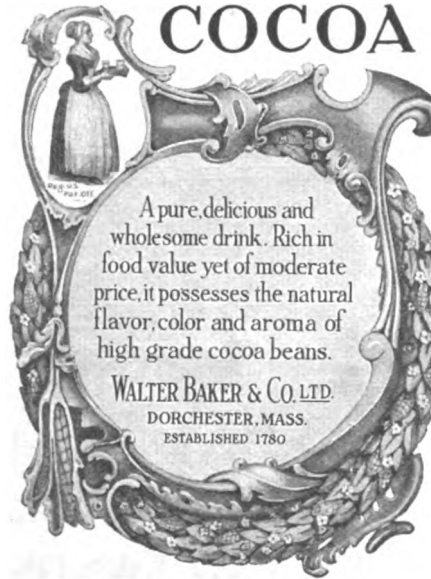


ENCOURAGING TO DULLARDS

LIKE Newton, Herbert Spencer in his school-boy days showed no aptitude for study.

Hugh Elliot, his biographer, says of him that "he was very backward as a boy in the ordinary subject of children's lessons. . . . Morally, he was extremely disobedient and contemptuous of authority." At thirteen, he "found the discipline of his school more severe than he cared about, and he ran away home to Derby again, walking forty-eight miles the first day." Yet, as a man, "without money, without special education, without health," says his biographer, "he produced eighteen large volumes of philosophy and science of many diverse kinds, published a variety of mechanical inventions, and on endless other subjects, great and small, he set forth a profusion of new and original ideas."

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Your Dad can tell you about Winchesters. Ten to one he had one himself when he was your age.

Ask him if he doesn't still remember the first time he pulled the trigger, if he still doesn't feel the spell of *trigger magic*.

You know what trigger magic is. It's that thrill you get when you crook your finger and see the bottles you are aiming at break into hundreds of pieces. Your eye can't follow the bullet, but it goes straight as a die right where you want it to go. That's what gives you that glow of pride.

Get Dad on your side

Tell him what a gun will do for you. Tell him it will teach you responsibility, self-control, self-reliance, and make you a good citizen of the future.

Tell him that sooner or later your natural interest in a gun is going to make you get your hands on a gun, so the sooner you learn the correct use of a gun the better. Remember it's just as important for you to know how to handle a gun safely as it is for you to know how to swim.

How'd you like to own one of these medals?

There's only one thing you could show the fellows with more pride than a beautiful, shiny,

brand-new Winchester—and that's a Winchester Silver "Marksman" Medal, or a bright Gold "Sharpshooter" Medal.

Just look at the medal on this page. Wouldn't you like to own one? Read underneath it and find out how you can win one just like it. Then go to Dad. Ask him now. Of course you'll tell him it's a Winchester you want.

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The Winchester Company is the greatest organization of its kind in the world. It makes a gun that cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.

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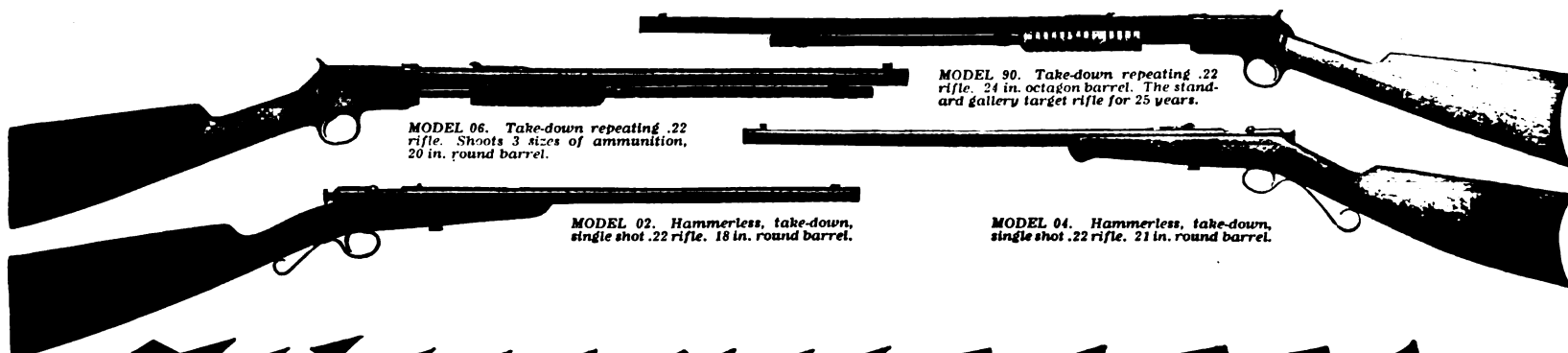
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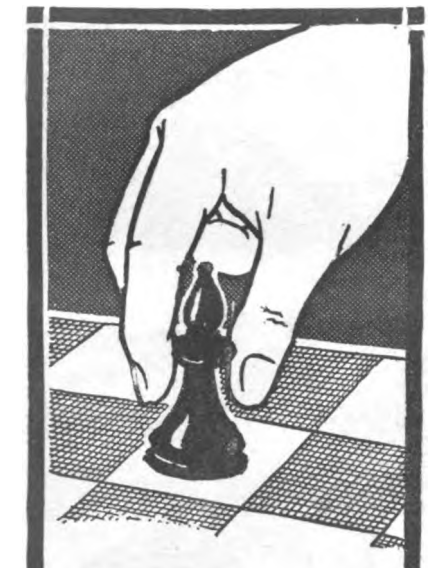
MODEL 02. Hammerless, take-down, single shot .22 rifle. 18 in. round barrel.

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NATURE & SCIENCE

AN AGED GANDER.—The birds that live to a great age are comparatively few. Gulls have been known to reach forty years, parrots frequently live eighty years, and swans nearly as long. Ravens and owls usually die somewhat younger, but there is good reason to believe that eagles and falcons sometimes live more than one hundred years. Of barnyard fowls, ducks and geese live longest. Mr. D. MacLachlan, of Islay, Scotland, writes to the Field that he has a gander that is now sixty-six years old. For forty-five years it belonged to the proprietor of a hotel at Bridgend, Scotland. Twenty-one years ago the father-in-law of the present owner bought it. Mr. MacLachlan says that the gander looks as well and as young and seems as active as it ever did. There is no doubt about its age.

THE FUTURE OF FLYING.—In an interview with a writer for Harper's Magazine, Mr. Orville Wright predicts that the aeroplane will play a great part in the new order of things that will follow the war. He believes that it will be in great demand whenever it is necessary to travel at great speed. By aeroplane it will be possible to go from New York to Chicago in eight or ten hours instead of in twenty, as at present; and to San Francisco in two days. Furthermore, it will be useful in transporting small packages and very valuable freight to remote regions that the railway cannot reach. There are thousands of such places in the West, in Alaska, in South America and in Africa. Mr. Wright thinks, too, that flying will become a popular sport, the greatest yet devised. He says: "It is far more exhilarating and delightful than the automobile for high speed, and far safer. The time is not far distant when people will take their holiday spins in their aeroplanes precisely as they do now in their automobiles. Long tours in the air will offer greater relaxation from the daily grind than long railway journeys. People need only recover from the foolish impression that it is a dangerous sport, instead of being, when adopted by rational persons, one of the safest. It is also far more comfortable. The driver of an automobile, even under the most favorable circumstances, lives at a constant nerve tension. He must keep always on the lookout for obstructions in the road, for other automobiles, and for sudden emergencies. A long drive is therefore likely to be an exhausting operation. Now, the aeroplane has a great future for sporting purposes, because this element of nerve tension is absent. The driver enjoys the proceeding as much as his passengers, and probably more. He can make mistakes, even lapse in his attention, without any serious consequences. Winds no longer terrorize the airman. Newspaper readers will remember that, ten years ago, my brother and I carefully selected the days in which we made our flights. Some days, when there was too much wind, we would not fly at all. But we have learned now how to fly, and even strong gales do not now frighten the flyer. He goes up any time except in the very bad days. The only wind conditions that deter him now are the kind known as 'cyclonic,' when there are great twists in the atmosphere. Under these circumstances he does not fly."

FLY POISONS.—Well before the period when warm weather is likely to fill the house with flies, the United States Public Health Service has issued a small pamphlet entitled Experimental Studies With Various Fly-Destroying Agencies. The pamphlet contains the results of experiments with the so-called dangerous fly poisons; that is, those that are dangerous because of the chance that small children, or others who are ignorant of their poisonous character, may taste or swallow them. All those poisons the Health Service considers as unsafe, and discourages the use of them. The government experimenters found that among various agencies that they tested there were none more effective or less dangerous for household use than the one-to-five per cent solution of formaldehyde. The government instructions for preparing and using it are as follows: To a pint of water add three teaspoonfuls of commercial formaldehyde. It is not expensive, and can be bought at any drug store. Take one or more thin table tumblers and fill each one of them half full, or more, of the solution. Cut a piece of blotting paper into circular form, slightly smaller than an ordinary saucer. Place the blotting paper in the saucer and then invert the saucer over the tumbler; next, holding the hand on top of the tumbler and the saucer, quickly invert them. Then place a match under the edge of the tumbler. That will break the air seal and allow the fluid to percolate slowly into the blotting paper, and to keep it moist, so that the flies can drink from it. The experiments made by the government inspectors show that the solution in the strength mentioned is not repellent; on the contrary, it attracts flies, and usually kills them within two or three minutes.

WOLF'S COMET.—It is highly probable that sometime during the month of June we shall be able to see in the vicinity of the constellation of Pegasus Comet B 1916, which was discovered just within the orbit of Jupiter by Prof. Max Wolf of the University of Heidelberg on April 27, 1916, and which is one of the greatest known comets. When discovered it was about 400,000,000 miles from the earth, or more than four times as far as the sun is, and a greater distance than any other comet at the time of its discovery. The fact that it was visible at such a great distance, both from the sun and from the earth, makes it an object of deep interest to astronomers. Its motion is so slow that its possible orbits range from an ellipse, with a period of about fifty years, to an orbit slightly hyperbolic. Until it has been observed for a considerable time we shall not know whether it will ever return to the solar system. The number of comets that are discovered and recorded is enormous, but most of them are telescopic—that is, are visible only through the telescope. Those that are conspicuous are few. Comet B 1916, as its name indicates, was the second to appear in 1916. Periodic comets arrive approximately on schedule time, but some that travel in greatly elongated ellipses approach the sun only once in hundreds or even thousands of years. Donati's great comet, of 1858, takes two thousand years to complete its circuit. Halley's comet, which made its last return in 1910, has the longest period—seventy-six years—of any comet classed as periodic. Continued returns of periodic comets to the sun tend to reduce them greatly in size and brilliancy, which explains why Halley's comet, the largest and most noted of periodic comets, was such a disappointment in 1910.

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THE MODERN TREATMENT OF WOUNDS

SINCE the days of Lister, the famous English surgeon who taught the world the antiseptic treatment of wounds, such injuries have become far less dangerous to life. Formerly it was to be expected that wounds, whether produced by accident or by the knife of the surgeon, would suppurate and give trouble before the healing process could begin. Then came Lister with his theory that absolute antiseptics was possible, and his discovery that the formation of pus in a wound was always the result of infection and might be prevented.

In former times infection was often the result of carelessness on the part of the surgeon or the nurses, but no one realized that fact because no other result was considered as possible. But the medical profession long ago recognized the absolute truth of Lister's words, "Clean wounds heal up; unclean wounds suppurate and refuse to heal."

The awful war that is now raging in Europe has brought benefits to humanity as well as loss, and one of those benefits is the tremendous advance in surgery—an advance that in ordinary times would have taken many years. The wounds in modern warfare are so frightful, so destructive and so disfiguring that the surgeons have been stimulated to devise extraordinary methods of remedy. Many of the worst wounds are of the head and face, and the results of the remedial surgery in such cases are almost miraculous.

The antiseptic treatment of wounds has also taken great strides. Physicians have found that they can bring about healing in wounds that formerly they would have thought to be hopeless. The improved treatment is largely the work of a French surgeon, formerly resident in New York, Dr. Carrel, who not only makes a wound clean but keeps it so by subjecting it to a constant stream of some suitable antiseptic fluid, which bathes the entire wounded surface for days at a time. The treatment has not only saved much disfigurement but it has actually preserved many lives that in previous wars would have been lost.

HER SILHOUETTE

THE present revival of interest in silhouettes moved a recent writer, Mr. E. R. Lumsdale, to look into their first rise to popularity in France, somewhat more than a hundred and fifty years ago.

At that time Etienne de Silhouette was minister of finance, and an exceedingly unpopular minister he was. The times were hard, and his efforts at economy were perhaps bound to be disagreeable, even if they had been made with the greatest discretion, tact and wisdom. Falling in these, his new taxes to raise money and his skimping, scraping, cutting of salaries and dispensing with jobs to save it, alike produced irritation and discontent.

As the minister had, at first, the backing of a powerful party at court, his opponents had to be careful; their safest and most effective weapon was ridicule. Cheap fashions, abbreviated garments, tawdry ornaments, and finally portraits in profile and black shadow only, instead of oils, as theretofore, were dubbed *la mode Silhouette*. All these whimsies—coats, half-sleeved or tailless, rough country clubs in place of natty canes, skimped and ill-cut breeches—all passed and were soon forgotten, except the portraits *à la Silhouette*, which held their vogue long enough to become shortened for convenience to simple silhouettes.

In 1835, half a century and more after the demise of the unpopular minister of finance, his name, shorn of its capital, was considered, deliberated upon and finally accepted by the French Academy as a new and authentic word to be duly included in the national dictionary. Silhouettes are familiar treasures to-day in many an old New England family that never heard of M. de Silhouette.

An English bride, married to a wine merchant whose business necessitated many visits to France, wrote home to her sister about the picture she had had made when the new fashion was at its early height in Paris:

"So perhaps, my darling Sukey, after all these gayeties, you will not be surprised to be informed that your poor Fanny is reduced to the shadow of herself! 'Tis true, indeed, yet do not be too much dismayed. That you may judge for yourself there is no cause for alarm, I am going presently to send you the shadow! But to put you off no longer with quips from the interesting truth, it is this, Sukey, I have had my portrait done *à la Silhouette*. Every-one professes to be much pleased with it, but not so your unhappy Fan, who never knew till now the exact outline of her profile, and is far from satisfied with its most notable item, to wit, her nose! My nose! My nose! My nose, which I have ever considered quite suitable and becoming, only to find that it turns up as partly as any chamber-maid's or scullion's!"

"True, I had been told the extreme tip inclined slightly toward heaven rather than earth, which I was assured was rather an advantage to the feature—but the gallants who so assured me but

flattered with false words. I can be deceived no longer, thanks to the new fashion, which I was persuaded to adopt, thereby saving the great expense of a miniature in proper style. I never wish to see the thing again. You may have it and keep it; but if ever you wish to return the favor with a portrait of yourself, why, I would take any you would give me, Sukey; but your nose bears a family resemblance to mine, and if you are wise you will not let it be displayed *à la Silhouette*."

ROBERT LOUIS'S MOTHER

ALTHOUGH the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson was ordinarily shy and retiring of manner, as she had been taught that all ladies should be, there was one occurrence that made her conspicuous but that greatly pleased her. Mrs. Stevenson was twenty years her son's senior, says Miss Evelyn Blantyre Simpson in Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days, and it amused and flattered them both that once when they went out to dinner together the servant, judging him too young to be married, turned a deaf ear to the names they gave, and announced them as Mr. and Miss Stevenson.

This "young" lady outlived her literary son, and so was able to enjoy much of his fame. The Stevenson Memorial meeting was the occasion on which she became conspicuous against her will. She started for the music hall not too early, feeling secure of a seat with a "reserve ticket" in her neatly gloved hand. When some one asked if she were going on the platform, she replied emphatically in the negative. She had early-Victorian ideas as to platforms being proper only for the sterner sex. She wished to sit unnoticed in the audience.

The crowd was beyond expectations. Mrs. Stevenson arrived to find every passage blocked and a surging mass at the main entrance clamoring for admittance. She feared that she, with them, should be turned away; but, as a forlorn hope, she appealed to a policeman to get her in.

"It's nae use, it's fu'," he said. "Reserve seats ta'en an hour ago by folks that had nae tickets, and they would na gang out."

"I must get in!" cried Mrs. Stevenson. "I've a right to get in! I am Robert Louis Stevenson's mother."

"Ay, you've the best right," the policeman replied, and, turning to the crowd, he cried, "Mak' way, there! She maun get in. She's Robert Louis's mither."

Persons who thought themselves packed too tightly to move somehow packed closer, and let Mrs. Stevenson squeeze and wriggle past. Breathless and, for once, with her mantle and bonnet a little awry, she was pushed on, much against her will, to the platform. There she hastened to so literal a back seat that when Lord Rosebery, at the beginning of his address, spoke the four telling words, "His mother is here," and turned round to bow with courtly deference to her, he had to pause and to engage other eyes as well as his own before he found to which side Robert Louis's mother had unobtrusively withdrawn.

Mrs. Stevenson was all aglow; she was visibly overcome by the unexpectedly large crowd and its tremendous enthusiasm. For once her usual calm left her.

NO MISTAKE MADE

SYDNEY PORTER, who is better known to the multitude of his admiring readers as O. Henry, possessed an innate nobleness of nature that prevented him from becoming bitter even after three years in prison on a charge of alleged embezzlement, of which he would undoubtedly have been acquitted had he not fled to South America to escape trial. His charity was boundless and his sympathy with suffering, especially when the sufferer was "down and out," as prompt and as instinctive as the glance of the eye, says Prof. C. A. Smith in his biography of O. Henry.

He was talking to a friend on the streets of New York one day when a beggar approached and asked for help. O. Henry took a coin from his pocket, shielded it from the view of his friend, and slipped it into the beggar's hand, saying:

"Here's a dollar. Don't bother us any more." The man walked a few steps away, examined the coin, and seemed uncertain what to do. Then he came slowly back.

"Mister," he said, "you were good to me and I don't want to take advantage of you. You said this was a dollar. It's a twenty-dollar gold piece."

O. Henry turned upon him indignantly. "Don't you think I know what a dollar is? I told you not to come back. Get along!"

He then continued his conversation, but was plainly mortified for fear that his friend had detected his ruse.

THEIR BOMB

WHEN the worst of the Zeppelin raid was over, says the Manchester Guardian, a resident went out into the town to see what damage had been done. In the darkness he heard a group of women talking loudly, and, judging them a clue not to be neglected, he followed them along an alley into the back yard of a house. The debate never ceased, but he was unable to get the gist of it until one of the women—the most eloquent—appealed directly to him.

"Ere," she said, "do you call it fair, I should like to know? T' bomb dropped in our yard, and a body's gone and took it away—never even give me a receipt for it. It's our bomb!"

INSUFFICIENTLY PROTECTED

MARY had been greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands round the fruit trees to entrap the climbing caterpillars, and she had asked a great many questions.

Some weeks later, says the New Mexico Journal of Education, when she was in the city with her mother, she noticed a man who wore a mourning band round his sleeve.

"Mamma," she asked, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"

YES, SUH!

"T'S this way in the black-land belt now," said the New York Evening Post's friend from Texas: "Cotton's so high that a farmer comes into Dallas, eats a square meal at one of the best hotels, puts down a cotton seed, and gets fifteen cents change. Yes, suh!"

BLUE STREAKS

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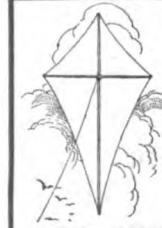
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THE MEDALIST OF THE MEADOW

By Harriette Wilbur



DRAWINGS BY
WALT HARRIS

WHENEVER I see a meadow lark posed on a prominent perch in the bright sunlight, I wonder how he came by the medal he so proudly displays, with commands to "See! See! Oh, see what I have on!"

The meadow lark is a companionable bird. Spring after spring we children welcomed his rousing "Spring o' the year!" yodel, and then trudged an Iowa country road to and from school to his mischievous chant of "I see! see! I see your petticoat!" as he stood craning his head from the grass of the near-by pasture, or from a more elevated stone or post or bush.

The river meadow was a favorite playground, which the birds generously shared with us, if we kept a respectful distance. One day in early spring we noticed several meadow larks acting strangely there. Each stood for a short time with its head close to the ground and its beak thrust into the soft earth; then it lifted its head, took a step, and buried its bill again. We followed them, and found many little holes in the moist ground, as if a pencil had been poked into it here and there. We thought they were drinking, but since then have accepted Maj. Bendire's explanation of such borings by the Western meadow lark as a search for buried insect eggs and larvae. If the meadow lark begins feeding on such pests before they can get awing, he deserves a still larger medal.

The spring when I first taught at a country school I made the intimate acquaintance of a meadow-lark family. For a week or two one of the birds had been practicing his piccolo on the fence. There he would sit, on a post near a dogwood clump, in a sort of enraptured ecstasy, with head raised and beak pointed skyward, running over his musical yodel—a clear, ringing, flutelike whistle repeated *ad libitum*, with a short rhetorical pause between phrases.

One morning, to see what he would do, I mimicked him. He dropped his head and glanced about.

"Quit! quit!" he sputtered to himself, twitching his tail nervously. Then he turned his back and, flashing indignation with his white tail feathers, dived into the grass. He crept out of sight like a flustered field mouse, scolding musically to himself even when hidden.

When I passed by later, he was fluting as before. I mimicked him again. He cocked his ear, but did not fly away, and when I called a second time he located the source of the disturbance. He flew to the next post farther on, and sang again. But in shifting posts, he had changed songs; this one was two notes short and with a questioning lift at the close.

Soon we were good friends, and he often flew on ahead of me, from post to post, for some little distance. Usually he would sing the same song all the way, but occasionally he would change keys, or end a phrase abruptly, or vary the close with a chuckle just loud enough to be heard near by.

One day, after a long search, I found the nest, a scant twenty feet from the dogwood. My plan was to take a few steps, then look for anything that appeared unusual. At last I noticed a slight depression in the fresh grass, like a faint pathway. It was more than a foot in length, and ended abruptly in a tuft of grass beside a stone. I stooped to investigate, and met the bright eyes of a brooding meadow lark. She sat close for an instant, then sprang up with an alarmed *quit-t-t-t-t!* and ran down the little path while getting under way for her quail-like spring into the air. Her mate, who had lingered about quiet and suspicious, joined her, and they flew away *tut-tutting* to each other.

There were four eggs, white with purplish-brown signatures round the larger end, resting on a soft grassy bed. The mother, an artist in her own right, had burrowed into the tuft from the side, giving the cradle an arched, matted roof and a well-carpeted floor.

The young that hatched out a week later were ugly beings—lumpish, overlarge, clad in ragged, scanty brownish-gray Canton flannel pyjamas and with long flesh-colored beaks lined with bright red that showed up well at

feeding time. For several days their eyes were blinded by a thin, opaque membrane; until they could see they seemed unconscious of my presence, but as soon as they got their sight they showed fear and resentment in a unique manner. Each one would crouch down with its eyes closed, its covering of mixed down and feathers bristling, and its head drawn back between its shoulders and pressed closely to the breast; and in place of a harmless nestling would be a good imitation of a defiant box tortoise.

Gradually the babies feathered into a graceful, meadow-larkish appearance, and became extremely "handy with their feet." Before they could fly, they had acquired the pretty family characteristic of stepping daintily along with the head high and the chest out, like a trained pedestrian. They were good walkers before they could rise from the ground, and they fairly obliterated the pathway to their sleeping quarters with their constant tramping. When I paid them my last visit they were dodging about the family estate as merrily as so many light-hearted boys. And nature had rewarded their piping attempts on the flute by hanging faint copies of the family locket about their necks.

The next spring I was attending school, rooming but a few doors from a road that skirted an ideal meadow-lark field. And every morning for weeks I was entertained by a certain *Sturnella magna* that sang loud and long from a telephone pole on the edge of the campus. Sometimes he came to this favored spot for an evening song, as well. A day that opens and closes with a meadow-lark's song cannot go wholly wrong—there is so much of benediction in the way he mounts the highest conspicuous perch he can find, and lifts his face skyward. The fervor of his intonation makes one look up; his whole posture and manner bid one lift the heart in unison with his voice.

I am particularly fond of the meadow lark in North Dakota at harvest time, when he takes his ease on a bundle of golden grain, or on some post overlooking a vast stretch of pedestrian shoeks stalking along toward the distant horizon, the embodiment of well-earned content. Like the farmer, he stands there, arms akimbo, estimating the yield per acre in round numbers of victorious song that seem to echo against the very Rockies themselves. And considering the numberless insects and weed seeds he has thrust down baby throats, or made way with himself, no other person except the farmer has a better right to the field.

"You should see the meadow lark in California," adds a friend, who has spent some time there. "For the Western variety of the bird, *Sturnella magna neglecta*, as ornithologists name him, is an even more beautiful singer. His song is a rich, musical, flutelike cadenza of eight or ten notes, with intricate trills and delicate grace notes. If you could put California's sapphire skies, crystal-clear air, gorgeous blossoms, rushing mountain

streams and magnificent distances into a rippling measure of sound, you would have his song—or songs, rather, for I have heard the same bird sing half a dozen different songs. In color he differs somewhat from the Eastern bird; he has minted more of California's gold into the earth-brown of his coat, and so is yellower and sunnier.

"He seems even less timid out there, too. With true Western hospitality, he makes you welcome, tells you he is glad to see you, and puts himself out to please you. He will fly before you as you drive along a country road, sometimes for a mile or more, if your speed be reasonable, escorting you on your way with a good-will message. He will sing merrily from some perch, with head raised as you pass, to all appearance oblivious of human presence. But when you have come up with him, he spreads his wings and with a 'follow-me' flirt of his gleaming tail feathers, often singing as he goes, he spurts ahead, and a few rods farther on there he is again, on a fence post or stone or bush, waiting for you to catch up and encouraging you meanwhile with a song."

A meadow lark is a meadow lark wherever

found, it seems; that is one of his best traits, and makes him admirable in every respect. One enthusiast, believing his medal is honestly come by, even proposes him for our national bird.

☪ ☪

AN ATROCIOUS COMMISSION

TRAVELING the roads of the Queensland backwoods, writes Mr. Norman Duncan in Australian Byways, we encountered a blackfellow shuffling through the dust from his reservation to the town. He was an old man,—an old, old man,—in reservation rags, with a countenance so ugly that it was altogether shocking to the composure.

Near by this town, long ago, this man's tribe had murdered a family of settlers in the night, save one lad, who escaped death by opportunely tumbling to the floor between the bed and the wall, wounded, unconscious, and left for dead. What the provocation was no one knows, but probably it was undertaken upon savage impulse. Whatever the case, the boy, having thus narrowly survived, made his way to Brisbane, where he related his story to the authorities, and to such good purpose, as it turned out, that he was given a ride and free leave to return to his district and shoot as many blackfellows as he could manage, being heartily assured that the law would not molest him.

"You see," said our fellow traveler, "he was regularly licensed."

"By the Department of Game and Fisheries?" I scoffed.

"Ah, come now!" he replied. "I am not joking. I do not mean to say," he went on, "that the authorities gave this boy an engrossed license, suitable for framing, but I do assert that they commissioned him to kill blackfellows, and that his commission was not altogether singular, but one of a good many. And he did kill blackfellows—hundreds of them, possibly. He killed them where he could find them, running in the bush, or employed on the stations, not even hesitating in the presence of their white masters. And by and by the thing became a nuisance. It was awkward for the station owners to have their blackboys disposed of in this way. There were complaints. I recall that one station owner had his best black servant shot from the saddle on the road. He was very angry; but the boy flourished his commission, and the station owner could do nothing about it. The end of it was that the boy was summoned to Brisbane and bought off. The old blackfellow whom we passed a few moments ago boasts that he was once pursued by this industrious youngster. And he had a narrow escape. He says that he took to the river, and that he submerged himself, breathing meanwhile through a reed, until the hunt was given up."

☪ ☪

THE PASTEUR EXHIBIT

AN exhibition of chemical products that the Evening Post tells us was held at the American Museum of Natural History in New York recently, had apparatus that Joseph Priestley used in the experiments that led to his discovery of oxygen in 1774, the schedule of his personal effects that he made for customs entry when he landed from England at the port of New York on June 4, 1794, and numerous specimens of rare chemical products, ores and dyestuffs. It is an interesting commentary on the difficulties under which Priestley worked that his glass test tubes show signs of frequent mending where there were breaks and cracks. Modern experimenters would have thrown the broken tubes away and taken fresh ones. Priestley was forced to be economical.

One entire case is devoted to Louis Pasteur, and the exhibits range from his early work on crystals to the work on microbes and communicable diseases that made him world famous. There are wooden models of the asymmetric crystals of sodium ammonium tartrate, on which Pasteur did his first important work, and near them are the curiously twisted Pasteur tubes with which he analyzed the air for microbes. In these tubes he sterilized fermentable liquids, and then broke the ends of the tubes, thereby allowing the air that was to be sampled to rush in bearing its microbes. Near by, in sealed test tubes, containing cloudy yellowish liquids, are cultures of the microbes of which Pasteur was the discoverer. There is the anthrax germ, and the microbe of fowl cholera, and, in carmine and crimson solutions, various fermentation organisms.

The means by which Pasteur first established the germ theory of communicable diseases are also shown in the Pasteur case. Here are healthy silkworms beside those suffering from the epidemic malady known as *pébrine*. It was the investigation of that disease that convinced Pasteur of the truth of his theories. There is, besides, a small flask presented by the United States Public Health Service, containing the antirabic virus, one of Pasteur's most important contributions to the science of serum therapy. Autograph letters from Pasteur, in the same case, make clear his interest in the work of other scientists and the high standards he set himself.

THE YOUTH

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

THE UNION
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COMPANION

PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR · FIVE CENTS A COPY

THE wide parlor of the parsonage was very cool and dim and restful after the glare of the June sunlight outside. White curtains swayed at the open windows. Roses in a glass bowl dropped their petals on the polished top of the table, which was heaped with books. The walls were covered with a delightful paper whereupon scenes from the Orient ran one into the other and repeated themselves from floor to ceiling—minarets and turbaned pilgrims and boats floating on winding rivers.

The child, who had been sitting motionless in one of the chairs against the wall, turned and rather timidly began to trace the pattern of the paper behind her with her finger.

"Don't, Ettie!" impatiently said the young woman who sat opposite her.

Esther Blake was a pretty young woman, very neat and trim in her close bonnet and shawl, with her dark hair looped smoothly over her ears in the fashion of the time. The sombre expression on her face was lightened now by an occasional gleam of vague expectancy.

The child desisted, and sat swinging her little feet in dogged patience.

Upstairs a door opened, and there came the sound of laughing voices and the quick patter of childish feet. Then there were light footsteps on the stairs, and the minister's wife, cool and fresh in her white gown and lilac ribbons, entered the parlor.

"I am so sorry," she said, in answer to her visitor's question. "Mr. Barclay has gone out, and I don't know where the papers are that he wanted copied. He told me that your brother was to do them, and how glad he was to find so good a copyist."

She knew that Esther's brother was no less glad to have the work to do. Still a young man, strong and active, he had virtually lost the use of his lower limbs through an attack of paralysis, and now depended upon his quick brain and his clever fingers to support his little family. His wife had died three years before; since then Esther had kept his house and taken care of his children.

"Let me see," said Lucy. "Mr. Barclay might bring the papers round to you himself; or —"

"I could call again," said Esther, with half-veiled eagerness.

"I will have them ready for you, then. I am going away, you see."

"You are going away!" repeated Esther blankly.

"Yes. I am going home—to my own old home, you know, at Rivermouth. It is ever so long since I have been there, and all my old friends are planning to give me the greatest good time—tea parties and sailing parties and picnics. I shall be so gay I shall not know myself."

Esther looked at her enviously. "If I had a home like that," she said, "I'd stay there."

"Oh, no!" said Lucy, laughing. "My work is here. You can't imagine how many things I have to do all the time—meetings and committees and classes and calls—something every minute. But for a little I mean to run away from it all. Must you go?" Esther had risen suddenly. "I am so sorry you had the long walk in the heat. Don't come again; I'll see that your brother has the papers."

"Ettie!" said Esther.

Her voice was sharp; but the child ran to her and, confidingly taking her



DRAWINGS BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

"DON'T YOU THINK, ESTHER, THAT YOU MIGHT SOMETIMES—MISS IT, TOO?"

STORIES OF A MINISTER'S WIFE

By Margaret Johnson

IV. THE SILVER KEY



hand, looked up with shy eyes at the minister's wife.

"This is your namesake—a dear little girl," said Lucy warmly. "She is a little older than my Mary, I think; and the youngest must be about my baby's age. I remember you told me he was three."

The girl's face softened. "Yes. He's real cunning," she said. "If you could come —"

"I will. Of course I will come and see you all—when I get back from Rivermouth."

Lucy did not understand the look, half of appeal, half of disappointment and defiance, that came into Esther's face as she turned abruptly and went out. Upstairs, going to and fro in the cool rooms with the things for her trunk, Lucy remembered it, and wondered.

"There's another reason why I shouldn't go away!" she complained to good Aunt Persis, who was to take charge of the parsonage and the parson and the parson's children while the mistress was away. "That girl will be on my mind all the time."

"Nonsense! You need a change from having people on your mind."

"You are all so sure," said Lucy, "and so good about my going. I haven't fairly stopped to think whether I ought to go or not. There's the Mothers' Meeting on Tuesday—you'll have to run that, Aunt Persis—and the Monthly Missionary in the evening, and the Teachers' Conference and the choir rehearsal to-night, and the music on Sunday; and Wednesday's my day at the Boys' Home, and Thursday mornings I always read to old Mrs. Sullivan; and the Apron Sale and Sociable Friday evening, and the Ladies' Aid

and the Girls' Guild—besides William and the babies!"

"Never mind—once you get out in a boat on the bay with your brother John and the others, you'll forget all about your meetings and your mothers, my dear."

Through the white dust of the sunny road Esther Blake walked homeward with a dragging step. Her heart was a dull weight within her. The vague hope of help that had throbbed in her suddenly the Sunday before as, sitting in church, she had gazed at Mrs. Barclay's lovely and serene young face, had left her. She was thrown back upon the troublous waves of her own doubt and discontent.

One thing only was clear to her mind: the minister's wife was going away, too. The minister's wife was glad to escape from the irksome round of duty; she was so full of her expected pleasure that she had no ears even for the confidence that Esther had very mistily imagined possible. The girl scorned herself now for the thought. She had supposed that the minister's wife, at least, was satisfied with her lot; she had thought that perhaps the minister's wife might even hold in her gentle hand the silver key that should unlock the door of content for another, who was struggling blindly and bitterly to find the way. But no!

"If she can't stand it," Esther said to herself, walking faster in a kind of fierce triumph, "if she wants to get away from home and have a good time, I guess it isn't strange that I do. The same old things every day,—the same people, no fun or variety,—always just the house and Robert and the children."

The thought of Robert laid

a painful grip upon her heart; but she shook it off defiantly. Because he was tied to his chair and his crutches, was it fair that she should be tied to him? And the children were not hers. Why should she be responsible for other people's burdens? She had borne them long enough.

In the home that Cousin Susan offered her in the city, there would be work, of course; but there would be change and novelty—perhaps the pleasures that she had dreamed of. Why should she not take her chance and go?

"Ettie, come here and put your bonnet on!"

She saw that the sun was beating hot on the child's bare head. She stooped and tied the bonnet herself and carefully smoothed back the damp hair from the rosy face. The habit of protection was strong in her. But—the minister's wife was going away, too!

Gloved and bonneted, Mrs. Barclay looked in at her husband's study on her way downstairs. It was Saturday, and the minister was battling with one of those doctrinal sermons that he conscientiously preached from time to time instead of the more practical and personal appeals that his soul—and his people—loved.

"Good-by again, dear!" she cried to him. "No; you are not to go to the station with me. Maggie is going to carry my bag down, and I won't have you disturbed. The children seem very good, and I think you and Aunt Persis will be able to manage all right just for these few days."

"Of course we shall," said the Rev. William valiantly, although the grimmest doctrinal difficulty seemed to him a stumblingblock not worth considering when compared with the household problems that loomed fearfully on his immediate horizon. Nevertheless, when he had closed the door on his wife's sunny face, he found his sermon so plunged in gloom that he threw it aside, and set patiently about finding a more inspiring theme.

Lucy walked on to the station. She was early for her train. Going out on the platform to wait, she found a solitary figure already there, sitting, bag in hand, on a bench.

"Why, Esther, you are going away!" she began; and then something in the girl's attitude, in her furtive, startled look, and perhaps something in her own half-reproachful memory, smote her with an instant conviction.

"I wish that we were traveling together," she said quickly, and sat down beside Esther. The girl moved away a little.

"You needn't be kind to me, Mrs. Barclay," she said suddenly. "Because—you'd know it sooner or later, anyway—I am running away!"

"Oh, are you?" said Lucy. "And where are you running to?"

She spoke brightly, trying to think what she should do.

"I am going to my cousin's in the city," Esther answered defiantly. "I'm sick and tired of it here; it's dull and stupid, and Robert nags me—I won't stand it any longer! It's all right for me to go, and I'm going; but I didn't tell Robert. I've left a letter for him to get to-night. He'll make a fuss, but I can't help it—he doesn't understand."

"No," said Mrs. Barclay in a gentle tone, "people don't always see things the way we do ourselves. He can get along well enough without you, I suppose."

"He'll have some one else," said



"YOUR uncle was here this morning," said Mrs. Dean to Charity in the hall. "He came down on the trolley to see whether Granny Allan can remember anything about a cloud-burst seventy-five years ago that washed out the gulch over at Allan's Corners. It has something to do with a lawsuit, and he wants an account of it for his newspaper. I told him that you graduated in June, but he didn't even seem to hear me. All he would talk about was Granny Allan and his paper—and you his only niece!"

Charity laughed and reached for her worn fur that hung on the hall rack. "What's an only niece compared with an only newspaper, mother? If you want uncle to listen, talk about that new paper of his! But if he does come to the graduation exercises, I hope he'll like Joan of Arc. I've spent lots of time trying to make Joan interesting."

Joan's biographer opened the outer door. "I'm off to a senior class meeting now to help devise ways and means for the other nine to spend money."

"He has no relatives except Charity," Mrs. Dean said to herself rebelliously, when the girl had gone; "and he's sinking his money in a newspaper, when the county already has two and doesn't need another. The dear girl goes without so much that her friends have—and all the other girls in her class are going to Melrose Seminary next fall—but there! I wouldn't have her a bit less independent."

Considering its object, the senior class meeting was successful. The ten seniors were all present, and, with a cheerful disregard for the pocketbooks of their parents, nine of them voted a large class tax, a class photograph, a class excursion, a class pin, hothouse flowers for graduation day and engraved invitations. The tenth voted with the others, although she knew that none of the motions would mean anything to her except the one that concerned the class tax.

"I'm so glad," Amy Terry whispered to Charity, "that the class is equally divided, because our dresses will show off so much better against the boys' black clothes!"

"That's so!" exclaimed Kate Brown, who had overheard. "Aunt Annie has promised me a love of a pink silk mull for class day."

A few moments later the boys departed hastily for baseball practice. The girls gathered round Charity Dean.

"I do wish," began Lucy Sanford, "that we might all have cream-colored serge suits for baccalaureate Sunday. Think how—how harmonious we'd look with a black boy and a cream-colored girl marching together! Now, what are you all laughing about?"

She received no explanation, however, for Charity Dean was speaking. There was a strange expression on Charity's face, but the light tone in which she spoke set everyone at ease—except herself.

"Lucy, you'll have to allow for one note of discord in your harmony of black and cream. If the day is cold, I shall wear the elegant black coat that mother has made over for me twice already. If it's hot, I shall appear wreathed in smiles and a scrumptious new white cotton voile. The cotton voile will also loom large in the public eye on class day and on graduation day; but don't you dare, any of you, to disappoint me by not having serge suits and colored silk class-day gowns and white silk mulls and things for graduation day. I shall be proud of you."

Pris Kilroy projected herself bodily on the speaker. "You—old—dear!" she cried, hugging her. "We're all proud of your brains. Father said last night that he didn't pretend to write a letter down at the store. He said you could write an order for wire clothesline so effectively that the wholesale house would fall over itself to deliver the goods!"

Pris referred to the work that Charity Dean

MOVING THE MOUNTAIN

By Alice Louise Lee

was doing after school hours in the office of the hardware store that her father owned.

When, half an hour later, Charity returned home, she found that her uncle, Jackson Dean, the publisher and editor of the New County Independent, had dropped in again. He was a little man with large opinions.

"Come to commencement?" he growled. "I suppose I must, in order to put an account of it in the Independent. Not that I care to

the tenth there. The tenth seemed to employ all her spare time in walking. She was seized with a mysterious interest in the township and in the old people on the highroads and distant byroads.

April and May passed and June announced itself by its sunshine and flowers and graduations. In New Berne the ten anxious members of the senior class met and consulted and took divers examinations and went to divers tailors and dressmakers; that

is, nine of them went. The tenth gathered a multitude of notes about her, and sorted, wrote and destroyed and wrote again, encouraged by her mother and teachers—the only ones who knew of her sudden change of subject. The nine seniors learned of it only when they met to prepare the commencement programme for the printer.

"I'm sure, Chat, I don't know what you have found of interest in this little old burg," exclaimed Bert Hubbell frankly, "but you have a way of dashing off the most interesting things —"

"Well, I can tell you this, Bert Hubbell!" Charity exclaimed. "I have spent over two months working on material to go into a paper that I can read in a quarter of an hour, if you call that 'dashing things off'!"



"MY NIECE'S PAPER," HE CRIED, "WILL REACH THE COUNTY THROUGH THE COLUMNS OF THE INDEPENDENT!"

hear a word that's said. The girls don't think of anything except what they're going to wear and the boys have their minds filled up with baseball. Eh?" He turned to Charity. "Am I right? Don't the girls in your class know already what they're going to wear?"

"Y-yes, they do," replied Charity. "Just so! What are the subjects of their essays, eh?"

Charity smiled uncomfortably. "They have not selected them yet—that is, only one has." Uncle Jackson turned in triumph to his sister-in-law. "What did I tell you! And I know what the papers will be when they are written at the eleventh hour. Some of 'em will be rehashes of the biographies of noted people, and the rest will tell how to make a success of life and how to run the country! Paugh! Why don't these aspiring graduates take some simple local subject that they can learn about first-hand. That would interest the audience! No, I can't stay to supper. Good-by!"

Charity, looking a little dazed, followed her uncle to the door, but she said nothing.

"Mother, uncle is right about our commencement papers," she said suddenly at the supper table. "I'm going to give up Joan of Arc."

"Why, Charity Dean!" cried Mrs. Dean. "You have worked on her for weeks!"

"Well, there are eight weeks left. As long as I can't interest the eyes of the audience as the other four girls will, I must interest their ears—and, without knowing it, uncle has given me a subject, too."

What that subject was, the rest of the class remained long in ignorance. The other nine seniors, when they could no longer avoid selecting subjects, haunted the library with sighs and lamentations, but they never saw

Bert rumbled his hair. "I'll take it all back, Chat. There's more drudgery than dash in that; but I'm awfully curious to know what you've found to say about New Berne."

Bert Hubbell's curiosity was shared by every one of the throng that met in the town hall one Wednesday afternoon late in June and that sat, programme in hand, watching the ten seniors take their places on the flower-decked platform. The programme read much as Uncle Jackson had predicted; but there was one line at the very end, where, for reasons known to themselves, the faculty had insisted on its being placed, that did not accord with it at all. That line read:

"Old New Berne, by Charity Dean."

She was the tenth in the row of graduates, and wore her cotton voile and home-grown flowers, but her cheeks were pink and her eyes were bright with excitement.

"Charity looks as well as the rest," her mother whispered jealously to Uncle Jackson.

"Hey? What? Looks well? Why not? They all look alike—all dressed in white. I'd rather she'd sound well!"

Pushing his spectacles up on his nose, Uncle Jackson settled himself in his seat and prepared to endure things.

And endure he did—visibly—while Bert Hubbell dictated a policy to the President and Kate Brown gave an account of Beethoven, beginning at the date of his birth and ending



with the date of his death—and so on down the line of ten until Charity rose. Then, for the first time, he noticed her subject on the programme and, pursing his lips, wondered what was going to happen. Charity did not leave him or the audience long in doubt.

Stepping to the front of the stage, she began in a clear voice: "One hundred years ago last month, an ox team drew a big covered wagon out of Berne, Connecticut. Under the wagon swung kettles and skillets. On top of the cover were lashed farming tools and a cradle. Inside, were feather beds and chairs and food, a baby and a grandmother. Riding behind the wagon on horseback, was the baby's mother. Walking and guiding the oxen, was the baby's father. That baby's granddaughter sits behind me this afternoon, for Thomas Mallory Kilroy was the driver of the ox team and the first settler of New Berne."

"Good gracious!" murmured Pris Kilroy.

A ripple of interest ran through the audience; Uncle Jackson leaned forward and polished his glasses with his handkerchief.

As Charity went on, the interest in her account grew steadily. With infinite pains, she had gathered the past of New Berne from the oldest inhabitants, and had skillfully pieced together their broken recollections and the tales they had heard their fathers tell. The audience saw log cabins in clearings where their own pleasant houses now stood; they heard the wolves howl again in their fields and saw the Indians ranging the country again on the war-path. They saw the old stagecoach with its four horses rattle down the street outside the hall—formerly the old Milford and Owego turnpike—and stop at a spot not far away, where long ago a tavern had stood, owned by Bert Hubbell's great-grandfather. They entered the first schoolhouse in the township, presided over by Kate Brown's great-aunt.

When Charity finished, the audience broke into a hum of affirmation, denial, exclamation and amusement. The dignified order of the exercises was interrupted. The moment Charity sat down, two of the oldest men in the audience were on their feet and offered sundry corrections and additions.

The president of the school board was sure that he had heard his great-aunt say that the stagecoach did not come in on the old turnpike, and, in trying to prove his point, he forgot to present the diplomas. When he was reminded of his omission, he could not for some time remember where he had laid them, and when he at last did find them Uncle Jackson was declaring aggressively that the settlers did follow the turnpike. That so upset the president of the board that he forgot his presentation speech and handed out the diplomas in an agitated silence.

As the president handed Charity her diploma, a man in the rear of the hall rose and said he considered that Miss Dean's paper would be of interest to the county at large, and that as the Democrat welcomed such articles of local interest he would move —

The motion was never made, for Uncle Jackson had got hastily to his feet. "My niece's paper," he cried, with a proud emphasis on the first two words, "will reach the county through the columns of the Independent! Therefore, it is useless for the gentleman to continue his motion."

The moment the exercises were brought to a confused close, Bert Hubbell turned to Charity. "Well, if you didn't dash that paper off, you certainly did dash the audience! Hear 'em buzz! Where'd you get that idea, anyway?"

"From Uncle Jackson—when his back was turned," said Charity, laughing.

Uncle Jackson was standing in her path as she left the platform. In one hand he held his spectacles; with the other he was rumpling up his hair. He wasted no time in commending her paper, but drew her hastily to one side.

When Charity joined her mother, her eyes shone and her words tumbled over one another.

"Mother! O mother! Uncle Jackson wants me to help him do things like this for his newspaper. He thinks they will make a great hit. He wants other townships written up this summer. He's coming to-morrow to see us about it and to make arrangements for our moving to Melrose—and, O mother, the seminary is at Melrose, and he says I must do well in the school because he's one of the trustees!"

Esther curtly. "I told him I needed some help, and he hired a woman; she's there now."

"You're very fortunate," said Lucy. "It is generally hard to find just the right person for such a place. Are the children fond of her?"

Esther winced. "They'll get to be."

"Oh, yes!" said Lucy cheerfully. "Children miss a person they love—at first; but they will forget you after a while, of course. We have to choose sometimes between different things, and one compensates for another. The city is always gay and lively; and if you lose the children's love, and your brother's, and your place here as the mistress of your little home, why, there are the shops, you know, and things like that, to make up."

Esther's face was white. She had been prepared to argue, but not to be argued for, like this.

"The woman you have hired," Lucy went

on, "has she learned your brother's little ways? I suppose he has them—men always have. Mr. Barclay thinks that if he hasn't his table and chair just so he can't write a word of his sermon."

Esther smiled a little, off her guard. "Robert's like that, too. He wants his coffee always in the same cup; and when we read evenings he has to have the little old lamp with the painted shade."

"It's hard to tell just what gives us the feeling of coziness—the home feeling," said Lucy softly. "I suppose that gives it to Robert—just that—the little old lamp, and you on the other side of it. He would miss it, of course, if it were taken away from him."

Esther looked off along the railway track. Her eyes were near to tears.

Lucy leaned forward and laid her hand on

the girl's arm. "Don't you think, Esther, that you might sometimes—miss it, too?"

Esther turned upon her suddenly. Her defiant eyes met Lucy's, grave, compassionate, and the veil fell from between them.

"Perhaps I shall miss it. But I can't help it. I've made up my mind to go. And you're running away, too!"

"I!" said Lucy, astonished. "Why, my dear —"

"You want a good time, too, if you are a minister's wife. You are tired of it here, always doing things for other people. Oh, I don't blame you; it's stupid—tiresome. You want to get away, and leave it all behind."

Lucy could not speak for a moment. The girl's words had brought a sudden light to her. She realized with a keenness that was almost a pang how much her work really

meant to her—the home, the life that had come to be her own, into which her heart had struck its roots deep—deep. Tired of it, that work, that life! It stretched before her now, fair, gracious—body, to be sure, and demanding every faculty of bus and of brain, but filled with interest, warm with love, rich with opportunity!

With that realization came another. Not without travail had she won her contentment. In a flash she saw that all experience is for inspiration, that power is born of pain and that out of struggle grows the passionate desire to help.

The rush of an incoming train startled her. Esther sprang from her side with a cry. At the other end of the platform two little figures approaching, stopped, bewildered by the sudden noise, loosed hands and ran apart. The train

was coming swiftly, the platform was narrow, and other passengers hurried to and fro. Lucy ran toward one little figure and Esther pursued the other. When the train passed on, after a brief stop, the two women met, each with a child, safe, dusty, disheveled, in her arms.

"They followed me!" said Esther, half sobbing. "Ettie ought to have known better. I shall have time to take them to the corner, and from there they can go back alone."

"Oh, no!" said Lucy. "Don't send them right away. Let them stay a little."

"I'm—going!" said Esther; her face was set sharply.

"Of course. But you may as well see what you can of the children first. They can go back alone; they will have to learn to take care of themselves now, anyway. Or I can take them when I go."

She sat down again on the bench. Esther watched her jealously as she caressed little Robby's chubby arm. "You needn't," she began, and then started. "Mrs. Barclay, that was your train? You've lost it! You can't go home!"

Home! Lucy could have smiled at the gladness in her heart. It was absurd—childish; but it was there. She might still make her visit some time; but this was a reprieve. She

turned to the girl, who still regarded her with a look of doubt and wonder in her eyes.

"There isn't another train to-day that makes the connection, and I'm glad I can't go," Lucy said. "I believe I have been homesick all the time at the thought of going. I'd rather have the Mothers' Meeting and my morning with Mrs. Sullivan and my choir, to say nothing of my husband and the babies, than go to forty picnics." She laid her hand on the girl's arm. "Esther, believe me, there isn't any pleasure in the world like that of having people need you,—I've learned that,—like having a little place of your own and being wanted in it. That is home, and that is happiness. If you leave your brother and these children, who love you, who will forget you if you will let them —"

She stopped; for Esther's defiant head had dropped upon her breast. It was not so much what Lucy said—it was the conviction that spoke in her eyes and her voice—the conviction of experience, of passionate sincerity. And the minister's wife had lost her outing—she had let the train go by—she cared enough for that! But Esther had made up her mind—if only the children were not there!

Catching little Robby up in her arms, she lowered her face to his curly head.

"Don't cry, auntie!" said Ettie, pressing tenderly into the circle of her arm.

Lucy leaned nearer.

"If you would stay and try a little longer," she said, "and I should help you, Esther?"

The Rev. William Barclay was sitting in a somewhat perturbed frame of mind with Aunt Persis at the supper table, when a visitor called.

"Blake!" he said, hurrying into the parlor. "I'm glad to see you. Sit down."

The young man did not return the minister's greeting.

"It's about my sister, Mr. Barclay," he said. "She's gone away,—I've had a letter from her,—gone to stay with her cousin in the city. She's often spoken of it, being tired of looking after me and the children; but I'd no idea she really meant it. And now—I'm sorry to bother you, sir, but I thought maybe you—or your wife—I don't see how we're to get along without her, Mr. Barclay!"

"Dear, dear, I'm sorry!" said the minister, whose sympathy was quickened by the feeling that he, too, had been abandoned to some lonely and untoward fate.

"I suppose it isn't strange," Robert blundered on in pathetic self-reproach, "that she

should have found it dull here. And I've been impatient often enough, I dare say. I could manage by myself; but there are the little ones. She's been like a mother to them. I —"

"Hush!" said the minister.

The front door had opened and steps were coming along the hall. Lucy stood in the doorway, with her hand on Esther's shoulder.

She had gone home with the girl, hoping to find Robert there, and to help her make her peace with him. But finding him out, they had come straight to the parsonage.

The low sun streamed in at the parlor windows. The roses dropped their petals on the polished table top. Upon the wall the turbaned Orientals bowed before their minarets and the boats floated along the winding rivers. Lucy looked at it all with the joy of one who sees again things familiar and dear.

The minister's face glowed. Robert's cleared like a sky swept suddenly of clouds.

"My dear," said the minister, "you didn't go, after all!"

"No," said Lucy, and her eyes were luminous with the light of deep content; "no, dear, we didn't go. I met Esther at the station, and we have come—home together."

END OF THE SERIES.

THE JOB OF THE SEA SOLDIER

By Henry Reuterdaahl 2

Mr. Henry Reuterdaahl is a student of naval affairs, and a widely-known naval artist. His work, with both pen and brush, is familiar to all readers of the magazines; and his paintings interpreting the life of our navy form part of the collections of the Naval Academy, the Naval War College and the National Museum. He served as a correspondent during the Spanish-American War, and again during the early part of the present war.

WHEN revolutionists run amuck in a dusky Caribbean republic, a few tricks of the radio bring the "leatherneck" mariner to the spot. Let some one else decide whether international law was made for the marines or the marines for international law. According to international law, landing an army in the territory of a friendly nation is an act of war, but maintaining order with naval forces is permissible as a policing job. The marines belong to the navy. They are the international police, and when they have done their job things have a way of becoming calm and uninteresting. In the words of the corps, "The marines have landed and have the situation well in hand."

But that has always been the way of the sea soldier:

The first to get agoin', the first that orders reach;
The first to load his rifle, the first to gain the beach.

With leadership as a heritage, the marine corps is a corps of distinction, garlanded with a century full of stories of bravery—of getting out of tight holes, of carrying "the white man's burden" in the far-away corners of the globe. Kipling calls the marine a "sort of a bloomin' cosmopolouse—soldier an' sailor, too."

Having a dash of jealousy, the army is lukewarm toward the marine corps, and says that on the parade ground the marines are "tolerably O. K." But the navy cheerfully and even enthusiastically admits that the "leathernecks" form our finest military body. Some think it might be a good scheme to turn the army over to the marines.

The corps has grown, and by law is to be thirty thousand men strong. Of course the soldier has his work, and so has the bluejacket; but put the lot ashore for a month, and the marine heads the column. When they gave medals of honor at Vera Cruz, the marines stood up and declared that they had done only the day's work and nothing worthy of medals, but willy-nilly they had to take them.

The marines know exactly how to handle themselves in a tropical fight. It is business from the moment their feet touch solid ground. They clean out a town by a house-to-house search, in the course of which they mix up in some pretty affairs in dark stairways, where rifles, gripped by the barrels, do effective work. In the simple language of the official report of the taking of Vera Cruz: "The marine forces advanced through the streets north of Avenida Independencia, where they met with heavy rifle and gun fire from houses, hotels, hospital, church steeples and military barracks. They advanced slowly, clearing houses and roofs of snipers and entering every house in every block as they advanced."

When the sea soldier is afloat in a modern battleship he does sentry duty, mans the torpedo-defense battery and holds his own with the bluejacket gun pointer, pulls an oar, or at the shriek of the siren tumbles out of his hammock for a fire or a collision drill. In coaling ship he does not shirk the shovel, and his "shave-tail" lieutenants do service at fire control or in the plotting room.

But in time the big fleet will probably be without the marines. Although the mission of the marine corps is bound up with that of the navy, many persons believe that the marine

will eventually be stationed ashore with his own advance base outfit, ready to mobilize instantly and go anywhere in his own transports. The great virtue of the marines is mobility, and they are ready for battle and on the way long before the army or the guard have even found their trains.

In the days of oak and hemp and the press gang, the "leatherneck" was the mortal enemy of the bluejacket. It was the marine who hit the tar over the head when the sailors mutinied, or who, in port, found the jovial Jack rolling along with one bottle inside and the other outside his belt, and led him to the cat-o'-nine-tails at the gangway. It

the lustre of the motto, *Semper fidelis* (Always faithful). The design of the officers' sword came from Egypt when, in 1805, the gallant Virginian, Lieut. Prestley O'Bannon, after marching six hundred miles through the desert of Tripoli, captured the stronghold of Derne and brought back the Mameluke sword of the faithful.

Indeed, the campaigns of the marine corps read like a primer in geography. Standing guard in Chapultepec and Vera Cruz, dodging the stinkpots of river pirates and fighting the Boxers in China, rushing the stockades of Malays and Guggus, keeping the Fiji Islanders in order, settling troubles in

searchlights, antiaircraft pieces and the wireless outfit.

The marines know how to handle a rifle; fifty per cent of the force are qualified, listed shots. There is a story from Vera Cruz that tells of good shooting and a sure eye. Our bluejackets were marching up the street from the Plaza between rows of low, two-story houses. A well-dressed Mexican gentleman, with a newspaper over his knee, was sitting on the balcony of his house, apparently intent on watching our sailors advance; but hidden under the paper he held a big revolver, and as our men went by he fired. The bullets were striking, but our officers could hardly suspect a well-dressed Mexican, reading a paper and looking peacefully on from his own house, of being the sniper.

Dropping his paper, the Mexican went inside to reload. When he came out again on the balcony, the glint of the gun caught the attention of Lieut. Col. Neville on horseback in the Plaza, one thousand or more yards away. Through his eight-power field glass the colonel saw plainly the flash of the shots under the newspaper.

"Get him," he said, turning to his orderly.

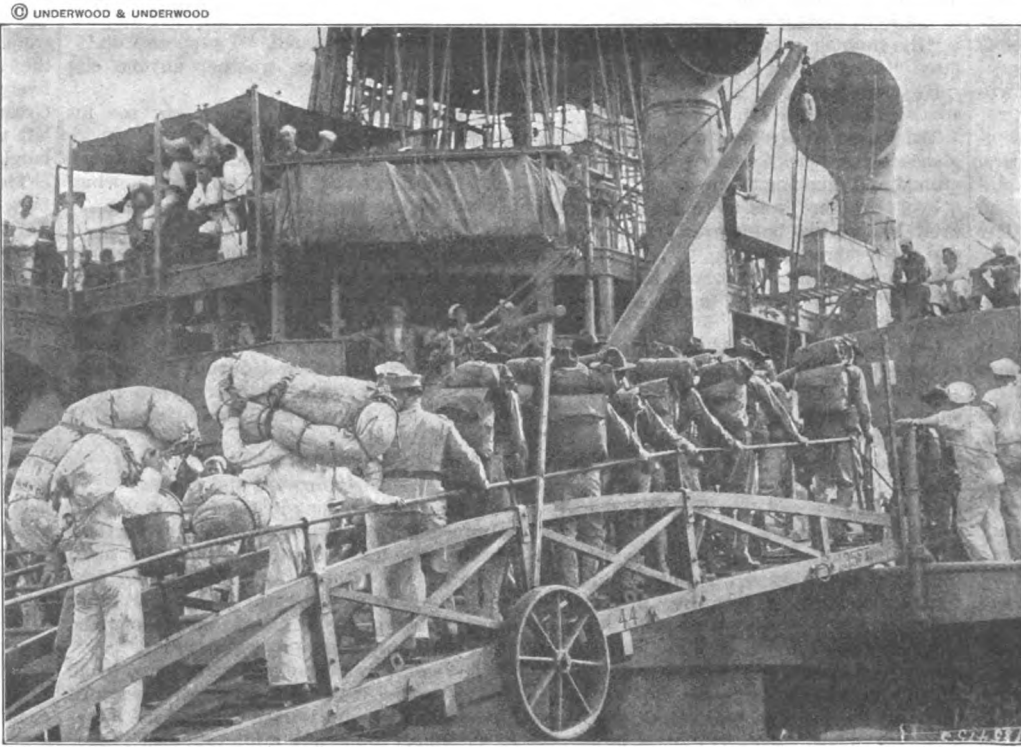
The man raised his rifle, pressed the trigger—and the Mexican fell out of his chair.

The bluejacket is so used to the smashing power of the twelve-inch gun that when he lands on the beach the rifle is to him more or less of a harmless toy, and a beltful of ammunition is likely to make him let drive recklessly; but to the marine the rifle is everything, and he has learned the discipline of the school of fire. In the unpleasantness at Vera Cruz, where the orders were not to fire unless attacked, not a wanton shot came from the marines. The officers kept their men back. With the Mexicans in plain sight of the outposts, a single loose shot from some thoughtless rifleman might have started serious trouble.

I shall not forget the tall water tower at La Garto,—north of Vera Cruz,—where I climbed up an iron ladder that lacked three rungs directly under the overhang of the top coping. My load of sketchbook and all increased the difficulty of

climbing, and had not a "leatherneck" grabbed me this article might not have been written. From the top of the tower you could see the camp of the Mexican regulars. Your glass followed the movements of the commanding officer in washing his undershirt, but there was no shot from us. The eminence that the Americans occupied commanded the railway track, and the wide-awake men, the wicked shape of the machine gun and its dangling ammunition belt, and the ever-searching field glass suggested to the "enemy" that the marines were capable of enforcing permanent peace. The Mexicans started no trouble; they did not even attack the mule-drawn flat car that ran between the outpost and the town.

The English captain of the Royal Marines, the "jollies" of His Majesty's Ship *Berwick*, came out on friendly inspection one day and lingered over Capt. Hill's command. Afterwards he wrote, "I was struck by the really astonishing cleanliness of the men, both on and off duty." Just as if those marines, drilled



MARINES BOARDING A BATTLESHIP ON THEIR WAY TO VERA CRUZ

has taken a full hundred years to lessen the breach between the tar and the marine. It has not quite closed yet, but they find it easier to live together. Each to his own job; the soldier can do what the sailor cannot, and vice versa.

The Continental Congress of 1775 mustered in the first American marines, and their two battalions antedate any fighting force of the United States.

The first American sea regiment had all the traditions and all the strict discipline of the British service. Flogging was the punishment of desertion, theft or drunkenness; the lashes were laid on "to the tap of the drum." Under such strict discipline there were only five court-martial cases among the officers during twelve years.

From their smashing of the Tripoli pirates to their present keeping the peace in Haiti and Santo Domingo, the marines have been in the thick of things. The globed insignia of the corps signifies foreign service, and the rays of the sun of all the seven seas have burnished

Cuba, cleaning house in Nicaragua and oiling troubled waters in black Haiti—those are some of the tasks that have kept the marines in trim.

Expeditionary work is the paramount reason for the existence of the marine corps. In less than an hour a thousand marines can be landed from the fleet, fully equipped, carrying their machine guns, their tentage, stores, medical supplies, signal outfit and ammunition. And in another hour they will be entrenched to hold the ground, and of course they always hold it.

Modern warfare demands an instantaneous push, and the specialty of the marines is advance base work. They must get there first, dig themselves in and hold the ground until reinforcements arrive. In making a base they must often, as at Culebra in the West Indies, carry five-inch guns through the surf and drag them uphill through the jungle and mount them; they must land the mobile artillery, dig intrenchments, lay submarine mines, devise a fire-control system, and install

within an inch of their lives, would not be clean! Watch them when they march by, and notice their stalwartness and spirit, their hard, lithe bodies, the rakish angles of their hats,

their common-sense equipment—in general, their soldierly look. Of course they are clean! Later you will hear of them in the trenches of France. Watch the extras!

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

In Ten Chapters Chapter Nine

GRAY and Greiner went to the last target practice tied for the first place in B Company, with a score of 180 each. Stevens was close behind, with 178. Gray had slipped up on the fourth test,—rapid fire from three hundred yards,—and Greiner had done well at it, and was confident now of finishing ahead of his unlooked-for and heartily disliked rival.

The last practice was held on the afternoon of the last day in the Plattsburg camp. A brisk breeze was blowing across the range; the captain advised that each man take a point and a half windage. The test was at three hundred yards, rapid fire.

Ted's score, 33, gave him a total of 168. So he won the rank of marksman by a good margin and failed of that of sharpshooter by a somewhat larger margin.

Stevens turned in a score of 41, making his total 219—nine points more than were required for expert marksmanship. Greiner observed his score with hardly concealed satisfaction; if he made 40 points he should beat Stevens, and he felt certain of doing much better than that. Gray was the only fellow now that was dangerous.

Gray's nonchalance was formidable. After blackening and adjusting his sights and setting his wind gauge, he stretched out on his back, with his hat over his eyes and his rifle across his chest, and took no interest in anything—not even in Stevens's shooting; and Stevens had certainly been a dangerous rival. Greiner could not conceive of entertaining such slack indifference to a competitor's score.

When Greiner went forward to shoot, Gray never moved. Hoping to make a score that would establish his supremacy beyond question, Greiner was disappointed. His score of 43 points was good, but it was not extraordinary; and he came back from the firing line downcast and afraid that Gray would do better.

A newsboy passed in the rear of the company, calling out New York and Boston papers. That roused Gray as the shooting of his comrades had not done; he sat up with a start and fumbled in his pocket for change. The boy was some distance off; Gray got to his feet.

"I'll hold your rifle for you," volunteered Greiner, who was sitting close by and watching his movements.

Gray, surprised by the courtesy, felt he could do no less than respond; perhaps Greiner wanted to show he was ready to be decent.

"Oh, all right; thanks!" Gray passed the rifle over to him and walked away toward the newsboy.

Greiner saw that the sights and wind gauge were properly adjusted. He glanced round; Adams and Howland had gone to the firing line, Carton and Stevens were watching them; Bradford had his back turned and was talking to Ripley, who was glancing from him to the fellows on the firing line. Greiner slipped his hand along the rifle until he felt the screw of the wind gauge; then he stealthily turned it until the wind gauge, instead of being set a point and a half to the left, was set a point and a half to the right.

When he glanced up from doing this, he saw Ripley looking at him with a puzzled expression. Greiner flushed and turned away his face so that Ripley should not see the flush. He was sure that Ripley could not possibly have seen what he had done; he had screened his operations with an arm and a leg.

As a matter of fact, Ted had only noticed the intentness with which Greiner appeared to be examining Gray's rifle, and the puzzled expression had been caused by wonder at Greiner's unusual display of urbanity toward one for whom from the beginning he had shown unrestrained dislike; but Greiner's obvious embarrassment under his gaze arrested his attention.

Gray returned, sauntering, reading his newspaper as he walked. He received his rifle from Greiner and said, "Many thanks!" Sitting down, he leaned it against his shoulder and continued to read.

hands while he watched the shooting; but although his eyes were intent, he was really not paying any heed to the scores that Howland and Adams were making. Howland came back, dejected, condemned by his score, 23, to be classed as a "boloman," pure and simple.

Adams was more successful; he scored 32, and returned exuberant, for he had just squeezed into the marksman class, with an even 160 points.

Bradford and Gray rose to take their places on the firing line. Ted jumped up also. "Just

he commanded. "Attention! Inspection—arms! Port—arms! Dismissed!" Then, awkwardly and with a furtive glance at Ted, he moved over to Gray and said:

"That's a great score you made. You'll probably be top man in the regiment." Gray, responding to such an acknowledgment, proceeded to tell Greiner how luck had saved him from the consequences of his own stupidity—that he had set his wind gauge wrong and that just by chance Ripley had seen it in time.

"I guess I might do pretty well as a soldier if I could only have a nurse," Gray concluded. Ted found relief in the laughter that followed. Greiner stood, unsmiling, with eyes cast down.

When the company had marched back to the camp and had been dismissed, most of the fellows hastened down to the lake to have a last swim. Ted heard Greiner say to Carton that he was going to take a shower instead; and when Ted came up from his bath he found Greiner alone in the tent, sitting on his cot, stripped to his undershirt and busy over a pile of clothing. Then Ted saw what he was doing; he was ripping the chevrons from the sleeves of his shirts, blouse and sweater.

of the bulletin board that evening and saw Gray's name heading the final list with a score of 230. And after that in red ink were the words, "Top score of the regiment."

"Good boy!" cried Ted, clapping his friend on the back; others in the throng turned to congratulate Gray, and presently a crowd was escorting the champion to the post exchange, to fill him up with ice-cream cones and sarsaparilla by way of celebrating his achievement.

After breakfast the next morning there was the exciting stir of breaking camp. In all the company streets the boys were making up their packs and laying out the blankets for the squad rolls. Of the three blankets assigned to each man he was to carry only one on his back; the two others and his sweater he contributed to the squad roll, to be transported by wagon to the next camping place. Also there was a squad bag, to go with the squad roll, in which each man was permitted to put a towel, an extra pair of shoes, a shirt and a change of underclothes.

Soon squad rolls and squad bags were piled at the head of the street; the company call sounded, and then came the order, "Fall in!" When the boys were lined up, wearing their

packs and with rifles in hand, Capt. Hughes passed down the front rank, Lieut. Wharton down the rear rank, and felt each man's cartridge belt to make sure that he had not stowed away any loaded shells through accident or oversight. When the inspection had been completed, blank ammunition was issued, and each man received three clips of cartridges.

Capt. Hughes outlined in a few words the hypothetical military situation. There had been an invasion from Canada. The regiment was the advance guard of the force that was being gathered to repel the invaders. The first battalion was to form the support of the advance guard, the second battalion the reserve, and Company B was to be in the van of the support. Enemy patrols had been reported ten miles north of Plattsburg, tearing up the railway tracks. The advance guard was to conduct a reconnaissance in force. It was understood that the regular enlisted troops of the Plattsburg post constituted the "invaders."

The boys swung away down the smooth road with a sense of adventure in their hearts. The sun was not yet high and hot, the packs were not yet heavy on their shoulders, and they all—or nearly all—were in a blithe and lively mood. Only in the next to the last rank Greiner trudged without looking to right or left and without joining in the talk or the laughter or the songs.

They marched through the streets of Plattsburg before the shops were open, but from the doorways of many houses people smiled and waved at them. Ted thought how differently those people would look and act if there were really an invading force ten miles away.

Outside the town the column turned from the macadam highway into a country road; the dust enveloped the marchers, and the climbing sun started the perspiration on their faces. They were glad when a halt was at last called and they were allowed to take off their packs and sit down on the grassy bank by the roadside. During the rest Capt. Hughes gave them a little talk, in which he described to them the topography of the country and explained just what the object of that morning's march was.

While the company were resting, there sounded a great clatter of automobile trucks and a clanging of horns, and soon there swept by a procession of heavily loaded cars, bearing camp supplies. After them came several armored cars, carrying machine guns.

Meade, who had been talking with Greiner, found an opportunity to slip over and sit down beside Ted before the start was ordered. He said to him in a low voice:

"Greiner seems down on his luck. Do you know why he resigned as corporal?"

"Perhaps he thought he wasn't very popular with the squad," Ted suggested.

"I suppose that's it. I guess the bawling out he's had from all the companies at night made him sensitive, too. He seemed to get in wrong at the start."

Ted made no comment; there really did not seem to be anything for him to say. He was interested in the fact that the usually gay and cheerful Meade seemed to feel quite keenly his friend Greiner's dejection; but when the company was again on the march, Meade started a song, and after a while Greiner joined with the others in the chorus.

There was nothing very exciting in that day's march. Squad 16 was detailed as a patrol to follow along a ridge some distance from the road, with instructions to bring an immediate report in case the enemy should come into view; but after much scrambling over wire fences and stone walls and careful



WHEN HE GLANCED UP, HE SAW RIPLEY LOOKING AT HIM WITH A PUZZLED EXPRESSION

DRAWINGS BY NORMAN ROCKWELL



a moment, Gray!" he called. "Your rifle—haven't you got the wind gauge screwed round to the right instead of to the left?"

"By thunder!" said Gray, examining the piece. "That's what I have."

He corrected the adjustment and then sprawled out at the firing line.

Ted looked at Greiner, but encountered no glance in response. Greiner was looking at the ground and plucking at the grass.

Poor Bradford was more hit-or-miss than ever. He got two bull's-eyes and two threes, and the rest were misses.

"Thank goodness, that ends target practice for me!" he said to Ted, as he returned. "I certainly hate a gun."

Gray began to shoot. All the other members of the squad waited and watched with interest—all except Greiner, who, after shortening the sling of his rifle, got up and walked away. Ted followed him with his eyes, wondering what he might do; but he did not go far; he stood talking to Lieut. Wharton a few paces behind the line, and Ted turned his attention again to Gray's work.

The men of the squads near by were watching it, too, and waiting with interest to see the results displayed. At last Gray fired his last shot; the target remained in sight for a few moments longer and then disappeared; then, after a brief interval, it rose again. The marker began to point—one bull's-eye, two bull's-eyes, three bull's-eyes, four bull's-eyes; the fellows of the neighboring squads grew more excited, and some of them began to count aloud: "Five—six—seven—eight—" "Top score, sure!" murmured Bradford ecstatically. "Nine—ten."

Ten bull's-eyes! There was an outburst of applause, and Gray's comrades crowded round him to shake his hand. Bradford was the most exuberant of all. "Good boy, Charley, good boy! The old corp couldn't bear to stay and see it; he's off there talking with the lieutenant; he'll be sore as a crab!"

Gray smiled. "I certainly had pretty good luck. If it hadn't been for that keen eye of yours, Ripley, catching that fool mistake I'd made with the wind gauge, I'd have had nothing but twos and threes instead of bull's-eyes. How did you happen to notice it, anyway?"

"Oh, I don't know," Ted answered. "Just chance."

Apparently Gray had not the slightest suspicion that the wind gauge had been tampered with, and Ted decided not to communicate his own suspicion. He watched Greiner and Lieut. Wharton with interest, however; they seemed engaged in serious conversation.

Presently Greiner returned to the squad. He did not look at Ted and he did not speak to Gray or to anyone else. "Squad inspection!"

"I've resigned as corporal," Greiner said, without looking up. "I suppose you know why."

"Yes," Ted answered. "I suppose I do."

"It rests with you whether anyone else knows or not."

"There's no reason that I can see for telling."

"Thanks! If you did, I should have to get out. I couldn't stay with everyone knowing. It will be bad enough, with you knowing."

"I shan't speak of it."

Greiner said nothing more, but went on busily ripping the insignia from his sleeves. Ted left the tent, in order not to embarrass him by his presence.

The company formed as usual for retreat and stood at parade rest during the playing of The Star-Spangled Banner. Then Lieut. Wharton came down the line and stopped in front of Squad 16.

"Mr. Stevens," he said.

Stevens stepped forward and saluted.

"Take number four in the front rank. Mr. Greiner, go to number two. Mr. Gray, take number one in the front rank; reward of merit for your score this afternoon. Number one, drop back to number two in the rear rank; number two in the rear rank, move along and take Mr. Gray's place at number four."

The squad was completely bewildered by all this shuffling, but the lieutenant vouchsafed no explanation and walked back up the line.

"Company—attention!" shouted Capt. Hughes. "Squads left!"

They marched away to the last drill of the camp, with Squad 16 heading the procession and Stevens and Gray on either end of the front rank, feeling strange and conspicuous.

After the drill was over and while the members of the squad were stowing away their equipment, there was much questioning.

"Are they going to change all the corporals for the hike?" asked Carton.

"No," Greiner answered. "I resigned."

His manner did not invite inquiries, but Carton said, "What did you do that for?" "I thought some one else had better take the job," Greiner replied.

Afterwards Gray found an opportunity to express his amazement to Ted.

"That gets me, Greiner doing the self-sacrificing act," he said. "Well, I must have misjudged the boy all along. Stevens will make a fine corporal. It's a shame, though, the lieutenant should have chosen to decorate me at your expense."

"Oh, I don't mind!" Ted answered, although, to tell the truth, he had been feeling a little sore over it. He forgot his soreness, however, when he stood with Gray in front

spying of the horizon the squad rejoined the command, having seen no hostile troops.

The fellows were all dusty and hot, hungry and weary, when, at half past one, they came in sight of an upland meadow on which tents were pitched and horses and mules were picketed. By those signs they knew it to be the camping ground for the night; and presently Capt. Hughes led the company into the field and up to the top of the hill. There the first and second platoons lined up opposite the third and fourth platoons, and then on each side of the lane between the two divisions the front-rank men and the rear-rank men "took interval," as it is called—stretched out their lines so that there was a space of four feet between every two men. The front-rank men then drew their bayonets and thrust them into the ground, thus marking the position for the front pole of their tent. At the order, "Pitch tents!" off came the packs and down went the rifles, and everyone set busily to work.

Ted had looked forward to this moment with some apprehension. In the new adjustment of the squad he was rear-rank man to Greiner, and that meant that during the hike Greiner was to be his tent mate.

They set up the tent with hardly a word, and then Greiner went off to the brook at the bottom of the field. Ted lingered to stow his belongings neatly in his half of the tent; then he followed Greiner, wondering if their relations were always to be so uncordial.

He chose a place some distance downstream from his tent mate, for he did not wish to embarrass Greiner with his presence if he wished to be alone. After washing his face and hands he went back up the hill, and reached the bottom of the company street just as a great and welcome commotion arose at the top of it. The company cook beat upon a tin pan and shouted in a stentorian voice, "B Company, come and get it, come and get it!"

Ted dived into the tent, snatched up his mess kit and hastened to get into line. When he had been supplied he sat down on the ground and diligently began to dispose of the heterogeneous heap that filled his plate. Just as he was finishing, the company cook beat on the tin pan again and shouted, "Seconds, B Company! Come and get your seconds!" So Ted, still hungry, lost no time in going forward for his "seconds."



"HELLO! HELLO! SEND THE BOYS QUICK! THE MEX—"

After he had completely satisfied his appetite, he scraped his dishes over the pit that had been dug for refuse, sloshed them for a few moments in a tub of hot water against the dishes of five or six others, and then wiped them on a clean wash rag, which looked surprisingly dirty after it had performed this service. On returning to the tent he found Greiner spreading straw in it—covering Ted's bit of ground as well as his own.

"Much obliged," Ted said. "Where did you get it?"

"At the barn across the road. The farmer gave me a ponchoful for a quarter."

"Not such a bad trade for him, at that. I'll lay in the stock at the next camp."

They had a restful afternoon. Ted cleaned his rifle and visited his friends; he found Mark Perrin, who lamented the frightful hardships of such a march, and expressed the most pathetic longings for his little bed at home—to the derisive comments of the three or four who heard him.

"He just loves being a soldier," one of them remarked to Ted. "In fact, he thinks of staying over for the next camp."

"Not if they made me a major general," declared Mark.

When Ted returned to B Street, he found Greiner lying in the tent, studying the field-service regulations. It was something new to see Greiner studying a textbook; when he had been corporal he had never deigned, so far as Ted was aware, to open the pages of one. Ted wrote a letter and took a bath in the brook; and then he had to run in order to fall in for retreat. Then supper, and after supper a lecture to the whole regiment on the military situation of the day.

By the time the lecture was ended it was dusk; bonfires had been lighted at the head of every company street and burned brighter and brighter in the fast-gathering darkness. Ted sat with the crowd round the B Company bonfire and heard Capt. Hughes tell stories of his experiences in the Philippines. Later, at the captain's suggestion, the singers of the

company got together and warbled one song after another until it was time to turn in.

Greiner was already wrapped in his blankets and, so far as Ted could judge, asleep. Ted took off his leggings and boots and crawled into his own sleeping bag as quickly as possible. A soft wind ruffled his hair and blew cool upon his face, and he had a sense of delicious

THE RAID ON STATION K

By Denison Clift

ON the desk before Anton Mantor, the general manager of the Lost Hills oil fields, lay a slip of paper, which said that John T. McKittrick had been appointed superintendent of the new tract below Hopi. The manager signed his name on the slip.

"Young McKittrick is a man I take real pleasure in helping ahead," he said to his friend from the East. "He's got plenty of courage, and, better yet, he's loyal and he has brains. His brains got him out of a dangerous situation not so long ago."

"Before the San Joaquin Valley trunk line, the longest 'common carrier' in California, was laid, we used the old barrel-and-barge method to transport the crude oil down the Kern River from the fields to the refineries. It was always a slow, expensive way."

"The company hired several hundred Mexicans to handle the barrels on the river barges. Their spokesman was a giant half-breed named Cruz Caicebo. His positive, barbarous qualities made him their natural leader, and I always dealt with the Mexicans through Caicebo. Until we started to lay the pipe line we had no serious trouble—but then we had trouble aplenty."

"The company's engineers had surveyed for a pipe line two hundred and eighty miles long, to carry the oil from the Joaquin and Kern fields to the San Pablo tank farm on San Francisco Bay. When the Mexicans saw the 'stringing' gangs unload the twelve-inch black pipe on the floor of the valley, from Hopi to Wyndote, and saw the 'tong' gangs follow rapidly and lay the pipe, they realized that the demand for their services was vanishing. They became restless; they threatened me openly and in secret; finally, in blind rage, they began to desert and to consort in drunken groups. That meant danger."

"Early in July we stopped using the river barges and, after due notice, discharged the Mexicans. Under Caicebo's command they went quietly down the river and camped near Daily's Island. Their very quietness was ominous, and, sure enough, two days later they began a succession of terrifying raids."

"The system that supplanted the barges had pump stations at intervals of from twenty to thirty miles. At each station there was apparatus for heating the low-gravity oil, in order to thin it out so that it could be more easily pumped over the grades."

"We sent Johnny McKittrick out as pumper at Station K. When he started for the mountains he loaded one of his mules with magazines and with an old phonograph that had delighted the boys at the camp. Johnny counted on the phonograph to banish his loneliness."

"When the Mexicans began their murderous raids, I telephoned a warning to McKittrick."

"If you need help, sing out!" I told him.

"He laughed. 'If they come, I'll play 'em a tune on my phonograph.'"

"But that very night McKittrick's telephone bell tinkled, and when he answered he heard the frantic voice of Job Anderson, the pumper at Belridge, thirty-two miles over the ridge, crying, 'Mac! Mac! The Mex are burning the station and—' Job's voice suddenly stopped."

"Johnny relayed the message to me. When we reached Belridge two hours later we found that the former rivermen had torn up whole sections of pipe, spread a fortune in oil across the desert sands, and burned the station to the ground. We found poor Anderson in a ravine, gagged and badly beaten. After that, we offered a reward for the capture of Caicebo, armed all the men at the pump stations and placed a patrol along the pipe line."

"Station K was set down in a lonely region eighteen miles west of Arroyo Grande, a mushroom oil town. Yellow sand was everywhere; the monotonous, dreary landscape was broken only by clumps of mesquite and chaparral and by a hillock of umbrella trees and cottonwoods that grew a dozen rods north of the station."

"The station consisted of a dazzlingly white

weariness and health and comfort. For the last he was indebted, as he knew, to the bed of straw under his blankets—in short, to Greiner; it suddenly occurred to him that this had been Greiner's peace offering and pledge for the future. He felt more sorry then for Greiner and more kindly toward him; the sound of his regular breathing scarcely more

tower, in which was a bunk room and, above it, a lookout, and of a squat, rambling engine house, where the *chug! chug! chug!* of the gas engine sounded day and night. Ten rods from the station directly south, there was a trestle

that spanned a ravine. That trestle supported thirty feet of the unprotected pipe line."

"After the Belridge attack, McKittrick scanned the landscape during the day from the little hillock—'Fort McKittrick,' he called it, for it afforded an admirable defense; at night he slept in the bunk room with his loaded revolver at his side. If he woke restless, he would play a lively air on the phonograph."

"One night he woke with every sense athrill. Above the *chug-chugging* of the engine he heard a sound of hammering from the direction of the trestle. Leaping to his feet and pulling on his boots, he peered through the doorway. The moon had set. It was long after midnight—about three o'clock, he thought. Against the deep blue-black sky he saw the skeleton of the trestle. He could hear men's voices."

"Five minutes of silence, then *bang! bang! bang!* Some one with a sledge was battering the oil pipe! Johnny knew what that meant, and his first thought was how he could distract the rivermen before they broke the pipe, and yet give himself time to telephone."

"Closing the door, he drew the muslin curtain over the window. As he turned away he stumbled against the phonograph in the darkness, and that gave him an idea. He wound up the machine, then started it going. On the desert night the rasping sounds of the record suddenly broke forth. The theme was plantation days, and the words,

"The old lark am a-moverin', a-moverin', Oh, the old lark am a-moverin' along."

were followed by plenty of plantation appreciation—shouts, yells, handclapping and shrill whistles."

"His trick worked like a charm, for the hammering ceased instantly. To further the illusion that there was a small crowd in the room, Johnny lighted the kerosene lamp and placed it on the table near the curtained window. Then he telephoned to me here. I heard his voice, low and tense:

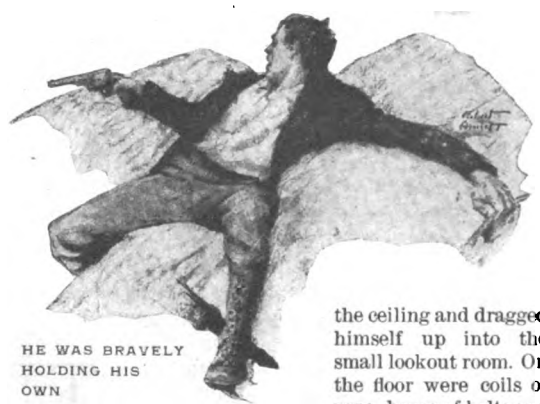
"Hello! Hello! Send the boys quick! The Mex—' That was all."

"Johnny! Johnny!" I cried; but no response came, and I knew that the raiders had cut the wires."

"Johnny decided to slip out of the tower and dash for the engine room to shut down the engine, so that if the raiders should succeed in breaking the pipe the oil would cease to flow."

"But before he could move, a volley of rifle shots rang out. The lamp chimney on the table was shattered to bits. Johnny heard the *zap! zap! zap!* of soft-nosed bullets splashing into the walls. At that moment the phonograph ran down and a terrifying silence and darkness followed."

"Thus caught in his cabin, Johnny climbed a ladder in the corner, opened the trapdoor in



HE WAS BRAVELY HOLDING HIS OWN

a pile of old magazines; four feet above the floor was a small square window."

"Peering out, Johnny saw four or five dim figures stealing toward the tower. Only one thing would halt them, and Johnny whipped out his revolver and emptied the chambers

than a foot away somehow increased the kindness of Ted's feeling. He thought now of Greiner as of a comrade who had tried since his fault to do the best he could, and who was sleeping now peacefully like a child."

And soon, pondering all these things, Ted himself was sleeping just as peacefully as that.

TO BE CONTINUED.



DRAWINGS BY ROBERT AMICK

at the marauders. Curses and yells answered the leaping jets of flame, and the Mexicans scampered back to the ravine like frightened rats."

"Turning, he drew the ladder up after him and closed the trapdoor. He had hardly done so when he felt a terrific jar against the tower. The door below burst open and at least half a dozen men flung themselves into the bunk room. The band had evidently divided, and while Johnny was repulsing one half the other half had made a detour and rushed the tower from the north side."

"They were a surprised lot to find the tower empty, and showed their disappointment by shouting madly. With thumping heart Johnny heard them crashing round in the darkness below. One struck a light, and through a knot hole in the floor Johnny caught glimpses of their evil, swarthy faces. One was Cruz Caicebo—Caicebo, the outlaw, on whose head was a reward of five hundred dollars."

"Caicebo pointed to the trap and commanded one of his followers to jump on the table and to smash the door open with a chair. Drink-crazed, they risked death brazenly."

"Johnny planted himself square in the centre of the trapdoor. The chair banged upward, but the door scarcely budged."

"Guessing that some one was there, Caicebo jerked out his revolver and fired up through the door. The bullet whined through the thin board and ripped into Johnny's arm; stifling a cry of pain, he sank down upon the trap."

"There was a wild shout below, and Johnny, knowing well what was coming, rolled himself over into a corner of the room. From that point of refuge he watched a volley of bullets splinter the trapdoor."

"Two can play at this game," he said to himself, and returned the volley through a crack in the floor."

"With savage yells the men fled from the room; but apparently one of them stayed behind, wounded, for Johnny heard some one thrashing about."

"Then suddenly, from the direction of the ravine, appeared a lurid glare, and flames shot skyward with a hiss. The first group of Mexicans had cut the pipe and set a torch to the flood of oil. The gas engine was feeding thousands of barrels of oil into the flaming sump!"

"To shut down the engine was now Johnny's single aim, even though it should cost him his life. Cautiously lifting the trapdoor, he reconnoitred for a moment, and then leaped to the floor. By good fortune the wounded outlaw was directly beneath him; Johnny's feet struck him and knocked him flat. Before the bandit could rise or fire, Johnny was through the doorway and had banged the door shut and locked it. With half a dozen swift leaps he was in the engine house; his hands jerked the lever of the engine, and the pistons halted in their whirling flight. A few moments later the flood of oil ceased pouring into the sump."

"Johnny knew that he had won, but his life was still in danger. Turning, he dashed for 'Fort McKittrick,' brilliantly lighted by the lashing oil flames. Several rifle shots rang out, but a moment later Johnny threw himself, safe, among the boulders."

"From there with his revolver he was able to check the attempts the Mexicans made to rescue their imprisoned comrade; but although he was bravely holding his own, he was mighty glad when, about dawn, five line guards, two *mozo* boys and I came riding down at a mad pace."

"We were overjoyed to find him alive. The raiders had scattered across the desert, but when I looked into the tower I discovered that the imprisoned bandit was Caicebo. His capture thrilled us. We bound him to a cayuse and turned him over to the authorities at Arroyo Grande. That was the last of the raids."

"And now," concluded Mantor, "you know why I think Johnny McKittrick deserves to get ahead, and I guess you agree with me."



FACT AND COMMENT

USUALLY it is the worker that is too soft rather than the work that is too hard.

Small Skill is gained by those who cling to Ease;
The Able Sailor hails from Stormy Seas.

NO dwelling is a home that does not hold food and fire for the mind as well as for the body.

"WHY shouldn't a farmer raise fish as well as chickens?" asks Secretary Redfield, who earnestly advocates fish culture to increase the food supply. Doubtless most of the farmers could answer the question convincingly so far as concerns their own cases; nevertheless, there is something in it for those who live near ponds or streams.

HOLLAND has just celebrated very quietly the 250th anniversary of the day on which Dutch Guiana came into its possession. A quarter of a thousand years is a long time for a country to retain a colony, although England and France have islands that have been under their flags for a longer period. Do you know which they are?

OF Joseph H. Choate, the great lawyer widely known as "the first citizen of New York," anecdotes will continue to be told through years to come; but it is doubtful whether any of them will live longer than his witty and graceful tribute to his wife. "If you could not be yourself, who should you prefer to be?" some one asked him. Instantly came the reply, "Mrs. Choate's second husband!"

WHEN we printed our article on how to conduct a flag raising we described the form of salute for military men and the form for civilians, but we mentioned none for women, because there is none. A woman who has called attention to the lack makes the sensible suggestion that women adopt the military form of salute. It is both dignified and graceful, and does not require that the hat be removed.

THIS conversation was overheard on a street car the other day: "Well, what are you doing for your country? Gone into the Home Guard?" "No; they wouldn't take me on account of my eyes." "Planting a garden?" "No; haven't any land that's fit to plant. I'm going to pay my war tax without kicking. The Association wanted me to go in with them on a protest, but I refused." Is not that a pretty good kind of patriotism, too?

WE know that our readers will rejoice with us in the amended Massachusetts law that allows The Companion, without becoming a lawbreaker, to have pictures of the American flag on its pages once more. For several years the Massachusetts law that aims to prevent disrespect to the flag has been so sweeping and stringent that it has been illegal for publishers of newspapers, magazines or books to print a picture of the flag under any conditions whatever. Most publishers, to be sure, have ignored the law and have suffered no penalty, but The Companion has preferred to wait until the law was amended as reason and patriotism dictated.

PROBABLY the great majority of German-Americans in this country are loyal to the land of their adoption, but most of them are silent. It is only when one of them speaks out frankly that we get a glimpse of the tragedy in their souls. Here, for example, is a part of a letter in the Chicago Tribune: "Because of my birth, and feelings beyond my control, I have no particular love for the French and less for the English; but by a strange irony of fate I see those nations giving their blood for principles I hold dear, against the wrong principles of people I individually love. I do not want to see the Allies triumph over the land of my birth, but I do very much wish to see the triumph of the ideas they fight for.

It sickens my soul to think of this nation's going forth to help to destroy people many of whom are bound to me by ties of blood and friendship, but so it must be. It is like a dreadful surgical operation."

INDEMNITIES

WHEN Germany entered the war it counted upon winning a quick victory and then imposing a money indemnity that would cover what the war had cost it. Both parts of the programme have failed. Nevertheless, Germany has never breathed a doubt of its winning eventually, or abandoned its intention to make its enemies repay a large part of its expenses. The active discussion of the subject in the German press may be premature, but in view of German confidence in the future it is not unaccountable.

The Entente Allies have never expressed any intention of demanding an indemnity for themselves; they are willing to pay the cost of relieving the world of the Prussian menace. But they have declared that if they win they shall require Germany and its allies to rebuild and restore what they have destroyed in Belgium, France, Serbia and Roumania.

Either outcome means an almost ruinous drain upon the resources of nations already on the verge of bankruptcy; but since the demand for an indemnity implies the power to enforce it, the demand must be met, however great the hardship it imposes. The question then arises, Could the Entente Allies, or could Germany, respond to such a demand?

Undoubtedly Germany would not require the whole of the indemnity in money. From France it would accept a slice of territory, from Russia its Polish possessions; but from Great Britain, although it would demand a few of its colonies and a fleet of its ships of war, it would try to extort a huge sum in cash. If the German Emperor could enforce such terms upon his enemies in Europe, this country would get off easily if it had only to discard the Monroe Doctrine and to permit the Kaiser to appropriate whatever might take his fancy in the Caribbean Sea and in South America. Such a programme would not eliminate a money indemnity from Great Britain; possibly not from the United States.

On the other hand, and in the event of victory's resting elsewhere, could Germany furnish the means to restore Belgium and the other devastated lands? There can be no doubt of it. The solution of the difficulty lies in the fact that the demand is, not for credit, but for gold. There is plenty of gold on both sides of the fighting line, and, although a great deal of it has been transferred to this country, it has continued to circulate in all the Allied countries. In Germany it has been bottled up, driven from circulation by paper money and concentrated in banks. If, now, we bear in mind that the debts of the warring nations appear as the capital of their creditors, we shall see that the governments, bankrupt though they may be, still have ample wealth to draw upon, still retain the power to raise funds and to convert those funds into the required gold.

It is not yet decided which group of powers will be able to bleed gold from its enemies; but into the hands that hold the lance gold to the required amount will surely flow.

CHEERFULNESS

THERE are times when cheerfulness ceases to be a virtue, times when it is necessary to show to some persons a black face and a stern reproof. But the cheerful person will less often have to display those forbidding aspects than he who is moody or who is heavily aware of the weight of the world and his responsibilities in it. People work better for cheerful persons than for surly or "cranky" persons, are less likely to commit errors or faults deserving of censure and more likely to develop the pleasant and also the solid traits of character.

Persons in authority frequently feel it necessary to disguise their naturally cheerful dispositions. They have the idea that if a man is to be a strict disciplinarian he cannot exhibit a smiling countenance or freely indulge his natural turn for humor. Yet the strict disciplinarian who shows in his relaxed moments a kindly heart and a genial spirit will accomplish better results than one who relies upon his sharp voice, brusque manner and cold eye to command respect. And some persons, without being strict disciplinarians at all, are able by communicating their spirit of cheerful interest and activity to get a large measure of efficiency out of their workers.

If cheerfulness is a valuable trait in an

employer, it is even more important in an employee. The man who can conquer depression and worry and discontent, who can control the forces of envy and jealousy within him, and who can go about his work day in and day out with cheerful good humor is in a fair way of arriving at a stage where depression, worry, discontent, envy and jealousy may reasonably be expected to have less claim upon him. At whatever end of the industrial scale your lot may be cast, you will be wise if you cultivate the spirit of cheerfulness in your relations with your fellow men.

TO SAVE, OR NOT TO SAVE

AMERICAN women who honestly desire to be a help rather than a hindrance to their country, and who stand ready to practice a wise economy if it will avail to preserve supplies, are a little bewildered by the clamorous but contradictory counsels that are offered them. On the one hand, extravagance is condemned as wasting resources; on the other hand, retrenchment is condemned as injuring trade conditions. No sooner has a domestic economist pointed out that indulgence in any one luxury can be, and should be, curtailed than the purveyors of that luxury rush to the fore, protesting that the welfare of a number of working people depends on its lavish consumption. "A recession in the volume of business will involve far-reaching calamities."

But where is the economy that does not involve some recession in the volume of business? Retrenchment is seldom a matter of choice, and never a matter of enjoyment. It is either a necessity to which we reluctantly bow, or a moral obligation that we recognize, but do not pretend to relish. It is also at times a criterion of taste. Money has been very plentiful in the United States for the past two years. Some of it has been generously given. Much of it has been lavishly spent. Wherever the spending has been excessive, as in our large cities, the spectacle has been an offensive one, because we knew that in distant parts of the world human beings were dying of want. The children of Belgium, we are authoritatively told, have not for two years eaten "according to their hunger." The children of Poland were more fortunate. They starved outright, and their little bodies have long since crumbled into dust. But the United States bought more candy last year than in any twelve months of its history. Food has been wasted as never before, and we are now facing the possibility of a world shortage. If we refuse to deny ourselves for the sake of suffering humanity, we had better begin to understand that the success of our own arms and our own future safety depend upon preserving and dispensing our resources.

There has been a disposition to mock at the women of wealth who bound themselves not to serve more than three courses at their own tables, or to eat more than three courses when they dined away from home. To the great bulk of Americans, three courses fail to represent even moderate privation.

If nature can subsist on three,
Thank heaven for three. Amen!

Yet any reduction of luxury, any denial of self-indulgence, is a step in the right direction—of practical value and of tonic quality. The habit of prodigality is not confined to one class of citizens in the United States; it is shared by all. It is not confined to food; it plays havoc with every commodity. We waste enough wood and coal every year to keep all Italy warm. The thin silk stockings on a working girl's feet and the ropes of pearls round the neck of a munition maker's wife are signs of the same lack of sanity and of taste. It is the women of the country who have been urged to spend with discretion, and to save with austerity. There is no use asking men to economize; they would if they could, but they literally do not know how. For centuries it has been their part to earn money, and the part of their wives to balance income and outlay. Now it is the part of all women to spend less, to save more, to waste nothing, to anticipate the enforced retrenchment of another year. So, and so only, shall ruin be averted, and the nation be free to play a liberator's rôle.

THE NEW ARMY

THE present war is something vaster and more terrible than any war that has gone before. It cannot be waged by a small and highly trained professional army; it cannot be fought by volunteer forces hastily recruited and hurried into battle. The number of soldiers required is so vast, the equipment needed is so enormous in amount, the

on the economic and financial resources of the belligerent peoples is so tremendous, that nothing less than the prompt, complete and intelligent organization of the entire nation for the purposes of war will serve. Everyone who has watched the progress of the great struggle in Europe understands that fact; that is why Congress found it so easy to overturn the precedents and traditions of our entire military history, and to decree that the army be raised by selective draft and not by the volunteer system.

But in a higher sense the army that is about to be chosen from among the young men of the country is truly a volunteer army; we must not do its members the injustice to suppose that they do not serve gladly. They are a part of a nation that has enrolled and volunteered in mass, every man ready to do the duty that the country requires of him. The government has simply undertaken to select from those millions of volunteers the men best fitted to march with the colors. At a time when unremitting energy is needed in our machine shops, our ammunition factories, our shipyards, our farms and our gardens, if the world is to be fed and the battle for democracy won, each man must be assigned to the task that fits him best. It is the weakness of the old-fashioned volunteer system that it does not take that important fact into account, and permits the misguided patriotism of its sons to fill the ranks with men who could be of more service behind the line, and to leave behind at home men who would be more useful at the front than anywhere else.

The men who are finally selected to wear the khaki may well be proud that the nation has chosen them to bear its flag and its cause into the smoke of battle. Those who are to remain at home can do so with a tranquil mind and a clear conscience, sure that their own part, if less hazardous and therefore less glorious than that of the others, is no whit less essential to the final triumph of democracy in the world.

CANNING AND DRYING

THE question of plenty or want next winter depends not only upon what crops are raised this summer but upon how well they are cared for; and many families will answer it by their skill in saving the surplus of garden and orchard. In August and September they often produce so much more than the table requires that some tomatoes, sweet corn and fruit go to waste. The study of modern methods of preserving such a surplus is worth while in every family this year; and especial attention should be given to inexpensive canning that requires little, if any, sugar. Tomatoes, for example, as most housewives know, can be preserved by boiling, skimming, salting and inclosing them in air-tight jars; that wholesome vegetable ought to be laid by in large quantities when its season is at its height, but care should be taken to see that only firm, sound fruit is used. So eager are the canning clubs this year, however, and so scant may be the supply of jars and cans, that all necessary utensils should be provided early in the season and all wide-necked bottles and glasses carefully saved.

We ought also to revive the household industry of drying fruits and vegetables. Our grandparents took care that winter should not catch them without a goodly stock of dried apples, peaches and green corn. In following their example we have conveniences that they lacked. Their peaches and corn had to be exposed to the sun and too often to the flies and the cat—an excellent vegetarian where green sweet corn is concerned. We know that such drying fruits ought to be carefully shielded by mosquito netting when spread in the sun, and that when the sun refuses to shine the drying can go on in the hot closet or the kitchen range. Although of course only sound fruit should be used for drying, it is quite possible to save imperfectly shaped fruit that could hardly be marketed and that might easily be wasted.

Dried corn, cut green from the cob, is less common than dried apples and peaches, but it is easily cured, and in midwinter seems sometimes sweeter than the green corn of August. An old New England dinner was salt shad with succotash made from dried sweet corn and large beans. Salt shad is no longer to be had for love or money; but if any family that is staying by the seashore where fish are plentiful cares to salt its catch, even of rather coarse fish, and at the same time to dry its surplus corn, it can be assured next winter of a combination as appetizing as it is frugal.

The harvest of eggs in these days knows no surplus, so great is the demand. Yet, in view

of the certain scarcity and possible famine of eggs next winter, it will prove true economy to have a good store "put down." Thirty dozen can be safely kept in a stone jar if they are covered with a solution of three pints of commercial water glass (the silicate of soda) in eighteen quarts of boiled water. The eggs must be strictly fresh; and it is desirable not only that they be infertile but that they be "put down" as early in the season as possible.

Such are a few of the household economies that our forefathers practiced. Their revival with the aid of modern scientific methods will help not only to meet the present crisis but also to give to such as practice them a new sense of security and independence.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The war revenue bill was in the hands of the Finance Committee of the Senate, which was rewriting its provisions radically. In the new bill the retroactive income tax, the horizontal increase in tariff duties and the zone postal system for second-class mail are all abandoned, and many of the special taxes on business are modified. —The conferees on the espionage bill agreed on a section providing for newspaper censorship; the section will be opposed in both houses. —The House put an appropriation of \$750,000,000 for the building or purchase of cargo ships into the urgent deficiency bill and passed it on May 28. —The Senate instructed its Naval Affairs Committee to investigate the death of two nurses on the steamship *Mongolia*, caused by the firing of a defective shell, and to report on the charge that defective shells had been supplied to other armed merchant vessels. The naval investigating board has reported that the accident on the *Mongolia* was not caused by an old or deteriorated shell. —The House passed the bill authorizing the government to make a survey of the food supply of the country.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—A speech by Gen. Goethals in New York in which he declared that iron cargo ships must be built by the United States Shipping Board, and that a great wooden fleet was impractical, led to the discovery that his views differed in some respects from those of the Shipping Board. Mr. Denman, chairman of the board, declared that the building of wooden ships would go forward, because iron ships could not be built fast enough, but that iron ships would be built, too, as fast as the yards could turn them out. —The Department of Justice announced that nine arrests had been made in Texas and two in Virginia, in connection with plots to offer armed resistance to the new conscription law.

BRAZIL.—The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has passed the measure that revokes the government's decree of neutrality as between Germany and the United States. President Braz asked the Congress to authorize the seizure and use of the German merchant vessels lying in Brazilian harbors.

MEXICO.—On May 30 a band of Villistas captured the town of Ojinaga, across the Rio Grande from Presidio, Texas. United States troops are patrolling the border.

CHINA.—Wu Ting-fang, formerly Chinese minister to the United States, became acting premier after the removal of Tuan Chi-jui. Li Ching-hsi, a nephew of Li Hung-chang, was appointed premier on May 27, but he refused the office. The military governors of the provinces are for the most part friendly to Tuan Chi-jui, and some of them have threatened to secede unless President Li Yuan-hung restores him to office.

RUSSIA.—Agrarian disorders, including confiscation and destruction of property and incendiarism, are reported from the interior of Russia, where the disappearance of the old system of administration has left the peasants free to do as they like. In some parts of the country pure anarchy prevails, since the authorities at Petrograd have not found it possible under the strain of war to reorganize any efficient system of police control over so vast a territory. The industrial situation is also serious, for the committees of workmen are said to be insisting on a scale of wages that the factory owners cannot pay without going into bankruptcy. —On May 27 the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates voted confidence in the present provisional government, and reports from the front are to the effect that the state of discipline is distinctly better. —There were indications of another crisis after Gen. Alexieff's speech.

of "peace without annexations or contributions" as a Utopian phrase. That speech angered the Socialists of the Council, who threatened to remove him from his office as chief of staff.

TORNADO.—A tornado, which passed over central Illinois on May 26, killed nearly two hundred persons and destroyed a great amount of property. The greatest loss of life was at Mattoon, Illinois.

THE GREAT WAR

(From May 24 to May 30)

The battle on the Carso plateau between the Italians and the Austrians was the chief military event of the week. Rome reported steady gains by Gen. Cadorna's troops, along the line from Görz to the sea, and announced the capture of twenty-four thousand Austrians. Vienna, on the other hand, asserted that the attacks of the Italians, although very formidable, had been checked, and that the Austrians had taken thirteen thousand prisoners. The truth appears to be that, as has often happened on the French front, a forward movement supported by artillery has gained a few miles of front only to be brought to a stop by the arrival of heavy reinforcements. The inactivity on the Russian front permits Austria to find the necessary reserves. At the end of the week Trieste, the Italian objective, appeared to be in no particular danger. Duino, once reported taken, is still in Austria's possession, but the Italians were working their way slowly round the town.

There was not much fighting along the British front, although preparations for another attack were said to be going forward. South of Laon the Germans tried to retake positions on the Craonne plateau and along the Chemin des Dames, but Paris reported that all assaults were repulsed, with the loss of only a few trenches. East of Reims there was some fighting, mainly to the advantage of the French, although none of the gains were important. The French made several air raids on the supply stations back of the German front.

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A GERMAN SHELL EXPLODING AGAINST REIMS CATHEDRAL

One of the most destructive raids on the English coast was made by a squadron of German aeroplanes on May 25. Bombs were dropped on a coast town—probably Dover—and seventy-six persons were killed. Three of the raiding planes were subsequently shot down by the British aircraft service. No Zeppelins were engaged in the business.

Madrid heard of the sinking of two Spanish ships, presumably by submarines. On one, the *C. de Eizaguirre*, about a hundred persons, crew and passengers, were lost. The news was followed by a great anti-German demonstration in the capital, in which twenty-five thousand persons took part.

The *Transylvania*, in use as a British troopship, was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, with the loss of 413 men. The weekly report from London spoke of 19 merchant ships destroyed by submarines.

The German submarines have sunk another hospital ship, the *Dover Castle*, but London declared that the wounded were all saved.

It was announced that a squadron of Japanese light warcraft was at work in the Mediterranean, convoying merchantmen and searching for German submarines. Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in London, said that the antisubmarine war was making satisfactory progress, that several new protective devices were being used, and that Great Britain stood in no danger of being conquered by starvation.

The German and Austrian Socialists at the Stockholm conference declared that their peace programme included the independence of Belgium, Serbia, Russian Poland and Finland, the autonomy of Galicia and the South Slavic states under Austrian sovereignty, international administration of trade routes and inter-oceanic canals, and restrictions on blockades and on mechanical means employed in maritime or aerial warfare.

The British government has forbidden speculation; if food control is established in the United States, an international board will probably be appointed to fix uniform prices for food in all the Entente nations.

The resignation of Count Tisza, the premier of Hungary, was confirmed. The event was regarded with some concern in Berlin, where the count was known as the chief supporter of Prussian influence in Austria-Hungary. It was reported also that Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian minister of finance, was to resign. On May 29 it was announced that Count Julius Andrássy, a pronounced liberal, had been appointed premier in Count Tisza's place. Count Andrássy is a supporter of electoral reform.

Reichsrath met on May 31. In session since July, 1914.

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What greater testimony to the superiority of Fisk Tires could there be than this long list of factory "Fisk" equipped bicycles!

THE PERFECT SEED

By Maud Morrison Huey

YOUR life was stunted and cramped, little flower,
You had such a time to grow.
Day after day the sun beat down;
You longed for the sweet rains so;
And at times it seemed that your life was spent,
But you struggled up and laid
The poor little pitiful bloom you had
On the altar unafraid.

'Twas, oh, so far from the dream that you dreamed
As you pushed your way through the sod,
Of a beautiful blossom, heavenly sweet.
But this is the law of God:
From a blighted flower comes a perfect seed,
Untainted by drought or frost,
For the seed is the fruit of the dream, dear heart,
And oh, no dream is lost!

WAYSIDE TEXTS

YES, mother was always a very busy woman," an elderly business man said to an old friend of his boyhood. "With eight of us in the family to look after, and all the housework to do, she didn't find much time for books—not even the Bible. She used to read that Sunday afternoons, though, and I've seen her fall asleep from sheer weariness, trying to get through a few verses, the last thing before she went to bed. But mother was always finding wayside texts.

"I think we children all grew up with the feeling that the world was full of God—if I may express it that way. I can remember how, when one or two of us went with her to a neighbor's on a bright, starlit winter night, she used to call our attention to the star-studded sky, and I can still hear the awed note in her voice as she said, 'Just to think that *anyone* could look at that and then say that there isn't a God!' Sometimes, then, she would make us repeat with her that verse from the nineteenth Psalm, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.'

"It was the same with the red pictures on the windowpane and with the ice-jeweled tree tops on the hills above our house. Mother had the soul of a poet, but her unwritten lines always ended with God. She loved flowers, and I can remember exactly how she used to exclaim over the delicate tints of an opening rose, 'What painter could ever mix a color like that! Perhaps she didn't say who could, but we all understood.

"Mother also looked for these outshinings and disclosures of God in the persons about her and in the things that happened every day. It always pained her to hear anyone condemned indiscriminately, and I can see to this day how she would fidget in her chair and drop stitches in her knitting until she got a chance to put in a word in his favor. And it was surprising how invariably she found good qualities and palliating circumstances that everyone else had overlooked. It seemed as if she set out with the conviction that God's image must be somewhere, and never gave up searching until she discovered it.

"Mother's formula for all sorts of disappointments and misfortunes was, 'Well, it will be overruled for the best.' Here again, she seldom brought in God's name explicitly, but none of us failed to comprehend that she saw God's hand guiding the event to an unforeseen issue. And when unexpected blessing came—perhaps merely some bit of good luck, as most persons unthinkingly call it—her face expressed far more than her simple, 'I am sure we ought to be thankful!'

"No doubt that was an utterly unscientific way of looking at things, according to modern ideas, but I know of nothing that I would rather give a boy of mine than what mother gave to us—that intimate sense of a divine personality in everything. It has been a restraint and safeguard in the hour of temptation. It has made prayer as natural and rational to me as asking a neighbor for something I wanted. And then, it's a saner philosophy to live by than any I've found elsewhere. It gives a man courage to take things as they come, without being too much upset by hard luck or losing his head when it's all the other way. Besides, looking for God everywhere grows into a habit of the soul, and gives you a new point of view from which to look at men. You stop taking a magnifying glass to pick flaws in a good character, and find yourself seeking just as hard to find something Godlike and noble in a bad one."

"NOBODY"

THERE is tragedy almost beyond bearing in Eleanor Franklin Egan's recent narrative of the shelling by an Austrian submarine in the Mediterranean of the English-owned, Greek-manned vessel Borulos, on which she was a passenger. The other passengers were mostly ignorant peasants—Greeks and Arabs, with their women and swarms of brown, dark-eyed babies. There were also twenty-two Englishmen on board at the time of the attack—sailors picked up, with their lifeboats, after the torpedoing of their own vessel. The submarine rose suddenly, quite near, and fired a single shell, which crashed directly at the mark. Instantly there was wild and dreadful panic.

The English lifeboats were rushed, those of the Borulos being neglected and useless; and frantic mothers who could not find a place in them began to throw their children into the sea and to leap in after them.

But the submarine's commander was not wholly ruthless. No other shell was fired, and when the boat into which Miss Egan had been pulled from the water approached it, close under the muzzles of the threatening guns, she saw an amazing sight. The two gunners stood motionless at their guns, awaiting orders; but every other member of the submarine's crew was excitedly engaged in the work of rescue or resuscitation. The commander himself, who was weeping, held an unconscious little Greek boy by the band of his knickerbockers. And he told Miss Egan in good English:

"Go on back to your ship. We are not murderers!"

They went back—those who survived—and found other survivors on the Borulos. Not one of the Englishmen had left her; and after the lifeboats got away, they had organized hastily to rescue as best they could, with ropes and rope ladders, those who were still swimming or floating near

the ship. Three of them leaped overboard to save drowning children, and two were drowned in the attempt.

It was one of these English sailors who told an incident that does, indeed, as Miss Egan puts it, "insist on being remembered." In the steerage of the Borulos was a troupe of Japanese acrobats, one of whom had with him his wife and her young baby. The Englishman, busy with his life line, saw the tiny Japanese mother float toward him from behind the rudder, still clasping her infant.

"I threw her the rope and yelled to her as if I was crazy," he related. "She caught it all right; but what do you think she did? She just turned her face up to me and called out something about her not amountin' to anything. It was something like 'I nobody! I got nobody! Nev' mind!' and she deliberately passed the rope over to some one else. Well, so did I. It was more than I could stand."

With her drowned baby in her arms, the heroic little "nobody" drifted quietly away to her death; and another, who perhaps still had somebody, was saved in her place. But the man she did not allow to rescue her, simple sailor though he was, pronounced upon her an epitaph that neither scholar nor poet could have equaled. He supposed he should have to live decent for the rest of his life, he said; because no one could remember that little Japanese woman's face and be anything except decent.

KING OF THE "MUSHERS"

THE Malemutes were kenneled for the snowless season, says the New York Sun, and Tommy King, the champion dog "musher" of Alaska, took a job in a store in Fairbanks. But Tommy King, who knows the Alaskan trails as well as a man knows the inside of his change pocket, was never meant for an "inside man," and he who had come unscathed through perils of the icy wilderness fell through an elevator shaft and was so seriously hurt that he had to come "outside" for surgical help. The Chicago doctor told him that he would be lame for life, and must never go outdoors when the mercury invaded minus territory in the sealed tube—not the most pleasing orders for a holder of records for speed and endurance over the frozen trails.

Tommy King went north in the great days of the Klondike. He and his dogs have "mushed" at least fifty thousand miles together. No one else has ever made such a record. The winter of 1910-11 was one of the hardest that ever set the clamps of frost on interior Alaska. In that winter Tommy King, behind his dog team, made five round trips between Fairbanks and Iditarod, and that sets six thousand long miles end to end. The story of one of those trips will bear repeating.

Christmas was coming on. Iditarod had nothing in camp except reindeer and caribou meat. King bought several hundred pounds of chickens and turkeys, besides beef and pork, and with this and a quantity of newspapers and magazines set out for Iditarod. When he got away from Fairbanks the mercury was at forty on the minus side of zero; and it kept getting colder.

At Meigs' Point, the coldest spot on the Yukon, the "musher" almost succumbed. "I thought it was my last trip," he said in telling the story. "The distance didn't seem to grow smaller and the cold bit deeper every minute. The dogs flinched a little in the face of the wind; but they kept on, although gusts of wind nearly swept them off their feet."

Reaching the roadhouse at last, Tommy drove his dog team straight through the opened door, and had to be dug out of his ice-stiffened parka. He made Iditarod late on December 23, sold his chickens at two dollars and a half a pound, his meat and turkeys at two dollars a pound, the magazines at two dollars apiece, and he received fifty cents each for delivery of the letters he carried.

The doctors told Tommy King that he must never go back to the north, but not the pain in his broken hip or the solemn warnings of the doctors could keep him away. He may never again navigate the frozen trail, but "snugged up" at Fairbanks he will see the sleds come and go, and hear the stories of men who have been trying to break the records that he made in his palmy days.

ON THE BRINK

WHAT thrills can be keener than the thrills of an aviator? Supreme successes, the narrowest of narrow escapes, disappointments and tragedies, follow one another swiftly in the lives of the winged soldiers who are fighting in Europe. What were the thoughts of Lieut. Robinson when he brought down the Zeppelin over London, and what was in his mind when recently the hostile guns brought him down in France? Perhaps it is beyond the power of words to express them.

In Tales of the Flying Services, Mr. C. G. Grey tells of a great disappointment and an extremely narrow escape that fell to the lot of a young aviator at about the time Antwerp fell. Late one afternoon this officer was out on duty, when far away to the east he spied a long, pale shape shining in the sun. It was obviously miles away. He had already been in the air for some time, but he knew just how much gasoline he had in his tank when he started and how long he could fly before he would have to come down. He decided to chase the thing for half an hour; that would leave him a shade over half an hour's fuel with which to get home. Off he went.

As he got closer it became clear that the object was on the ground, and distinctly yellow in color, which proved that it was not a Zeppelin, for all Zeppelins are gray. The size showed that it was not a Parseval; and so he began to think that he had discovered something really new. Still wondering, he came down lower. Then, suddenly, he saw how he had been sold. His colossal airship was a long, thin strip of overripe grain along the side of a hill that had been lighted up by the rays of the setting sun.

Sadly and swiftly he made his way toward home, wondering whether he could reach it, for in his enthusiasm he had overstayed his allotted time. At the height at which he was flying he was well in the sun, but underneath it was dusk. He could just see the course of canals and rivers gleaming out of the darkness. In that part of Belgium there is almost always flat ground on each side of the canals, and he made up his mind to land parallel to a watercourse of some kind.

By this time he calculated that he must be over territory held by Belgians or by British, and not by Germans. So he edged gently downward, and when he thought his gasoline must be nearly all gone, he made for a gleam of water.

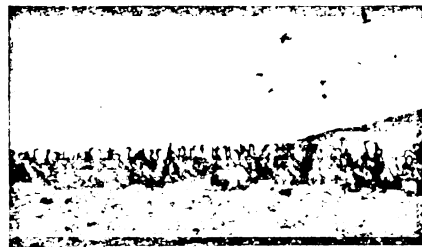
Very gently he let his machine down until the water alongside which he was flying appeared nearly on his own level. Then he switched off his

engine and glided slowly along, anxiously feeling for the ground he could not see. The wheels touched, then the tail skid felt the ground, and without a jar the machine came to rest. The pilot heaved a sigh of relief and climbed out.

Once on the ground he was able to see nearby objects fairly well, but, as he walked round to the front of the machine, the ground before him suddenly vanished. Cautionally he approached the limit of visible grass and discovered to his horror that the machine had pulled up on the very edge of a deep, disused gravel pit. Two yards more and the wheels would have run over the edge, the tail would have lifted, and the machine would have plunged forty or fifty feet into a stagnant pool, where he would certainly have been drowned if he had not been killed by the fall.

THE HABITS OF THE GUANAYES

FIVE years ago the Peruvian government, noticing a diminution in the supply of guano, appointed Mr. H. O. Forbes to investigate the cause and to propose plans for the rearing and protection of the birds. On making a trip to several of the Chincha islands, the naturalist was astonished to find no guanayes whatever there. During the previous nesting season the birds, for some unknown reason, had migrated in large numbers, leaving their nests with living young and eggs unprotected. The ground was covered with nests filled with the sunbaked, mummified bodies of the starved young birds or with unbroken eggs. So



A NESTING COLONY

immense was the feast left to the gulls, vultures and terns that they had been able to dispose of only a small part of it.

Within a few weeks most of the guanayes returned to their old haunts, but they showed no inclination to nest again that season.

Nothing is more interesting, says Mr. Forbes in Country Life, than the morning departure of these birds for the feeding grounds. As they can rise from a level surface only with great difficulty, they make their way in great phalanxes over so as to attain sufficient air resistance to establish flight. Advancing in their habitual erect attitude, the birds resemble nothing so much as well-disciplined regiments of pygmy soldiers, attired in white tunics and black headgear. For hours at a time the army falls over the cliffs in a black cataract. On one occasion I was able to fix by bearings the extent of a single colony of feeding birds and to compute that it was composed of 10,250,000 cormorants and other guanayes.

The birds return later in the day in a livelier mood, with their ranks deployed on far-extending, widely spaced files. They describe long, deep, serpentine undulations, with each file moving as if it were part of a great carpet of loosely strung beads shaken rhythmically by an unseen hand; for as each bird arrives at the place in the air where its predecessors rose and fell, it repeats the identical movement with the utmost precision. Many square miles of deep, azure, cirrus-flecked sky thus peopled is a sight worth a long journey to witness.

TRIPPING UP CY PELTON

SOUR John Marvin glanced out of the window of the shop where he was making an afternoon call. "Cy Pelton is headed this way," he announced, "and I will make a prediction. If anyone here present ventures to speak of anything out of the ordinary that he has heard of or read about, Cy will follow with something in the same line, only a little more remarkable, that he has been an eyewitness of, and he'll be sure to place it in some place pretty far from this town. But Cy Pelton needn't flatter himself that he ever fools me. I have sense enough to know that he always makes up his story as he goes along, and I live in hopes of seeing him tripped up some day."

At that moment the door opened and the reputed spinner of "yarns" walked in. At his heels came Uncle Noah Briggs, the acknowledged oldest inhabitant.

"I've just been reading an interesting piece about Abraham Lincoln," Uncle Noah began, as he accepted the easiest chair.

"When he was a young man, clerking in a store, some one stumped him one day to pick up a barrel of rum off the floor and hold it up to his mouth and drink out of the bung-hole; and he did it. But after he laid the barrel down again he spit every drop of the liquor out of his mouth. That goes to show how strong Mr. Lincoln was in his arms and also how strong temperance he was."

Uncle Noah would have continued, but he made a fatal pause, and Cyrus Pelton got the floor.

"I had an uncle, on my mother's side," he said, "that I guess was full as strong in his arms as ever Mr. Lincoln was, and even stronger temperance. He was a blacksmith in the town of Industry."

"One time, when I was a small boy visiting up there, Hiram Quint, one of Uncle Life's near neighbors, was building a big barn, and he had asked a lot of men to the raising."

"In those days almost everyone drank hard cider, and thought nothing of it. But Uncle Life was dead set against it. When he came along that day and saw the big barrel of cider that Mr. Quint had provided for refreshment, he says, 'Hiram, your raising would come on full as well, and some chaps here would be better off, if you would carry that cider down to the brook and dump it.'"

"I saw Hiram wink at the bystanders, and says he, 'I'm hardly strong enough. But if you are,' says he, 'you're at liberty to do it.'"

"All right," says Uncle Life, and he made for his blacksmith shop. In a few minutes back he came, bringing a horseshoe that he had hammered out in such a way that he could make the heel calks fit into the bung-hole of the barrel as it lay there on the ground. Then, with the horseshoe as a handle, he lifted that barrel of cider as it had been a carpetbag and carried it to the brook and emptied it."

"Now, if you will give me a chance, I should like

to put in a word," said Uncle Noah, with a show of impatience. "It so happened that I was at the raising of Hiram Quint's barn."

"I didn't know that you were acquainted in the town of Industry," said Cyrus, in evident surprise.

John Marvin's eyes sparkled. "So there was such a raising," he said. "Well, that bears out Cy's story, so far. I suppose the rest of it was equally correct, Uncle Noah?"

"No, it wasn't," replied the old man emphatically; whereupon one of John Marvin's rare smiles lighted up his grim features.

"Now, I always try to be accurate," said Cyrus, hitching uneasily in his chair, "but I was only a little shaver at the time, and maybe my recollection is a little at fault."

"No, you were wrong, Cy," said Uncle Noah firmly. "When you broke in on me I was about to tell the story, and tell it as 'twas. It wasn't a barrel of cider that your uncle carried down and dumped in the brook in the way and manner that you described. It was *two* barrels of cider—one in each hand."

THE MOST VALUABLE OF SCRAPBOOKS

WHAT is probably the most valuable—and certainly the most interesting—scrapbook in the United States is a large but very ordinary appearing volume owned by the government and kept by Maj. Alfred R. Quaife, who has charge of the safe at the Treasury Department in Washington. This scrapbook contains specimens of every kind of paper money issued by the United States government since 1865, when Maj. Quaife assumed his present duties, and the face value alone of the notes pasted in the book is seventy-six thousand dollars. Inasmuch as many of the notes are now obsolete, while others have a considerable historic value, the scrapbook would undoubtedly bring in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars if it were put up at auction.

Shortly after he took charge of the big vaults where the Treasury Department stores the money that it pays out every day over its counter, Maj. Quaife conceived the idea of starting a scrapbook that would serve a double purpose—as a record of the various issues of paper money authorized by the government and as a means of identification of old notes.

On a number of occasions the book has been of great service in detecting counterfeiters of old issues or in identifying bills with which banks were not familiar. It would probably be very hard to cash some of the paper money in this scrapbook at the present day, for many of the older bills are very queer-looking, and there is one one-hundred-dollar gold certificate, dated January 2, 1877, that is engraved on one side only.

The value of the book is constantly increasing, for, in addition to the new bills that are added to the collection from time to time, the old notes become more valuable as they become more and more rare.

The scrapbook, as befits so precious a volume, is kept in a safe at the Treasury Department, over which hangs a frame inclosing three government notes—a gold certificate for ten thousand dollars, a silver certificate for ten thousand dollars, and another silver certificate for five thousand dollars.

WORTHY TO BE PRESERVED

A "FISH story," one hundred years old, retold by a contemporary, shows that our story-tellers of the present day had no unworthy representatives in the past. The story originally appeared in the Goshen Independent Republican (New York) of October 18, 1820, and, condensed, runs as follows:

"On August 19 a large fish was seen alongside the schooner Brilliant. One of the crew fastened a silver dollar (in lieu of other bait) to his hook, but the fish swallowed both hook and bait and bit off the line. A second hook and bait also disappeared. On August 21 a third attempt was made with the same kind of valuable bait, but that also shared the fate of the others."

"Four days later, after a run of three hundred miles, a shark was caught with a bowline, which contained two of the hooks baited with two of the dollars. In about fifteen minutes a dolphin was caught, which contained the other hook and dollar."

The chronicler of this marvelous story made the following noncommittal comment: "As our correspondent is a gentleman of benevolence and sobriety, we regard this as a very singular circumstance indeed."

A BROAD DISTINCTION

ON a tramping trip, says Interviews, Irving Bacheller, the novelist, discovered a chin-bearded patriarch on a roadside rock.

"Fine corn," Mr. Bacheller remarked tentatively, waving his hand toward a hillside filled with straggling stalks.

"Best in New Hampshire," said the sifter.

"How do you plough that field?" asked Mr. Bacheller. "It's pretty steep."

"Don't plough it," said the sifter. "When the spring thaws come, the rocks rolling downhill tear it up so that we can plant corn."

"And how do you plant it?" asked Mr. Bacheller.

"Don't plant it, really," said the sifter. "Stand in the back door and shoot the seed in with a shotgun."

"Is that the truth?" asked Bacheller.

"Of course not," said the sifter disgustedly. "That's conversation."

"LOW BRIDGE"

THE driver of a small motor car, says the Indianapolis News, speeded out of a cross street and struck a street car squarely amidstships. The street-car conductor got off to investigate and to collect evidence for his official report.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked the driver. "Don't you know you can't run under my car with your top up?"

NO SUICIDE

OH, Miss Smith," said Willie, "may I be dismissed at eleven? Father is going to cut his head off, and I want to see him do it." Miss Smith was somewhat surprised, but not more so than Willie was when he found that she had not heard a word about his father's going on a hunting trip and shooting a splendid deer.



THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



HOW LITTLE BEAR HELPED THE WILDCAT BABIES

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX

ONE time the wildcat babies ran away. It was late in the afternoon when Little Bear found them crying beside the brook. They were not far from their home, but the trouble was that they were on the wrong side of the brook.

"Swim across!" advised the bearers. But the baby wildcats were afraid of the water and would not try to swim.

"Wade in, wade in!" advised Father Deer. The baby wildcats shook their front paws and would not wade into the water; they did not like to get wet.

"Slide right in and paddle over!" suggested Mrs. Otter. But the baby wildcats would not slide in and paddle over; they were afraid of the water; they did not like to get wet.

"Float over, float over!" advised the ducks. But the baby wildcats would not even try to float.

"Jump on a log and spread your tails wide and sail across!" said the red squirrel. But the wildcat babies did not dare to jump on a log. They were afraid that it would turn over and dump them into the water.

By the time Little Bear came along, the baby wildcats were crying big tears into the brook and wailing at the top of their voices. Little Bear could not help laughing; but he felt sorry for his little neighbors, and determined to help them out of their trouble. He thought and thought and thought and thought! At last he asked the baby wildcats how they happened to be so near home and yet on the wrong side of the brook.

"Mother went away and didn't come back,"

here, and it is a wonder he didn't find you! Scoot into the house this minute!"

"Little Bear is good!" piped in the shrill voice of little sister Fluffy. "He made a stone bridge for us and brought us home!" Little Bear loved her for owning up like that.

"Well," said Mrs. Wildcat, "if he knows what is good, he will be glad to have me take him home, or the circus man may get him."

Little Bear knew what was good for him;

THE BOY AND THE FLAG

BY JOHN CLAIR MINOT

*Do you know the story of it?
Do you sense the glory of it
With a pulsing rapture that thrills
you through and through?
When you see it gleaming there,
When you see it streaming there,
Do you grasp the meaning of those
Stars and Stripes to you?*

*You can see the beauty there—
Can you read your duty there
When you see it flutter against the
sky to-day?
Does it stir the soul of you,
Does it fill the whole of you—
The flag that flies above you and
half a world away?*

*Think of those who wrought for it!
Honor those who fought for it—
Who gave their lives to save it in
the darksome days of old!
Not a blot is staining there!
Every star remaining there!
All the hopes of millions its
rippling stripes enfold!*

*Show yourself a man for it!
Do the most you can for it!
Remember that you owe it the
best you have to give!
Duty's voice may call to you,
The post of honor fall to you,
O then to die beneath it were
sweeter than to live!*

that she had seen in Shores' window and a set of books; and before John had come over, Marnie had thought that it would take her every single minute until mother was ready for her to decide which she would choose. But now, all of a sudden, here was a strange new idea.

She sat down in the library, perfectly still for ten minutes, and then ran upstairs.

"Mother!" she called. "O mother! Could I get a flag with daddy's money, do you think?"

"Yes, indeed," said mother.

"A big flag?"

"Yes, a fine big flag, I should think," said mother. "Daddy was going to give you a particularly fine present, you know, because he had to disappoint you this morning. But what do you need of a flag? Daddy and I have a fine one to put on the front veranda."

Then Marnie told her all about the boys who laughed, and the flag that she seemed to see but that the boys did not see, and how she felt that they must have a real flag.

Mother smiled and nodded and smiled again as she listened—and I think a little bit of mother's money, too, went into the flag that they bought that afternoon, for it was just as beautiful as a flag could be,

and as big as a nine-year-old girl could possibly carry over her shoulder.

But the best thing of all happened the next morning when she stepped out of the door, with her head high and her precious flag waving proudly aloft. For there on the sidewalk were all the little boys, with John at their head. Not Marnie or Barbara Fritchie, or George Washington himself, could have seen a thing to criticize in the way they saluted the flag that morning and marched behind it, a guard of honor, until it landed safe and sound in their room at school.

MARNIE AND THE FLAG

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD

ERECT and alert, like a little soldier in blue gingham, Marnie stood at attention and saluted the flag. Then with blazing eyes she turned upon the two little boys across the aisle, whom the teacher was scolding, and fairly withered them with a scornful glance. To think that there could be two American boys who would giggle during the daily salute—giggle and have to be made to do it over!

John, however, was her neighbor, and as soon as Marnie came out to play that afternoon he ran right over.

Marnie drew her skirts round her with great dignity and started back toward the house. "You know well enough, John Grover!" she said. "I don't want anything to do with a traitor!" And she held her curly head very high indeed.

"Traitor!" stammered John. "What do you mean?"

Marnie turned round just for a minute. "Any boy who laughs at the Stars and Stripes is as bad as a traitor!" she said.

John took a step after her. "Why, what do you mean, Marnie?" he said. "I never laughed at the Stars and Stripes, never! Why, I had a great-great-grandfather or something that died in the Revolutionary War! So!"

Marnie turned again, and her eyes blazed even more than they had before.

"That makes it all the worse!" she cried. "What would your great-great-grandfather think if he knew how you laughed at the flag when you ought to have saluted it?"

"Oh!" John understood now, and he felt better. "Is that what you mean? Why, there wasn't any flag there to laugh at, Marnie Evans. That's the joke, don't you see? Saluting the blackboard and pretending it's a flag!"

"Why, John Grover," cried Marnie, "do you mean—why, it is there! I mean it's just the same as there. Don't you see?" She stopped helplessly. "Why, when I salute or when I sing The Star-Spangled Banner, I do see it—not a real one, of course, but something up in the air, bigger and lovelier than any flag I ever saw—almost. And that's what I salute. O John, don't you understand?"

But John shook his head. "No," he said firmly. "It's because you're a girl that you see things in the air like that. When I see a real flag I'll salute all right, and so'll the rest of the fellows; but saluting the blackboard is just a joke. So! Come on now and play."

But Marnie shook her head and walked slowly up the steps. She had something to think about, and wished to be by herself.

To begin with, Marnie had to make up her mind to the idea that other people did not see the great beautiful flag that she saw up in the sky whenever she heard The Star-Spangled Banner or went through the pretty exercise that they call in school Saluting the Flag. And then somehow she saw that it was not a good thing for boys to laugh about saluting the flag, even when there was not any flag there.

And last, there was the question of daddy's present that he did not bring her from New York.

For Marnie's father had come back only that morning from New York; and as he had been too busy to buy her a present there, as he usually did, he had promised to let her go downtown with her mother and choose a present for herself.

Now the trouble was that there were two things that Marnie wanted—a beautiful doll

WHEN ALICE WALKED IN THE WOOD

BY EMMA S. FRANCIS

On a summer evening,
Just as day was spent,
Through a little wood I walked,
Singing as I went.

Then I ceased my singing:
Peace was over all;
Suddenly upon my ear
Fell a cheery call.

Just beside the pathway,
From a chestnut tree,
Peered a curious little chap,
Beckoning to me.



It was not a squirrel:
It was not a bird:
It was not a falling leaf
By the breezes stirred.

Gnome it was, or pixy,
Or a fairy fay,
That had come to talk with me
From an olden day.

Then why was I frightened?
Surely I don't know!
Yet I turned and ran away
Fast as I could go.

If I had been bolder,
If I had not stirred,
Who can know the secret things
That I might have heard?

Things of woodland magic,
Tales of long ago,
Bits of wondrous forest lore
That the fairies know.

Through the wood I'll wander
On another day;
Then if gnomes or pixies call,
I'll not run away.

DRAWINGS BY WALT HARRIS



AT LAST THERE WAS A BRIDGE OF STONES ACROSS THE BROOK

Yowler explained, "and I said we ought to stay home and be good, but —"

"He did not!" interrupted Billy Wildcat. "He said, 'Ma will never know if we go walking just a little way,' didn't he, Fluffy?"

"Yes, he did," answered Fluffy. "And we walked and we walked until we were lost—and Yowler was the worst one of us. Why, why, Yowler!"

"Don't quarrel," said Little Bear. "I want to know how you happen to be on the wrong side of the brook?"

"Yowler, he made us cross the away-off-seven-mile bridge," was Owley's answer.

"If you don't stop this quarreling, I shall leave you," threatened Little Bear. "And now I know what to do, if you will be good. We will build a bridge. I'll carry big stones and drop them into the brook, and every one of you shall bring little stones."

So straightway Little Bear began building a bridge of stones. It was hard work, but he tugged at rocks and rolled stones and lifted stones and splashed and struggled and struggled and splashed until at last there was a fair bridge of stones across the singing brook. The baby wildcats did not help much because they were too busy quarreling and crying.

"Now step over," advised Little Bear, "and be careful that you do not slip."

One by one the little "fraid-cats," careful not to slip, crossed the brook, stepping high and carrying their tails in the air. At last Little Bear left them at their own door, just as Mother Wildcat appeared.

"You naughty children!" she exclaimed. "I have searched the woods far and near for you! There is a circus man wandering round

so he gladly put his little wet paw into Mrs. Wildcat's paw and trotted along by her side. Mrs. Maria Wildcat meant well, and he knew it. Some folks are always irritable when they are worried. Anyway, she took Little Bear home; and great was Little Bear's surprise when, on reaching his own gate, Mrs. Wildcat suddenly stopped and said, "Mer—row! Mer—row!" in her most impolite fashion.

At the same moment Father Bear and Mother Bear came running down the path from the house to see what was the matter; and at that very minute up jumped the circus man from beside the gate, where he had been hiding, and ran away as fast as he could go—so fast that he looked like a straight line flying down the road!

For the first time in his life Little Bear kissed Mrs. Maria Wildcat good night without being told. And all that evening until bedtime he and Father Bear played a merry game of Mrs. Maria Wildcat scaring a circus man—"Mer—row! Mer—row! Mer—row!"



THE SHIFTING SANDS OF THE CIMARRON

IT was the third of the bad years in that part of the West; the annual hot wind had again laid low the corn, and farming men and women, gazing stonily over the arid plain, had a certain wonder that God could let the wheeling sun so blaze and gloat over the little remainder of their crops. Something more divine than courage animated those who could look and speak cheerfully in mid-July, and that was a time when many a strong man derived from wife or daughter or sister the spirit to hold on against despair.

Lucy Harlow was alarmed by her husband's state—his black moods had grown longer and his talk more desperate in spite of her lilt-ing way. She began to fear his brain was affected.

"It's beggary to stay here, and we can't get out. Our two years' work has gone for nothing; the land is worth nothing. You'd be better off without me, for then you could go home to your father—and what I live for I don't know."

"You've got the children and you've got me, Will," she said, coming to him affectionately; but he turned away with a groan and went out to gaze at his cows. Would the drought continue until they should become again mere animated skin and bone?

Before he came back Lucy had conceived a plan. Change he must have, and it would be good for the children and herself.

"Will," she said, "I get downhearted myself, too, often. I wish I could see somebody belonging to me; it's two years now, and only strangers all round. I'm thinking of my sister Eliza over Mulhall way. You've got to take wheat in to the railway one of these days, for the flour is most out. Suppose you take me and the children and we go all the way to Mulhall."

Now the railway was twenty-five miles distant, but Mulhall was seventy-five miles farther away. Will looked blank, and groaned with objections that seemed insurmountable.

But Lucy blew them all away before the next evening. Her neighbors to the east had agreed to care for the cows and milk them for the milk; to feed the hogs in consideration of being allowed to keep the little black-and-white sow; to mind the fowls at the price of the gray hen and fifteen chicks.

"But —"

"No use 'butting,' Will. We'll take care of the horses ourselves, for they'll be taking us to Mulhall; and the children will be with us. Mrs. Scarlett says she will feed the cat and look after the pups if we let her keep the brindly one. Now you can't think of another thing against taking two weeks off and visiting my sister Eliza."

So the next day Will filled six bags with the precious wheat,—they had reaped barely enough for breadstuff that year,—and Lucy did her little baking and washing, and packed her box of rations for the journey. She sang as she worked, and Will whistled for the first time since "the annual" had blighted the corn. It was good medicine that the young wife had devised.

They were to have started on a Wednesday, but on Wednesday the incredible happened: it rained. It was not a great rain, but it was enough to have saved the corn had it come ten days earlier; and Will fell to groaning about the inscrutable ways of Providence as they traveled on Thursday over the long road between the hopeless fields.

"If the ways of Providence are inscrutable, there's no use talking about them," said Lucy. "Don't let us get sighing about losses, or the past, or hard luck, or anything. Let us look forward; this is our first holiday for ever so long. How cool and fresh the air is after the rain."

"All right, look forward we will," said Will, bracing up. "How cool and fresh the Cimarron will be, maybe."

Lucy's face fell. She had not before thought of the effect of yesterday's rain on the treacherous river, which they must cross. Still, they could turn back if the ford was in a dangerous state.

When they sighted the river from the top of a high bluff the spectacle nearly took their breath away. In ordinary times the Cimarron appears as a sand plain nearly a mile wide, with a few narrow streaks of running water. Now there were but a few spots of sand visible; the river bed was entirely covered with yellow water, and everyone in that region knows that the sand of the Cimarron is somewhat "quick" when covered with a stream.

As the wagon approached the river, Lucy's

fears increased, for the water was running more swiftly than she had supposed. They had come nine miles on their journey, and it did seem too bad to turn back. "But," said Lucy, "we'd better turn round than get mired in quicksand."

Will stood silent and looked a long time at the water, trying to estimate how much of the sand was barely wet and how much covered with a dangerous current. His heart was now set on the visit to Mulhall, and, man like, he hated to retreat without having ventured anything. Presently he took one of the horses out of the traces and waded in.

"I'll cross this way first and see if it is safe for the wagon," he said.

It seemed safe enough. He did not sink to his hips during the passage; frequently the



children, who had begun to shriek and cry. Will sternly urged his horses. Soon they had struggled across the gully and had scrambled up the steep. And then, as the front wheel struck the edge, the gray mare fell down. Instantly the wagon seemed to settle lower in the sand.

In vain Will shouted at and whipped the beast; she was discouraged; the terrible sand was rapidly going from under her and piling against her side. Her mate, the bay horse, was rearing and pawing, trying to get away.

Will stared desperately at his wife in the wagon. He could not hold the bay and lift the gray at the same time. The man's thoughts were divided between his beloved ones and the clothing and breadstuff in the wagon, which

with all his strength, the man looked desperately at the woman now. And again her sense came in.

She led the horses sharply to the right, then sharply back and to the left, seesawing the wheels; then she put the beasts at the straight pull again. The wheels had been moved, and still they did not rise.

Again Lucy hurried them from left to right, seesawing. Will sprang out and seized reins and whip. His greater force seemed to enter the horses, and with a mighty rush they raised the front wheels.

Forward! Up! The wagon was on the shallow. But the children had been tumbled against the back of the seat and then, struggling and screaming, had rolled under it. Lucy, her heart sore to help them, had to leave them there; for Will, fearing that another gully might form before them, rushed the horses on until they reached a place where the sand was higher than the water.

There he stopped them and brought the doubletree back to its place, while Lucy clambered back into the box and lifted the children to her arms.

But the halt could be but a few seconds. There was no telling how soon the current, eating at the sand bank's edges, might sweep it away. Forward!

As the horses reluctantly left the sand bank, Lucy kissed the children and sprang out into the water; the less weight in the wagon the greater their chance of escape. So she floundered along; sometimes up to her waist, sometimes to her arm-pits,—for she is not tall,—and yet it was not the current that scared her, but that dreadful dragging and sucking of the sand at her feet, which felt as heavy as if they carried lead.

She would have given everything but what she was trying to save for one moment of rest; but Will pressed on as fast as voice and whip could urge the horses. Under his wise tyrannic force they pulled, sprang, snorted, worked desperately, until at last they rose up on the shore, and would have stumbled down there instantly had he not insisted on ten yards more.

Down sank the horses in the traces. The woman gathered the children from the wagon box and sat in the shade of the wagon, for the sun was blazing overhead. The man, going about the wagon box, felt of his little-damaged wheat and of the wet bundles of clothing before he came to his wife and children. He was very contrite.

"Lucy! Good Lord, to think of me risking you! And you saved us! My heavens, Lucy—if I'd lost you and them!"

She looked up with happy tears in her eyes. "I guess you've found out you've got something to live for, Will," said Lucy, as she pulled him to his knees beside her.

And from that first day on the Mulhall trip Will Harlow lamented his fate no more than he does now, when good years and high-priced wheat have made him one of the prosperous men of the Cimarron Country.

✧ ✧

A FIVE-MILLION-DOLLAR LOSS

IN the bullion room of the Bank of England stands the grand balance. It is a machine, says a contributor to Pearson's Weekly, that was constructed primarily for testing light gold coins.

Standing approximately seven feet high and weighing nearly two tons, this wonderful piece of mechanism can weigh a piece of thistle-down or a four-hundred-pound gold bar with equal accuracy.

Before being used it always has to be carefully dusted; for otherwise the dust that has settled upon it even in the course of a few minutes, although invisible to the naked eye, would cause it to register inaccurately. So responsive is the machinery that a postage stamp placed on one of the two weighing portions moves the index six inches.

After the new English currency notes were issued the grand balance was kept busy virtually day and night weighing the gold coinage that was called in and replaced by notes. It has now been found that the total loss of gold owing to the abrasion of the coins as they passed from hand to hand, in the course of circulation, amounts to nearly five million dollars.

That, however, is not quite so alarming as it sounds, for the loss is spread over a period of twenty-five years—from March, 1892, that is to say, up to the present time. Twenty-five years is reckoned to be the legal "life" of a sovereign at full face weight.

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



IN HER ARMS SHE PRESSED THE CHILDREN, WHO HAD BEGUN TO SHRIEK AND CRY. WILL STERNLY URGED HIS HORSES

water barely covered his feet; sometimes he walked on little spaces of bare, wet sand. On the opposite shore he stuck up a pole to guide him, and then waded back slowly to his young wife.

"If nothing shifts, we can cross all right," he told her. "The water can't get into the wagon box, either, if we keep moving. It's when you stop that the sand feels dangerous underfoot."

His easy passage to and fro had encouraged Lucy, and she was eager to undertake the crossing. But it is one thing for a woman to be undaunted on dry land and quite another to keep up her nerve with water rolling and gurgling under the box of her wagon—and it traveling on quicksand.

Lucy was so dizzy in a few seconds that she shut her eyes and clasped the children tighter; still she seemed to see the river rolling and the wagon drifting away. Every moment she expected to feel the water round her feet. Meantime Will led his team coolly, and the children, staring now at the flood and now at their calm father, gave no sign of fright.

Stirred by the current, sand rolled from the bottom in such quantities that the footing went from under the horses and the man as they trod. It was a terrifying sensation. The horses snorted with fear as they pressed quickly on, and Will urged them by his voice to keep them from utter discouragement. The man himself was not terrified, although he was anxious, and wished he had not brought the wagon in. He had a definite thing to accomplish, and his physical courage was of a high order. Even though he dreaded to find a gully washed out in the path since his crossing, he was firmly resolved to "get there"—to the shore beyond this turbid current and shifting sands.

At an alarming jerk Lucy opened her eyes. The horses had suddenly plunged much deeper; she saw the current pushing at their sides. The wagon was going down; its front wheels dropped with a jolt. Water was gurgling against the box, and she drew up her feet with a cry:

"O Will, let us turn back!"

Will was wading to his waist. He stood aside and shouted, "Git up there! Git up!" and cracked his black-snake whip. "Sit down, Lucy!" he yelled. "Keep your weight low! We'll get through all right, yet!"

She sank down in the seat; the water was almost to her knees. In her arms she pressed the

was necessary to their lives. He knew not what to say. The idea of calling on his wife for help never occurred to him.

He was angry at circumstances. Had he spoken at all he might have spoken sharply, and Lucy would have supposed he was provoked with her. Still he was not cowed; he was fighting down the plunges of the bay and trying to lift the gray by pulls and kicks and shouts.

Lucy stared and understood. It was death all about and under them—unless she could help. She forgot fear, forgot all physical repulsion to what she must do. Down in the little girl's arms she pushed the smaller brother, with "Hold him tight, Luce." Then she tore off her skirts and jumped out of the wagon. "I'll unhitch the tugs!" she cried.

When she got the tugs loose the gray mare struggled up, and Will led the team out into shallow water; part of the sand washed out of the gully had swirled and settled to lessen the depth on the shelf.

"Come, Lucy, hold the horses while I get the children. We can save ourselves, anyway, and get ashore."

She struggled up the rise and spoke. Now that she was wet, she was as game as he, and her greater shrewdness informed her that there was still a chance to save their wagon and other property.

"We'll save the wheat," she cried, "and everything!"

She directed him in a few words. He plunged in and took the doubletree and fastened it to the end of the tongue, which was on the shallow. Meantime she led the horses to and fro to keep them from sinking. The dreadful sensation of the sand moving from under her feet she will remember to her dying day—and still more clearly the faces of the children staring at her, and the hurrying wild of water in which the wagon box was so small an island.

Will was desperately speedy and yet accurate in every movement; the fight under his wife's eyes put him at his best.

"Now, Lucy!" and she brought the horses to the doubletree. In a trice he had hitched them. "Now, Lucy!" He jumped down to seize one of the front wheels, while she with whip and voice urged the team to pull.

But they could not budge the wagon; the sand had settled round the wheels much as snow drifts against an obstruction. Lifting

SAVE THE FRUIT CROP

**We said this LAST YEAR—
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This is a year for thrift and service. We must feed not only our own people, but also millions in Europe. The frightful waste of fruit is a national reproach. Help stop this unpardonable extravagance. The fruit we waste would feed Belgium.

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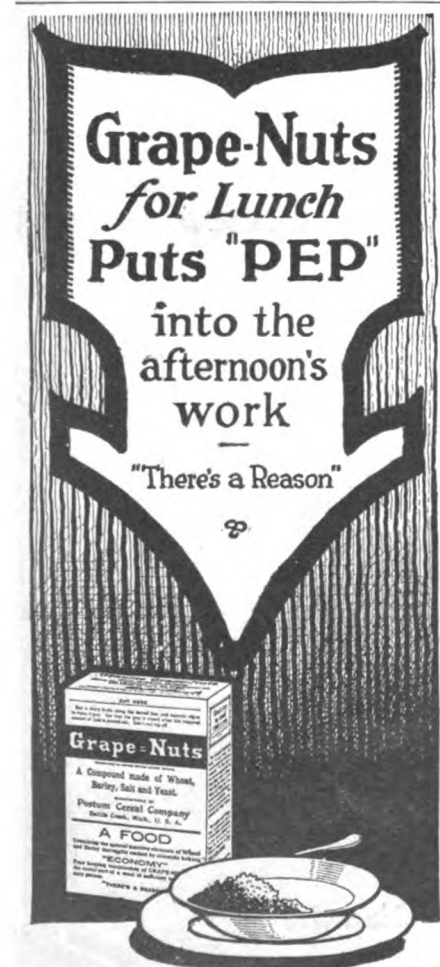
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IN A FAR COUNTRY



IT was a beautifully bright, sunny summer afternoon in Zermatt. In the clear air the mighty peak of the Matterhorn gleamed like an inverted icicle. It seemed preposterous that human beings should attempt to climb it, and incredible that any should succeed.

The party of fourteen or fifteen Americans who had gathered in front of the hotel had no thought of attempting the feat—then, at least. Some of them had already made the ascent; others intended to make it by and by. Just now they were resting and enjoying the tremendous panorama. All the morning they had tramped together, as indeed they had for several weeks. Luncheon was over, and in a little while they were to separate.

Some one started a song, a rollicking college lay, with a fair imitation of the Swiss yodel for the chorus. The others caught it up, and in a few minutes everyone was singing.

There were some good voices in the group, both among the men and among the women, and the pleasure of singing together was contagious. One selection followed another in quick order—the songs of several American colleges, negro melodies, church hymns, Scotch and English ballads.

At first the tone was gay and a little boisterous; but either the influence of the surroundings or of the singing itself, or the thought of the coming separation and the break in the pleasant summer friendships, began to exert a quieting effect. The songs gradually took on a sentimental quality—Annie Laurie, My Old Kentucky Home, then Auld Lang Syne.

When that was finished there was a little pause. Then a splendid baritone voice began:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing."

One by one the men in the party removed their hats, and both men and women took up the song. Before the first stanza was finished, a window in a front room of the second story of the hotel was slowly raised, and a white-haired old lady appeared. The noise of the grating window caused one of the singers to look up, and the face of the old lady fixed itself in his memory. It was the face of a woman of seventy or more, beautiful rather because of its refinement and tenderness of expression than because of regularity of feature. The woman was in deep mourning, and as she stood in the window, listening, her eyes were filled with tears, which rolled slowly down her cheeks.

The young people sang the song through. At the end, in the quiet that settled momentarily on the group, the door of the hotel opened and the old lady stepped out. She was evidently laboring under strong emotion. Her lips quivered and the tears still glistened in her eyes; but without hesitation she advanced to the group of young Americans and held out both hands to the girl who happened to be nearest. She spoke impulsively:

"I thank you! I thank you more than I can tell! I, too, am an American, but I haven't seen my native land or heard that song sung for more than forty years; and it means more to me than it can possibly mean to you."

"Dr. Smith, the author of that song, was our minister when I was a girl at home. He was a family friend, too, and when I was married it was he who performed the ceremony. My husband was an Englishman. He died here this summer. Of course I have heard the air of the song thousands of times; but with other words it never seemed the same to me."

"I am going home soon—home to America; and there, please God, I shall hear Americans sing that song as you have sung it here. When you are as old as I am, you will know what it means."

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ARMY

AN officer in the Canadian forces, Maj. Edgar, now serving in Flanders, tells the following affecting story of a dog's love and fidelity. The dog was an Irish terrier, whose home with a French family was destroyed when the Germans came. He fled from the ruined house and the dead bodies of the people he had loved, and sought refuge with one of the British regiments. Here one of the kindly Tommies adopted him and named him Army. The kindly Tommy was killed subsequently, and the dog stationed himself, a lonely watcher, at his grave.

Other soldiers who came there found and cared for him; and when they were killed or had retired, still others became his guardians. He loved them all, but he never forgot his first loved friend and master, or failed to watch by his grave. He remained on guard all through the winter, and one morning he was found frozen to death there.

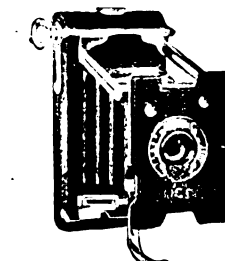
After Army had died, the authorities gave permission for him to be buried beside the master to whom he had been so faithful, and there in Flanders is the big grave with the little one beside it; and the dog's name as well as that of his master is inscribed upon the cross that marks their last earthly resting place.

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THE LITTLE FLAG AT MANILA

By Francis E. Clark, D.D.
President of the World's Christian Endeavor Union



ONE of the most precious of the possessions that I have accumulated in many years of travel is a little copy of Old Glory. Commercially, I suppose, it is not worth a penny; the bunting is cheap, and there is a big hole in two of the stripes. But it is precious to me, for it is the first American flag that floated from a flagstaff in the city of Manila after the occupation by the American fleet in 1898.

It was given me at a convention in Denver by Chaplain Robert E. Steele, formerly of the United States Navy. He told its story in a large tent in which ten thousand young men and women were packed, and then he unfurled it over their heads. The depths of their patriotism were stirred, and they cheered and cheered the little flag as if they would never stop.

It was first in the possession of Leonard Budrow, the coxswain of one of the cutters of the battleship Olympia, Admiral Dewey's flagship at Manila Bay.

"Young Budrow," said Chaplain Steele, "was a typical American bluejacket, with a high sense of honor, and as true to the code of ethics of the navy as any man who ever wore its uniform.

"I knew him intimately," said the chaplain, "and when I stood at his open grave in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington one bleak March morning in 1901 it was more than a shipmate whose body was laid away to await the resurrection; it was an honored friend. Nearly a year before his fatal illness and death he came to me one day with a little boat flag in his hand, and said:

"This is the first American flag hoisted at Cavite after the great fight. I was coxswain of one of the cutters of the Olympia, and my boat took ashore the party whose business it was to hoist the Stars and Stripes on the flagstaff at the Cavite Arsenal.

"You know how excited we were! Not a man in the fleet but walked on air. We had fought and won one of the great naval battles in history. Not a man had been lost, and our enemy was completely wiped out. We were intoxicated with the glory of it all. Officers and men alike were ready to cheer and yell at the slightest excuse. Under circumstances such as those, discipline was greatly relaxed, and we fellows did some things we would not have done otherwise.

"When we pulled up to the landing, and the flag party went ashore to the Plaza, I happened to glance up to the top of the great shears used for hoisting masts and heavy machinery. There, on the tiptop, was a little jack staff, with halyards all rove, just waiting for a flag. I could not resist the temptation. In the boat box I had a spare boat flag that belonged to me, and to get out the key, open the box and start up the shears was the work of a moment. The shears were provided with the usual rungs for climbing, and I was soon halfway to the top, running like a monkey.

"As I cleared the tops of the trees, I saw the flag party still on its way to the Plaza. I knew I could beat them. In a few minutes more I was on the little platform at the top, and had the flag bent on and hoisted. The boys in the boat below sent up a cheer that must have startled the other party. Just as I started down again, the band struck up The Star-Spangled Banner, and Old Glory began to rise majestically up the great flagstaff.

"Of course everyone stood at attention and faced the colors; but my fellows and I faced the little boat flag, and the salute we gave was to this little piece of bunting. It was the first American flag to float as a token of possession over the Philippines. I let it stay there a while on the little jack staff, and then took it down and have kept it ever since."

At the close of his address, and before the vociferous cheering that greeted the flag had died away, the chaplain turned and generously presented to me the historic piece of bunting. Do you wonder that I prize it as one of my chief treasures?

DRAMATIC SCULPTURE

THREE little boys were playing on the beach. One had piled and patted and cajoled the sand into a resemblance to a racing car, says the Post Magazine; another had constructed with fair success a touring car. But what the third little fellow had made was without form and void.

"What is your car?" one of the others asked him. He looked rather uncertain until the questioner continued: "Looks like two or three together."

"It is," he said loftily; "mine's a collision!"



A Scientist Dreamed of a Wheat Food

Prof. A. P. Anderson—then of Columbia University—dreamed of creating a perfect whole-wheat food.

That meant a food with every granule broken, so digestion would be easy and complete.

He conceived the idea of exploding each food cell. There are over 100 million in every wheat kernel. And the best cooking methods broke only part of them.

He did this by sealing the grains in guns. Then he applied a fearful heat, and changed the grain's moisture to steam. Then he shot the guns, and the steam exploded. And he found that every food cell was blasted.

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MOSQUITOES AND FLIES

WE do not know what new enemies we may have to fight during the coming summer, but we are quite sure that we shall not fail to meet our old foes—mosquitoes, house flies, and all the usual insect pests. Inasmuch as it has been proved beyond all question that these insects are responsible for the spread of many dreaded diseases, we no longer have the excuse of ignorance if we allow them to multiply round us. In the tropical zones the mosquito carries yellow fever from one human being to another; in the temperate zone it carries malaria. Wherever men succeed in exterminating the insect these disorders die out.

The people of the more civilized parts of the world are paying much attention to this exterminating process and are spending large sums of money, with the result that in many localities the mosquito is becoming rare, much to the improvement of the general health, to say nothing of the general comfort. The worst of it is that a community of conscientious people is more or less at the mercy of their slack neighbors. It is discouraging to exterminate one's own pests only to have the wind drive a flock over from the next community. We must labor, therefore, to educate people morally as well as mentally in these matters and try to convince them that duty calls as clearly as self-interest.

The house fly is so notoriously unclean that the instincts of all good housekeepers are against him, irrespective of the question of health; but if all women were made to look at food through a microscope after flies had been on it, they would be still more particular. Investigators have proved by careful computation that one fly sometimes harbors more than a million bacteria.

The time to begin the fight against these horrors is the very early summer, when the first warm weather brings out the hibernating flies. Destroy each one ruthlessly then and there. Explain the danger of them clearly to children of every age, and show them a magnified picture of a house fly with the accumulated dirt on its legs. Preach aloud until everyone knows that flies spell typhoid fever, many other intestinal disorders, and especially the dysentery that carries off so many young children in the hot weather.

THE WAY PEGGY TALKED

PEGGY, too full of news and enthusiasm to stop even to toss off her wraps, perched upon an arm of the davenport and poured out a torrent of mingled information, interruptions and exclamations.

"If you could only have been there! It was the loveliest engagement luncheon I ever saw in my life. Eloise had on a *dream* of a gown with little pink rose—oh, you should see the pin her Aunt Rebecca sent her!—one that has been in the family since the ark—and she was wild with delight, of course, a sapphire set with pearls, and oh, her hair that new way is just bewitching—"

Kent, catching her sleeve, jerked her off the davenport. "Hold on, Peggy!" he cried, with simulated concern. "Let's get this straight. Was Eloise a sapphire set with pearls, or was it the pearl that had its hair curled, or—"

"You know perfectly well what I mean," Peggy declared, with an effort at dignity. "This isn't high school."

But the next second she forgot her dignity and was rushing on again into one of the labyrinthine mazes of conversation that only Peggy's intimates could successfully unravel. And, after all, Peggy was such a dear that it seemed a small thing to let her talk in her own eager way.

That evening, however, when her excitement had simmered down, Kent waylaid her.

"It's for a heart-to-heart talk, Peggy," he said, steering her into his den. "It's for your soul's good, you know."

"Yes, sir," Peggy replied demurely.

"I'll do it up in sugar, but the medicine is inside. You're such a peach of a girl, sis, that people like just to look at you and have you round. I have a sort of weakness that way myself, even if you are my sister. But there's one thing you've got to correct sooner or later, and it's easier to begin when you're young. That's the way you talk. I never heard such a jumble in my life. And it's going to bore people, Peggy."

"Why, Kent Packard! I'm perfectly clear always," Peggy retorted with the indignation of one unjustly accused.

"All right! Go ahead! I've warned you, that's all."

Peggy pulled his hair saucily. "Thank you for nothing!" she said, and vanished.

It was the next week that Miss Capron appeared. Miss Capron was a dressmaker highly recommended by a neighbor. Peggy, coming in the first afternoon, heard her talking:

"Yes'm, this certainly is a fine piece of silk. It ought to make a beaut—and with a high collar! They're all the style. There was a customer of mine and she vowed she never would have one, but I persuaded—and with this lace especially, and

you not being so tall—and you'd be surprised to see how well it would look—and if you pleased it just a little and wired—"

Peggy, on the stairs, giggled to herself. Then she suddenly stood still with a queer look in her eyes. When she went on again she was thinking hard.

"UP-YOU-GO-AND-THE-BEST-OF-LUCK"

THE hospital at X— is a comfortable place, and the men are in no hurry to leave there for the trenches, says Mr. Patrick MacGill in *The Great Push*. But when Col. Z— pronounces them fit they must hasten to the fighting line again. And about Col. Z—, or "Up-you-go-and-the-best-of-luck," as he is known to the rank and file of the B. E. F., Mr. MacGill tells the following characteristic story:

Five men, including Gilhooley, an Indian who fought in an English regiment, where he became notorious for his mad escapades, his dare-devil pranks and his wild fearlessness, appeared before the colonel.

"How do you feel?" the colonel asked the first man.

"Not well at all," was the answer. "I can't eat 'ardly nuffink."

"That's the sort of man required up there," Col. Z— answered. "So up you go and the best of luck."

"How far can you see?" the colonel asked the next man, who had complained that his eyesight was bad.

"Only about fifty yards," was the answer.

"Your regiment is in trenches scarcely twenty-five yards from the enemy," the colonel told him. "So up you go and the best of luck."

To the third soldier, who had been wounded, he said, "Off you go and find the man who wounded you"; and to the fourth man, who confessed that he had never killed a German, he gave this advice:

"You had better double up; it's time you hit one."

It came to Gilhooley's turn.

"How many men have you killed?" the colonel asked.

"In and out, about fifty," Gilhooley answered.

"Make it a hundred, then," said the colonel; "and up you go and the best of luck."

UNTYING THE RED TAPE

SINCE the chief requirement in a torpedo-boat destroyer is speed, speed, and yet more speed, it has always been the aim of naval constructors to keep the fittings of such vessels as light as is consistent with strength and to dispense with all fittings that are not absolutely necessary.

Sometime in the year 1904, says Lient. F. H. Roberts in the *Army and Navy Journal*, a flotilla of destroyers sailed from the Atlantic coast to the Philippines by way of the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. It so happened that the commanding officer of one of the destroyers weighed about two hundred and thirty pounds. His two assistants, both of them ensigns, each weighed more than two hundred pounds. Out of a half dozen petty officers three were heavyweights, and in the crew were two or three others of the same size.

When the flotilla arrived in the Philippines the weather was hot and sultry, and the sun kept the steel deck of the vessel like a stove. The vessel's original allowance list had included one electric fan, and so the commanding officer immediately submitted a requisition asking that a fan be furnished for the wardroom and one in each compartment in which the crew were quartered, five fans in all.

The request in due time reached Washington, and some three months later was returned disapproved, since the bureau "did not wish to add any unnecessary weight to the vessel for fear of reducing its speed."

Nothing daunted, the commanding officer returned the requisition with a statement thereon of the weights of himself, his two commissioned assistants and other members of the crew, and requested that one or two of the heavyweights be transferred, and that a man weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds be assigned to his place, and further requested that the disapproval of his requisition be reconsidered. Needless to say, the fans were forthcoming and no one was transferred, not even the commanding officer!

ON THE SAFE SIDE

MANY years ago, says Surgeon Guthrie in *Seeing the World Through a Porthole*, a group of children were listening with great interest to the "yarns" of an old sailor who seemed to them a miracle of knowledge.

"In crossing the equator you either gain or lose a day," the story-teller declared.

One of the children appeared to him somewhat incredulous, whereupon the old man cleared his throat and added, "that is to say—sometimes."

Another old sailor who was being tried by court-martial had been so impressed with the instructions of the young officer detailed for his defense that he be extremely careful about qualifying evidence when he was not absolutely certain, said, when the Judge Advocate asked his name:

"My name is John McGraw—or words to that effect."

A KEEN OBSERVER

THE following dialogue, which took place when a Hungarian applied for naturalization papers, is reported in *Everybody's Magazine*:

"Who is President of the United States?"

"Meester Vilson."

"Who makes the laws?"

"De Kungress."

"Who elects the President?"

"California."

He got his papers.

AN UNEXPECTED ANSWER

THE kindergarten had been studying the wind all of the week—its power, effects, and so forth—until the subject had been pretty well exhausted. To stimulate interest, the teacher said, in her most enthusiastic manner:

"Children, as I came to school to-day in the trolley car the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And, according to Harper's Magazine, the children joyfully answered, "The conductor!"

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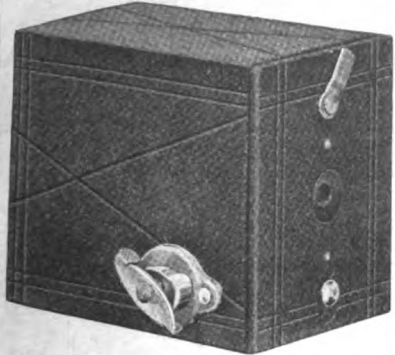
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NATURE & SCIENCE



RESEARCH AND INDUSTRY.—Dr. Raymond F. Bacon, who is director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, believes Americans have only begun to understand what properly conducted research can do for industry. In an article in the *Scientific American*, Dr. Bacon says that the possibilities of new discoveries in almost every field of industrial endeavor are virtually limitless. Hundreds of men gifted with the genius for research could give their lives to investigation in the field of even a single industry and still not exhaust that field of its research opportunities. In fact research is in that respect different from ordinary business; the greater the number of researchers the greater is the progress in a given field. Every new discovery in manufacturing creates new problems, and the chances for discovery become continually greater as more is learned of the materials that enter into the arts and manufactures. Dr. Bacon cites some instances from the domain of iron and steel: "We see tremendous advances made in imparting new properties to those old metals (iron and steel) by means of mere traces of other metals. For example, it has been found that a mere trace of copper gives to steel the desirable property of resisting corrosion, while the addition in small amounts of vanadium or tungsten to steel affords a supersteel with certain physical properties far beyond those of any ordinary steel. We see the addition of magnesium giving to aluminum new properties of strength and casting quality, which immediately make this metal available in a large way for use in automobiles and aeroplanes. Such matters as these, where a metal has conferred upon it entirely novel properties and thereby enters an immense new field of usefulness, by the addition of very small amounts of some other metal or metals, belong in the field of those things that cannot be predicted by existing scientific theories. The only way such discoveries can be made is by patient and careful application of cut-and-try; and when one considers that the number of possible combinations runs literally into the hundreds of thousands, it will be seen how much work is open in this field alone."

MODERN ARMOR.—A writer in *La Nature* urges that soldiers at the front be supplied with body armor, in addition to the steel helmet that has proved so useful in preventing head



wounds. The writer says that nearly seventy-five per cent of the wounds received in trench warfare are caused by missiles of low velocity such as would be stopped by comparatively thin armor. Furthermore, missiles that have a velocity so low that it allows them to lodge in the body are more dangerous than swift projectiles that pass through the body, because every bullet or bit of shell is likely to be infected. The form of body armor that the writer proposes is shown herewith. It consists of a steel cuirass to cover the thorax and upper abdomen, and so to protect the most vital

organs; a gorget of chain mail to protect the neck, and a girdle or kilt of the same material for the loins and groin; a mask for the face, and protective pieces for the shoulders, the elbows and the knees. How far such armor would interfere with the free movements of the soldier is a matter yet to be determined, but it would certainly furnish protection. A soldier of average height, as he faces the enemy in open field, presents a target that has an area of twenty-seven hundred and forty square centimetres. Of that target the head and neck make up nine per cent, the thorax and abdomen twenty-eight per cent, and the less vital parts—the arms and legs—make up sixty-three per cent. Even if only the more vital parts could be protected there would be a great saving of life.

MARKETING STEAM.—In New York City not only are gas and electricity supplied through street mains from a central station but many of the new office buildings in the financial district now get their steam from underground pipes that relay it from a distant generating plant. The buildings, says the *Scientific American*, have no furnaces or boilers, but the basements have, instead, simple valve mechanisms for turning on steam from the high-pressure street mains, and meters that measure the volume of steam consumed. In that way the occupants of the building can have at any moment all the steam they need for heat and power, and pay only for what they really use. The plan has been so successful that one company has had to add a new power plant to its system in order to meet its rapidly growing business. The plant occupies four floors of a building one hundred and fifty feet high, which has six great smokestacks, twelve feet in diameter, that tower one hundred and seventy-five feet above the roof. It uses nine hundred tons of coal a day. Unless the cost of heating by electricity becomes very much less than it is now, most city residences may eventually get steam for heating from underground pipes, and get it at a great saving in comparison with the present cost of fuel and labor.



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To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself. But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

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His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, until his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old, he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

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AN ASTONISHING FRIENDSHIP

IN Mr. W. H. Hudson's interesting book, *Adventures Among Birds*, there is a story so remarkable that it would seem almost beyond belief were it not vouched for by the author, and by several other persons who were witnesses. It happened, says Mr. Hudson, at Little Chelmsford Hall, near Chelmsford, where Lady Pennefather and her friend, Miss Guinness, reside.

Near the house is an artificial lake of considerable size, fed by a stream that flows into the grounds on one side and out at the other. Lake and stream are stocked with trout. Three or four years ago a pair of swans, kept on the lake, reared a single young one, which after some months, when it was fully grown, they began to persecute. The young swan, however, could not endure to be alone, and, although driven furiously off to a distance a hundred times a day, it would still return. Eventually, however, the old birds punished it so mercilessly that it went away to the farther end of the lake and made that part its home.

About that time Miss Guinness began to make some water-color sketches at that end of the lake, and her presence filled the swan with happiness. Whenever she appeared, it would swim rapidly toward her, leave the water and follow her about until she sat down to do a sketch, whereupon it would settle itself by her side and stay contentedly with her until she went back to the house. The swan continued its strange behavior for five or six weeks—until Miss Guinness finished her sketching and went away on a visit.

Again the poor bird was miserable until a man was sent to work in the shrubbery by the lake. At once the swan made a companion of him; each morning it would come from the lake to meet him, and would spend the whole day in his company. In due time the man finished the work and went away. Once more the swan was miserable, but all at once there was a change in its behavior; it was no longer waiting and watching for a visitor to the lakeside. It now appeared quite content to be alone, and would rest on the water at the same spot for an hour at a time.

A little later the reason of this change appeared when the extraordinary discovery was made that the swan was not alone after all, that it had a friend that was constantly with it—a large trout! The fish had its place at the side of the bird, just below the surface, and together they would rest and together move like one being. Those who first saw it could hardly credit the evidence of their own senses, but in a short time they became convinced that those two ill-assorted beings had actually become companions.

The swan was plainly miserable when alone, and consequently it was ready to attach itself to any living creature on land or in the water. Perhaps the trout got some profit out of the partnership; it is not unlikely that the swan when feeding by the margin accidentally provided the trout with food by shaking small insects into the water.

The sequel remains to be told. There came to the hall a visitor from London, who, being a keen angler, got up very early in the morning and went to the lake to get a trout for breakfast. About eight o'clock he returned and proudly exhibited to his hostess a magnificent trout that he had caught. He had not looked for such a large one, and he would never forget catching this particular trout for another reason. A wonderful thing had happened when he hooked it. One of the swans was there on the water, and followed the fish up when it was hooked. When he drew it to land the swan came out and dashed at and attacked him with the greatest fury. He had a good deal of trouble to beat it off!

"Oh, what a pity!" cried the lady. "You have killed the poor swan's friend!"

From that time the swan was more unhappy than ever; the sight of it became actually painful to its owners, and by and by, hearing of an acquaintance in another part of the country who wanted a swan, they sent it to him.

HIS EYE AND TONGUE

"I DON'T know when he is most terrifying," a nervous young officer once complained of Lord Kitchener, "when he looks and says nothing at all, or when he doesn't seem to notice, and you think everything's going off all right, and then all of a sudden he whips out his tongue and runs you through with it!"

Both the eye and tongue of Kitchener of Khartum, England's great soldier so tragically lost with the Hampshire, were indeed terrible weapons when directed at either the inefficient or the self-sufficient. Around a personality so striking as that of "K. of K." so many stories gather that it is difficult to distinguish fact from fable; but indeed fable is often scarcely less illustrative of the fundamental truth than fact. The ruthlessness of Kitchener's sarcasm has probably been exaggerated; its effectiveness has not.

It is not certain, although it is widely believed, that during the Boer War he "squashed" the self-importance of an ineffective leader of a column after the following manner. The officer had several slight engagements with the enemy, and after each wired optimistically to his chief, that "during the action a number of Boers were seen to fall from their saddles." Kitchener became annoyed, and received no more similar messages after he had politely telegraphed:

"I hope when the Boers fell they did not hurt themselves."

But there is little doubt, in view of his intolerance of "pull" and favoritism, that he really sent another and more neatly sarcastic telegram. A nobleman, whose son was serving in the yeomanry, desired the youth's presence at home, for a wedding, ball or some other important festal event. Counting on his rank and social importance, he ventured to telegraph the commander:

"Please allow my son return at once; urgent family reasons."

Kitchener replied promptly:

"Son cannot return at all; urgent military reasons."

In another instance popularly narrated, the snub was administered to the presumptuous noble by word of mouth. A subaltern of exalted family had been sent out to join his staff in Africa, and made the mistake of remembering his social and forgetting his military rank. He made the amazing error of addressing his chief as "Kitchener."

The other officers were aghast, and looked for a quick and stern reproof. Instead, "K. of K." drawled nonchalantly:

"Oh, why be so beastly formal with me? Why don't you call me Herbert?"



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IN AUNT STELLA'S POCKET

By William Thomas Whitlock
In Eight Chapters. Chapter One

Davis & Hills, Lawyers, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Sirs. Your letter received. In reply will say that I positively refuse to allow you to send the children to me. Of course you did not ask me outright to take them, but I know that is what you meant. My brother John and his wife had no right to bring five brats into the world. In fact, there was no sense in John's marrying at all. I wanted him to come West with me, get hold of some land and amount to something. But no, he would marry a little doll-faced factory girl and go to work in the woolen mills himself.

John never wrote me a line, although he must have known that I was struggling along out here trying to improve my land and prepare a home for my old days. His wife didn't even notify me when her husband died. I had to learn by accident in a newspaper about my own brother's funeral. And now comes your letter saying that she is dead, too, and has left five children unprovided for.

Well, all I have to say is, there used to be orphan asylums for such cases. I've lived on this place alone for ten years; cleared and leveled most of the land myself; dug the irrigation ditches with my own hands; and until the last few years tended my crops and looked after my stock. I've just got to where I can take things a little easier. And if you think I'm going to begin slaving all over again to keep those children in victuals and clothes, you are very much mistaken in
Yours truly,
Miss Stella Jones.

P. S. Since driving down here to Digville to mail this letter I've changed my mind. Inclosed please find draft to cover the cost of five railway tickets; the youngest of them ought to come half fare. It is money I was saving to buy cows with this fall.

Children are scarcer out here in Wyoming, and people seem to think more of them than they used to back East. Perhaps I can find homes for them where they will be appreciated. I do not like to think of my own flesh and blood becoming objects of public charity.

Please send my nephews and nieces out at once, so that I can get to work to find places for them.
Stella J.

P. P. S. Inclosed is another draft. It is part of my alfalfa money that I always deposit in the bank. Those children will have to eat on the way out here; and I don't suppose they have any decent clothing. You have some woman see to it that they are real well dressed. I won't have them come off the train looking like beggar's brats. It might turn people against them and prevent their getting good homes.
S. J.

P. S. No. 3. I want you should sew a tag on each one of those children, giving their names and ages in plain letters. They probably won't know themselves, and folks who want to adopt them will ask that first thing. If there is any money left over after their meals and clothes are paid for, you might buy some dolls and toys to amuse them on the trip. I don't want them to get here all crossed in their temper. It might spoil their chances of getting homes with the right kind of people. If there is not enough money for the toys, draw on me at the Digville National Bank. It will be a long, tiresome journey for the little folks.
Their Aunt,
Stella Jones.

MR. DAVIS laid the letter on the table and removed his glasses. He glanced inquiringly toward his partner.

"That is the most heathenish epistle I ever read!" cried the junior member of the firm. "We must try to find homes for those poor children here. Think of five helpless orphan 'brats' thrown on the mercy of an old termagant like that!"

The senior member balanced his glasses once more across his nose, took up the letter and reread it carefully.

"On mature consideration," said he, with his blue eyes twinkling, "I believe that we can safely intrust the care of her nieces and nephews to Miss Stella Jones."

Mr. Hills opened his lips to protest. Then

his eyes lighted on the drafts that lay on the table. "Whew! Miss Jones must be rich. She has sent much more than is necessary."

"No. Rich people seldom send more than is necessary, especially to poor relations. By the way, I'd like a hand in selecting those toys."

"Very well. I'll ask my wife to see to the clothing—if you really think we should send the children out to their aunt."

"I haven't the least doubt that that is the best place for them," said Mr. Davis, and his eyes twinkled again. "I'll trust Miss Jones."

Stella Jones climbed down from the narrow-bedded, strongly built spring wagon and carefully tied a white-eyed mustang team to a telegraph pole. Then she walked with brisk, masculine strides toward the dusty-red railway station that stood broiling in the afternoon sun.

There was something in the untrammelled, self-reliant movements of Miss Jones that corresponded agreeably with the rugged mountain scenery that surrounded the little mining town

of Digville. The sure-footed gait, the resolute swing of her body, the square shoulders, told of vigorous exercise in the open air.

As she neared the station, Miss Jones frowned. The narrow cinder platform was dotted with groups of curious inhabitants of the village. The telegraph operator had casually announced that the Limited would stop that day in Digville; and apparently all of the townspeople who could spare the time had gathered at the station, eager to see who would descend from that wonderful and exclusive train. The Limited usually shot through Digville at a speed of forty miles an hour.

Realizing that she must greet her nephews

and nieces under the eyes of that gaping throng, Miss Stella's frown deepened. And when at last the whistle of the locomotive echoed among the foothills, a small panic seized her.

It seemed that at least half the passengers of the Limited had decided to alight at Digville. Some, however, contented themselves with thrusting their heads from the windows; others crowded the vestibules. But it was evident that all who could manage to do so meant to climb down to the platform and take an active part in the proceedings.

Three young men and two young women importantly escorted five wonder-eyed children down the steps of the car. A lady with large diamond earrings carried an armful of toys; her maid and the negro porter followed with suit cases and an assortment of lunch baskets. The newsboy brought forth sundry boxes of bonbons and bags of nuts.

The conductor, who looked rather harassed, brusquely cleared a circle in the crowd. Holding an envelope in his hand, he glanced anxiously about as he called in a loud voice: "Miss Stella Jones!"

Eying the passengers with grim disfavor, Miss Jones walked slowly forward. She quailed slightly at the publicity thrust upon her, and not until the conductor had again called her name did she speak.

"I'm Stella Jones," she said, and stared defiantly back at the many pairs of eyes that immediately fixed themselves upon her.

"They have been the best children," effusively began one of the young ladies.

"Really don't know what we should have done without them!" cried the other.

"That youngest boy is a corker!" said a young man who looked like a drummer.

"There's your Aunt Stella, dears! Run and kiss auntie!" cried the woman with the diamonds.

"None of that foolishness!" snapped Aunt Stella, as the children advanced timidly toward her. "Line up here in a row, and let me read your tags."

With the aid of the overzealous passengers, the children were arranged in a short flight of stair steps facing their aunt. They stared at her in blank silence. This was not the Aunt Stella that their imaginations had pictured. That lady was small and pretty and yellow-haired, as mamma had been; and she would take them in her arms and cry over them, as the lawyer's wife who had put them on the train in Boston had done. This woman was tall and strong-looking, with a brown face and dark hair. She wore a cowboy hat, a black silk shirt waist, a short corduroy skirt, leather leggings and heavy shoes; but she had nice eyes, large, dark blue—or were they black?

"All a-board!" said the conductor, breaking the tense silence.

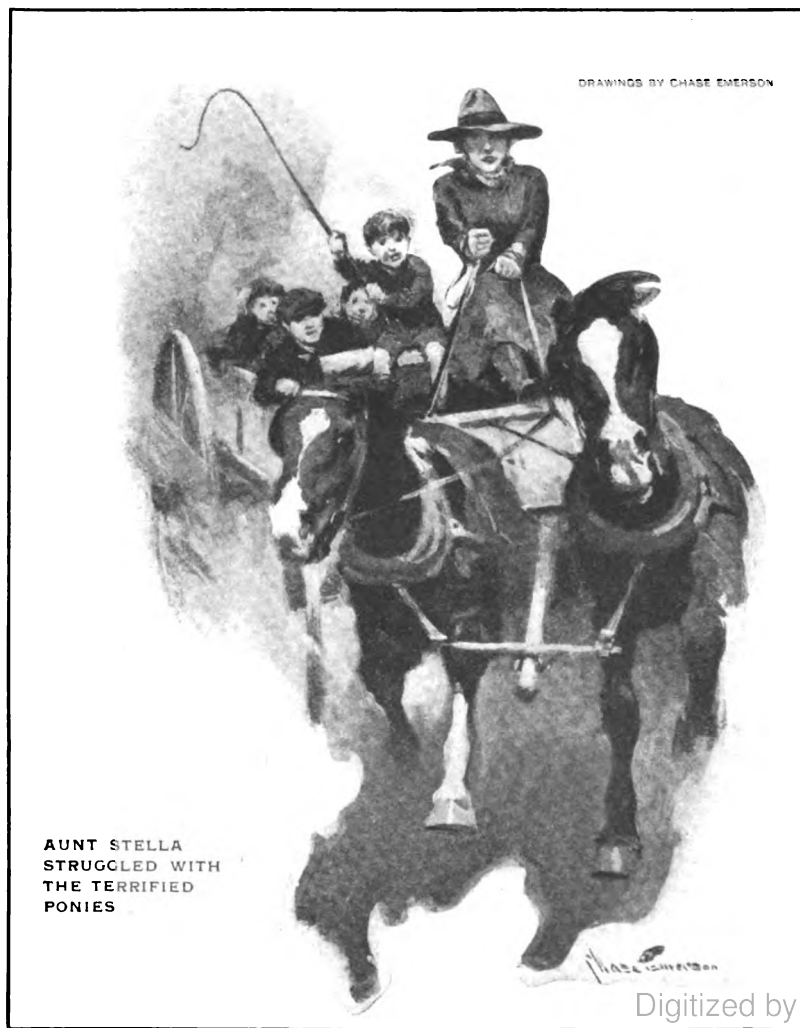
There was a gasp of protest. "Just a moment!" begged one of the young men. "We can't miss this, you know."

"Say, Miss Jones!" called a stout man from the vestibule. "If you think five of them too many, I'll take the two little girls. My wife wants —"

Aunt Stella closed her lips firmly and gave the speaker a steady stare.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. "The Limited is six minutes late now!"

The woman with the diamonds pressed



AUNT STELLA
STRUGGLED WITH
THE TERRIFIED
PONIES

forward to Stella's side. "Here is my card," she said hurriedly. "If—if you find—if you ever—if Elizabeth should ever want a home, please write to me."

Stella ignored her outstretched hand, and the card fluttered to the ground. With her eyes still wistfully upon the children, the woman climbed reluctantly up the steps of the car.

One of the young women paused in the vestibule to search for her handkerchief. "I can't bear to leave those darlings with—that woman!" she sobbed. "She hasn't even kissed them yet!"

As the train began to move, the observation platform in the rear was crowded, and each car had the appearance of a turtle with many heads thrust from its steel shell. There was much fluttering of handkerchiefs and a chorus of farewells to the children. Stella Jones folded her arms and remained motionless until a curve in the track whisked the Limited out of sight.

"Now that that bunch of busybodies are gone perhaps I can have your attention for a bit," said she, calmly indifferent to the groups of staring townspeople gathered about her.

"John Jones, aged fourteen years," she read from the tag attached to the tallest step in the row. "Humph! Sensible name, anyway. Suppose your father christened you. You look just like him, too."

"Elizabeth Jones, aged twelve." That's sensible, also, if they don't call you Lizzie or Bess. Guess you're like your mother. You didn't get that yaller hair and those Chiny blue eyes from the Joneses.

"Clarissa Jones, aged eight—Malissa Jones, aged eight." Twins! And as much alike as two antelope calves. Both Joneses, too, which means they'll be terrors to manage. And such names! John's doll-faced wife must 'a' got 'em out of a novel.

"Thomas Wentworth Jones, aged four." The idea of saddling a little mite like you with all that! I'll call you Tommy until you're older."

She eyed the children gravely for a time. Suddenly she stooped and gave Thomas Wentworth a hasty peck on the chin. Then, ascending the "stairs," she awkwardly kissed each child in turn, although she hesitated slightly over John, aged fourteen.

A tall, broad-shouldered man with a Mexican sombrero, high-topped boots and jingling spurs forced his way through the crowd and stood smiling quizzically upon the group. The children evidently approved of him and his Western attire; with one accord they returned his smile and, forsaking their aunt, gave him their absorbed and flattering attention.

"Howdy!" said the tall cowboy. "Going to have company?"

"What are you doing here?" asked Aunt Stella in a low, sharp tone.

"Oh, I just happened round!"

"You're always happening round. Help me get these things to the wagon," she commanded, indicating the suit cases and lunch baskets.

"Is you Uncle—Uncle Stella?" asked Thomas Wentworth Jones, and then paused aghast at the effect of his innocent question. There was a smothered laugh from the crowd, the cattleman jumped as if he had been shot, and Aunt Stella's face turned a dull brick red. Tommy took shelter under Elizabeth's arm.

Aunt Stella faced the smiling spectators. "These are my nephews and nieces," she said. "Their parents are dead. I've brought them out here to find homes for them. If any of you know of families who want to adopt a boy or girl, please send me word."

"Old Mat Masters wants a girl to raise," said the station agent, glancing at Elizabeth.

"And Uncle Davy and Aunt Louisy Jackson are just pinin' for a child of some kind, since their youngest girl got married and moved to Helena," said a woman. "You might drive past their place on your way home."

"I'm not peddling them round like potatoes yet," said Aunt Stella. "But you might tell Aunt Louisa for me, Mrs. Wilkins."

The tall man had carried the suit cases to the spring wagon. When he had seen the children seated in the bed of the vehicle among the luggage, he turned to Aunt Stella.

"I'd better ride down to-morrow and see how you are coming along," he said.

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Aunt Stella ungraciously. "I don't know anything about children, and until I get used to them a bit I won't have you round laughing at me."

"Oh, all right! Good-by, boys and girls!" "Good-by, Mr.—Mr.—" cried the children in animated concert.

"His name is Jeff Kitner. He owns the Three Steps Ranch," said their aunt. "He calls himself one of my neighbors. His place is twenty miles from my Pocket."

As the wagon jolted along the trail that wound in long curves over the foothills and round the base of a mountain, the children gazed silently upon the strange surroundings. The tall, forbidding peaks in the distance, the rock-strewn valleys and gulches, the tiny, arid mesas, presented a dreary outlook. John's face settled into sober lines. Elizabeth bravely winked back tears of homesickness. The novelty of the railway journey had in a measure

relieved the grief that the children felt over the death of their mother; but now they were orphans in a strange land. And this queer Aunt Stella, sitting upright on the seat in front—

"Tommy want go back on twain where nice ladies is!" said Thomas Wentworth in loud, rebellious tones.

"Hush!" gasped Elizabeth, smothering his face against her arm.

Clarissa toppled over on her back and kicked up her heels. "She said he lived twenty miles from her pocket!" she exclaimed mirthfully.

"Twenty miles from her pocket!" shrieked Malissa, also kicking up her heels.

"Good land! What is so funny about that?" cried Aunt Stella, glancing over her shoulder.

"They don't know what you mean by a pocket," interposed John hastily, and then informed his sisters, "A pocket's a hole in the ground where you find gold."

"Such ignorance!" said Aunt Stella. "But you can't expect children raised back East to know anything. You wait till we get there, and I'll show you what a pocket is."

The twins sobered instantly. Their aunt's speech seemed to hold a threat. They stealthily moved closer to Elizabeth. A mile farther on Thomas Wentworth again broke forth.

"Aunt Stella cross!" he shouted petulantly. "Her say nasty t'ings to man wiv boots."

Tommy like boots wiv jingle-jingles on 'em. Tommy not like ladies wiv leather t'ings on legs." He avoided Elizabeth's arm. "Tommy like pretty ladies wiv soft dwesses—on twain."

"Young man, you come up here on the seat with me," said his aunt, halting the ponies abruptly and unconsciously holding the whip high in her hand.

Tommy replied to this invitation with a gasp of fear and then a loud wail. The twins cowered down among the suit cases.

"Heavens! I believe he's afraid of me,"



"I LIKE TO SEE A BIT OF BRIGHT COLOR IN A ROOM"

said Aunt Stella. "Come along, baby. I'll let you hold the whip."

Thomas reluctantly let her lift him up to a place beside her. A few moments later he was shouting gleefully and lashing the half-tamed mustangs into a furious gallop. Aunt Stella struggled with the terrified ponies.

"John! Elizabeth! Tell him to stop!" she cried, winding the reins about her wrists and bracing her feet against the dashboard. "I'm afraid to speak to him for fear he'll cry again."

John dragged the protesting Tommy down into the wagon bed, and Aunt Stella at last managed to settle the white-eyed mustangs into a sweeping trot. Now and then she glanced back over her shoulder at Thomas Wentworth.

"I've got to get rid of that Tommy first of all!" she muttered. "I simply couldn't trust myself to bring up a baby."

As the sun slipped down behind the distant western range and the long mountain twilight set in, the twins and Tommy cuddled themselves against Elizabeth and lapsed into slumber. Even John was nodding wearily when the wagon clattered noisily up a steep ascent and came upon a semicircular, flat strip of ground surrounded on three sides by almost perpendicular walls of stone. This fertile oasis in a barren land was known far and wide as Stella's Pocket.

Aunt Stella gave a sigh of relief as she drove into her dooryard and halted the ponies beside the veranda of her house.

"You children climb out and sit right down on the front steps while I put up this team," she said. "And don't you move, any of you, until I come back. Don't you strike any matches—or try to get into the house—or eat anything—while I'm gone," she cautioned, trying to remember some of the vagaries of children in general.

Five serious-faced orphans sat in the dusk waiting for her to return. A whippoorwill called mournfully from a tall cedar. A forlorn cat mewed plaintively somewhere in the rear of the house. On the north, east and west of the little plateau rose the frowning mountains like imprisoning walls. To the south the trail dropped circuitously away to Digville, where only a few hours ago a whole carful of solicitous

men and women had bidden them farewell. The Limited, with its wonderful sleeping berths, dining car and observation parlor, had whizzed on westward, bearing away forever the delightful, newly made friends. The kind old lawyer with the twinkling blue eyes,

the jolly young lawyer and his thoughtful wife, were back in Boston. The little cottage near the mills that they had known as home was in Boston, too; and Boston was a long way from Aunt Stella's Pocket.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ELLA'S ENDLESS YARN

By Alice Louise Lee

WITH her last winter's velvet hat perched above a happy face, and with five dollars in her handbag, Ella Day started downtown at one o'clock. She expected to return before dinner time with an empty handbag and a new hat above a still happier face. Her family did not share her confidence. They had known Ella for sixteen years.

"If she can get past the bargain counters!" said her sister Louise darkly. "Mother, you ought not to have let her go downtown alone."

"Ella must learn," returned her mother. Fifteen minutes before dinner was served, the learner came flying into the apartment in a state of dishevelment that showed a battle with the wind. Her last winter's velvet hat was blown over one ear. Her hair was blown over her face. Her round cheeks were blown full of color.

"Such a bargain!" she cried, laying a fat bundle on the table and casting her muff on the couch. "I brought this skein along to show you. I got it at the fire sale in Steen's."

Her last winter's hat followed the muff, and after it went her gloves. Then from the fat bundle she drew forth a bulky skein of scarlet yarn. "Now, what do you think of that for only five cents? It was formerly twenty-five!"

"Five cents!" cried Louise, pouncing on it. "Five cents for yarn of that quality? Why, Ella, this goes ahead of Cousin Eunice herself, and she's a champion bargain hunter!"

"I thought you'd all own up this time that I haven't been cheated," Ella said, glowing with pride. "And isn't it pretty and warm-looking?"

Fingering the big soft threads, Louise nodded. "It's really zephyr, isn't it, mother?" she asked, and without waiting for a reply turned on Ella with a disconcerting question: "What are you going to use it for?"

A shadow dimmed the radiance of Ella's face. "Why—ee—you use yarn for so many things," she said vaguely, "and the clerk said that wool is going up fast, and I—thought it would be fine to have a supply on hand when I could get it for almost nothing."

Mrs. Day glanced at the last winter's hat. Then she picked up Ella's handbag and looked inside. "Ella," she asked, "how much did you buy?"

The shadow on Ella's face deepened. "I had to take all they had in order to get it for five cents," she said defensively. "The clerk threw in a dozen skeins even at that price because I had only the five dollars."

The scarlet yarn oozed through Louise's fingers and fell to the floor. "A dozen thrown in!" she cried shrilly. "Ella Livingston Day, how many skeins did you buy?"

"One hundred and twelve," declared Ella's mother in a tone that was appallingly quiet. Louise gasped. Mr. Day looked out from behind his newspaper. Harry Day ceased to torture the piano. Ella slowly picked up the yarn and laid it on the table. Her cheeks began to rival it in color.

"Isn't one hundred and twelve times as much as that quite a lot of yarn?" asked Mr. Day mildly. He took up the skein to look at it.

"But it—it was so cheap," said Ella, "and wool is going up. The clerk said that it was."



"WOOL IS SO CHEAP," ELLA DOTH PEEP

Harry gave a sudden shout of laughter and, whirling round on the piano stool, improvised noisily:

"Wool is so cheap,
Ella doth peep.
"Let it rise at a leap
Now I have some to keep."

With a mute appeal for comfort, Ella turned toward the doorway, where John Day was standing, still in his topcoat. Her older brother was usually her refuge, but now he failed her.

"Gee whiz!" he exclaimed. "One hundred and twelve bundles like that! Is it to be stored in safety deposit vaults or at a warehouse?"

The following morning Ella found the yarn twisted and laid at her place on the breakfast table. On top was a rime in a familiar scrawl:

Ella had a little wool,
Its color was not snow;
And everywhere that Ella went
The wool was sure to go!

"You think you're smart, don't you!" she exclaimed indignantly, looking at Harry.

Harry grinned. "Not when I compare myself with you, sis! When do your bargain wool bales begin to arrive?"

Unfortunately, they arrived just before six o'clock, as the family were assembling for dinner. They came in three immense bundles, which the delivery man carried upstairs on his head. When he had dumped them into the hall no one could pass. By alternately pulling and pushing them, Ella got them with difficulty through the doorway into her little room. She left them in the middle of the floor, or, rather, occupying all of the floor space available. Her last winter's hat lay on the bed. It seemed to have grown shabbier during the last twenty-four hours.

At the dinner table the subject of yarn was served from soup to dessert.

"What do you make out of it?" asked John, honestly trying to help his younger sister.

She controlled her voice with an effort, and answered with dignity: "It will make lovely afghans for the couches." That was the only use that as yet she had been able to invent for the yarn.

"We have three afghans already and only two couches," said Mrs. Day gently.

"And scarlet would put out the eye of the apartment," Louise added. "It wouldn't fit in anywhere here."

"I—I'm sure the y-yarn will work in somewhere," Ella stammered.

"It will, indeed!" declared Harry, with conviction. "I've noticed a lot of unoccupied space in your room, and this bargain of yours will work nicely into that space!"

After dinner Ella retired to her room and by putting one of the bundles on the bed managed to close the door. Then, sitting on the edge of the bed, with her back planted against one bundle and her feet on another, she wept a little in sympathy for herself. At last, feeling refreshed by her tears and comforted by her own sympathy, she considered ways and means of temporarily disposing of her bargain. Of its permanent disposal she dared not think.

While Harry, at the piano, was singing lustily, "A bargain for sis is never amiss," she was tightening the cords of the bundles to reduce their bulk. That done, she shoved and

SHE SHOVED AND SQUEEZED AND PUSHED



IS AMERICAN HIGHER EDUCATION IMPROVING?

Nicholas Murray Butler



WE can say that higher education is improving only if the quality of its product is being steadily heightened, and if it is steadily adapting itself to the newer needs of the community. We must at once admit that American higher education lacks some of the very useful and helpful characteristics that it had a generation ago. It lacks, for example, the admirable discipline that a student gets from close occupation, under strict surveillance, with a few difficult subjects of study. No educational instruments have yet been found that, in disciplinary value and in capacity to train a powerful and subtle mind, are equal to Greek, Latin and mathematics. The descriptive and the experimental sciences cannot do it,—or at least they have not done it,—and the same is true of the newer subjects of study that are humorously, if roughly, classified together as the “unnatural sciences”—economics, sociology and the like.

GREEK, LATIN AND MATHEMATICS

THROUGH long centuries of educational use Greek, Latin and mathematics have acquired an educational form that gives them the qualities of a highly tempered and highly polished tool. It may be that the descriptive and the experimental sciences, and the so-called “unnatural sciences” as well, will one day acquire the same attributes. It suffices for the present argument to take note of the fact that as yet they have not done so.

The use of Greek, Latin and mathematics in the higher education of America is declining. In a few years it will be as rare for a student to know Greek as to-day it is for him to know Hebrew; and it will not take more than a generation or two for Latin to follow the same course. How long the higher reaches of mathematics—those noble and inviting reaches in which philosophy, poetry and imagination combine to play with the intricacies of space and the notations of time—will continue to find extensive educational use is also a question.

The belief that mathematics will always be pursued for its practical value is groundless. The modern architect, and even the modern engineer, hires his mathematician and no longer deigns to know the subject himself. Counting machines and various similar mechanisms are invading the province of the four fundamental rules. It is plain that some stronger reason than practicality will have to be found for the general study of mathematics a generation hence.

It becomes, therefore, a very serious question what the educational instrumentalities shall be that are to provide the next generation or two with the sort of discipline and training that Greek, Latin and mathematics provided for our fathers and for many of us. The vague discussion of what are called social questions will not discipline or train anyone. If history be regarded as something quite independent of chronology and as recording merely the results of the operation of economic law, then it, too, will become of little or no educational value. Those who empty out of philosophy its ancient and honorable content, and try to substitute for it a sort of checkered pavement of the sciences, are engaged in agile exercise, but they are not accomplishing any good either for philosophy or for education.

It must be said, therefore, that the higher education of the United States is at present in a condition where it may readily drop backward rather than improve. The college student of to-day, and in some cases even the university student, is permitted to sprawl over so large and so varied an area of intellectual interest that he loses the discipline in

concentration, in hard work and in the mastery of some relatively small field that comes from pursuing a better and older method. There is just now, however, a marked tendency among the better colleges to aid and to guide the student toward concentrating his interests and his energies upon a small group of subjects that have some common centre of interest and some well-marked relationship.

This movement is a sound and hopeful one, and should be encouraged and aided.

The student should follow the group of subjects that he chooses far enough to carry him beyond their mere elements. No mind can be called really trained or educated that has never got beyond the elements of anything. It is necessary for many of us to remain satisfied with a knowledge of the elements of most things, but there should be some small part of the field of knowledge in which we have gone far past the elements and have gained some notion of what the higher reaches of the subject contain.

It may be said that, from the standpoint of the quality of its product, higher education in the United States is improving wherever sound and satisfactory progress is making to put into the place of the disappearing Greek, Latin and mathematics some educational material that is sufficiently well organized and long enough pursued to give training in concentration, in application and in genuine knowledge.

There is marked improvement, too, in the manner in which our higher education is adapting itself to the needs and aspirations of the people. The colleges, and particularly the universities, are outgrowing the worship of some of their ancient fetishes. All sorts of subjects that were once frowned upon are now found worthy of study and of investigation.

Moreover, an institution of higher education no longer considers it to be proper to lock up its buildings, its libraries and its laboratories from June to September. The summer session, which began as an exotic, has been academically acclimated, and is now that part of the academic year in which, at more institutions than one, the very best work is done.

EXTENSION TEACHING

THE same is true of what is known as extension teaching, which began as a system of more or less popular lectures to untrained audiences, and in some places still remains so. Where extension teaching is best developed, however, it means something quite different. In such cases it is genuine work of the same quality and quantity as that given in the so-called regular classes, but carried on at such hours and in such places that those who have to earn their living

can attend. Wherever the same standards of admission and examination are required, extension teaching is just as good as any other kind of teaching, and will be merged sooner or later in the so-called regular work.

The problem of vocational training is not so hard in the field of higher education as it is in that of secondary education. In higher education it is easy to indicate what the aim and the standard of vocational training should be. The best universities agree that not less than two years of work in a college of liberal arts and sciences is the minimum that will give the maturity and accomplishment necessary for admission to a really first-class school of law, medicine, engineering, architecture or teaching. If the student is able to pursue an even longer college course, so much the better, provided he makes thoroughly good use of his rare advantage and opportunity.

In training in law, in medicine, in engineering, in architecture and in teaching, higher education in the United States is improving by leaps and bounds. That is the case not only because the best professional schools have enforced a higher standard of admission, but because there has grown up in the United States a competent body of trained scholars in the various professions who are distinct from the successful practitioners.

Practical knowledge and experience are, of course, of great value to a teacher in a vocational or professional school; but mere

practical knowledge and experience, without scholarship, originality, power to conduct and to stimulate research, and skill in teaching, will no longer suffice. A young American who knows how to choose and who takes full advantage of his choice can now obtain at least as good a professional education in the United States as he can anywhere else in the world, and in some subjects a better one than he can anywhere else.

The two or three best American schools of law have no equals in Europe. Our best schools of medicine have no superiors in Europe, although there are three or four European cities that have better chances for clinical observation and study than any cities in this country. Our three or four best schools of engineering, if not so good as the best in France, Germany and Italy, certainly press them very hard indeed. The best American schools of architecture, although organized on a sounder and broader basis than any of the European schools, cannot yet rival in prestige and in influence the *École des Beaux Arts* in Paris. The best American school of education is in a class quite by itself, and at a half dozen universities schools of similar type are rapidly coming forward to take places in the front rank.

There is a mistaken notion that scholarly

research is more esteemed and more eagerly pursued on the continent of Europe than in the United States. That was true until a decade or two ago. At present, however, the scholarly investigation going forward in America equals in amount and in quality that which is going forward in any other country.

The quality of the American college and university professor is in some respects not so good as it was a generation ago, but in other respects it is much better. Forty years ago you could count on the fingers of one hand those Americans who had made an international reputation of any sort for scholarly endeavor; to-day the number of such Americans is very considerable. The price that has been paid for that gain, calculated in terms of personality, of breadth of view, of deep human sympathy and of genuine wisdom, has been rather high. It is my own belief that this phenomenon is, however, purely temporary.

Too many American college and university teachers of to-day are proselytizers for some particular philosophy of life. They are not content to teach, but feel under the obligation to preach as well. To the discriminating student such preaching of social and political doctrine does little harm, because he takes it only at its proper value. The less discriminating student, however, and particularly the women students of to-day, are sadly imposed upon by lecture-room talk of that sort.

The good teacher understands the distinction between what he himself knows and believes and what it is wise and proper for him to teach the young and immature student. The poor teacher, on the other hand, mixes all those things up together.

HIGHER EDUCATION IMPROVING

MOREOVER, the college and university teacher suffers from lack of criticism and supervision. I do not mean that sort of criticism and supervision which would be appropriate in a factory or in a counting house, but that criticism and supervision which, particularly at the outset of an academic career, can do so much to guide, to strengthen and to develop a teacher's powers and effectiveness. Our public-school systems abound in illustrations of the supervision that I have in mind, but in the colleges and universities nothing of the kind exists. A more or less vague notion prevails that Mr. So-and-So is a good teacher or a poor teacher, as the case may be, and that notion is based largely on what his students say about him. His own immediate colleagues base their judgment of him, not upon what he does in the classroom, for they have no knowledge of that, but upon his personal characteristics, his published work and his general reputation for scholarship. It is for those reasons that a man may be a most admirable scholar, and yet a wretched teacher of the young, without that fact being pointed out to him or even discovered through a long academic career.

It may fairly be said, therefore, that, in spite of the obvious grounds of criticism, higher education is improving in the United States. The fact is, we expect more of higher education than ever before in the history of the world. Our American democracy is impatient to meet its needs, and to meet them quickly is no easy matter. The problem before those who are charged with the care and oversight of American higher education is to preserve its standards and its ideals while meeting to the full the demands of a new and increasingly complicated economic and social life.

squeezed and pushed until she managed to get them partly under her bed, which served as a couch by day.

There they remained for two weeks except on the mornings given over to cleaning in the Day household. During those trying hours they were unwelcome wanderers. The first time that Hannah cleaned Ella's room, the owner of the bundles pried them from under her bed and put them into the hall. Mrs. Day remonstrated against their presence there, since they prevented her from reaching either the telephone or the outer door. Therefore, the next time that the mop invaded their resting place, Ella put them into the living room. That called forth a remonstrance from Louise, who came in with two of her friends.

On the next cleaning day Ella moved the unwieldy bundles into the kitchen. Unfortunately, Hannah, rushing from the front of the apartment to stir a dish of boiling rice, found her progress momentarily impeded by the bargain in wool, and during that moment the rice burned. Hannah protested vigorously. After that, Ella decided to clean her own room, and to clean round the hundred and twelve skeins of yarn. By thus removing the fateful bargain from the family eye she thought that she might be able to remove it from the family memory.

The plan worked. Everyone seemed to forget the one hundred and twelve skeins of wool except Ella herself. The ends of the bundles under her bed constantly reminded her. The ends protruded several inches, so that when she transformed the bed into a couch in the morning the pale blue cover bulged outward awkwardly. That annoyed the girl, for she took great pride in her room. It was furnished in pale blue and white, and when she kept her last winter's hat in the wardrobe there was nothing shabby in sight except the covers on the couch by day; and those her father's cousin, Eunice Day, had promised to replace with new ones on Ella's seventeenth birthday, only a month away. Then there would be only one thing in the room not to Ella's liking, and perhaps by that time she would have found some use for the yarn.

For the present, however, it was a relief to have the interest of the family centred elsewhere. Her mother and Louise became so absorbed in a church luncheon that when Cousin Eunice called they forgot to tell her about the yarn—even when she produced a brass candlestick that she had bought at a bargain on Fourteenth Street.

“I've wanted one for years,” she sighed,

gloating over her treasure, “and to think that I could pick this up at a bargain!”

The word fell on Ella's ears with an odious sound. She held her breath lest it should remind Louise of the scarlet yarn; but Louise was so full of the subject of the church luncheon that she did not notice.

“We are giving the luncheon to help Esad Israel, an Armenian over on Third Avenue,” she explained. “He attends our mission, and the poor fellow is saving money to bring his family from Armenia. He has a tiny shop at 605. We buy all our notions of him. I wish, Cousin Eunice, you'd buy such things there, too, and speak about him to your friends.”

“I'll go over when next I want notions,” responded Cousin Eunice earnestly.

As she started to go, Cousin Eunice, gazing at her brass candlestick, said abstractedly, “Let's see—Ella, your birthday is the twenty-sixth, isn't it?”

Ella scarcely heard her. The conversation had thrown light on an already brilliant subject—the scarlet yarn. When John returned home that evening she took him into her confidence, and related to him a plan of which he heartily approved.

“Ella, you've hit it! It's the very thing! Esad will rain blessings on your head.”

Thus encouraged, Ella allowed the light of her idea to shine on the rest of the Days, and all approved, especially Harry; he almost forgot to tease.

“Great idea, sis!” he cried. “If Esad Israel can pull his family out of Armenia by a thread of scarlet yarn, your life will not have been lived in vain!”

Nor did Harry's approval end in words. He got a boy to carry the yarn to Esad's store, and he escorted his sister to the place and helped her to explain to the Armenian that the yarn was a gift to help stock his bare little shop. Ella likewise explained that the price of the yarn was formerly twenty-five cents a skein. Bowing profoundly, Esad followed them out of the shop, repeating gratefully over and over:

“Thank-you-much-oblige-thank-you-much-oblige!”

The following morning was dedicated to cleaning in the Day apartment, and with a sigh of thankfulness Ella arranged her bed into a smooth couch and allowed Hannah to take possession of the room, while she went out to walk in her last winter's hat and almost forgot its shabbiness.

Thereafter the days fled swiftly and pleasantly until the dawn of the twenty-sixth

brought her seventeenth birthday. Ella wakened early and was the first one in the dining room. As usual, her gifts lay awaiting her on the breakfast table. From her father, mother and Louise were some pretty toilet articles for her room; but from her brothers—from Harry, the tease, as well as from John, the staid and helpful—there was money for a hat.

After breakfast she arranged the toilet articles happily, and then confidently removed the shabby covers from her sofa pillows. The hat money she laid aside until such time as she could counsel carefully with her mother and Louise; they were, at present, on the eve of the church luncheon.

Cousin Eunice and the pillow covers arrived before dinner that evening. She came in gayly, dropped a package into Ella's lap and, after kissing her on the forehead, sat down and smiled complacently.

Eagerly Ella tore off the wrappings and held up to view—an emotional view—three cushion covers crocheted from scarlet yarn!

Cousin Eunice leaned back easily. "I like to see a bit of bright color in a room."

Ella choked. Louise choked. Harry and John stared, dazed, at the scarlet covers. Mrs. Day came to the rescue.

"What beautiful yarn, Eunice!" she said calmly. "Where did you get it?"

"I'll confess," explained Eunice. "You remember you asked me to go round to that

Esad Israel's for my notions? Well, I went there a week ago and found this yarn—I haven't seen any old-fashioned zephyr of such a quality as this in a long while. And so cheap! I must tell you its price. It was only thirty cents a skein, and wool is so high now!"

With his eyes bulging from his trying to suppress his laughter, Harry left the room. Louise followed him bearing a glass of water, ostensibly for his aid and comfort, but not only her hand but her sides shook. John managed to stay at his post. At first Ella sat and stared at her sofa-cushion covers with a wild look in her eyes, but as she began to falter out appropriate thanks, a smile came to her lips. And before she had said half a dozen words she was striving hard to keep from laughing. "They're lovely!" she cried. "I like them a lot. They're scarlet—and they're yarn—and they don't take up much room—I mean —"

"I knew you'd be pleased with 'em," said Cousin Eunice, with a satisfied nod. "Things crocheted from yarns are so fashionable now. I got all that Esad had left."

When Cousin Eunice had gone, Harry made a dash for the piano, and relieved his feelings with his absurd jingle:

"Ella had a little wool,
It's color was not snow;
And everywhere that Ella went
The wool was sure to go!"

THE PLATTSBURGERS

By Arthur Stanwood Pier
In Ten Chapters Chapter Ten

THE week that followed was one of arduous mornings, restful afternoons and dreamy and romantic nights. The marching and fighting were usually at an end by one or two o'clock; then there would be the encampment near a stream, and after luncheon bathing and lounging until supper time. One day there was no opportunity for a bath, and the dusty, grimy regiment was full of grumblers. The next day they felt better, for they camped near the Big Chazy River, which at that point was a natural bathtub, with a bottom of smooth slabs of rock, over which the water flowed at a depth of about a foot. The water was warm, the day was sunny and hot; and the regiment stripped to a man and basked for hours that afternoon in the shallow stream. It was the river that inspired the B Company song, which thereafter was to be heard at frequent intervals on the march:

Oh, there's A Compane
And there's E Compane
And there's C Compane and G Compane;
But B Compane
Is the best compane
That ever
Crossed over
The Big "Chazee."

Various were the military efforts and achievements of the mornings. There were skirmishes of outposts, deployments through swamps and thickets, marches under artillery fire, scouting expeditions through woods and over hills, defenses of hastily organized positions against attack—all more or less incidental to the day's march, in which the regiment would cover on an average about ten miles. The big battle occurred at Rouses Point, almost at the Canadian line; the regulars, representing the enemy, occupied imaginary intrenchments on the heights; the attacking force was prodigal of blank ammunition and achieved the final victory by a valiant bayonet charge.

"I like battles much better than target practice," observed Bradford afterwards. "I can fire my rifle off as much as I want to, and no one ever waves a red flag in front of me."

Ted always enjoyed marching through a town. Many of the houses were decorated with flags, and nearly all the people would turn out to give the regiment a welcome. In one town, during a halt, Meade and Gray and two others rendered what they called a barber-shop harmony, to the great delight of the citizens.

The boys were never too tired to sing; at the end of the day's march, when their throats were dry and their noses filled with dust, some one would always strike up a song, and the company would join in and go swinging on to the camping place to a chant of jubilation. One morning, when they had broken camp and were marching along the road in silence, they passed a detachment of regulars. Ted heard one of these say, "Why don't you sing, boys?" And before there was any reply from the ranks, another regular said, with a pleasant and approving smile, "Oh, they only sing when they're tired!" Ted felt proud to belong to an organization that had so impressed real soldiers.

On the afternoon of the last day but one the company held a competitive squad drill, as the final exercise before the award of the prize cups should be made. The members of other companies stood about and looked on while squad after squad went through the manual of

arms, did "squads right" and "squads left" and "squads right about," deployed and assembled. And that evening Capt. Hughes called the company together and, with eight silver cups placed on the ground before him, made a little speech.

"These cups have just been sent out from Plattsburg," he said, "and I think we'll award them now. I guess they'll travel safely in the squad bag of the winners. It's been hard to pick out the winners, because all the squads have been good; there's not a poor one in the lot. I'm tremendously pleased with the way you fellows have taken hold—tremendously pleased with the way the corporals have taken hold. I think that Squad 16, though it doesn't win the prize, deserves honorable mention for its excellence in shooting."

There was applause from the whole company at that.

"Squad 16 wasn't quite up to some other squads in other respects, though," continued Capt. Hughes, "and besides, there is a special reason why I couldn't give the prize to Squad 16, even though I thought it deserved it; I'll come to that in a moment. Corp. Romney's squad, Squad 3, in the opinion of both Lieut. Wharton and myself, is the best drilled of all; and if the members of that squad will come forward in order as their names are called, they will receive their prizes. I have asked the donor of the cups to hand them over personally to the winners; and although his diffidence caused him to object, I exercised my military prerogative, and he will execute my commands. He is a member of Squad 16, which is one reason why that squad couldn't get better than honorable mention. Mr. Ripley, gentlemen, is the benefactor, and will now step forward."

Ted obeyed orders, blushing and embarrassed by the applause that greeted him. The first sergeant read the names of the winners and Ted handed out the cups. When the ceremony was over, he was seized upon by the astonished members of his own squad.

"You're a deep one!" said Gray. "I never suspected you were the philanthropist."

"How did you get the big idea?" asked Bradford.

"I thought I'd like to do something for the company, and I felt sure I couldn't do much as a soldier. So I just thought of this. I didn't mean to let it get known, though. The captain sprung that on me; it was a low trick."

"Why, of course you ought to have the credit of it!" said Stevens.

Later that evening, when they had turned in for the night, Greiner said the thing that pleased Ted the most.

"That was a public-spirited thing for you to do, Ripley. And when I think of the way I cursed you out for being clumsy and spoiling the squad's chances for the prize,—your own prize,—I—"

"Never mind—forget it," Ted answered.

"There are several things I'd forget if I could."

"Well," remarked Ted, after a moment's silence, "I don't think about them. And no one else knows."

It was the next morning, while the company was resting by the roadside, that Gray said to Ted:

"One of the funny things about this hike is the way you and Greiner have got chummy."

"It is sort of unexpected," Ted answered.

"Tenting with him, I find he's not such a bad fellow. He has his good points, after all."

"I haven't minded him half so much lately myself," Gray said. "Being a corporal seemed to go to his head; as soon as he threw up that job, he seemed to be all right. Funny thing."

"Yes," Ted agreed. "Quite a funny thing."

On the last night of the march, after supper the regiment assembled and, seated in a semi-circle on the slope of a meadow, listened to a

that some military men might be influenced by such considerations. I don't believe that many would be. You must have observed during your short experience that an officer's first care is for his men. Few officers of my acquaintance, I might almost say none, outgrow this feeling of personal interest and friendship and affection for the men of their commands; and for that reason alone few officers, I believe, would ever welcome an

opportunity that might mean glory for themselves, but would certainly mean death and suffering for many of their subordinates. This is a point of view, a humanity of feeling, that is not always attributed to the military man; but I believe it to be absolutely characteristic of the officers of the United States Army.

"Now, I will say just one more word about my profession. It is regarded by some people as an unproductive profession, a wasteful life for a man of good abilities, a study in destructiveness instead of in creativeness. It may be that the world may attain sometime to a stage of civilization, of moral perfection, at which such a conception of the soldier's function and career will be true. I heartily hope so; but I shall not live to see it, and I don't believe that any of you men, young as you are, will live to see it. When cities are able to do away with police because crime no longer exists, nations may be able to do away with the military."

"But it isn't only as a passive, potential force for defense that the military exists. There are in all parts of the world works of peace that are best carried through—perhaps can only be carried through—by military organization. After all, the police in our cities aren't always occupied in hunting down criminals. They're helping women and children to cross crowded streets in safety; they're restoring lost babies to their mothers; they regulate the moving of traffic;

they keep the streets and sidewalks clear for the comfort and convenience of the public. This work of the police finds a close analogy in the work of the military. It's through the coöperation of the military with the civil branch of the government that many things get done—that the yellow fever has been stamped out, that the Panama Canal has been built, that the Philippines have been set in order. If there's any great disaster, an earthquake or a great fire, the military helps to deal with it promptly and efficiently and aids in distributing relief.

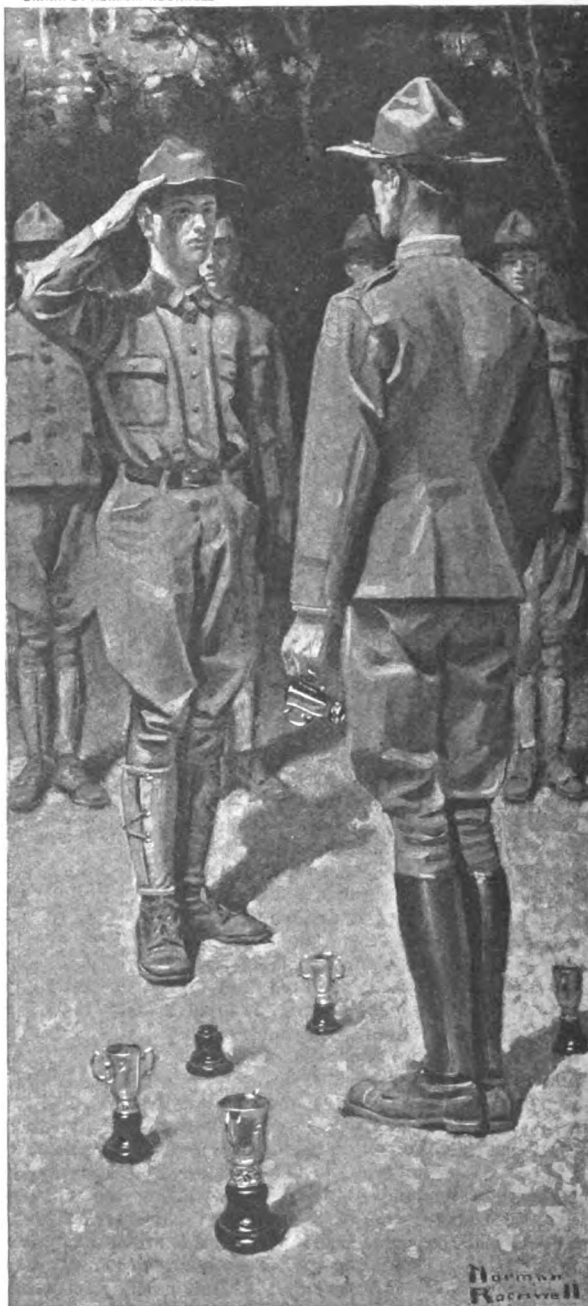
"Well, I hadn't meant to talk to you so long in defense of my profession. I believe, anyway, that, if those of our friends who disbelieve in soldiers would only come up here and see the kind of training that you boys have had and see the way you've taken it, they'd be sending their own sons to take the training next year."

"And now, gentlemen, I want to thank you for the spirit you have shown and for your endeavor to make this camp the success that it has been."

The morning came when the members of Company B shouldered their packs and their rifles for the last time. It was a Sunday morning in August, with a hot sun already eying them, when at nine o'clock the regiment, dusty, perspiring, but happy, struck the macadam road in the suburbs of Plattsburg. Company B, in the lead, swung along at route step, shouting out its arrogant song, to which none of the other companies had seemed able to devise an adequate rejoinder.

Then, just before the regiment turned into the main street of Plattsburg, came the command, "Company, attention!" and the singing ceased, the men fell at once into step and the rifles were all shifted to the right shoulder. The next moment the band of the Plattsburg post, which had joined the command a few moments before, struck up a march; and then, heads up, each man following the man in front of him, with eyes to the front, the column marched through the city. Flags decorated the houses, the people were all out on the sidewalks, and from little groups came bursts of clapping as the boys passed.

DRAWN BY NORMAN ROCKWELL



TED OBEYED ORDERS, BLUSHING AND EMBARRASSED

They turned into the parade ground of the Plattsburg post, and there the general and his staff on horseback were drawn up to review them. "Squads right—halt! Right dress!" came the order. "Attention! March!" And then, in column of companies, the regiment advanced down the parade ground, every man bent on doing his part to keep the alignment straight, every man watching anxiously for the moment when it should be, "Eyes right!" as a salute to the general. The moment came for Company B—just a passing glimpse of the stalwart, straight figure motionless on his horse, and then eyes to the front again and once more that intense preoccupation with the question how not to wobble when you walk. "Company B, squads right!" And then, when that command had been executed, "Route step!" and the strain was at an end.

They entered the camp ground singing the company song, were formed in line in the company street, and received the last instructions about disposing of their equipment. Then Capt. Hughes expressed his appreciation of the work of his command and for the last time addressed to it the welcome word, "Dismissed!"

"Isn't it great to be done with it!" exclaimed Bradford to Ted as they turned to go into tent 28. "It's been a mighty good time, but I'm ready for a change."

"So am I. I don't want to put on the forty-pound pack for another year, anyway."

"I don't quite see myself volunteering for this next camp that begins day after tomorrow," continued Bradford. "I guess there will be mighty few that will do that."

"I haven't heard of any one. Oh, I suppose there will be some enthusiasts! But I'm done for this summer."

It was a busy morning that the boys spent, turning in their equipment, getting their belongings together and making arrangements for departure in the afternoon. They went for a last swim in the lake and then put on their civilian clothes for the first time in four weeks. Up and down the company street, and indeed all through the camp, fellows were bidding one another good-by and promising to meet in the same place in a year.

Gray and Stevens and Bradford were sitting in the tent watching Ted pack his bag and giving him advice; they were all packed and waiting for the wagon to come.

"Where are Carton and Greiner?" Stevens asked.

"I saw Carton a while ago on his way to the lake," said Gray. "I haven't seen Greiner since we got back to camp this morning."

Neither, it appeared, had anyone else seen him.

"I hate to leave without saying good-by to him," said Stevens.

"So do I," said Gray. "The old corp has been all right this last week. I'd like to show him there's no hard feeling."

"Carton, too," said Bradford. "He's been quite genial ever since the hike started." He turned to Ted. "I thought at first those two were fair samples of Brampton men, but you always seemed different."

"Well," Ted answered, "one of the good things about this camp is that it shows a Brampton man that Thorpe men and Crane men can be just as decent fellows as Brampton men."

"I suppose that's a compliment," said Gray. "Well, I hope we all meet again some time."

"Sure we will," declared Stevens. "We're all coming back next year, aren't we?"

It appeared to be the unanimous opinion that they were.

"It won't be quite the same, though," remarked Gray. "We'll all be sergeants and lieutenants and things."

"That's an awful thought," replied Bradford.

Adams and Howland appeared from the tent across the street to say good-by. They, too, inquired about Greiner and Carton, and were disappointed not to see them.

"You'd better wait a few moments and go down to the station with us," said Stevens. "We have a wagon coming, and there will be room enough in it for your trunks. I'll go out and see if I can't find those fellows."

He came back in a few moments to announce that they were returning together from the lake. Carton was dressed, ready for departure from the camp, but Greiner was still in khaki.

"We were just wondering about you fellows; we were afraid we'd have to go without seeing you," said Stevens. "When are you leaving?"

"I'm going down on the train this afternoon," said Carton.

"I'm not going," Greiner said. "I'm staying over for the next camp."

"Great Scott! Haven't you had enough of carrying that heavy pack for a while?" asked Gray.

"I've decided to stay on. I haven't learned so much as I might."

"Neither have I," said Gray, "but I'm not so ambitious for knowledge. You've certainly got good nerve, Greiner."

"By George, you have!" exclaimed Stevens. "A month of this life is interesting and good

fun, but a month at a time is enough. I hope they'll make you a sergeant, anyway."

"I hope they'll make me a corporal," said Greiner, "and that I'll feel fit to hold the job."

The wagon rattled up outside, and the fellows carried out their bags and trunks and heaved them aboard. Then the wagon drove away, and the boys turned to say good-by to Greiner.

"I'll see you aboard the car," Greiner said, and he walked with them out to the road and waited with them until the trolley car came in sight. Then he shook hands with each of them

in turn—with Ted last of all. It was a hearty grip that he gave Ted's hand, and he murmured to him, so that none of the others heard, "Good-by! You're all right, Ripley."

"So are you," Ted answered. From the car he and Gray glanced back and saw the figure in khaki slowly reëntering the camp ground.

"Sort of forlorn, to be left behind that way," Gray said.

"Yes," Ted answered. And then, after a moment, he added, "Well, if he's ever needed, he'll be all the better officer because of it."

THE END.

TRAPPED IN THE SEA CHAMBER



By George C. Lane



IT was as tranquil a morning in March as Lem Longley had ever seen. As he rowed out in his dory on the ebb slack to Sea Chamber Ledge, the sea stretched smooth before him. Even the gentle surge of the ground swell was lacking. Seaward there was the yellow haze that often accompanies an unseasonably warm day in late winter.

East of the bay at Kirkport a mile of almost perpendicular granite ledge rises abruptly from the water to a height of forty feet. At one point the ebb tide leaves exposed a deep gash in the face of the ledge, wide enough to admit a boy.

Sea Chamber Ledge Lem had named the place. Although he always returned from it with a well-filled pail of the largest mussels, his real purpose in visiting the cave was to explore the darkened floor and ceiling of the stone chamber that ran back from the opening for about thirty feet. The sea mosses and the shells that he always found there interested him.

Stepping out on the six-foot shelf of rock that formed the protruding floor of the chamber, Lem hauled up his boat. It was his first visit to the cave since the preceding fall. Standing on the weed-covered shelf in front of the crevice, he stopped a moment to look up at the dripping, glistening ledge above him.

At that point it was really more like a very steep hill of rock than a cliff. Lem could have climbed it—but not now. The surface of it was covered with a layer of ice and snow several inches thick, which was melting now in the warm sun. The water dripped from the upper lip of the opening to the shelf beneath, and in

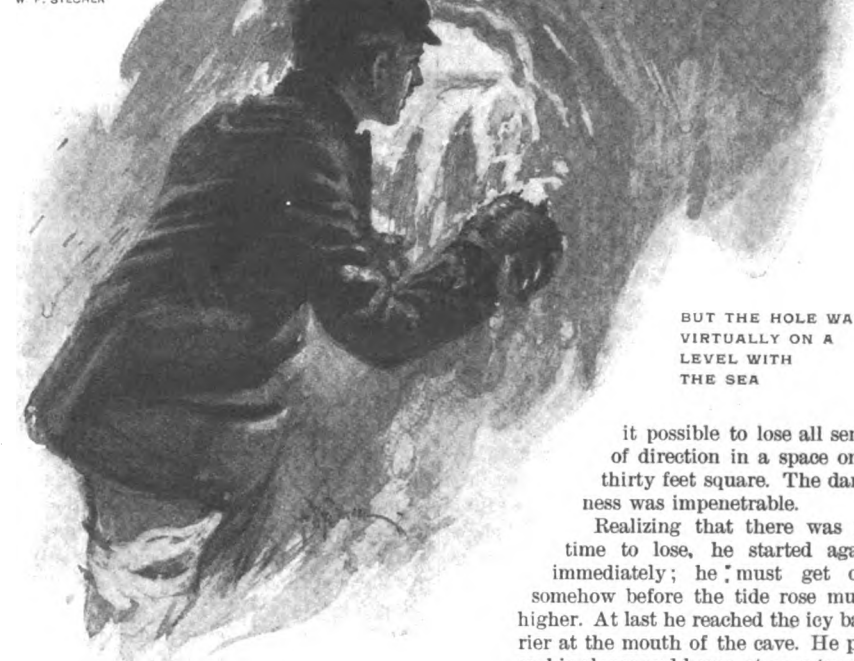
dark. The boy wondered for a moment whether he had gone blind, and then the truth dawned upon him. There had been a snowslide from the ledge above!

Beyond a doubt that was what had happened, Lem decided. Loosened by the warm sun, the whole layer of ice and snow that had covered the ledge from high-water mark to the edge of the woods above had slid down into the water!

Some of the slide had been caught by the six-foot shelf of rock outside the chamber. The mouth of the cave was blocked by a wall of snow and ice. How thick it was Lem, of course, did not know.

He started to go in what he believed to be the direction of the mouth of the chamber, but to his surprise found his progress stopped almost at once. He took off his gloves and passed his bare hand over the obstruction, which proved to be a wall of the cave. Somehow he had crawled to one side instead of straight toward the mouth. He started on again, and a moment later his hands encountered another part of the ledge. A feeling of uneasiness came over him. He had not thought

DRAWN BY
W. F. STECHER



BUT THE HOLE WAS
VIRTUALLY ON A
LEVEL WITH
THE SEA

it possible to lose all sense of direction in a space only thirty feet square. The darkness was impenetrable.

Realizing that there was no time to lose, he started again immediately; he must get out somehow before the tide rose much higher. At last he reached the icy barrier at the mouth of the cave. He put on his gloves and began at once to pull away the snow. Working steadily, he threw large double handfuls to one

side, but the more he dug the harder the stuff seemed packed. Frequently he came on sharp-edged little cakes of ice. He had no idea how much progress he was making, for it was as black as ever before him. The fingers of his gloves wore through, and his fingers began to bleed from handling the sharp edges of ice.

For a moment he stopped, tired and a little discouraged. He seemed to be making almost no headway. Presently it occurred to him that he might as well rest and wait—that the surge of the sea would soon break up the barrier of ice and snow. The rising tide, he reflected, would accomplish more in a minute than he could in an hour.

As he crouched there, waiting, with his hands in his pockets, he began to wonder how long he had been imprisoned. He had no idea how much time had passed, but he thought that the surge of the tide must soon reach the

protruding floor of the chamber. The utter darkness and quiet were oppressive. He tried to assure himself that he was not afraid, but in spite of his efforts he became more and more nervous. Presently a feeling of coldness about his knees as he crouched on the floor of the chamber caused him to reach downward. To his surprise his hand went into icy water, wrist-deep.

There was only one way in which he could account for the water. The tide must already have begun to cover the shelf of rock outside and was seeping through the wall of snow. He had not felt the water before because, as he knelt there, his hip boots had kept his knees dry. And then, in a flash, he realized that he could expect no help from the tide!

He remembered now how still the sea had been when he had rowed out from the bay. There was no surf, no swell, to help batter down his prison wall. Probably the pile of snow and ice that covered the mouth of the cave would remain in place long after the chamber itself had filled with water!

Horried at the thought of being trapped there, Lem began digging again with a furious strength. His gloves, worn to tatters, no longer protected his bleeding hands; but although it was torture to him each time he dug into the barrier of packed snow and icy crust, he worked without rest, for he could feel the water now, pressing against his bootlegs, and he knew that it was rising fast.

After a while he had to stop; the strength had left his hands entirely, and he felt unable to get out another handful. If there were only something that he could use for a shovel! The pail! Yes, that was it; he must have the pail.

Realizing that there was not a second to lose, he hurried back through the water. Luck was with him this time, he told himself, when his feet struck against the pail a moment later.

Feeling his way carefully, he succeeded in getting back to the snow barrier without losing much time, but the pail proved to be an awkward implement at best. After he had dug in a little way with it he could hardly use it at all. So, with some trouble, he ripped off the rusted bottom, and bent it twice. Now he had a fairly sharp-edged, scoop-like tool.

Once more he resumed digging. It was still slow, hard work; but he was getting ahead faster than before. Meanwhile he was aware that the water was rising steadily. As he knelt there, it came over his boot tops. Horrified, he realized that he could not work much longer.

In spite of his aching hands and wrists he dared not stop for an instant—every second was precious. Presently with a thrill of joy he noticed a faint glimmer of light in front of him. He dug away feverishly, and the light spot in the hole grew stronger. A few minutes later he was looking out on a patch of water that was as smooth as glass. But the hole that he had broken through was virtually on a level with the surface of the sea; indeed here and there water had already washed into his little tunnel. The hole was not yet nearly large enough to let him through. He must work fast, for this was a race with the tide.

Digging mostly at the sides and top of the little tunnel, and shoving the snow out through the hole in front, he labored furiously. The floor of the passage was already awash, and Lem feared that at any minute the tunnel would cave in. At last he decided that the hole was large enough to let his shoulders through; in any event, he dared not wait any longer.

Feet first, he squirmed outward on his stomach, pushing himself along a few inches at a time with hands and elbows. His feet and legs reached the water. Inch by inch he forced himself out through the narrow opening. His shoulders scraped the sides. He pushed with all his strength, but seemed unable to gain an inch more; he was held as if in a vise.

The tide had risen still higher. He was barely able now to keep his face above it. Beyond the barrier he could feel the awful chill of the sea water about his hips and waist. Another foot or so and he would be free of the grip that held him. So near as this and yet to fail! The thought maddened him.

He ceased his frantic efforts for a moment to recover his breath; then, gathering every ounce of strength in him, he shoved outward. On the instant a great roar and splash filled his ears and he was carried down—down, in a deluge of ice and snow. But even in the awful rush that bore him down he realized what had happened. There had been another slide of snow from the ledge above and it had freed him, carrying him below the surface with it.

Instinctively he began to stroke upward through the ice and the slush at the foot of the ledge and at last reached the surface. He looked round for a place where he might pull himself out. Swimming along as well as he could through the slushy water, he managed at last to get a foothold on a part of the sloping ledge beyond the fissure.

The dory was nowhere in sight. Lem thought that it had probably filled with snow and been carried away by the tide. In spite of the pain in his bleeding hands he succeeded in climbing to the top of the ledge, and from there he made his way home. Two days later word came to him that a lobster man had found his water-logged dory floating near the ledges and that he had towed it into Kirkport.



GEN. EDWARDS INSPECTS THE HARVARD REGIMENT

FACT AND COMMENT

HE that is too old to intrench, let him retrench.

Each Heart should have its little Secret Bin,
But only Wholesome Things should lie therein.

CAN you look a potato in the eye and say,
"I have done my duty"?

BOYS who scoff at girl athletes may perhaps be more discreet after they have tried to beat the standing hop, step and jump of twenty feet and eleven inches that a Philadelphia girl made last month.

THE new Russian loan, like the American war-bond issue, is officially known as "the Liberty Loan." The amount is three billion rubles—or about \$1,545,000,000. The bonds, which bear interest at five per cent, were sold at eighty-five per cent of their nominal value.

BEFORE the Battle of the Wilderness Gen. Sheridan spent three weeks and used up many thousand men and horses in making raids the sole purpose of which was to get information about Lee's left. "All that he accomplished," says a modern commentator, "one aviator could have done in a morning's flight."

ONCE upon a time the grocer, as we now know him, was termed a "spicer," and a "grocer" was a tradesman who bought goods of any kind in large lots and sold them in small quantities; that is, he bought *en gros*, as the French put it, and in England he came to be known as an "engrosser"—hence as a "grocer."

AND now comes the "blimp," as the latest war machine. In appearance it is like a perfecto cigar—one that tapers rapidly toward both ends from a fat middle; in effect it is a small Zeppelin, designed to carry only three or four men besides the pilot, but capable of flying at a height of two miles, and of making a speed of forty-five miles an hour. It will be used chiefly for coastal scouting. Sixteen such craft are now building.

A RECENT order of the Post Office Department will help to restore the country post office to something of its former position as a news exchange—a position that it has lost since rural free delivery was established. The order is that the Official Bulletin, which is to be issued under the direction of the Committee on Public Information as the official war-news medium of the government, shall be put in a conspicuous place in every post office and made available to as many people as possible.

THE names of trades are always interesting and sometimes puzzling. Probably nine out of ten persons would have difficulty in telling what a cordwainer is and how he got his name. So, too, with fletcher, although that trade is no longer practiced except in the interests of sport. But among the occupations to which England has granted exemption from the draft are those of mining wolfram and ganister, making wood wool and working on silk shalloon and noils. Lorrymen, *char-à-bancs* men and those employed at fellmongery are also exempt.

IT is fitting that there should be a regiment of marines in the first American fighting force to go to France. All the traditions of that remarkable corps give it priority wherever there is fighting under our flag. Ever since 1775 our marines have been in the thick of it: with John Paul Jones on the Ranger and the Bon Homme Richard; in Tripoli in 1803; on the Constitution in 1812, and with Jackson at New Orleans; at Vera Cruz and at Chapultepec; on the Fiji Islands in 1858; all through

the Civil War; and since then in Africa, Chile, Korea, Hawaii, China, the Philippines, Panama, Cuba, Mexico and Nicaragua, down to recent service in Haiti and Santo Domingo.



CENSORSHIP

CONGRESS has decided against a censorship. Several forms of such a system were proposed, but were rejected one and all. Yet it would be rash to assert that the decision is final. The President and Congress were at one time against "preparedness," but circumstances did not permit them to remain so. No one wants a censorship if it can be avoided. As nothing has yet happened to show that it is needed, public opinion is behind Congress in rejecting it; but the rejection will surely turn out to be only a postponement if events show that the lack of it is endangering the nation.

We make laws against murder and theft, not because all men are thieves or murderers, but because there are some bad men in the community who must be restrained or punished. So it is with a censorship. Most journalists are loyal and honorable, and would scorn to publish intelligence harmful to the national cause or helpful to the enemy. The censorship would be for the few who disregard all other considerations when they have a chance to make a "big scoop."

Nevertheless the Constitution of the United States says in the first amendment: "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." It is an essential part of censorship as practiced by the European governments that matter intended for publication—in this case, war news—shall be submitted to the censor before it is printed, and passed or suppressed as seems to him expedient. Such a provision is an abridgment of the freedom of the press, and no form of words has yet been devised that will impose that condition and yet be constitutional.

But without violating the article of the Constitution, it is possible to make illegal the publication of intelligence injurious to the national cause. Freedom of the press is not infringed by the laws against libel, or by the punishment of those who trespass in the public journals upon the rights or the good name of individuals. It would be absurd to hold that such laws are permissible and yet that laws to protect the country are forbidden. The power of Congress to put a stop to journalistic offenses in time of war is limited; but it is a real power and one that may yet have to be exercised. Congress cannot prevent journalists from committing offenses, but it can punish them severely for committing them; and the fear of heavy penalties will tend to deter all except the most lawless and reckless from acts that come near to being treasonable.



OUR COLLEGE BOYS

WHEN the writer of this article was graduated from college in August, 1861, one of his classmates was in Libby Prison. Exactly one half of the class served during the war in army or navy. All through the spring and summer months of that first year of the Civil War the scenes on every college campus in the land were similar to those we are now seeing. The boys of 1861 did their part; the boys of 1917 are nobly showing that they will do theirs.

It is an inspiring spectacle. Our college students are the pick of our youth. Whether they are poor boys working their way to an education in order to fit themselves for higher places in the world than their fathers occupied, or the sons of well-to-do parents preparing to take stations already made for them, our country produces no finer type of young manhood than they represent. Their conduct at this time makes it clear that the estimation in which the people of the United States hold them is not higher than they deserve.

What are they doing? What are they not doing that young men can do in this hour of their country's call for help? Long before we entered the war there were American college boys driving ambulances in France, flying in aeroplanes over the battlefields, and doing Red Cross work. Many were in the trenches. Now there is no branch of the service into which they are not entering by hundreds and thousands.

"Units" from the different colleges for various duties are embarking weekly for the scene of conflict. Plattsburg and other training camps are fitting future army officers for their duties. The navy and the coast patrol attract those who are invigorated by the smell of the salt sea. Even those who have offered themselves and been rejected as under weight, as

wearers of eyeglasses, or as having some other slight physical defect, are drilling and training against the day when such small disqualifications will be overlooked in the demand for universal service.

The country is safe, and the most optimistic are justified in their confidence for the future, when the flower of our manhood thus dedicates itself to its preservation.



WAR-TIME COOKERY

THE great war that is turning the world upside down is turning old, accustomed diet lists wrong side out. The fact is vividly shown in the experiments now going on in England under the direction of the Food Control Department. The itemized "weekly allowance per head" recommended by the department is as striking as it is meagre: four pounds of flour, two and a half pounds of meat and three quarters of a pound of sugar. The ingenuity shown in changing the constituents of time-honored mixtures is even more striking. Most noteworthy of all is the prompt cooperation of the housekeepers themselves.

Under the high pressure of these strenuous times the British housewife is getting heroic training in the science of home economics. She has found out lately which foodstuffs are imported and which are home grown, what elements are interchangeable and what proportions readjustable, and she is learning to put her knowledge to highly practical use. In many an English kitchen of hitherto rigid schedule necessity has suddenly become the mother of substitution, and half a loaf is not only better than no loaf but, skillfully handled, is almost as good as a whole one.

The war housekeeper is pressing into service oatmeal, corn meal and ground rice to take the place of flour. Rice is the cheapest of the three substitutes, but the oatmeal mixture, so a London paper reports cheerily, "tastes the best." Vegetables in savory combination with stock make an excellent substitute for meat, and glucose, syrup and prepared milk make good substitutes for sugar. When little John Bull puts his thumb into a pudding nowadays he pulls out, not a plum, but a bit of dried apple or apricot that is just as appetizing and much more digestible.

The American housewife who is any housewife at all will be watching with alert interest her English sisters' experiments in thrift. In order to give her at first hand the benefit of their experience, The Companion prints a few of the new receipts on the current Family Page. At first blush they appear frugal, to be sure, and perhaps a little eccentric; nevertheless, they promise—if the pun may be permitted—to pan out quite properly. The fact that they were concocted in the cooking school of adversity is not going to make them any the less palatable—probably it will add to them, instead, a certain undeniable tang.



THE "PEACE" LEAGUE

MANY thousands of Americans, among them some of the most right-minded and right-feeling men and women in the country, must, if they read the evidence produced at the recent trial in New York of Capt. von Rintelen and his associates, have been amazed at the manner in which they had been deluded. Not only the witnesses for the prosecution but admissions from the prisoner's dock proved that the great campaign to prohibit the exportation of munitions and food to the Allies was organized by an agent sent by the German government expressly for the purpose, and that it was financed with German money.

Furthermore, the agent undertook to incite munitions workers to strike; he tried to institute a boycott of the banks that helped the Allies' loans; he sought to help Huerta to cross into Mexico and to create trouble for us there; he arranged pacifist meetings in the large cities; and in general he engaged in furthering enterprises that would cause internal disorder and dissension, and so render our government, occupied wholly with troubles of its own, powerless to act with decision against Germany.

For all those purposes, and particularly to organize and rouse to activity those who would favor peace at any price, it was necessary for Rintelen to act secretly through subordinates. For first lieutenants he needed and found Americans who were willing to sell their services, plausible men who could profess lofty motives and repel with well-assumed indignation the charge that they were working in the interest of Germany. Having got such sub-agents, he found the rest—up to a

certain point—comparatively easy. It was only necessary to play upon the sentiments of that large class of men and women to whom peace is the shibboleth of their national and international principles, and "militarism" the ever-present bugbear. How successfully the league was organized we know; how active and vociferous it was, how stunning were its posters—and how completely it ultimately failed of its main purpose!

Through the persuasive powers of Rintelen and his subordinates, men and women of humane and patriotic ideals were induced to join his campaign. But he did not depend wholly upon the assistance of such persons. He had an immense amount of money with which he purchased other aid.

There were two men of Congressional rank indicted with Rintelen. As to their guilt the jury disagreed, for it was unable to decide whether they acted with full knowledge of the origin and the real purpose of the enterprise to which they lent themselves, or whether they were the unconscious tools of the grand conspirator. If such a doubt could exist about men who, judging from their prominence in public affairs, were presumably not simpletons, it is surely both charitable and reasonable to believe that the rank and file of those who formed the "peace" league were not aware by whom they were led, or whither or why. But they will be more cautious hereafter.



THE INFLUENCE OF RUSSIA

WITHIN the last few weeks the evident demoralization of the Russian army has excited concern. Yet the part that the Russian radicals who are responsible for the demoralization are playing is unlikely to benefit Germany in the end; there are good reasons for hoping that it may be scarcely less effective than Russian military effort could be in bringing about the defeat of Germany. For there is no question that the Russian radicals' cry, "Peace without indemnities and without annexations!" is meeting a sympathetic response in Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey. It may even detach those countries from Germany, for they have long recognized that they could hardly hope either for indemnities or for annexations.

The most conspicuous pro-German statesman in Austria-Hungary, Count Tisza, has resigned from office. The young Emperor seems to be in scant sympathy with Hohenzollern ideas and is trying to free himself and his country from Hohenzollern domination. Austria would probably cede the Trentino to Italy and restore Serbia if Trieste and Transylvania were guaranteed to it. Turkey, if guaranteed the continued possession of Constantinople, would gladly make peace. Bulgaria would be glad to be at peace and occupying only the territory that it held before the second Balkan war. Germany, alone of the Teutonic allies, still hopes for a great profit in the way of annexations and indemnities.

Now, if Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey avail themselves of the opportunity that radical Russia is likely to offer them and make a separate peace, in what plight will such an arrangement leave Germany? It will, it is true, release for service in France and Belgium perhaps a million Germans who have been under arms on the Eastern front. But it will also free the armies of British and French troops that are now in Mesopotamia, Egypt and Macedonia. It will furthermore enable Italy, which has given guarantees against a separate peace with Germany, to add its armies to the French, the English and the American. And it will tremendously simplify the munitioning and provisioning of the Allied armies—for it will no longer be necessary to furnish transport of supplies to remote forces.

The alignment that would result if Russia, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria were eliminated would be utterly disastrous to Germany. And the withdrawal of Russia from the war means almost certainly the withdrawal of Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria. No Austrian, Bulgarian or Turkish troops will ever be seen fighting in France and Belgium.



CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The Finance Committee of the Senate spent the week in considering and amending the war revenue bill. It added to the bill taxes on newspaper and magazine advertising, on automobiles and on excess profits. The taxes on tea, coffee and cocoa were increased, and that on distilled spirits put at such a figure that it is expected, if passed, to put an end

to whiskey-making during the war. — The Senate passed the Gore bill, "to stimulate and regulate the production of food." Among other provisions the bill authorizes the President to close the grain exchanges if he decides that the dealing in futures is abnormally affecting the price of food staples. — The House definitely voted down the newspaper-censorship provision in the espionage bill, 184 to 144. The bill thereupon was sent back to conference. — On June 2 the members of the Italian mission visited Congress and were cordially welcomed there. — The Naval Affairs Committee of the Senate learned from naval witnesses that the accidents on the Mongolia, St. Louis and other merchant vessels equipped with guns were caused by shells furnished with brass mouth cups instead of wooden or paper cups. No more shells are to be so equipped.

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SENATOR SIMMONS, CHAIRMAN FINANCE COMMITTEE

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.—On June 5 the registration of men subject to military service under the selective-draft law took place all over the country. Approximately ten million men were registered. Almost everywhere the registration was without incident. A number of persons were arrested by the police on the charge of conspiring to persuade young men to refuse to register for service. The greater number of the arrests were made in New York City, but others were taken into custody in Columbus, Ohio, Topeka, Kansas, and elsewhere. Several of the persons arrested are socialists or anarchists; others are college students and members of the Collegiate Anti-militarism League. — Manuel L. Quezon, president of the Philippine senate, arrived at Washington ready to offer twenty-five thousand Filipino soldiers to the United States for service in France or elsewhere. — Three men, Perissi, Bonaparte and Melchar by name, were arrested in New York charged with sending information of our naval and military preparations to Germany. — Lord Northcliffe is to succeed Mr. Balfour as head of the British war commission in this country.

CHINA.—The military governors of eleven of the northern provinces of China have ceased to recognize the central government at Peking, and on June 3 they formed a provisional government headed by Hsu Shih-chang, who was viceroy of Manchuria under the empire and premier during the presidency of Yuan Shih-kai. The southern provinces, where the republican feeling is strong, are still loyal to the government, but according to newspaper reports the president, Li Yuan-hung, is powerless and virtually a prisoner in the hands of the revolted governors. The underlying causes of the difficulty are not clear, but it appears to be a movement on the part of the reactionary forces in China to overthrow the republic, a movement encouraged if not caused by the weak administration of Li Yuan-hung. What part, if any, foreign influence has had in the affair does not yet appear. Sun Yat-sen and other republican leaders were said to be consulting at Canton, and there was reason to fear that the crisis might lead to a civil war, the seriousness of which would depend on the degree to which the military governors could unite the people of the northern provinces in their support. The seceded provinces are said to have demanded the dismissal of the national assembly, the revision of the constitution, the reinstatement of Premier Tuan Chi-jui and war against Germany.

RUSSIA.—On June 1 the local Workmen's and Soldiers' Council at Kronstadt, the great fortress that defends Petrograd on the side of the Gulf of Finland, took control of the fortress, announced that it no longer recognized the provisional government, and virtually declared its independence of the rest of Russia. The leader of the revolt was a young university student named Lamanoff. The provisional government made no immediate attempt to reduce the fortress, but contented itself with proclaiming the Kronstadt council as false to the revolution and morally outlawed so far as Russia was concerned. — The news of royalist uprisings in Tiflis and other parts of the Caucasus reached Petrograd, and it was said that as a result of the unrest the authorities at Tiflis had felt it necessary to arrest the Grand Duke Nicholas, formerly the commander of the Russian armies. — The General Council of the Cossacks has sent to the provisional government a declaration of loyalty and a demand that the war against Germany be prosecuted energetically. — On June 5 Gen. Alexieff resigned as commander in chief of the armies; Gen. Brussiloff, the most active if not the most able of Russian generals, succeeds him. — The American commission to Russia, headed by former Senator Elihu Root, arrived safely on June 3. The commission of American railway men who are to assist in building up a transportation system in Russia has also reached port safely. — President Wilson has

sent to Russia an important message outlining the war aims of the United States, and the Allied nations were hopeful that it would help to unite Russia and to stiffen its resolution against a separate peace with Germany. — Washington learned that the Japanese government had warned Russia that, if it accepted a separate peace with Germany, it would be regarded by Japan as equivalent to an alliance between the two countries.

IRELAND.—The proposed convention is to consist of 101 members, of whom fifteen are nominated by the crown and the rest chosen by the various local bodies. It is taken for granted that no party will refuse to be represented. The Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. Lowther, is suggested for chairman.

THE GREAT WAR

(From May 31 to June 6)

The week was comparatively quiet in a military way. The British, French and Italian offensives had all come to a stand, except for the continual artillery exchange that never ceases. Marshal von Hindenburg reported to the Kaiser that the three offensives were all stopped permanently. English and French opinion was that the halt was temporary, and that the drive would be resumed as soon as a sufficient head of ammunition was at hand.

The Allied attacks are, however, obliged to face a very strong opposition, for the quiet on the Russian front has enabled the Germans to concentrate almost their entire army of effectives between Lens and Reims. Counter-attacks in considerable force were made by the Germans in Champagne and by the Austrians against the newly won Italian positions on the Carso plateau, but they seem to have won back little ground.

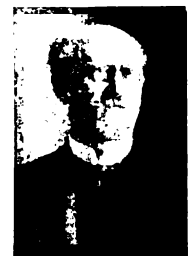
London reports 112,233 British casualties in May, mostly in front of Arras. The French losses must have been as great, and the German losses may have reached 250,000.

There was increased activity along the Galician and Roumanian fronts, but the fighting was in the form of local skirmishes. Turks and Russians were reported to be in contact in Armenia near the Mesopotamian border.

At least four American ships have lately been sunk by German submarines, the Dirigo, the Vigo, the Frances M and the Barbara. Another Spanish ship and several Swedish vessels were sunk, in spite of apologies that the German government made on previous occasions. The weekly report from London admitted the loss of only eighteen British ships. — Washington announced that the armed American ship Silvershell had sunk a submarine in a running fight. — The British director of food economy is authority for the statement that only six per cent of the grain shipments to Great

Britain have been lost, although the government had allowed for the loss of twenty-five per cent.

London announced air attacks on Ostend and Zeebrugge, where the Germans have naval bases, and added that in a sea fight off Ostend a German destroyer was sunk. On June 5, a squadron of eighteen German planes bombarded certain towns in Essex and Kent. London said that twelve persons were killed. Four and perhaps six German aeroplanes were destroyed by British aircraft.



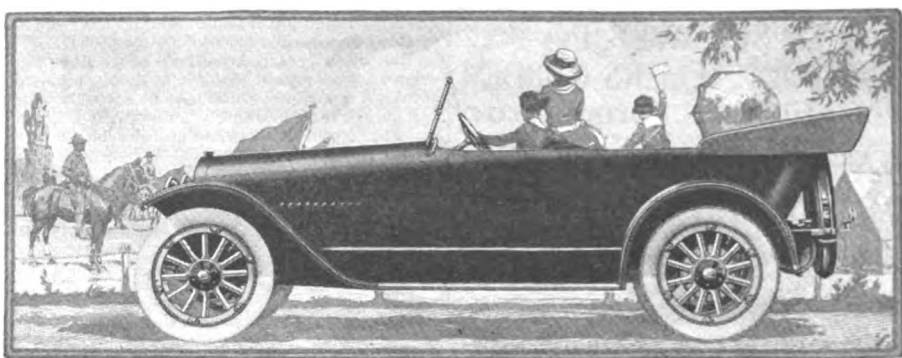
PHILIPP SCHEIDEMANN

There was much interest in Europe over the socialist conference to be held July 8 at Stockholm, for, although all of the nations at war will not be represented, it is felt that the discussions will have a decided, perhaps a determining, effect on the relations between Russia and the Central Powers. The French government refused passports to socialist delegates from France, but Great Britain will permit Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and several other representatives of the Labor party to attend the conference. Mr. Philipp Scheidemann was the leader of the German delegation, and he is expected by the government to accomplish much toward bringing about an understanding with the Russian socialists. Meanwhile in this country, Mr. John Spargo, long a leading socialist, has withdrawn from the Socialist party, which he declares to be "unneutral, un-American and pro-German."

On June 4, Premier Ribot of France told the Chamber of Deputies that his ministry would only consent to a peace that restored Alsace-Lorraine to France and provided for reparation for the havoc wrought in northern France. The Chamber, by a vote of 453 to 55, reaffirmed its confidence in the Cabinet.

Premier Borden of Canada has suggested to former Premier Laurier the formation of a coalition ministry to carry through draft legislation. The French Canadians are united in opposing the draft, and some of them may be willing to use force rather than submit to it.

A squadron of United States naval vessels is at Rio de Janeiro, prepared to relieve British and French warships of the duty of patrolling the South Atlantic.



See What \$1195

Buys Today in a Mitchell

MITCHELL JUNIOR—with 120-inch wheelbase—sells for \$1195 at factory. Yet it has nearly all the features, all the extras of the \$1460 Mitchell. See what matchless values both these cars embody.

The usual high-grade car is built to the standard of 50 per cent over-strength. The Mitchell standard for every part is 100 per cent over-strength. That means a lifetime car.

The usual car lacks a number of features which are generally added as extras. The Mitchell has 31 features rarely found in cars.

The usual car has some special attractions which serve as talking points. The Mitchell combines all the best of these features found in 257 new models.

The usual car has its bodies built outside, so styles are much alike. The Mitchell has its own body plant, so Mitchell styles are exclusive.

An Economic Question

The problem of building an exceptional car is an economic question. These extras cost money—a great deal of money. In the usual factory they would bring the price too high.

In the Mitchell factory we save their cost by exceptional efficiency. John W. Bate's methods save us about \$4,000,000 on our factory cost this year. And that saving buys these extras.

You will find in the Mitchell a wonderful motor, which we have spent 14 years in developing.

You will find the easiest-riding car in the world, due to Bate shock-absorbing springs. And these springs have never broken.

You will find a car so enduring that two we know of have already run over 200,000 miles each. So well built that 37 engineers of national fame have selected it as their personal car.

Nowhere else, in a fine car, will you find anywhere near such values. Go prove that for yourself.

Mitchell
Sixes

TWO SIZES

Mitchell—a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase and a highly-developed 48-horsepower motor.

\$1460

Four-passenger Roadster, \$1495. Sedan, \$2175. Cabriolet, \$1895. Coupe, \$1995.

Also Town Car and Limousine.

Mitchell Junior—a 5-passenger Six, with 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor. 1/4-inch smaller bore.

\$1195

All Prices f.o.b. Racine.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc., Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

A SHOWER IN GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

By Minnie Leona Upton

ALL the little blossoms are a-bowing and a-bobbing—
Pansies and Petunias, Featherfew and Phlox;
Stately Madam Peony in satin is hobnobbing
With her humble neighborfolk, the gingham
Four-O'Clocks.

See the Scarlet Runners, all a-swinging and a-swaying,
Every blossom gleaming like a jewel newly set,
Moving, oh, so lightly, to the tune the Rain's a-playing—
Such a stately, graceful, joyous, antique minuet!

Morning Glory blossoms all their crimped edges tighten,
But Morning Glory buds are a-swelling fair and free;
Hardly can they wait till the morning sky shall brighten
Ere they open wide their hearts to humming bird and bee.

Where the Sweet Peas swing their censers, rose-and-pearl a-shining,
Where the Clove Pinks glow and sparkle, jeweled fresh and fine,
Where the Vine of Cinnamon in stout curves is a-twining,
Where the Garden Lilies lift their loveliness benign,

Where the Lavender's a-row, with Sage and Coriander,
Mint and Dill and Caraway a-crowding close and sweet,
Where the gentle Rosemary and Southern-wood philander,
What an incense rises, for a garden goddess meet!

Yes, and look you—at her wide-flung window she is standing,
Like her own Forget-Me-Nots her eyes of beaming blue;
Soft the folds of shining, snowy hair her dear brow banding.
"Children, see!" she softly cries. "He maketh all things new!"

RHODA

RHODA had been in the city nine months. She had come as thousands of girls come, with a heart full of dreams and ambitions. She had worked through her six months' business course—worked so hard that she had no time for anything else. She had found a position easily, and now she had held it for three months and was giving satisfaction; she dressed better and had a better room, and had saved a little; and this Sunday night she was lying on her bed in the dark with her hands fiercely clenched, fighting the battle that she had felt coming closer and closer through all those three months.

She was lonely, and there was nothing in the world to look forward to except being in an office for the rest of her life. She had thought that the city meant an opportunity really to live—to learn things and make friends and have good times. She would rather die than go on for years and years without any of those things. She meant it; she would rather die.

And yet:
In the city where Rhoda was thinking of "ending it all" there were more than three hundred churches; if she had gone frankly to the pastor of any one of them and said that she was lonely, he would gladly have put her in touch with the young peoples' organizations.

There was a Young Woman's Christian Association with a membership of nearly five thousand, with clubs and parties and a chorus and a current topics class and story-telling, all as membership privileges. Again, if she had gone there and said that she was alone in the city, any secretary would gladly have introduced her to those and many other activities.

There was a course of free lectures at the public library, and there were free concerts given by the city.

There were, moreover, a score of organizations in the city, working to help in some difficult place, and needing helpers.

There were, besides, the girls in her own office; one or two of them at least would have been glad to make friends, and each friend, almost each acquaintance, is an open door to endless possibilities.

The trouble was that Rhoda had worked and studied to make herself proficient for business, but she had not planned at all to make herself expert in the greatest business of all—that of living.

KEYHOLE TESTIMONY

"I DON'T care if I don't know much about Mrs. Ainslee!" Evelyn declared hotly. "Sometimes a very little thing is enough to know. I never told any of you before, but that day I went to call on her I heard her scolding that lovely little Amy in a way that made me shiver. I never could get over it. She couldn't be a lady and scold like that. It—it is almost more than I can stand even now to think of it. I suppose you all think I oughtn't to tell it anyway, but when you are blaming me for not wanting to 'take her in,'—and when I remember that afternoon,—I just can't help it."

"Speaking of hearing things," said Uncle Charlie, "did I ever tell you of the case of keyhole testimony we once had?"
"It was the case of the Carson jewels. The testimony was pointing to Mrs. Carson's maid, a little, frightened thing who lost all her professional smartness and self-confidence and crumpled up in terror over the accusation. The most damaging testimony was that of another maid who declared that, various things having made her suspicious, she watched through the keyhole one night and saw Felice, who sometimes looked up her mistress's jewels, slip something sparkling into her handkerchief and drop it out the window. It sounded like invention, but nothing could shake her testimony till Bob Gordon, who had the defense, went to the house and proved that no one

looking through the keyhole could possibly see the window. So it turned out like a dime novel.

"I've often caught myself up short since then when I found myself making keyhole judgments of things. A keyhole vision may be accurate so far as it goes, but it's extremely limited. And you can't know the truth about anything until you know its relation to other things."

"But, Uncle Charlie—" Evelyn cried.
Uncle Charlie smiled. "I was preaching to myself, little girl. All the same, you can't make a fair judgment from a single fact, no matter what the fact is."

"All right," said Evelyn. "I accept the challenge."

Three days later Evelyn rushed in.

"O Uncle Charlie!" she cried.

"Yes?" Uncle Charlie encouraged her.

"I was such a brute! I met Mrs. Ainslee to-day and somehow it all came out. She has to fight temper the way some people do drink; her father and grandfather did before her. And she tries so hard! And she told me with tears in her eyes how she felt when she got angry with Amy, and how she had explained to the child, and she always, always told her afterwards that mother had been 'bad,' and was so sorry. 'I don't know what I'd do,' she cried, 'if my little girl had my temper!' I—I can't tell you how I felt, Uncle Charlie."

Uncle Charlie nodded. "I know, little girl," he said.

THE OLD CHINA AND THE NEW

THE meeting of the prince regent, the emperor's father, who only yesterday had been the real ruler of China, all-powerful, master of the property and the lives of his subjects, the successor to twenty-five dynasties of emperors, with Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the republican leader, the conspirator and rebel on whose head a price had so long been set, was a scene that the witnesses will always remember. Mr. Fernand Farjanel describes it in *Through the Chinese Revolution*:

While I was talking with Sun Yat-sen, says the author, a servant handed a paper to the Chinese statesman.

"I must leave you at once," he said. "Here is the prince regent!"

He shook hands and hurried to a room on the upper floor, possibly with the idea of typifying the new order of things by compelling the representative of the imperial government to walk upstairs to interview a son of the people.

As we went out into the hall to watch the approach of the former sovereign, a blast of trumpets heralded his coming, and the palace guards, in their khaki uniforms and flat caps, presented arms at the door. Then we saw, in the sunlight, at the top of the steps, a young Chinese about thirty years of age, with a kindly face and a shaven head, and wearing a blue robe with a black sleeveless overcoat. Accompanying him were two or three Chinese and a black-coated European. An officer of the palace guard preceded the party.

The little group advanced; but numerous clerks and soldiers crowded round, anxious to have a nearer view of the prince before whom, only a year ago, they would have prostrated themselves humbly. They stared at him now impudently, and their little, furtive black eyes seemed to say, "You are nobody to-day!"

An official was obliged to clear the way for the regent, who hurried along and seemed anxious to avoid the stares of the crowd. Escorted by an officer, he passed close to us and climbed the great staircase, walking with bent head and stooping shoulders, as if he bore the weight of his past grandeur. Finally the little party disappeared on the floor above.

On leaving the palace we encountered three or four servants wearing the royal livery, blue robes with white, conical hats covered with red fringes. They were holding some little, ill-groomed horses. That was the sorry remnant of all the imperial pomp!

HIS MAJESTY'S LAND SHIPS

THE novelist Mr. H. G. Wells, in some of his earlier fiction of the fantastic-scientific kind, ventured a good many bold prophecies. After the way of prophets, he made more misses than hits; but the hits were notable and brilliant. Therefore, when he predicts that should the war continue long enough His Majesty's land ships, as the British "tanks" are officially designated, will prove to be forerunners of terrestrial dreadnaughts of unguessed and appalling size and power, ploughing the land as ships of the line plough the sea, the prophecy is interesting. It is dismaying also; for the flowing seas close instantly in the wake of the most enormous battleship, but the monsters he foretells would leave behind them a hideous trail of rack and ruin.

"The young of even the most horrible beasts have something piquant and engaging about them," says Mr. Wells, "and so I suppose it is in the way of things that the land ironclad should appear first as if it were a joke. Never has any such thing so completely masked its wickedness under an appearance of genial silliness. The tank is a creature to which one naturally flings a pet name; the five or six I was shown, wandering, rooting and climbing over obstacles round a large field near X—, were as amusing, as disarming, as a litter of lively young pigs."

They could not have been as nimble, however, since Mr. Wells also compares them to slugs "going over the ground with the sliding speed of snails"; and again, which is biologically true of the slug, "unexpectedly complicated inside." He was permitted a brief trip on board—a rare privilege indeed for a civilian.

"The tank is as crowded with inward parts as a battleship. It is filled with engines, guns and ammunition, and in the interstices, men."

"You will smash your hat," said Col. Stern. "No; keep it on, or else you will smash your head!"

"You see a hand gripping something; you see the eyes and forehead of an engineer's face; you perceive that an overall bluishness beyond the engine is the back of another man."

"Don't hold that," says some one. "It is too hot. Hold on to that." The engines roar, so loudly that you can hardly hear guns outside; the floor slopes until one seems to be at forty-five degrees or thereabouts; then the whole concern swings up and sways and slants the other way.

"You have crossed a bank. You heel sideways. Through the door, which has been left open, you see the little group of engineers, staff officers and naval men receding and falling away behind you. You straighten up and go uphill. You halt and begin to rotate. Through the open door, the green field, with its red walls, rows of work sheds and forests of chimneys in the background, begins a steady processional movement. The group of

engineers and officers and naval men appear at the other side of the door, and farther off. Then comes a sprint downhill.

"You descend and stretch your legs. About the field other tanks are doing their stunts. One is struggling in an apoplectic way in the mud pit with a cheek half buried. It noses its way out and on with an air of animal relief."

Without doubt the Germans hope that the funny and formidable tanks will never outgrow their infantile limitations. At present they are the huge and joyous joke of the British army. Each tank is named, not officially but hilariously, Willie, Susan, Elsie, Nightingale or anything else that is most inappropriate. At present the tank with the most brilliant exploit to her credit—she took a fortified position, many prisoners and a German colonel—is His Majesty's land ship *Crime de Menthe*.

ONCE WAS ENOUGH!



Mrs. McGon (not pleased with supplies)—Have you any of the sugar you sold me on Monday left?
The Grocer—Oh, yes, mum; plenty. How much would you like?
Mrs. McGon—None! —Will Owen in the Sketch.

MR. PEASLEE ON BEARING SUFFERING GLADLY

"THAT youngster out to one side," commented Mr. Hyne judicially, as he watched a group of children playing, "seems to be kind of one too many, 's you might say. He jest gets shoved to one side and left out, seem's it."

Mr. Peaslee nodded. "Lots of times it happens like that," he agreed; "there'll be one young one that the rest don't pay no 'tention to, and all he can do is to stan' round and wish for a chance to git in and have a good time with the rest of 'em. Kind of hard on a little tike, seems to me."

As he finished speaking one of the minor accidents of childhood happened swiftly. A rope carried by two of the larger boys caught the lonely little fellow across the feet; there was a twinkle of stubby little legs in the air and the sound of a soft little face striking the gravel. His screech of pain and anger brought the two old men to their feet, while the group of playing children converged unerringly on the sufferer.

"One sure thing—he ain't killed, to go by the uproar he's makin'," observed Mr. Hyne.

Even before they reached the scene of the mishap the noise had partly lulled, and some of the larger boys had raised the little boy to his feet and were assiduously brushing him off, while others hung about him with sympathetic chatter. The unwonted attention had its effect upon the victim, and a certain perkiness became visible in his demeanor. For once he was the centre of interest—and he was making the most of it.

"Might's well go back and set down," said Mr. Peaslee, and as they settled once more into their chairs he was moved to further speech.

"Beats all," he commented slowly, "how much alike children and grown-up folks are. They've both got 'bout the same hankerin's and feelin's after all. For instance—all that touse out there jest now put me in mind of Solon Padden."

Mr. Hyne debated deeply. "I guess I remember him, now you speak of him," he said, "but I d'know when I ever thought of him before."

"That was jest it," said Mr. Peaslee sedately. "That was what wore on Solon all his life; there wasn't anything special about him for folks to notice or remember."

"Mebbe he might have lived and died and I never'd have known how he felt," Mr. Peaslee went on deliberately, "if John Barton's hosses hadn't took a notion to run away one day when he left 'em down to the gristmill, with his little grandson settin' on the seat holdin' the reins. I d'know what started 'em. The fust any of us knew about it, they come down the road, with the tip cart swayin' and boumein' and the child hangin' to the reins and stickin' onto the seat by a miracle!"

"Four-five of us jumped for 'em," Caleb said soberly, "but the best we could do was to swerve 'em a little and mebbe slow 'em a mite. They got by and started down the hill to'rds the brook—and right then Solon come into it!"

"He was right at the top of the hill road, but nobody give any heed to him, not thinkin' he amounted to anything, anyway. We all looked for him to dodge and let 'em get by him, but 'stead of that he jumped square at their heads and made out to grab both bridle, although how in the world he done it I never could make up my mind. And of course, no hosses are goin' to lug a man on their bridles a gre't ways. Solon kep' saggin' on 'em, and pretty soon they stopped."

"Well, Solon was consid'able bunged up. One leg was busted, and he was hurt some other ways. We got him laid out side of the road, and then we all stood round tryin' to make ourselves see jest what a courageous man we had amongst us, and John Barton was tryin' to tell him and not makin' a very good job of it. Fin'ly the doctor come to take him home, and I went along, too. After the doctor'd fixed him up, I undertook to tell him how sorry I was, but he stopped me."

"You needn't be sorry a mite," says he, with his face shining perfectly contented. "I ain't sorry—I'm glad. This is the fust time in all my life," he

says, earnest-like, "that the men in this town have ever g'n me any notice or reckoned I was a man, same's they be. I don't begreth breakin' a leg to show 'em—or two legs, if 'twas needful. It was with it," he says, contented as if the hosses had done him a favor—which mebbe they had, the way he looked at it—I d'know."

"Jest about the same's that youngster felt; I give in 't you're right," agreed Mr. Hyne soberly.

A ROGUE BISON

NEXT to a man-eating tiger there is nothing that the natives of India dread more than a rogue bison. One of these beasts frequented a hillside in the Western Ghats near which Mr. Edwin L. Arnold, who tells his experiences in the *Cornhill Magazine*, had camped. The bison slept in the woods during the hot hours, and came out to feed only at morning and at night. One day it chased and nearly killed the wife of a native.

"Unless the sahib helps us we shall all be killed," the people complained, and Mr. Arnold, determined to kill the bull, set out at dawn the next morning. He followed the jungle path up the hill for a mile, and there climbed a lookout point and sat down to wait for daylight. Half an hour had gone by when he looked to the north, and there, not a quarter of a mile away, standing on a rocky bluff, a huge form was silhouetted against the sky. Just below where the hunter was sitting ran a shallow stream, and two hundred yards down its course grew a clump of bushes.

Sliding into the watercourse, the hunter crawled on hands and knees until the bushes were between him and the bison. Then, scrambling up the bank, he ran to the clump and peeped through the bushes. The bison had gone. Thinking that his quarry must be on the other side of the bluff, Mr. Arnold ran to the summit; but the bull was not in sight. For several minutes the hunter lay breathless looking this way and that. Then he turned round and saw the huge bison glaring at him only thirty yards distant.

The hunter fired hastily. The bullet struck high between neck and shoulder, and the next minute, with a tremendous bellow, the bull charged full tilt. He came down in a storm of dust and rattling stones; as there was no possibility of cover, the man waited until he was nearly within arm's reach and then jumped aside. Unfortunately his foot slipped, and, as the animal went blundering by, he fell heels over head. The beast shot past fifteen yards or more before it could pull up. The man came to a stand first, and opening the breech of his rifle, slipped in another cartridge.

Again they stood facing each other. Then, catching his breath, the man fired. The shot struck fair in the breast and the animal fairly reeled. But he charged again with extraordinary swiftness. The hunter stepped aside and the beast lunged at him with his horns as he passed. As the bull floundered by, another shot struck point-blank behind his ear. He went down with a tremendous thud, turned over, kicked once or twice and was dead.

That evening there were great rejoicings in the village, no end of chattering round the big fig tree, and a great amount of drum beating and garland weaving.

SALUTING MOUNT VERNON

WHEN the Mayflower, bearing the French commissioners to the United States up the Potomac to Washington, passed Mount Vernon, are told by the newspapers that the crew of the vessel were drawn up at salute and the ship's bell was tolled. Marshal Joffre was particularly touched by this ceremonial, and as the yacht passed on up the river, he walked to the stern and stood silently watching the old mansion until it was hidden from view.

What the newspapers did not tell us and what many Americans do not know is that the ceremony that so impressed our distinguished visitors has been for a great many years prescribed by the naval regulations. No United States ship of war may pass Mount Vernon without paying that tribute of respect to the memory of Washington.

As the vessel approaches the beautiful old place, the commander orders the bugler to "Sound to quarters." The crew, officers and men hurry to their places, the word passes to form along the side of the ship that faces Mount Vernon, and to stand at attention. As the ship comes abreast of the mansion the command "Salute!" rings out. Every man raises his right hand to his cap and holds it there while the ship's bell tolls twenty-one times, once for each gun of the national salute.

"Sound the retreat!" comes the order as the last stroke of the bell trembles into silence; and the bugle sends its plaintive notes across the water to the tree-clad slopes of Mount Vernon, from which the echo faithfully repeats them to the ship.

It is a charming ceremony, simple, yet indescribably moving, no matter how often one sees it. No wonder Marshal Joffre, who, like all good Frenchmen, reverences the name and memory of Washington, was stirred. It is fortunate that his earliest impressions of America should have been shaped by the beauty of that scene and the tender meaning of the ceremony that he witnessed.

NOT HIS NAME

IN Dublin a zealous policeman caught a cab driver in the act of driving recklessly. The officer stopped him and said:

"What's yer name?"
"Ye'd better try and find out," said the driver peevishly.

"Sure, and I will," said the policeman, as he went round to the side of the cab where the name ought to have been painted; but the letters had been rubbed off.

"Ah!" cried the officer. "Now ye'll git yerself into worse disgrace than ever. Yer name seems to be obliterated."

"You're wrong!" shouted the driver triumphantly. "Tis O'Sullivan!"

BUT SHE LIKED IT!

VERY strong peppermints are grandfather's favorite confection. One day, says the *Christian Herald*, he gave one to four-year-old Marjorie, and waited slyly to see what she would do when she should discover the pungent flavor of the candy. A few minutes later he saw her take the partly eaten peppermint from her mouth and place it on a table beside an open window.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you like the candy?"

"Oh, yes," replied Marjorie, "I like it, but I thought I'd let it cool for a little while."

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

KITBIRD LAND

BY OSWALD M. RICKARD

It's hard to make you understand
The wondrous ways of Kitbird Land.
But there, if you should chance to look
Beneath the oak, beside the brook,
You'll see that little birds can dwell
In peace with cat folk very well.
And many of them you will find—
The singing birds of every kind,
And kitty cats of every hue;
And with them you'll discover, too,
The squirrels, mice and bunnies there,
Who live without a fear or care,
And mingle in a friendly way
In all the frolic of the day.
And now, perhaps, you'll understand
How strange a place is Kitbird Land.

When tea time comes, the table's laid
Beneath the oak tree's ample shade,
And birds and pussies gather there
The dainties of the feast to share.
The blackest black cat pours the tea,
A very charming hostess she.
Her bird friends come with chirp and whir
To pass the time of day with her.
The robin is the first, and then
The bluebird, chickadee and wren.
The gray cat comes with cheerful purr,—
All mice and birds are fond of her,—
And bunnies from the woodland ways,
And squirrels, both the reds and grays,
All linger for a social chat
Around the gracious hostess cat.

And while they thus are sipping tea
And gossiping beneath the tree,
The good nurse cat has heard the call
Of duty high above them all,
And up among the oaken leaves
That kind and thoughtful puss relieves
The hunger of a little brood
Of robins that are lacking food.
The mother bird remains below,
Not noting how the moments go;
But good nurse cat was quick to see
The hungry babies in the tree,
And so she promptly hastened there
To give the brood her tender care.
And now I know you'll understand
How strange a place is Kitbird Land.



THEY MINGLE IN A FRIENDLY WAY IN ALL THE FROLIC OF THE DAY

HOW BOBBY MADE HIS OWN FUN

BY PATTEN BEARD

WHEN Bobbie woke in the morning, it was dark and wet outdoors. While he was yet quite sleepy, he could hear the patter! patter! of rain on the cottage roof, and the wind shook the window casings. When he was wide-awake the first thing he said was, "Now it's going to be a whole long rainy day!"

It looked so, and a long, wet, summer rain-storm, too!

"You will have to make your own fun to-day," mother said. "Can't you and sister think of some new game to play?"

Bobbie shook his head. "I wanted to go out to play croquet, and sister wanted to, too," he replied dolefully. "It would have been fun to play croquet!"

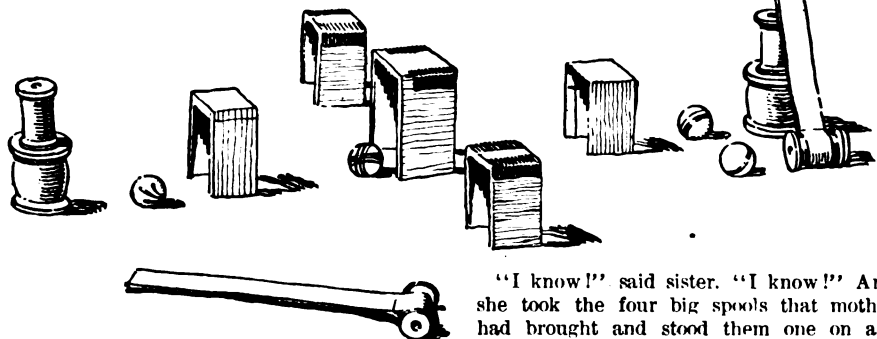
"But I know how you can play croquet indoors," mother suggested, "and the best part of this croquet is the good time you will have

inches long. She took off the upper part of the box and told Bobbie to take all the glossy paper covering off.

Next, mother cut the upper part of the box in half, across its narrow part. She cut the lower half of the box in the same way. Then she cut out the cardboard so as to leave the box rims with only a very small strip of the cardboard that belonged to the top or the bottom of the box. When she stood the box rims on end upon the floor, there were the wickets! And one box made four wickets.

"We'll make one more wicket," mother said. "This will be the middle one, and we'll make it from a different shaped box cover, for I have no other box like the first one."

"But the posts, mother!" Bobbie exclaimed. "How can we make the posts?"



"I know!" said sister. "I know!" And she took the four big spools that mother had brought and stood them one on another. The spools made posts of just the right size. Bobbie glued two spools together. "The balls can be spools, too," sister suggested. "Can't they, mother?"

THE SUMMER RAIN

BY MARY F. BUTTS

When the buttercups are thirsty
And the clovers' roots are dry;
When the little ruffled daisies
In the warm air softly sigh;
Then the clouds bend lower, lower;
Of the dear earth's needs they think.
And they send a shower of raindrops
For the thirsty flowers to drink.

In the forest, in the valley,
On the mountain's lofty crown,
Happy blossoms smile their welcome
As the rain comes tinkling down.
Little buds burst into blossom,
Putting on bewitching graces;
And they thank the bending heavens
By the brightness of their faces.

making it, I think. You can make a whole little croquet set yourself, and you can play with it on the floor afterwards."

Bobbie brightened up. "How?" he demanded, and his eyes were big with interest. But mother said, "Wait. You'll see." And he and sister ran down to breakfast, wondering how mother could make the toy croquet set.

After breakfast mother said all was ready to start the fun. She put two newspapers down on the floor to catch the scissors snippings, and then she gave Bobbie the scissors. "We will make the wickets for the croquet game first," she explained.

In mother's hand was a small, narrow box with a cover that fitted down over all the inner box rim. It was a box that had once held chocolate peppermints and that was covered on the outside with glossy paper. It was about six

"Yes," said mother. "But I think marbles would be better—marbles of the same size but different in color."

Bobbie had a whole boxful of marbles, and so that was all right; but neither he nor sister could think how mother could make croquet mallets.

This is how she did it: She cut two long strips of cardboard an inch wide and eight-een inches long. Then she took one strip and bent it in the middle, carefully, so that it did not break, and in the bend she put an empty spool. Then she fastened the cardboard tight round the spool with a bit of string. Then she tied the two loose ends of the cardboard together—and there was a croquet mallet all done. Bobbie made another just like it.

When he had found his marbles he gave one to sister and took one himself. Together, they laid out their croquet ground on the carpet. Each wicket was a foot from the next one, and the first and last wickets were each a foot from the posts. They used a ruler to measure with.

They counted out to see who should play first, and the turn fell to sister. She placed her marble six inches from the first wicket and hit it with her little mallet. The marble went through the wicket; so she had another turn and started for the side wicket, since the set had only five wickets. It was great fun! Once or twice a wicket fell over, but no one minded; they just put it back in place and tried the play again, to make it quite fair. Bobbie won, but sister was very close at the finish. When they croqueted the balls, of course they had to hold one of them down with a finger. The ground was supposed to be the length of the ruler beyond the wickets and posts. If the balls went beyond, they were brought back to the proper distance.

Bobbie and sister grew so much interested in the game that they did not notice that the sun had come out, and they were surprised to find that it was dinner time.

"Let's play on the porch this afternoon!" cried Bobbie. "I think the game we made is the best fun I ever had. I wish I had known about it long ago when we had those other rainy days."

WHAT BABY WANTS

BY GRACE F. PENNYPACKER

Baby has a pretty toy,
Baby has a rattle,
Baby has a soldier boy
All arrayed for battle.

Baby has a horn of tin
That dangles from his crib;
Baby has a golden pin
That clasps his dainty bib.

Baby has an ivory ring,
A dolly soft and big,
A lot of spools upon a string,
A little flannel pig.

Baby has a woolly ball;
Its coat has suffered much.
But what he really wants is all
The things he mustn't touch!

PUZZLES

1. TRANSPOSITIONS

In my four letters you can find
Five plain words, if you've a mind.
I'm high and bright and far and fair,
But if I fell, you would not care.
Shift me about, and I become
A ruler driven from his throne.
Shift me again, and you behold
What gifted minds have turned to gold.
Change me around, and then I'll be
Gay sailors on the briny sea.
Change me again, and after that,
I beg you, do not call the cat!
In my four letters, if you're wise,
Five words stand plain before your eyes.

2. RIDDLES

There are two for each of us alive,
And most of us have three;
Some persons carry four or five,
But not conveniently.

A man will give his last away,
A woman turn and take it,
He has no less, she has no more,
What answer do you make it?

II

I only live a few short hours,
Yet I possess unusual powers.
My coming makes the children cry,
And many grown-up people sigh.
I send to work an idle throng,
And once a year I come along;
Although unwelcome, yet I stand
For youth's great need in every land.

III

I'm not as sweet as summer rose—
Sometimes I make you hold your nose!
And yet you need me every year,
Without my presence, you would fear.
Then when I've done my best to keep
Possessions safe—and hidden deep—
About my feelings you don't care,
For what I've touched, you—go and air!

3. FROM THE MENAGERIE

To a word of five letters, meaning to instruct,
add a letter; transpose, and find an animal.

To an ore-producing mineral vein add a letter; transpose, and find an animal.

To wickedness add a letter; transpose, and find an animal.

To a vulgar person who apes gentility add a letter; transpose, and find an animal.

To unsound in limb add a letter; transpose, and find an animal.

To small bullets add a letter; transpose, and find an animal.

4. ACROSTIC

I'm found in bugle, not in drum;
I'm found in add, not in sum;
I'm found in wonder, not in awe;
I'm found in burned, not in raw;
I'm found in batter, not in dough;
I'm found in grief, not in woe;
My whole looks very bright and fair
When we wave it in the air.

5. CONUNDRUM

What am I?

I have three forms. One is as light
As airy thistle-downs that float.
The faintest breath of summer breeze
Sets me a-sail like fairy boat.
Another, and I swiftly run
To find the lowest place I can:
Is half the use to child or man.
My last form makes me light again,
And sparkling—beautiful to see.
In summer you all like me well;
In winter—then you just love me!

6. CHARADE

A boy's nickname, my first you'll see,
Up high my second cannot be;
Abbreviation, that's my third,
The whole will form a magic word;
A time that makes the children gay,
Though not a truly holiday.

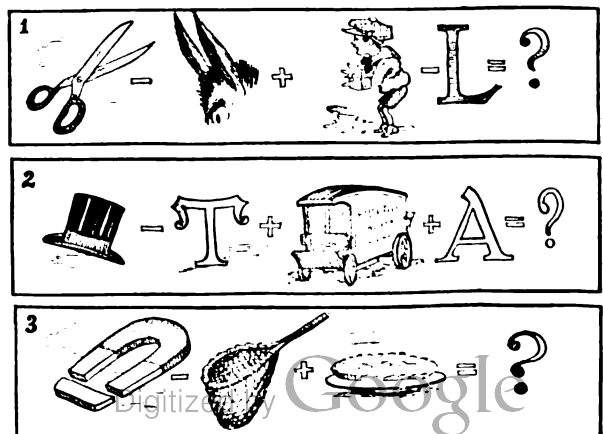
7. NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I am a word of eight letters. My 5678 is wealthy;
my 4563 is the edge; my 3672 rimes with nice; my
78632 is a set of bells; my 175642 is a writer;
my whole is a famous singer.

PLUS AND MINUS PUZZLES

By Sam Loyd

The answer to the first puzzle is a fish; to the second, a large city; and to the third, a bird.



Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The GIRLS' PAGE for JUNE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

NATURE'S MUSIC

YOU need but little knowledge of music to recognize the beauty and to comprehend the wisdom of nature's plan in her music. It is simple, and the knowledge of it will give you a great amount of pleasure, as you can discover for yourself by going out into the fields and woods prepared to listen intelligently.

It is a trite statement that nature is the inspiration of poet, artist and musician, but it is not so often recognized that the degree in which it is possible for each of them to translate the inspiration into the terms of his art is by no means the same. A poet grasps nature's deepest meaning, clothes it in pleasing phraseology and touches the world. An artist, in tune with her subtlest mood and having technical skill, paints according to his school and temperament and gains attention. But the musician is hampered. He hears nature's loveliest melodies, yet his technical skill, his sympathy and his power of interpretation all prove futile—he cannot reproduce any of nature's exquisite music. He may draw his audience into the dreams that his selection presents, may picture moods, may excite the intellect by the beauty of form as he plays, but nature's tonal beauty is a sealed book to him. Here is the reason:

Strike a key on the piano—a white between two black ones, for example—and sing the tone that you produce. Then strike the black key to the right of the white one and sing that tone; again, the black to the left of the white. Your voice rises slightly on the second and drops on the third. A half tone is the least difference in the pitch of any two given sounds on the piano, and there you have the secret of nature's musical method and the limitation of the piano. Strike any white key and slide the voice up to the next black key. A few attempts and you will succeed in varying the pitch of the voice at least twice between the sounds of the two keys, thus obtaining, in a slight degree, the effect of a guitarist's glide. That reveals to you the fact that stringed instruments and the voice are not so limited as the piano is.

Now listen analytically to a bird's song. Go to the piano and get the pitch of his first note,—far up to the right on the keyboard,—then try to reproduce the song you heard. You cannot do it, even though you may be a skillful musician. The fault lies in the piano, which, because of the limitations of its scale, cannot possibly reproduce the fractions of half tones that make the music of nature so elusive and sweet. It is because of this limitation of the keyboard that the pianist must invariably fall when he tries to represent the beauty of bird songs, murmuring brooks and bubbling springs. Every musician knows the flatness and futility of the attempt.

Listen to a brook. The murmur is there, delicate, musical, pleasing, gently insistent; but it is in fractions of half tones, sliding in its murmur. Notice the sighing of wind through a forest of pines. It is an exquisite lullaby, rhythmic, melodious, expressed in fractions of half tones. Analyze a surging storm, beating waves, dripping rain—all follow the same plan. Turn to the songs and calls of nature's animate objects,—the cricket's cry, the rasp of the locust, the hum of the bee, the cheep of the sparrow, the cluck of the hen,—all are in fractions of half tones.

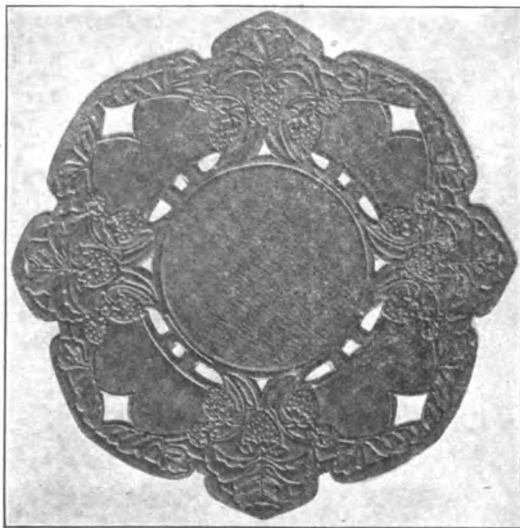
In much of nature's music melodious effect is conspicuously absent, but always the rhythmic swing is there; it is in every moving body, every continuous sound. Trees sway, grass nods, waves splash at regular intervals. Even the intonations of the human voice and the roar of the city street are governed by the laws of rhythm. Imagine the clash and clang of commonplace sounds if nature's voices were more assertive and less delicately shaded, and if the confusion of all motion were haphazard!

To go further into nature's plan: birds phrase and use accent, just as surely as man does in his music. Listen to a mocking bird. Each of his twenty-seven themes is perfectly phrased; count as he repeats one theme three or four times in varying metre, and you will see the accuracy of the assertion. Even the raucous rasp of a locust is a fine example of rhythm and tone shading.

When an eminent musician was asked recently why a system that made use of fractions of half tones had not superseded the one now in use, his

reply was, "But doesn't it take a lifetime to grasp our present system?"

A change would mean a complete revolution of notation and harmony, and a reconstruction of musical instruments. Perhaps, however, the time will come when man, taking nature as his guide, will set himself to the task.



TOOLED AND CUT-LEATHER MAT WITH STRAWBERRY DESIGN

MAKING AND APPLYING DESIGN

V. Tooled and Cut-Leather Work

THERE are many useful articles that you can make of leather—bags, cardcases, magazine or book covers, mats for the table—and decorate by tooling and cutting. The process is simple: you trace your design on the leather, and then with a special tool work over the outlines, pressing them down to varying depths and widths. Sometimes you can add to the attractiveness of the article by cutting away parts of the design. The work requires only a few tools and is not hard to do.

The strawberry is the subject of the analysis shown herewith, and also of the design on the mat in the illustration. The strawberry is appropriate both to the month of June and to the circular border of the mat, for since the plant does not grow very high it can be used entire in the design. There are many other forms of nature that are just as suitable for this work; choose whichever one you like best.

Following the principles set down in the first article of this series, analyze the plant and select the form or forms that will make a pleasing unit, adaptable to your purpose. Before you set to work you will of course have decided roughly the nature of your design—whether you will use for a book cover, for example, only one unit, placed perhaps as the dragon-fly unit was placed on the book cover in the May number of this series; whether you will make an all-over pattern in the manner of the crocus design printed on the bag in the April number; or whether you will combine your units to make a border, as was done in the circular border of the leather mat.

In buying the leather for this work, get a kind that when dampened will take a deep impression from the tool, and will retain that impression clear and distinct when it has dried. Most leather firms and art stores that sell leather for such work have samples of various kinds and colors. Test the samples and find which are best for tooling. Russian calf and cowhide are excellent. You can buy them either by the whole or by the half hide. If you wish only a small quantity, you will probably have to buy it by the square inch. Often upholsterers have left-over pieces that are too small for their work but are large enough for mats. Those you can buy by the pound at a very low price.

One tool that you will need is a fine steel crochet hook with which to trace your design. There are special tools made for that purpose, but the crochet hook serves just as well. For tooling the leather use a flat steel tool about half an inch wide and a sixteenth of an inch thick, tapered to a blunt point. The steel blade is about three inches long and has a handle four inches long. You can buy the tool, which is sometimes called a "metal burnisher," at any store that sells art materials; the prices vary from thirty-five cents to seventy-five cents. For cutting the leather you will need a sharp stencil knife with a point sharpened on both sides. That will cost about seventy-five cents. A sharp penknife will do the work almost as well. It is best to have a little whetstone so that you can keep your cutting tool sharp.

Draw your design in full size and complete on Manila paper or any other paper that is not too thick. Place your piece of leather on a smooth board and wet the surface of the leather with a sponge. Be sure that you saturate the entire surface the first time, otherwise there is danger that a watermark will show. After the water has dried into the leather so that no drops are visible on the surface, place the drawing of the mat on the leather and fasten both paper and leather firmly to the board with thumb tacks.

With the crochet hook go over each line of the design, as if you were making a tracing, and be sure to press down hard enough to make an impression on the leather. When you have gone over all the

lines, lift up a corner of the paper to make sure that every line has left its impression. It is a wise rule always to leave at least two thumb tacks in place, until you are sure that the design has been perfectly transferred. Otherwise, if you should wish to replace the paper for further work, you will have trouble in getting it on exactly as you had it the first time. When the tracing is finished, remove the paper and go over the lines again with the crochet hook to make each one clear and definite.

Now, holding the leather tool in the same position as you hold a pen when you write, go over the lines until they are of the desired width and depth; they should be smooth and unbroken. During the tooling process you must keep the leather moist but not too wet. If the leather seems spongy and the tool presses out drops of water, the material is too wet, and you had better stop work long enough to allow the leather to dry out a little. Sometimes a small spot in the leather will pucker when you tool it. In that case use the tool only in one direction, either toward you or away from you; the trouble is caused by a bad spot in the skin. If the leather tool or the crochet hook scratches the leather, it is probably too sharp; you should blunt it a little on the whetstone.

The little seeds in the strawberry, the veins in the leaves and all other delicate lines are best worked with the crochet hook. With the butt of a small key—especially a watch key—you can make an attractive background of tiny circles; sometimes you can effectively combine circles of different sizes in backgrounds or borders.

For pressing down larger surfaces in backgrounds, the end of a long-handled glove button makes a satisfactory tool.

A design is often improved if parts are cut out; especially in large mats you can in that way get an appearance of greater lightness and daintiness. Tool the lines that are to be cut, and then with the stencil knife or penknife make clean, sharp cuts. After you have cut away the various parts, stain the edges with brown ink to match the other parts of the leather. If there is much cutwork, a lining of silk, felt or some other suitable material under the leather is necessary. You can paste the lining to the under side of the leather or stitch it to it on the sewing machine.

If you wish to add a touch of color to your design,—and it is sometimes a gain to do so,—use oil paint thinned with turpentine. Put it on with a soft brush or a rag. Use soft colors, such as bronze, dull green, red and brown; they are much more attractive than vivid colors.

A CHILDREN'S FAIR

ONE of the pleasantest things about a fair is the opportunity it offers visitors to buy articles that their own fingers have not the skill to fashion. But the most unskilled hands of all are those of the little children, who seldom have funds enough to buy even one of the treasures that they look at so longingly. For that reason a children's fair at which only one-cent articles are on sale will be hailed with delight by the little ones, while the older sisters who plan it will be well rewarded by the children's pleasure.

Before deciding upon the place and time for the fair, plans should be made for the articles to be placed on sale. The stock should include one-cent dolls, tiny cardboard bedsteads with linen and quilts to fit, dolls' clothes and the like for the little girls; and whistles, buttonhole flags and such things for the little boys. A baby show should also be planned, the babies being, of course, the dolls of the little girls who attend the sale. Admission and registration fees should be at the uniform price of a cent. A luncheon consisting of tiny one-cent sandwiches, cups of cocoa and small fancy cakes will prove an attraction.

In arranging the booths, particular attention should be paid to making them attractive from the little-girl and little-boy point of view. Tables twenty-seven inches high and decorations suggestive of Mother Goose and her numerous family can be counted on to please.

In advertising the fair, it should be stated that older people will be charged a higher price for admission and that they will not be allowed to buy anything until after the close of the stated hours. If it is announced at the start that the proceeds are to be given for war-relief work or some other patriotic purpose, the children will take additional interest in making their purchases.

A HOUSE-BOAT VACATION THAT YIELDS AN INCOME

[The fifth in The Companion series
Earning Money at Home]

MANY girls who are eager for a vacation and need one, nevertheless feel that during the summer they must earn at least pin money. A young woman in New Jersey hit upon a plan for killing both birds with one stone. Having a deep-rooted love of the water, she decided to combine business with pleasure under the roof of a house boat.

First, she put an advertisement in the city papers to the effect that she would take boarding guests for a month's vacation on a house boat. The notice stated also that commuters would be welcome. From the replies that began at once to come in she selected the five that seemed to her most promising, notified the applicants, and requested a dollar in advance for each reservation.

The five dollars thus taken in at the outset paid her advertising bills and gave her an option on a fishing boat large enough to accommodate about half a dozen persons. The rent for the boat when she took possession was two dollars a week. Each guest paid five dollars a week for room, breakfast and dinner, which brought in over a hundred dollars for the month. The first season she did all the work herself and cleared fifty dollars, besides

having a vacation. After a while she began to lay plans for buying a boat of her own.

The Nancy May is the outgrowth of that first modest venture. It is a real house boat of two stories, with porches and an upper-deck garden, and is a paying investment for its owner, since it provides her with both a summer vacation and a good income. There are accommodations for twenty-five persons, each of whom pays seven dollars a week for lodging and two meals.

The idea may serve as a valuable suggestion for other women.

COLLARS FROM HANDKERCHIEFS

EVERYONE knows that dainty collars freshen and brighten even the plainest costume; therefore any girl who can sew at all will welcome the handkerchief collar sets here shown. The colored handkerchiefs that furnish the material cost very little, and the working directions are so simple that even a small girl can follow them without difficulty.

The collar-and-cuff set shown in Fig. 1 is made from two handkerchiefs of sheer white voile with one-inch rose-colored borders.

Draw the patterns in black ink on a heavy

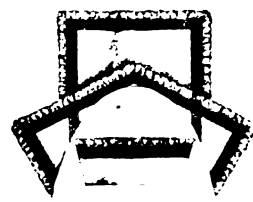


FIG. 1

Manila paper, following the diagrams in Figs. 2 and 3. Those diagrams are planned for a handkerchief twelve inches square, but the relative proportions will hold good for a handkerchief of any size.

Fig. 2 shows the square body of the collar and one cuff; Fig. 3, the other cuff and the lapels. Lay the handkerchiefs smoothly on the patterns that

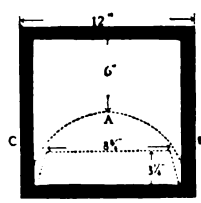


FIG. 2

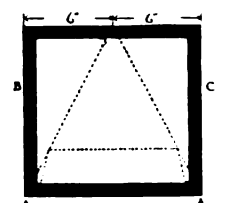


FIG. 3

you have drawn. The lines will show through distinctly. With a pencil trace the solid lines lightly on the material, and cut out the several parts on the lines that are dotted in the diagram.

To put the collar together, fasten the lapels to the foundation in such a way that B in Fig. 3 will fall on B in Fig. 2, and in like manner, C on C. When that is done, A and A in Fig. 3 will overlap at A in Fig. 2. Seam the points together at A. Trim the lapels close to the curve of the collar, leaving only an edge for basting, and add a narrow binding. The colored hem of the foundation will show through with pretty effect. To make the cuffs, merely hem each piece round the edges, stitch a narrow binding on it and sew the ends together. A frill of net or of lace on the collar and cuffs will contribute an attractive finishing touch.

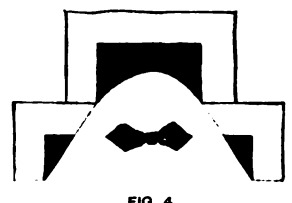


FIG. 4

The second collar (Fig. 4), calling for only one handkerchief, is even simpler. Make your pattern according to the diagram (Fig. 5), trace it on the goods, and cut out the collar along the lines that are dotted in the diagram. Match A B and C D in the lower hem with the upper A B and C D. If the handkerchief has a colored centre, make a bow of the surplus piece. To do this, turn in the edges of the piece, fold it horizontally several times, and "pinch" it in the middle. A neat finishing-off bow will result.

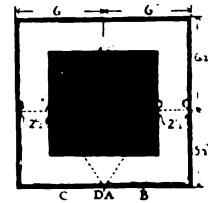


FIG. 5

A ROSE CAKE

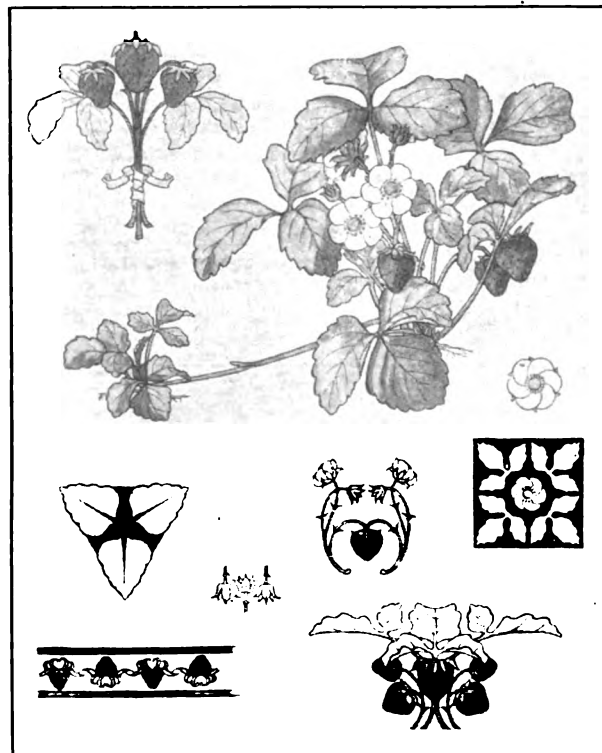
TO be able to make a rose cake was an accomplishment coveted by little girls some decades ago. The first step was to spread a layer of freshly gathered rose petals in a bowl or deep dish. A layer of brown sugar followed, then another of petals, and so on until the dish was full. Cinnamon or some other spice was sifted over the top, and the dish was covered with a plate, placed in a tin box or securely wrapped in brown paper and buried in the ground overnight. When it was withdrawn, it was a toothsome morsel, dear to the heart of childhood.

A NOVEL DECORATION FOR LAMP SHADES

A NEW idea in decorating lamp shades is the use of brightly colored designs cut from chintz. Convalescent Canadian soldiers in a military hospital got the idea from Princess Patricia of Connaught, and, following it up, have made most attractive shades of durable white paper ornamented with gay chintz figures.

When translucent paper is used for the body of the shade, only those colors that readily transmit light should be employed for the decorations, such as orange, rose, and certain of the reds and yellows. If you wish the shade to serve particularly as a daylight ornament, opaque paper will be the best choice for the foundation; then the designs may be of blue, green, or any other less transparent color. The effect of the richly colored chintz figures against the solid background of the shade is very striking.

The shades can be made in several different shapes, but the conical and the cylindrical forms



ANALYSIS OF THE STRAWBERRY

CONTINUING THE GIRLS' PAGE FOR JUNE

are the best to choose for first experiments. No directions will be required for making a cylindrical shade; a long rectangle of the proper proportions is all that is necessary for a pattern. The conical shade, eight inches high, nine inches across the top and about twelve and a half inches across the bottom, you can make as follows:

Lay a large sheet of wrapping paper on the floor. To one end of a piece of string a yard long tie a lead pencil, and on the same string, at a distance of thirty-two and a half inches from the pencil fasten a tack. Stick the tack into the floor and, using it as a centre, describe an arc upon the paper. Shorten the string until the distance between the pencil and the tack is twenty-four and a half inches, and, using the same centre, draw another arc. Cut out the paper bounded by the two arcs, and after lapping the edges until you have a cone of the proper size pin them together and cut away the surplus paper, except a narrow flap to serve as a pasting edge.

Unpin the paper and use it as a pattern for the foundation of the shade itself. Fold the foundation into a cone and paste the overlapped edges. In order to hide the line of junction and also to conceal the shadow of the wire holder, paste narrow, vertical strips of plain chintz at proper intervals on the outside of the cone, and add a binding of the same kind at the top and at the bottom.

Chintz makes an excellent decorative material because the character and the variety of the patterns furnish all kinds of figures that can be cut out. The decorative scheme may be a ring of scarlet birds or a band of yellow butterflies or flowers gracefully arranged in knots or garlands. Geometrical figures placed in regular patterns afford a more precise decoration. There is no end to the pictures that can be made by combining various small figures into groups. Occasionally a scheme of decoration may call for a certain figure not easily to be found in chintz. In that case, cut the desired figure from a picture and use the pattern thus obtained to cut the real figure from plain chintz.

In applying the decoration, care should be taken to close the design where the two ends meet in such a way that the point of contact will not be apparent. Fixtures for holding the shades in place can be bought at little cost or made at home from wire.

ELIMINATING THE GUESS

THE following apparently mysterious way of discovering a person's age will amuse those who do not know the secret of it. Tell the person whose age you wish to find out to multiply the number of the month in which he was born by 2, add 5 to the result, multiply by 50 and then add his age. That is all he has to do.

From the figure that he gives you as his final result subtract 365, add 115 to the remainder, and, beginning at the right, point off two decimals in the total. The figures on the right of the decimal point will be his age, and the figure on the left of the point the number of the month in which he was born.

Suppose that the person whose age you wish to determine was born in April, and he is now 30 years old. Following the formula you have: 4 (April is the fourth month) $\times 2 = 8$; $+ 5 = 13$; $\times 50 = 650$; $+ 30 = 680$.

Those operations the subject of the experiment has carried out by himself, at your direction. Having the result, you complete the formula thus: $680 - 365 = 315$; $+ 115 = 430$.

Beginning at the right, point off two decimals, and you find that the person's age is 30, and that he was born in the fourth month, April.

Can you explain why the formula works?

SWEET SANDWICHES FOR LIGHT REFRESHMENTS

SWEET sandwiches are especially convenient on those occasions when you wish to serve light refreshments. They are economical, too, since they are best made of thinly sliced bread a day or two old, and require only a scant filling. Use brown or white bread, and slice it very thin with a sharp knife. If you use butter, cream it before you spread it, and be sure that it is not too salt.

Chop a cupful of ginger very fine and blend with it enough thick, sweet cream to make the mixture of the right consistency for spreading. Put the filling between thin slices of buttered bread. You can make another excellent ginger filling with preserved ginger and candied orange peel. Chop equal quantities of the two ingredients very fine, and add enough ginger syrup and orange juice to make the mixture spread well. Nuts and preserved ginger are another delicious combination. Chop the two together in equal quantities, and mix in a little light-brown sugar and cream to moisten the whole.

Cherry and almond sandwiches are delicious. Use equal quantities of almonds and preserved or candied cherries. Chop the cherries fine and pound the almonds into a paste; mix the two preparations, and add a teaspoonful of almond extract and a little cream.

Honey sandwiches, made by combining dates and raisins passed through a food chopper and by adding to each cupful of the mixture two tablespoonfuls of honey and one of orange juice, are unusually good. Chopped nuts, also, can be added with pleasing results. Another good sandwich is made by running dates and nuts through a food chopper—half as many dates as nuts—and adding to each cupful of the mixture a quarter of a cupful of maple sugar and a small amount of cream.

Quince jelly mixed with a few shredded mint leaves and spread on thin buttered slices of bread or stale sponge cake makes a sandwich of excellent flavor. Currant jelly mixed with nut meats also makes a good combination.

To make chocolate sandwiches, melt two squares of chocolate, and when the syrup is partly cool add one half cupful of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of cream. Flavor it with a teaspoonful of vanilla, and add chopped nut meats until it is of the right consistency. Use the mixture as a filling between very thin slices of bread or slices of toasted sponge cake or any loaf cake.

You can use marshmallows for sandwiches by heating them in the oven until they are soft. Another good filling consists of thick strawberry preserves into which you have worked a tablespoonful of pineapple juice and enough fresh grated coconut to make a paste.

When the sandwiches are made of bread they will be more attractive if you trim the slices carefully round the edges and cut them into squares, triangles, rounds, finger lengths or fancy shapes.

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While the \$1395 price holds, the demand will continue to greatly exceed our production, and we cannot guarantee deliveries

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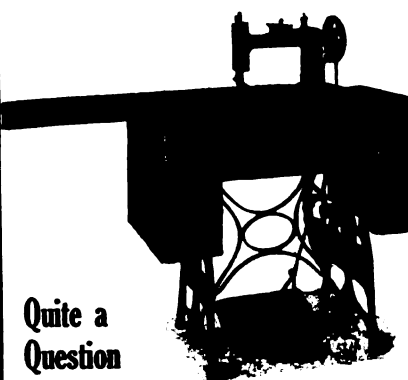
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Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The BOYS' PAGE for JUNE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

A SECRET WRITING CODE

SHERLOCK HOLMES himself would have found difficulty in solving a cryptogram written from the code described below. Unless a person discovers the key word he will be entirely baffled by the meaningless jumble of letters.

Rule a square sheet of paper into six hundred and seventy-six squares, twenty-six each way. Beginning with the upper left-hand corner square, write the alphabet across the paper, placing one letter in each square. In the second row, write the alphabet beginning with the letter B, and placing the letter A in the blank square at the right-hand end of the line. Do the same with the next line, starting with C and filling in A and B at the end. When you have done that correctly, the alphabet will appear in its regular order on the first horizontal line from left to right, and in the first vertical column from top to bottom, and the diagonal from the upper right to the lower left-hand corner will be a line of Z's.

Each party to the secret should have a copy of the code, and a key word should be agreed upon.

Suppose that the key word is "Charles" and that you wish to send the message "Wilson is elected" to one of your friends who knows the secret of the cryptogram.

On a separate sheet of paper write the message, and above it write the key word as many times as is necessary, thus:

Charles Charles C
Wilson is elected

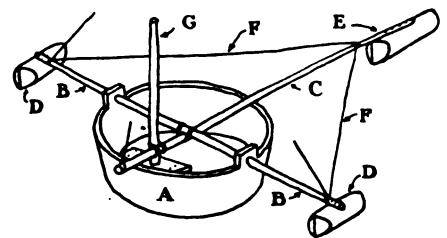
On the top horizontal line of the table find the first letter of the key word, C, and on the left-hand vertical line the first letter of the message, W. From the letter C, bring your finger down the column, and from the letter W, bring your finger across. The letter where the two columns meet will be the first letter of the cipher, which in this case will be Y. Repeat this manœuvre with the second letters of the key word and the message, and so on until the cipher is complete.

To translate, the boy who receives the message places the key word, letter for letter, over the cipher that he has received. Then finding in the upper row of the table the first letter of the key word, C, he passes his finger down until he comes to the first letter of the cipher, Y; and the letter in the left-hand column on the same line will be the first letter in the translation. In the same manner he finds each of the succeeding letters.



A ROLLICKING TUB

WHAT is more commonplace and unromantic than an old-fashioned round washtub? Yet there are wonderful possibilities in it. A tub, two poles eight or ten feet long, and three two-foot pieces of a log about six inches in diameter make a boat that is—to say the least—out of



the ordinary. It may not break any speed records, but it will give more than its full measure of fun. Some small clothesline or heavy cord and a few large nails complete the list of materials, unless you wish to make the boat a sailing craft; in that case you will need a mast, a sail and spars.

The figure shows how simple the construction is. Fasten the pole B, which is eight or ten feet long and two inches in diameter, through the handles of the tub, A, so that it projects equal distances on opposite sides. Sharpen the two pieces of log D D at both ends, and nail them to opposite ends of the pole B. Then wedge the pole C under the pole B and allow it to extend a few inches over the front edge of the tub. Lash it to the pole B so that it extends behind the tub, as shown, and nail to the end of it the piece of log E, which also should be sharpened at both ends. To make the whole rigid, fasten guy ropes F F near the ends of the poles. If you use a mast, rest the lower end in a step nailed to the bottom of the tub, and lash it to the pole C halfway between the pole B and the forward end of the pole C. Guy ropes to the ends of the pole B and to the forward end of the pole C will help to hold the mast firmly in place.

Launch the boat at the bathing beach, man it with a trusty crew who have no fear of water, who are prepared to swim,—and expect to swim,—and you will not stop laughing until the cruise is over.



LIBERIA AND PHILATELY

THE postage stamps of the African Republic of Liberia were made in Germany. When the Entente warships blocked the coming of fresh supplies, Liberia was forced to surcharge earlier issues with new values. That was a legitimate measure to which collectors did not object, but the latest surcharges are so numerous as to convince stamp lovers that Liberia has prepared them with the deliberate intention of obtaining revenue at the expense of philatelists.

Had the Liberian authorities been content with placing a single new value upon a certain stamp, and having the surcharge appear uniform upon all the copies of that stamp, the new labels might have escaped suspicion. But instead,—taking for example the two-cent crimson and black stamp of the 1909 series,—the Liberian postal officials surcharged a sheet of one hundred stamps in ten different ways.

As the stamps were legitimately issued by a government, and some of them were used for postage, they will find their way into albums and catalogues, notwithstanding the fact that the "errors" were not the fruit of printers' carelessness. But the stamps will be unpopular in America and

probably less profitable in Liberia than their official makers anticipated.

CYCLE POLO

CYCLE polo differs from pony polo mainly in the dissimilarity of mounts and in the fact that the bicycle game requires no special training or expensive equipment. If you feel at home on a bicycle, you can get a great deal of fun out of cycle polo, and of course the more expert you are in handling your wheel and in using a mallet the better player you will be.



A SCRUMAGE AT CYCLE POLO

The field should be as level as possible and as nearly four hundred feet long by two hundred feet wide as you can get. Place at each end a goal consisting of two posts four feet high placed ten feet apart.

In cycle polo there can be no rule about the height of bicycles, as there is about that of ponies. The size of the rider must in every case decide that, as it does the size of the mallet, which should have a handle of such a length that when the player sits upright in the bicycle saddle and rests the head of the mallet on the ground his arm will hang down comfortably by his side. A croquet mallet sometimes serves the purpose excellently.

Wooden balls, light enough to respond to a hit, but not too light, are best for the purpose. Real polo balls can be used, although they are a little too heavy for the bicycle game. What are termed "practice balls," which come at one dollar and twenty-five cents a dozen, will serve. In fact, any ball that weighs three or four ounces is suitable. It should be white, so that it can readily be seen.

If everyone plays fair, there is little danger in the game. A player who runs into another at right angles should be ruled off the field for the rest of the period. The same penalty should be meted out to any player who tries to unseat an opponent. Those two offenses are fouls, and each counts half a point against the side that commits them.

Four players on a side is the best number. The game is divided into eight periods of five minutes each. Two minutes are allowed between periods. At the half, or end of the fourth period, there is a recess of ten minutes, or less, at the pleasure of the captains. At a signal of the referee all playing stops, whether a goal has been made or not.

For cycle polo one person usually acts as referee, timer, umpire and scorer. It is an exacting job, for the person who fills the combined offices has to be constantly riding from one goal to the other and watching the players.

For a backhand stroke, do not strike as hard as you can, if you are going fast. Accuracy must be your object. With a hard stroke you are likely to wrench your elbow, besides missing the ball.

If you wish to hit the ball so that it will go straight back, you must hit it when it is about a foot behind your knee. If you wish it to go to the left rear, and you are striking behind your back wheel, you must strike at right angles, and turn a little to the right, if you have time, so as not to strike your wheel.

If you want to strike a ball to the right rear, get it in front of your knee. You can pass it on to a comrade, even if you fail to make a long shot.

Those strokes are backhanders. The other kind of stroke is called the forward stroke.

A straight forward is made by riding up to the ball and hitting it when it is about a foot in front of the right knee. The right front is the most difficult forward stroke. To make it successfully, you must hit the ball when it is a trifle behind your knee.

A stroke on the left side, or almost in front, is good for stopping a ball that is going into your goal. You hit it nearly at right angles from directly in front of your front wheel. If you have time, you can save yourself from being unseated by turning slightly to the left while you make the stroke.

The players are No. 1, No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4; the diagram shows them in position at the beginning of the game. The teams line up in the middle of the field, each on its own side of a straight line. The referee, R, throws the ball in, as indicated by the dotted line, and the game begins.

The only terms used by the players are, "Leave it," which means leave the ball, as some one else has a better chance than you have to earn the goal; and "Backhand here," meaning a backhanded stroke. Such ambiguous advice as "All right," which may mean any one of several things,

receives little attention in a game. Do not get into the habit of using it.

No. 1's chief duty is helping his team mates to score; he seldom makes a goal himself. He must be a quick man, able to ride down the enemy, and hinder them from taking the ball. Thus he leaves the ball at the disposal of No. 2 or No. 3. He stays in the rear and makes things generally uncomfortable for the opposing forces. He gets in the way and pushes, and takes up space that the enemy would like to have.

No. 2 has the most independent position on the team. He corresponds to the rover in hockey. He should be a good rider and able to hit hard. He

must be able to hook the ball from the very mallets of the enemy, so that he himself may have a fair hit. No. 3 and No. 4 usually pass the ball on to him. He then has to ride fast, hit the ball and try to earn a goal. No. 3 has excellent opportunities for bringing the ball clear down the field by fast riding and hard hitting. He also helps to fight off No. 1 of the opposing side.

No. 4, usually captain of the team, is the goal keeper. Yet, if he is a fast rider, he will be able to keep in the game most of the time. He is behind all the players, able to see their opportunities, and privileged to advise them by calling out "Leave it!" and so forth. He does not ordinarily concern himself with taking the ball and making for the opposite goal, but contents himself with giving it a smart rap, which sends it safe to one side and away from his own goal.

A goal counts one, and a foul counts a half goal for the opposing side. The side having the most goals of course wins the game.

The Editor of the Boys' Page will be glad to answer any questions about the game.



A "KLEPALO"

A CAMP cook, whose only means of calling the members of his party was pounding on a pan with a knife handle, was unable to make them hear when they were fishing or hunting at any considerable distance from the camp. One of the party, to whom he complained, thereupon made what he called a "klepalo."

The "klepalo" was merely a piece of well-seasoned oak plank, two inches thick, six inches wide and four feet long.

Through the centre he bored a hole, passed a rope through it, and suspended the plank from the branch of a tree, as shown in the illustration. The cook "rang" the instrument by striking it with a mallet, first on one side and then on the other.

The man who made the "klepalo" had seen similar contrivances in small Bulgarian villages, where they are used instead of church bells to call the people to worship.

A test of the instrument used by the campers showed that, in ordinary weather conditions, it could be heard two miles.



NEW STAMPS IN CHINA

THE Far East has recently undergone a postal revolution that has brought into existence several new issues of stamps. Chief among them is one for Great Britain, whose current stamps have hitherto been valid for use through the British postal agencies in various parts of China, just as those stamps pay postage to-day from England to any place in the United States.

The Chinese government, for reasons not yet disclosed to American philately, objected to English postal methods; and the outcome is that the stamps of Hongkong, a British colony since 1842, have been surcharged with the word CHINA in black, sans-serif, capital letters. These stamps supersede the ordinary British postal labels, and the rates now charged on mail are those that prevail in the Chinese postal system, with the cent and the dollar as the monetary basis instead of the penny, the shilling and the pound. The new British Hongkong overprints are in denominations of two, four, six, eight, ten, twelve and fifty cents; and of one, two, three, five and ten dollars.

The stamps of Russia in China have hitherto been Russian issues surcharged, but without any overprinted value to take the place of the kopeck and ruble values. A new series has now appeared with a surcharge that provides dollar-and-cent denominations.

As early as 1895 Germany adopted Chinese currency rates for German stamps in China, and France introduced the system early in the twentieth century.

It remains to be seen whether Japan, which is powerful in China politically and in a military

sense, will consent to follow the example of the other four powers that have Chinese postal agencies.



A BOY'S RANGE FINDER

RANGE finders—instruments that make it possible to determine the distance of a more or less remote object without approaching it—are used most extensively in artillery fire, where, in order to aim the guns properly, it is necessary to know the distance to the enemy's position; but their use in everyday life is amusing and instructive. How many times on a cross-country "hike" have you not wished to know the width of a river or the distance to a column of smoke?

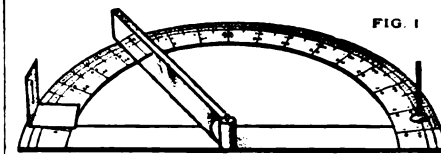
The materials for a simple but effective range finder, such as any boy can make, cost less than seventy-five cents. The instrument is based on the laws of the reflection of light and on triangulation.

At a store where drawing materials are sold, buy a brass protractor of six-inch diameter. Solder an ordinary pin at the 15° mark (Fig. 1), and nip off the point; then solder a second pin at the exact middle of the straight edge. Next cut out a piece of tin or brass one and three quarters inches long by one half inch wide, and make a right-angled bend a half inch from one end. Cut a slit in the long side one inch long and one sixty-fourth of an inch broad, and then solder the short side to the protractor, as shown in Fig. 1, so that the slit stands over the 165° mark.

Now cut a short rod of hard wood three quarters of an inch long, and burn a hole through the centre of it from end to end with a red-hot needle slightly smaller in diameter than a pin.

With a glass cutter cut a strip of good mirror glass one half inch wide and three inches long, and, with sealing wax and a strip of court-plaster, fasten it to the little rod of wood. Slip the rod down over the pin soldered at the centre of the protractor, and cut off the protruding point. See that the mirror faces toward the slit. The range finder is now complete.

Fig. 2 is a plan view drawn to make clear the method of using the instrument. Set the mirror strip

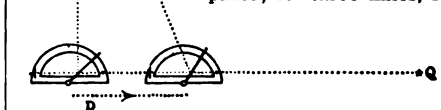


so that its silvered surface crosses the 45° mark. Turn the left shoulder toward the object, P, the distance to which you wish to determine. Hold the protractor at the level of the eyes and, with the left eye close to the slit, look through it into the mirror, moving the protractor *as a whole* until the image of P reflected in the mirror falls directly in line with the pin soldered at the 15° mark. Then, glancing over the top of the mirror strip, notice some object in the landscape that is also in line with the pin. Suppose that it is a tree or a bush at Q, perhaps several hundred yards away. Now walk one hundred paces, as indicated by the dotted line D, directly toward Q, put the protractor slit again to the eye, sight the pin upon Q, and *rotate the mirror strip* toward the 90° mark until the image of P is made to fall again in line with the pin and with Q. Read the angular position of the silvered back of the mirror strip, and then, to obtain the number of paces that the object, P, is distant from the first observation station, refer to a copy of the tables appended to this article.

Suppose that you find the reading to be 49.2°; you must then *subtract* from seven hundred and twelve a quantity equal to two tenths of the difference between seven hundred and twelve and five hundred and sixty-seven, which leaves six hundred and eighty-three paces as the distance you wish to determine.

Sometimes it is inconvenient or even impossible to walk one hundred paces toward Q. If you walk a known portion of one hundred paces before you take an observation on an object, you must multiply the range values in the tables by that fraction. For example, if you find a mirror reading of 49.2° after walking only twenty paces, then your new range is only twenty one hundredths, or one fifth, of the table value of six hundred and eighty-three, computed above; in other words, the range is one hundred and thirty-six and three fifths paces.

To measure with this range finder the distance of an object about a mile away, the two observing stations should be two hundred paces apart; for two miles, four hundred paces; for three miles, six



hundred paces, and so on; otherwise the angular movement of the mirror will be so small that you cannot read it accurately. The ranges, as given in the tables, must then be multiplied by two, three, four, and so on, as the case may be.

If you have learned to take the regular army marching pace for double time,—thirty-six inches,—you can determine the ranges directly in yards; otherwise you must know the length of your natural stride before you can reduce the ranges from paces to yards.

New uses for the range finder will occur to you every time you use it. You can find the distance of a storm cloud by taking observations quickly upon some prominent and distinctive mark of the cloud. You can use it to determine, say, the height of a tree top above the level of the eye, where P of the diagram is the top of the tree and D the horizontal distance of the second observing station from the first station at the foot of the tree; in this instance the protractor is held vertical. As an aid in holding the protractor straight, weight a string with a small stone and hang it from the 90° mark

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In magazines and newspapers, countless authorities are urging the use of bran.

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CONTINUING THE BOYS' PAGE FOR JUNE

down past the pin on which the mirror pivots. If the mirror is set at 67.5°, then, when you have walked to a point where you can see the tree top in the mirror in line with the sighting pin, the distance from the foot of the tree will be exactly equal to the height of the top of the tree above the level of the eye.

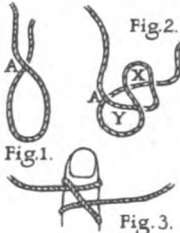
Angle (Degrees)	Range (Paces)	Angle (Degrees)	Range (Paces)
45	infinity	68	96.5
46	2864	69	90.0
47	1430	70	83.9
48	951	71	78.1
49	712	72	72.7
50	567	73	67.5
51	470	74	62.5
52	401	75	57.7
53	349	76	53.2
54	308	77	48.8
55	275	78	44.5
56	248	79	40.4
57	225	80	36.4
58	205	81	32.5
59	188	82	28.7
60	173	83	24.9
61	160	84	21.3
62	148	85	17.6
63	138	86	14.1
64	128	87	10.5
65	119	88	7.0
66	111	89	3.5
67	103.5	90	zero

♠ ♠

A ONE-HAND CLOVE HITCH

To tie a clove hitch with two hands is simple enough. But can you do it with one hand? Not many persons are able to do the trick even after seeing it done several times, unless the secret has been explained to them.

Fold a piece of soft cord in a single loop and give the loop a half turn to the right (Fig. 1); next bend the loop back, as shown in Fig. 2. Now put your forefinger through opening X, and pass it under the intervening cords and up through the opening Y.



When you have drawn the cord taut, you will have made your clove hitch. (Fig. 3.)

♠ ♠

ORDERS

"EUGENE," said Mr. Mehaffie, "pile the wood in the woodshed on the side next the barn. You'd better do it this morning."

Eugene went to the woodshed as his father went off to work. He did not object to piling up wood. He was not at all lazy, and there was nothing in particular to do that morning; so he whistled as he carried the wood in, armful by armful. Then he looked round the shed.

"Pile it on the side next the barn," his father had said. There was no reason at all for that, and it meant more steps; so Eugene piled the wood on the side next the door. He was very painstaking.

At noon Mr. Mehaffie came home in a little electric automobile. He tried to run it into the woodshed, but the wood stuck out several feet and prevented him from getting in.

"Eugene!" he cried. "I thought I told you to pile the wood over there!"

"I didn't think it would make any difference."

"It does. I am to have the use of the Hamiltons' car while they are out of town. The woodshed was where I planned to keep it."

"I didn't know—" began Eugene. He was already throwing the wood across the shed.

"I told you what to do. You should learn to take orders without always knowing why."

But that was just a home episode, and the lesson did not sink deep into the boy's consciousness. He had similar experiences all the way through school. In spite of his good mind and his willingness to work, the teachers found him annoying. It was difficult for him to obey orders exactly; in his own mind he could always see a better way. But he had no serious difficulty until he went into the high school. He was taking his first year's work in chemistry. Dr. Raubens gave them instructions for the arsenic test.

"On no account must the hydrogen be lighted until it is certain that all the air in the generator has been driven off," he said to the class. "Collect the gas in small quantities and test it away from your bench. It will require twenty minutes before you can make the final test at the generator."

Eugene timed himself. "Fifteen minutes—sixteen." There was only a faint "pop" when he had made his test after twelve minutes. "I guess it will be all right now," he thought, "and I am tired of waiting."

He touched a match to the nozzle of the generator. Something exploded like a bomb. The generator flask was splintered, and the hot acid ran over his hands and burned them like fire, and ate into the sleeves of his coat.

In college Eugene took the engineering course. His work was good, and the instructors used their efforts to get him a position. He went to one of the big offices of a railway. His superior officer, the chief clerk, was a man of few words who gave his orders without unnecessary explanation.

"Let the Queen Run bridge work go and compute these," said the clerk, coming in one morning from his office and handing the data to Eugene.

Eugene looked them over. They were mere fragments in construction work. He could do the whole thing in two or three hours. At present he was in the midst of the most difficult part of his bridge work. He would finish up the one difficult point, and take up this new piece of work when he came back from luncheon.

He finished his computations and went out to luncheon. When he came back at two o'clock, he found the chief clerk, the master mechanic and the chief engineer at his desk.

"I was just about to begin them," he said.

An unpleasant scene followed. There had been a wreck of one of the flyers, and a viaduct had been so badly shaken up that reinforced concrete must be put in before trains could use it. Meanwhile they were making a detour of twenty miles. The construction crew were to go out on a two-o'clock special. They were waiting for those drafts.

"I could have had them done an hour ago, if you had told me they were important."

"I don't ask questions!" roared the chief clerk. "I obey orders as they come in, and that is what every man in my office will do."

It delayed Eugene's promotion; it nearly cost him his position. But it will take a long, long time for him to learn his lesson.

BLUE STREAKS

TRADE MARK REG U. S. PAT. OFF.




The big league baseball pitcher is a specialist. Constant practice at pitching brought him his skill and success. That is concentration.



In manufacturing likewise, it pays to concentrate. Making one brand of bicycle tire—and making it well—is better than making a great many brands.

Goodyear Makes Only One Bicycle Tire That Means Better Tires Cheaper

Do you know why bicycle tires have been costing you too much? And why they have not been good enough? It is because manufacturing and selling costs have been too high.

In putting out the Blue Streak Bicycle Tire at \$3.25 each, Goodyear struck at the heart of this condition. The Goodyear Blue Streak represents a welcome square deal for the bicycle rider. It is a big, honest value at a fair price.

Instead of making a great many brands Goodyear concentrates on this one high quality tire—the Blue Streak. This single manufacturing standard saves factory costs. The money saved goes into making better tires cheaper—for you.

This one standard tire is sold direct to the Goodyear dealer, saving extra selling profits between the factory and you.

The Goodyear Dealer in your town will sell you Blue Streaks. He is your friend. See him. Or write The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, for his address.

Boys everywhere are wearing Goodyear Bicycle Caps. Ask your dealer. They're specially popular with Bicycle Clubs—name of club printed on the cap.

Rugged Tires Wear Long

Goodyear Blue Streaks are loyal on your bike. Boys say they wear "like iron." There is long wear in the tough two-ply tire body, stout and durable. The treads are of strong rubber blocks with two stout reinforcing strips of fabric under the tread to guard against punctures.

No Side-Slipping on These Tires

A Goodyear Blue Streak is a stranger to dangerous side-slipping. It has a real non-skid tread made of sharp-edged blocks of rugged rubber. These press together and bite the ground, in travel. Press on a Blue Streak tread. You can feel the bite.

Springy Tires Pedal Easy

Added to Blue Streak durability is resilience. Fine, light fabric, strong but active, goes into them. The two-ply tire body rests in springy rubber. This makes Blue Streaks quick and elastic. Pedaling becomes fun on such tires. They are so easy to push.

Blue Streaks Are Handsome Tires

Every rider wants good-looking tires, too. Goodyear Blue Streaks are handsome, to match the fine quality built into them. Your friends will notice how your wheel is improved. They are bright and snappy with the clear Blue Streaks along the side.

GOOD YEAR

AKRON

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

The FAMILY PAGE for JUNE

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTHS COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

THE GROWING-UP GIRL

SHE lives in the same street with most of us—the growing-up motherless girl who does not seem to be anyone's especial charge. People say that she is a little too easy in her manner; that she spends too much time in the street; that she puffs her hair more than is in good taste. She has a father, or an aunt, or some one who provides her with clothing more or less suitable, and who sees that she is in school with some show of regularity and has nourishing food; so it is not like a charity case. What can be done without seeming to be officious?

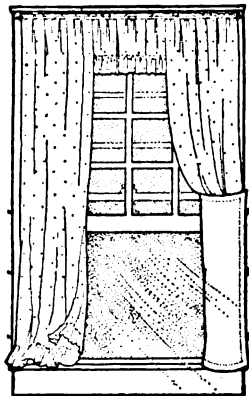
One woman, a tired, busy woman, was thoughtful enough to smile at that girl in her street. She invited her in to supper occasionally. She has taught her various accomplishments in needlework and interested her in holiday preparations. She has given her the best sort of reading for her maturing mind. She has not criticized or lectured or offered unsought advice, but she has gained the girl's confidence and affection.

Is there anyone who could not do as much as that for the growing-up motherless girl in her own street?

TO PROTECT CURTAINS AT NIGHT

WHAT to do with the lace and other curtains in your bedroom on a rainy or windy night when you wish to open the windows is often a problem. The following simple device prevents them from blowing out and getting wet or dusty, and also holds them back so as to allow ample ventilation.

Cut out a piece of white cotton cloth about one and one quarter yards long by three quarters of a yard wide, turn a hem on all four sides, and sew three or four little brass rings on each of the longest sides. Then put three or four little brass hooks just round the side of the window casing in positions to correspond with the rings on the cloth. At night fold the cloth round the lace curtain or drapery and attach it to the hooks by means of the rings. That draws the curtains back and covers the lower part of them so that they cannot be injured by sudden showers, fog or dust.



A PET SHOW

A SURE way to interest the children of a neighborhood and at the same time to teach them a wholesome lesson is to arrange a show of pets. Invite every boy and every girl who has a pet to bring it. Put no restrictions on variety or species, and send special invitations to the children who have no pets. Let the motto of the show be, "The more, the merrier." The community playground or any wide lawn will serve for an exhibition place.

It is better to make no effort either to classify the pets or to judge them. A blue ribbon for every entry will please the children more than awards that discriminate.

The average community will produce an astonishing variety of pets—puppies, kittens, parrots, canaries, turtles, rabbits, chickens, goats, and other creatures less common but no less dear to those who own them.

In such an exhibition the performing of tricks by those of the pets that have been trained to them will be one source of interest; but the chief value of the show will be the lesson that it teaches: affection for all the creatures that put their trust in man.

HOMEMADE FLOUR AND MEAL FOR WAR-TIME USE

THE gristmill with the ponderous millstones that used to grind the wheat and corn that the farmer raised for his home supply has gone; the great modern flour mill has taken its place. But the huge wheels and rollers have not wholly conquered, for many persons who cannot forget the good old-fashioned flavor of the gristmill products, and who wish to make their war-time economies as agreeable as possible, have set up little grinding machines in their homes, and are making their own meal and flour.

The persons who run their own gristmills gain two things: first, a reduction in cost that is apparent when you compare the market price of fifty pounds of wheat with the market price of the same weight of flour; and second, the satisfaction that comes from producing a food that has the real homemade flavor.

The equipment may be merely a coffee grinder and a sieve. A small mill that screws to a table and operates by a hand crank costs about four dollars. The hopper allows the grain to descend against a screw-shaped shaft that forces it against grinding disks of corrugated metal. A screw and lock nut regulate the fineness. The larger and more expensive mills operate on the same principle.

Sieves of four sizes of wire, Nos. 6, 12, 24, 40, are desirable parts of the equipment. They cost little and enable you to obtain a variety of products from each kind of grain. The number of the sieve wire represents roughly the number of meshes to the inch. Brass wire is preferable to iron wire, particularly in the small sizes, because fine iron or steel wire is very susceptible to rust. The flour adheres to this rust and soon clogs the mesh.

Wheat, corn, rye, buckwheat are all good raw products for the home mill. If you raise them yourself, so much the better; if you purchase them, be sure that you get the best grade. Before putting them in the hopper, winnow or fan out the chaff.

For the first grinding set the mill so that it just breaks the average size. By sifting the product you can get a pleasant breakfast food that will

give variety to the morning meal. Finer grindings will give you flour for bread.

All grains have similar elements of structure. There is first the outer coat of protection, bran in wheat, the dark nutshell in buckwheat; next, the hard shell, yellow in flint corn and brownish in wheat and rye; third, the white powdery part that is the first food for the germ, which is the fourth element. By using the sieves after each grinding you can, if you wish, roughly separate these elements.

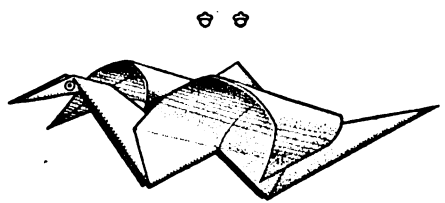
The first breaking of the wheat will give a small amount of very fine and delicate white flour, considerably more outer coat, or bran, and a still larger quantity of coarse, hard, broken grain—the old-fashioned cracked wheat that was often used as a cereal. Further grinding produces more flour and reduces the whiteness, but adds, some persons believe, to the flavor and the nutritive value. Grinding all of the wheat together so finely that it needs no sifting is the original method recommended by Dr. Graham; it gives a product that makes excellent bread. Half whole wheat and half whole rye also makes an excellent bread flour.

Flint corn is a hard nut to crack and requires much sifting, but it pays well in flavor for the labor it requires. The longer you grind it the more of the hard part is broken up and the more golden the meal becomes. The very coarse yellow meal may be retained on a No. 12 sieve. It requires long cooking, but produces a delicious golden hominy full of flavor.

The seed germ of flint corn is easily recognized. It is a flat little dark-colored bag at the pointed end of the kernel where it joins the cob. The seed germ in all grain contains oil, and consequently is a source of distinctive flavor. It is also the cause of the flour or meal turning sour in time. It may be that the great commercial mills separate it on that account as well as for its value as a by-product. The miller in his own castle may keep the germ in his meal, since he grinds in step with his own consumption, and may thereby enjoy the full flavor and fragrance of the grain.

Buckwheat, the easiest of all the grains to grind and sift, lacks gluten and cannot be made into bread, but it makes delicious griddlecakes, muffins and johnnycakes. Set the grinder so that it cracks the smaller sizes, and the flour will come out fine and in large quantities. The outer coat of the buckwheat separates easily, and the greenish inner shell that may be retained on a No. 24 sieve makes an interesting breakfast cereal.

In the great modern flour mills the wheat once broken is divided into many different products, and the best grades of flour are made by careful blending. The amateur miller of course cannot rival them with home grinding when the lightness and aerobatics of pastry cooking forms the test. But those who take delight in fruit and vegetables from their own soil, planted, cared for and harvested under their own eyes, will appreciate also the subtle flavor in their bread, muffins, griddlecakes and waffles made from their own grain out of their own grinding.



AN ANIMATED PAPER BIRD

TO make this surprising bird, cut out an eight-inch square of thin, tough paper, and crease it sharply, as indicated in Fig. 1. The diagonals, C C, and the short folds, A B, should be ridges; A A and C A, made by folding the side of the square to meet the diagonal, should be depressions. A A must be exactly five inches—two and one half inches on each side of the centre.

Bunch the four corners, C C C C, together, keeping the folds straight, and the paper will take a dart-like shape, as shown in Fig. 2. Fold the front point C downward, across the line A A, and do the same with the back point C. In that way you will make an exact lozenge or diamond-shaped figure. Fold the points A A together, both back and front, and the paper will take the shape shown in Fig. 3.

Holding the paper firmly at point O, pinch the leg at N, and lift it beyond P to form a double fold. Lift and fold the other leg in the same way, as shown in Fig. 4. Fold the angle R, both front and back, downward across the line T T. Turn the figure upside down, and you have Fig. 5.

You now have only three more things to do: first, reverse the fold at Y and turn it in on the dotted line to form the beak or head; then put in pencil dots for eyes, and finally, holding the bird at X with the right thumb and finger, twist the wings, W W, downward with the left hand, as if rolling a cornucopia. The bird is now complete.

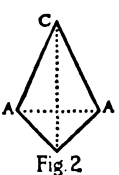


Fig 2

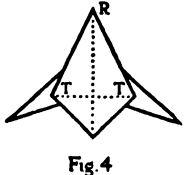


Fig 4

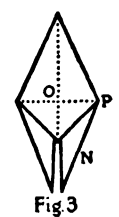


Fig 3

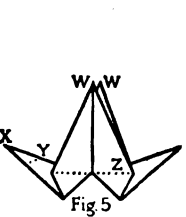


Fig 5

The remarkable thing about it is, that if you pinch the bird firmly by his breastbone and jerk his tail he will flap his wings vigorously.

LAW FOR THE FAMILY

I. The Law in General

EVERYONE should know how the law has marked out his rights and duties. He will not find the study dry. The law has well been called the perfection of reason. Its premises change from age to age as the conception of the

IN THIS ISSUE The Companion begins the publication of an important and valuable series of articles, Law for the Family. It is a careful, authoritative, yet simple treatment of various principles of law that every member of the family, from the father and mother to the boy or girl of twelve to fifteen years, can and should understand. Among the articles to come are papers on Contracts, Agency, Bailments, Husband and Wife, Parents and Children.

function of the state changes, but from given premises the deductions of the law are inevitable. No idea is more erroneous than that law is uncertain or indefinite. Technicalities and formalities that sometimes seem arbitrary and meaningless, and that appear to be cruel in their application, will nevertheless be found to rest upon a consideration for the good of society.

You must remember, however, that only the general principles of the law are common to all states. Although the common law of England is the source of all our statutory law except that of Louisiana and some statutes in other states that still show early Spanish influences, there are, nevertheless, essential differences. You should, therefore, read the statutes of your own state; or, better still, in a specific case, if the matter is important, consult a lawyer. These articles can hope to cover only fundamental principles.

The general field of the law may be divided into five branches: contracts, torts or private wrongs, criminal law or the law of public wrongs, real estate, probate law. The peculiar rules that affect real estate and probate law, except as they are determined by contract law, are distinctly technical, and differ materially in different states. Consequently, these articles will omit those two branches. Criminal law will have but little interest for the family, since the essential element present in every crime is wicked intent. A man does not steal or kill without intending to do so. The law is merciful in searching for intent, and demands proof of a deliberate purpose to violate the criminal code.

In the other branch of the law of wrongs, however,—the law of torts or private wrongs,—a wrongful intent is not a necessary element. For example, if on a Fourth of July a boy should explode firecrackers near a restless horse and the horse should run away and damage the buggy to which he was hitched, the boy will have committed a tort against the owner of the buggy, and the owner can recover damages from him. It is true that the boy did not intend to injure the buggy; nevertheless, the law holds him responsible for the consequences of his foolish action. Or, to use another illustration: suppose that Susie Jones finds on the street a necklace that belongs to Mabel Smith. If Susie knows that the necklace belongs to Mabel and converts it to her own use, she has a wicked intent, and therefore her act is larceny—stealing. If she does not know that it is Mabel's, but uses it, she is not guilty of a crime. But in both cases she is guilty of a tort, and Mabel can recover the necklace or damages for having been deprived of its use.

If crimes be defined roughly as breaches of the community duties that are enjoined by the decalogue, torts may be roughly classified as breaches of the golden rule. Anyone who makes that supreme law his rule of daily conduct need not be concerned about the torts that he may commit. The line between crimes and torts is determined, then, first, by the presence or absence of wicked intent, and second, by the answer to the question whether the wrong is against society or against an individual. For an act amounts to a crime not primarily because it is a sin, but because it harms society. In fact there may be no moral wrong involved; but if the act can be regarded as hostile to the best interests of society, it may be prohibited. A single act, however, may embody both wrongs, and the offender may therefore be liable criminally for the public wrong and civilly for the private wrong. For example, stealing is an offense against society, and Susie Jones could be indicted for larceny, as bailie—a term to be explained later—if she found Mabel Smith's necklace and kept it when she knew it belonged to Mabel. She would also be liable in tort to Mabel for its value. If she did not know who owned the necklace, the intent to defraud would be lacking and the element of crime would disappear. To use a more obvious illustration, if no city or state had ever passed ordinances or laws against reckless driving of horses or automobiles, and Jennie Murphy injured Mary Morton by recklessness on the highway, Jennie would still be liable to Mary. But if there were laws against speeding, the crime or misdemeanor that Jennie committed against the city or the state by breaking the law, would be added to the tort that she committed against Mary.

The last-mentioned case illustrates the severe logic of the law. Wicked intent is an essential element in every crime. Anyone might argue that,

since Jennie did not intend to hurt Mary there was no crime. But the essence of the crime was not in the injury to Mary, but in the fact of driving in a manner forbidden by law. Jennie would be as liable to Mary for the injury caused by reckless driving before the passage of the law as afterward; but unless her act were specifically forbidden, she would not be liable to the city or to the state.

To speculate a little further: suppose that the language of the act were, "No one shall recklessly drive an automobile," and so forth. Anyone could argue that as Jennie did not intend to drive her automobile recklessly she is guilty of no crime. The law would reply, "If, in fact, she did drive her automobile recklessly, the intent to do it must be presumed. On the other hand, if by an accident she lost control of her automobile, the intent would be lacking and she would be guiltless."

Even though the act complained of is not in itself wrong, it may constitute a tort. A lawful act done negligently may be actionable. A familiar example is building done so carelessly as to cause unsafe construction. It is lawful for a contractor to erect a building and to pile his materials near his work. But if he dumps a load of bricks on a highway and does not protect the traveler by placing warning lights there at night, or guards by day, he is liable in tort to anyone who is injured by stumbling over the pile.

Often mere inadvertence and sometimes mistaken kindness results in an act that amounts to a tort. For example, suppose Maud Johnson gets behind in paying her board. Her landlady is insistent, and Maud borrows the amount she owes from a friend and leaves with her as security a ring, which the friend is to hold until Maud repays the loan. The friend sells the ring for more than its intrinsic value, repays herself for her loan, and turns the balance over to Maud. To her cost, the friend finds that the ring belonged to Maud's dead mother, and before that to her grandmother. Maud can insist upon having her ring returned to her upon repaying the loan. She can proceed in tort for the ring, not against the purchaser, who would have a good title if he knew nothing of the conditions, but against the friend. If the friend were forced to pay a bonus in order to get the ring back, it would be her own loss. If she could not return the ring itself, she would be liable to Maud, not only for the actual money value of the ring, but—since the law recognizes the values created by sentiment and association—for the sentimental value besides.

To be sure, it is a hardship that the friend is made to suffer for a kindness, but the law answers, "Either Maud or the friend must suffer. In heart both are alike innocent. That being the case, the one whose act caused the damage must suffer."

One of the essential elements of a tort is that it violates a duty due to every person, irrespective of any particular relationship that may exist. Certain relationships, however, are followed by peculiar and limited obligations. For example, a father owes a duty to his daughter that he does not owe to his daughter's most intimate friend. An agent owes an obligation to his principal that is different from the obligation that he owes to others. Such respective rights and duties are determined by the contract—express or implied—between the parties. The essence of a tort lies in the fact that it is a breach of a duty—perhaps a duty of which the person may be unaware—imposed by law, generally. A contract creates rights and duties between the parties to it, that do not belong to other members of society.

THE COMPANION RECEIPTS

These receipts are gathered from original sources in America and Europe, and are fully tested.

SOME WAR-TIME RECEIPTS

HERE are a few samples of the war-time receipts, mentioned on the editorial page of this issue, that are being put forward in Great Britain by various food-experiment agencies. With our own country at war now, these receipts may have value as well as interest for Companion readers.

How to Make Butter Go Further.—Melt half a pound of butter in a bowl and add a cupful of Pasteurized milk. Beat with an egg beater until the mixture becomes solid. This will yield eleven or twelve ounces of butter. Butter that is too salt can be made to taste more like fresh butter in this way. The milk that is not beaten in may be used for cooking.

Marmalade.—Peel, core and cut up six apples; slice six bananas; cut four lemons into thin slices, removing pits; cut up the pulp of six oranges, and add the outside peel, thinly cut, but not the white part inside. Put all the fruit into a pan, add four quarts of cold water and boil four hours. Then add three quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit, and boil until it jellies—about three hours.

Peanut and Rice Croquettes.—Melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir into it one cupful of boiled rice, one half cupful of mashed potato and one quarter pound of peanuts chopped fine. Let the mixture heat a minute, and then spread it on a plate to cool. Make it into balls, roll them in browned crumbs, heat them in the oven and serve with a good thick sauce made with either meat or vegetable stock.

Cheese and Rice Batter.—Make a batter of one cupful of flour, one egg well beaten and one half cupful of milk. Beat it thoroughly and set it aside for at least half an hour. Then add one half cupful of boiled rice, one half cupful of milk, one half teaspoonful of baking powder, four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, one half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of Cayenne pepper. Mix well, put into a buttered baking dish and bake in a hot oven twenty to thirty minutes. This must not stand after it is taken from the oven.

Vegetable Hot-Pot.—Cook two carrots, one medium-sized turnip and two onions in boiling salted water for twenty minutes. Slice them, add six tablespoonfuls of canned tomato, and arrange the vegetables in a baking dish, sprinkling salt and pepper and a little cooked hominy, rice or farina over each layer. Half fill the dish with tomato juice, and arrange a layer of potatoes, boiled three minutes and sliced, on top with the slices overlapping. Dot over with small pieces of butter or dripping and bake two hours in a moderate oven, or until the potatoes are soft and browned.



She Couldn't Go; Her Corns Wouldn't Let Her

She remembered the agonies of the last dance. It kept her at home to coddle her touchy corns. She simply couldn't face the pain again.

How easy it would have been, what instant relief, if she had only known of Blue-jay. Blue-jay stops pain instantly. And the miserable corn is gone, roots and all, in 48 hours.

New shoes—smart styles—have no terrors to Blue-jay users. These, soothing plasters, inset with a medicinal wax, have ended millions upon millions of corns.

BAUER & BLACK
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Blue-jay

Stops Pain—Ends Corns
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114-in Wheelbase Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg. QUAKER STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.



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PROTECTION AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS

ALTHOUGH it is generally believed by those best qualified to judge that there will be no such epidemic of infantile paralysis this summer as that which afflicted so many parts of the country last year, it is quite certain that there will be occasional cases, just as there are every year. In order that those isolated cases may not become centres for the spread of an epidemic certain precautions will be necessary. Those precautions were formulated at a recent conference of state boards of health in Washington.

Acting on the theory of contagion, which seems to be quite well established, the conference urged that all sick children be isolated for a period of at least two weeks, but not more than three weeks, and that all other children in the same household be isolated for fourteen days from the last time of contact with the sick child. Adults in the household not in contact with the patient may go to their work as usual, provided that work does not bring them in contact with children.

All discharges from the nose, throat or bowels of the sick child should be promptly disinfected; the nurse or mother who is in charge should wash her hands with soap and hot water immediately after handling those discharges and also whenever she leaves the sick room for any purpose.

After the child has recovered and before he comes in contact with any well person, his entire body and his hair should be thoroughly washed, and the disinfecting, airing and sunning of the sick room should be carefully attended to. The windows and doors of the sick room, and, if possible, the bed as well, should be well screened, so that no flies or other insects can have access to the patient or to his bodily discharges. Household pets should be absolutely excluded from the sick room.

The report of this conference dealt only with the means of preventing the spread of the disease from a known source of infection; we do not yet know just how to protect a child against an original infection, for we have not learned exactly how the virus of the disease enters the body. As a precautionary measure, however, any child who has a cold, with a sore throat and discharge from the nose, should be kept at home (although not indoors if the weather is good), since, if contagion does come through the nose and throat, the danger is greater when the mucous membrane of those parts is inflamed. The same care should be taken in case of indigestion or any stomach or bowel complaint, for many think that infection enters through the digestive tract. If a child is feverish, put him to bed and call a physician without delay.

AUNT NANCY

AUNT NANCY, the youngest of twelve children,—seven sons and five daughters,—named herself. She was ten years younger than Isaac, her youngest brother, and twenty-five years younger than Benjamin, her oldest brother. When she was born her parents declared laughingly that they were out of names, and that they would let the child name herself. When she was four years old she announced:

"I'm Nancy; so you can stop calling me Sugar." When the twelve brothers and sisters were grown, all of them married except undersized William—Uncle Billy, as he came to be known—and Nancy, who in later years became Aunt Nancy to everyone in the community.

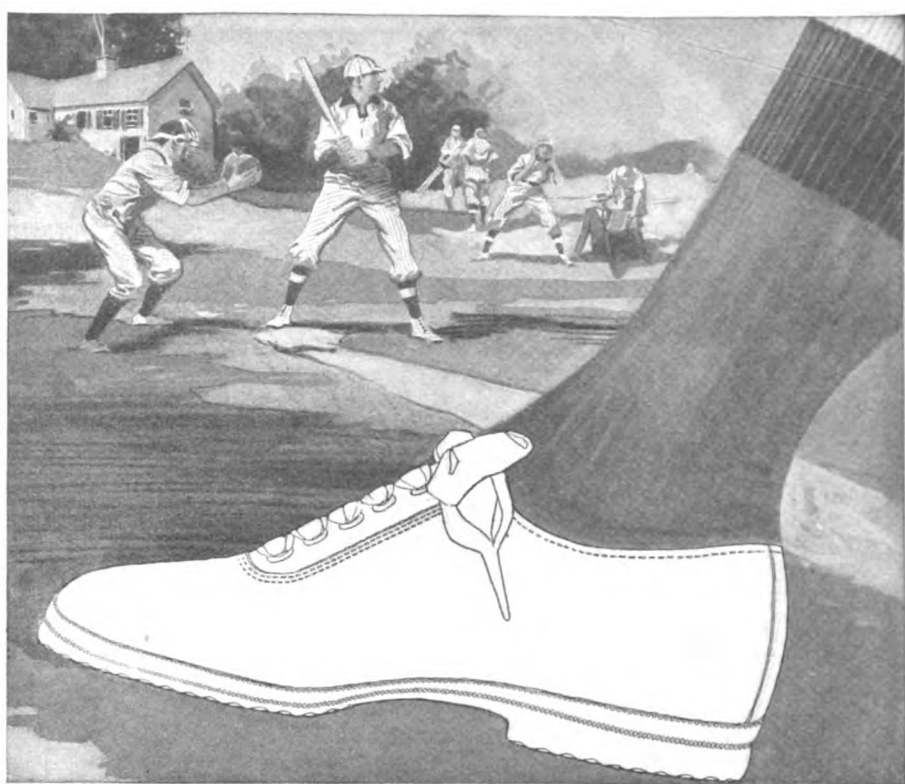
While Aunt Nancy was young, her happy disposition, graceful figure, long brown curls and merry gray eyes brought her many suitors; but she remained single because she felt it her duty to stay at home and take care of her half-blind father, her frail old mother and her undersized brother, Billy. She did not marry in middle life because the man she loved died. After that she would not marry because she was too busy knitting socks, gloves and jackets for orphan nieces and nephews.

Aunt Nancy reminded her friends and relatives of many other good women. Her gray eyes, like the gray eyes of Dinah Morris, seemed always "rather to be shedding love than making observation." She was known as the Dorcas, the Florence Nightingale and the Frances E. Willard of the neighborhood. "She is as faithful as Ruth," often declared the old mother of the man whom Aunt Nancy would have married had he not died.

Untaught, except by observation, Aunt Nancy evolved the theory that frequent frowning makes the voice harsh. She put her theory into practice, and her voice became as smooth as velvet and as clear as a silver bell. "Children will quit cryin' to hear Aunt Nancy talk," the neighbors said.

Aunt Nancy did not take time to die. One evening, after an unusually busy day, she said, "Good night, everyone!" and quietly slipped out of the living room. When she had closed her door, Uncle Billy heard her say, "Pleasant dreams!" The next morning, when they found an eternal smile on her wrinkled face, Uncle Billy, gently touching her crown of snow-white hair, cried:

"I guess last night you were saying, 'Pleasant dreams!' to your soul, Nancy."



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The names carry back of them the quality and service guarantee of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world. There are pretty kinds for Mother and dandies



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BY THIS MARK YOU KNOW THAT IT'S CYPRESS. "THE WOOD ETERNAL." AND WORTHY OF YOUR FAITH. IT IS WELL TO INSIST ON SEEING THIS TRADE-MARK ON EVERY BOARD OFFERED AS "CYPRESS."



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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



AND HAVING ★ ★
THUS CHOSEN
OUR COURSE ★ ★
WITHOUT GUILE ★
AND WITH PURE ★
PURPOSE, LET US ★
RENEW OUR TRUST
IN GOD, AND GO ★
FORWARD WITH-★
OUT FEAR AND ★
WITH MANLY ★ ★
HEARTS ★

Abraham Lincoln

4TH. JULY
NUMBER
1917



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Each time the sand runs through the hour-glass 14,400 cakes of PALMOLIVE are produced. Four cakes a second—240 cakes a minute—14,400 cakes an hour—for every working day.

—This is the enormous manufacturing volume required by the popularity of PALMOLIVE SOAP!

For just as Palm and Olive oils were the indispensable cleansing agents and equipped the marble baths of ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, so is the fragrant, wholesome cake of PALMOLIVE the indispensable equipment of the equally luxurious porcelain bath of the modern American home.

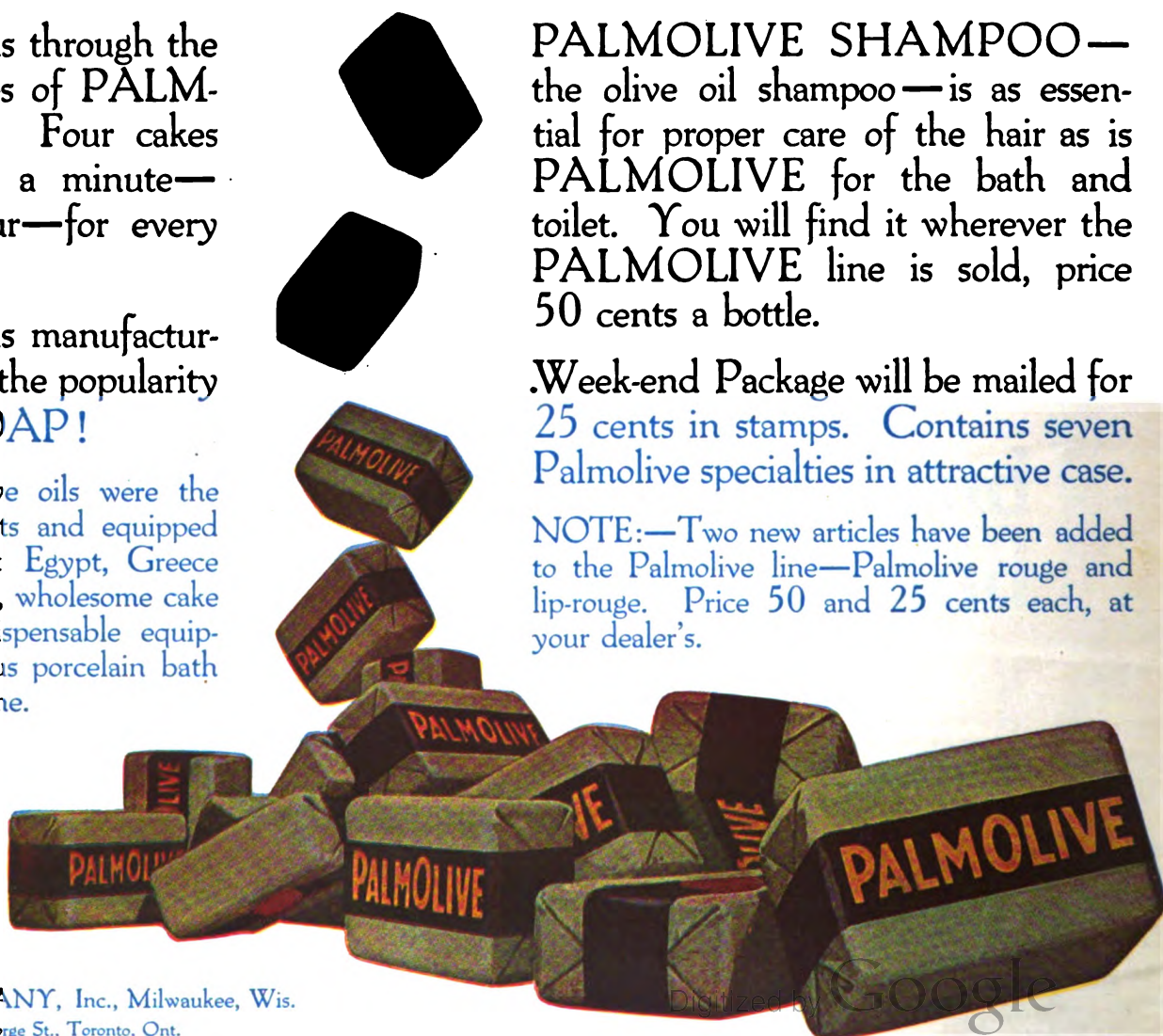
A luxury and a necessity combined; the modern perfection of a luxury ages old; this is the combination that requires *four cakes a second* to supply the millions that demand PALMOLIVE SOAP.

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PALMOLIVE SHAMPOO—the olive oil shampoo—is as essential for proper care of the hair as is PALMOLIVE for the bath and toilet. You will find it wherever the PALMOLIVE line is sold, price 50 cents a bottle.

Week-end Package will be mailed for 25 cents in stamps. Contains seven Palmolive specialties in attractive case.

NOTE:—Two new articles have been added to the Palmolive line—Palmolive rouge and lip-rouge. Price 50 and 25 cents each, at your dealer's.



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THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE

IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY IN THE YEAR

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DRAWN BY C. M. RELVEA

AS THE FOUR GIRLS DIVED, A CHEER WENT UP FROM THE CROWDS ALONG THE PIER

"WELL, if that isn't my luck! What a shame!"

As the electric car crossed the road far down the street and disappeared toward the village, Marjorie Conrad slowed down to a walk.

"Stupid thing!" she exclaimed petulantly. "It might have been at least a minute late."

Tucking her flying hair under her straw hat, Marjorie stamped the dust from her white pumps. She glanced at her wrist watch and frowned. Bob had asked her expressly to get to the bank in time to cash a check for his trip into the city the next day. The bank closed at three o'clock, and the next car would not reach the village until five minutes after three.

Marjorie frowned again, then shrugged her shoulders, and turned in at the gateway of a friend.

"Why, Marjorie Conrad!" Hilda Bates greeted her from the veranda. "Come up and get cool. I've just made some lemonade. You do look worn and weary."

"I am," Marjorie admitted, dropping into a chair. "But this isn't a circumstance to what I'll feel when my brother greets me. Bob's so methodical about everything that he can't understand why other people aren't blessed the way he is. I don't believe he ever missed a car in his life." She took the glass that Hilda handed her.

"I don't know why it is," she continued, "that every time I go for a car it always shoots out of sight just before I get within hailing distance; the rest of the family can get there and sit triumphantly on the stone wall for at least ten minutes before it comes."

Hilda laughed. "Probably they start in time," she suggested.

"That's just what Bob said—start in time. It's all very well to say that, my dear, but what would you do if just as you got down the front steps you found the buckle of your pump dangling and had to rush back and pin it on? It's just my abominable luck!"

Her eyes twinkled a little, yet there was a faint line between her eyes as she looked down at the offending buckle.

"Now, Bob will have to start later tomorrow, and he has so many things to do!" she went on. "Charlie Morris asked him to get him a swimming suit, and he has to look after the lanterns they're going to use at the club on Saturday, and get a new paddle for Ethel."

"Ethel has entered the canoe race?"

"Yes, and there's the best-looking silver cup up for that—with the club flag in enamel and gold; it's much handsomer than the swimming cups. Ethel's bound to get it."

"Dora Keene will put up a pretty close race."

"But Ethel's stroke is much longer and stronger than Dora's. Oh, I know she'll get it! Won't she be proud to have it in her room at college next year? Well, I'm going to get this

BY

WHATEVER NAME

By Winifred E. Mead



car if I have to wait for it," she said with a laugh, as she rose.

As she had expected, the bank was closed when she arrived in the village.

"I do wish they had kept open a few minutes longer!" she sighed, as she set off to do her other errands.

When Marjorie returned she found Robert flat on his back under the automobile.

"I couldn't get your money, Bob," Marjorie said. "The bank was closed."

No reply came from the figure in overalls stretched under the car.

"I'm sorry," she added.

This time the figure became animated, and, after a few contortions, a much-rumpled blond head appeared. With slow calculation Robert looked over his seventeen-year-old sister.

"Thank you!" he said.

"You needn't be so cross about it!" Marjorie exclaimed. "It wasn't my fault that I lost the car. And I said I was sorry."

She turned and walked back to the house.

That night at the dinner table Robert vented his feelings. "Now, I'll have to wait till after the bank opens before I can start for the city," he finished.

"I suppose you'd rather have me go with one shoe than miss the car!" Marjorie said.

"That buckle was loose at Mrs. Garrie's lawn party," Ethel put in quietly. "I expected to see it gracing the garden before we left."

Marjorie flushed. Mrs. Conrad, with her brown eyes a little sober, glanced at her husband.

"Something ought to be done!" Robert exclaimed, looking severely at his pretty sister.

"It's all very well to talk, Bob Conrad," Marjorie retorted, "but if your things were always coming to pieces just when you needed them most,—or getting lost,—the way they do with me, you wouldn't act that way!"

Mr. Conrad hastily changed the subject. "Did you measure your old paddle, Ethel?"

"Bob's going to get the new one for me tomorrow," she replied.

Robert pushed his chair back from the table. "If I have time," he answered, with a meaningful look at his younger sister.

On the following day, in spite of his enforced delay in starting, Robert was able to do everything that he had planned to do in the city. And by the time the paddle arrived and the whole family went down to the wharf, the incident of the bank was quite forgotten.

The clubhouse was built at the end of a long

point that projected out into the bay. During the summer it was the scene of many festivities, none of which roused more interest than the water sports that always took place in the latter part of August.

This year all three of the Conrad young people had entered in the sports—Robert for the fancy dives and half-mile swimming race, Ethel for the canoe race, and Marjorie for the two-hundred-yard swimming race.

As the family descended the steps, Marjorie took a clean dive into the water and came up laughing at the edge of the wharf.

"Look out for your stroke, Marj!" Robert warned her. "Remember Mrs. Davis won by a lot last year; she uses the English racing stroke. If I were you, I'd stick to the side stroke and finish up with the crawl."

Marjorie scrambled up to the wharf. "Mrs. Davis hasn't been exercising enough this summer to worry me," she answered. "But Dora Keene has entered this race, too. Hilda told me this morning. I might beat her in an endurance race, but she simply shoots through the water."

Ethel turned in surprise. "Has Dora Keene entered that race? Why, she's the opponent I'm most afraid of!"

"Is this person such a marvel?" asked Mr. Conrad, with a laugh.

"She's been visiting the Baileys all summer, father, and she certainly is great at sports," Robert answered.

He slid the canoe into the water and Ethel started out to the float. The family watched as she sent the slender green boat ahead with strong, steady strokes.

Robert smiled. "Ethel's all right. The Keene girl will have to put up a pretty good fight."

"How is the paddle?" asked Mrs. Conrad, as Ethel, with her face flushed and her eyes bluer than ever, swung the little craft against the wharf.

"I may have to go back to my old one," Ethel answered doubtfully. "This is a little heavy."

"Do you know, I was afraid that it might be a little heavy," Robert said. "But I was in such a hurry that I couldn't stop to consider for very long."

Saturday, the day for the water sports, came. The weather was perfect—not too warm for the onlookers and quite warm enough for those who had entered the events. The sports were to be held in the afternoon, but as early as ten o'clock the club was bustling with

activity. Owners of sailboats and launches were cleaning and decorating their crafts in honor of the occasion. Others were hanging Japanese lanterns in the clubhouse and on the veranda. Everyone seemed to be alive with expectation.

Athrill with excitement, Marjorie trailed her fingers through the water where it lapped at the mossy sides of the wharf.

"Say, Marj!" Robert called from the steps above. "Mother just told me to ask you whether you got a new cap."

Marjorie turned quickly. "O dear, no! If that isn't just my luck—a hairpin went through mine yesterday, and I meant to have dad bring me one. Isn't anyone going into the village?"

"No!" Robert answered shortly, as he shifted the pile of bathing suits from one arm to the other.

Marjorie laughed up at her brother. "You do look too funny, Bob," she said.

Her brother frowned. He was carrying the Conrads' old bathing suits to the club to be used in the obstacle race, in which each boy had to swim to the float, put on a lady's suit and return as best he could. Marjorie had promised to look after the suits herself, but that morning Robert had found the pile adorning the dining-room table.

"Well, you'll look funnier," he answered coldly, "when you get to the party to-night with your hair all wet and stringy."

Marjorie's eyes sobered as her brother turned away. The party that followed the sports was one of the events of the summer. She could not excuse her attending it in an untidy condition by the fact that she had beaten Dora Keene in a two-hundred-yard race. Marjorie had never thought of the possibility that she should not win the race. Across from the wharf and half a mile down the opposite shore the beautiful house of the Stevens girls caught her eye.

"Clara would lend me her cap," she reflected. "I haven't time to dress and get to town, and the trip across will take me barely half an hour."

In a moment Ethel's canoe was bobbing at the wharf and Ethel's old paddle was in her hand. Clearing the wharf with a swift stroke, she headed for the other side of the bay.

Clara Stevens gladly lent Marjorie the cap. "It's tight as a drum," she said, as she walked back to the beach with her. "I'll be on the pier cheering you on, and if you win I'll lay it to that cap."

Marjorie got into the canoe. "Thanks. I surely hope that it will bring me luck."

Smiling up at her friend, she thrust the paddle into the sand at the side of the canoe. There was a creak and then a snap!

"Caught in-between the stones!" Marjorie exclaimed. "You haven't broken it?"

Marjorie brought the paddle up out of the

water. There was scarcely a sign of the damage—only a crack that ran the length of the blade.

"It's Ethel's old one," she answered. "I'm glad she's got a new one."

The canoe took the homeward course lightly. The wind blew Marjorie's bright hair about her eager face, and her eyes became radiant with happiness. When she pulled the canoe upon the wharf she noticed a quietness about the place that sent her swiftly up the steps, across the tennis courts and down the road toward home. When she arrived the family were half through their luncheon.

"Why, Marjorie!" Mrs. Conrad exclaimed. Marjorie dropped into her chair. "Well, I got a cap, anyway!" she said, panting a little.

In the buzz of talk she quite forgot about the injured paddle. Everyone was too much excited to stay long at the table, and soon the family went to their rooms to dress for the sports. Half an hour later, Marjorie, clad in her dark bathing suit and carrying her raincoat on her arm, ran down the steps; the red cap was pulled close about her pretty, dimpled face.

Robert, with his face glowing with excitement, met her at the door.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I've just found out that your race comes off before the canoe race."

Marjorie's brow puckered.

"Can't you see," her brother went on, "you stand a lot better chance of beating Dora Keene when she's fresh than Ethel does. Don't look so startled—Ethel admits it herself. And now —"

Marjorie's eyes were bright. "Nice Bob," she said. "You think I can really beat her?"

"Beat her? Why, you'll come in a good length ahead!"

Marjorie turned toward the door. No one knew how much she admired her big brother, and how much it really hurt her to feel that he disapproved of her, as he so often did. With a sharp little click of her teeth she determined to come in a glorious victor.

The races began promptly at two o'clock. When the ladies' two-hundred-yard race was called, four young women answered—Dora Keene, Bessie Churchill, Mrs. Davis and Marjorie.

Robert, with a complacent smile on his face, stood at the back of the wharf with a group of other boys. As the contestants waited for the pistol shot that would send them into the water, Marjorie glanced at him once.

"Ready—one—two!" The pistol rang out, and as the four girls dived, a cheer went up from the crowds along the pier.

Marjorie at once settled into a swift, steady side stroke, changing from one side to the other. Dora Keene swam in beautiful form beside her. Slightly ahead, Bessie Churchill was using all her strength at the beginning of the race. A little behind them, Mrs. Davis was swimming easily and saving her strength—she was going to prove a formidable opponent, Marjorie thought.

But her greatest concern was the girl at her side, and whenever Marjorie turned toward Dora she watched her pace. They held their relative positions for about a hundred yards; then Bessie Churchill showed signs of weakening. Slowly the others overtook her, until, when they had gone twenty yards more, she was in last place.

A few yards more, and Mrs. Davis began to crawl up until she was abreast of Marjorie and Dora Keene. Dora glanced at her and then, with her face white and tense, increased her speed and shot ahead; now, Marjorie thought, the time had come!

With a sureness that had come from long practice, from mastering every detail of the stroke, she broke into the "crawl." Her right hand shot out and cut the water with a little splash. She overhauled Dora—now she was ahead. But she had not won yet. Dora threw herself forward in the effectual English stroke; and Mrs. Davis was gaining, too. Without another thought except that of keeping herself to the task of holding her lead, Marjorie swam as she had never swum before.

Across the water came the faint sound of cheers from the clubhouse. Straight ahead lay the boats that marked the end of the race. Marjorie's head went under again. When next she brought it up, the boats were only a few yards away. She thought that she still held her lead, but at the same moment Dora Keene's hand struck the water parallel with hers. Marjorie closed her eyes and gritted her teeth. She had to win! Putting all her strength into her strokes, she hurled herself forward and across the line!

"Splendid work!"

As one of the men dragged her over the side of the club launch, Marjorie could hardly realize that the race was over and that she had won. When they had picked up the other swimmers, the launch started back to the pier.

Robert met her at the wharf. "That was one close race!" he exclaimed. "I thought she had you, Marj!"

Getting away from the crowd of congratulating people, Marjorie ran back to the house

to dress. She hoped she should not miss the events in which Bob and Ethel had entered, but of course there was no question about Ethel's winning hers; unless Dora Keene was the sort of person who is strengthened by defeat—and Marjorie very much doubted that—Ethel need not fear her now. And Bob—why, Bob would win the half-mile race, anyway, and perhaps the diving contest.

Pulling her wide hat down over her hair, Marjorie hurried back to the club. Everyone was crowded along the edge of the pier; there was a feeling of excitement in the air that made her quicken her steps.

"What's on now?" she asked Hilda Bates. "The canoe race!"

Marjorie stood on tiptoe. The contestants had started—they were out past the float already.

"What's the matter?" she asked breathlessly.

Mrs. Conrad turned to Marjorie. "Something's the matter with Ethel—she doesn't seem to make any progress. See how peculiar she acts?"

For a moment Marjorie watched in silence. Then she caught her mother's arm.

"Did she —" she began, then choked and stopped.

"Marj!" rang out a boy's angry voice.

Robert had dashed up the steps from the wharf and was beckoning to her from where he stood at the edge of the pier. Marjorie went across to him. Her eyes were wide and there was a lump in her throat.

"How did you get over to the Stevens's this morning?" Robert asked.

"O Bob!" Marjorie's voice was strained. "I—what paddle did Ethel use?"

"The old one," Robert replied. "You —" He stopped. His hands sought the pockets of his coat; his voice shook with anger. "She decided to take it at the last moment, and you broke it and didn't even let her know!"

Marjorie turned quickly. With one glance at the canoes now on their homeward way with Ethel far in the rear, she broke away from her brother.

In the excitement and fun of the other races and contests the canoe race was soon forgotten. Ethel bore her defeat with a laugh. If she knew what had caused the crack in the paddle and her subsequent misfortune when the piece came off while she was paddling, she showed no signs of it. Robert won in the long-distance race and was gloriously defeated in the diving contest.

When the cups were presented there was no response from the winner of the ladies' two-hundred-yard swimming race. Robert, big and handsome in his white flannels, stepped up and claimed it for his sister.

On the way home the family were silent. "Don't say anything about it now," Mrs. Conrad advised as they ascended the steps.

Ethel nodded assent. "Poor Marjorie, I know she must feel badly—much worse than I feel about it. I don't believe I'd have won, anyway. Why, Dora Keene was simply keyed up for that race! You should have seen her ply her paddle!" She ended with a laugh.

Robert was silent. He carried the two cups up the steps and placed them on the hall table. Then he started for the garden.

Behind the tall vine-covered stone wall, where the flowers grew in vivid masses down to the water's edge, Marjorie heard her family return. A moment later there was a sound of footsteps coming through the garden gate. Still Marjorie sat in a disconsolate heap with her face toward the misty, gray water.

Without a word, Robert sat beside her on the bench.

"Pretty good luck you had beating Dora Keene this afternoon," he said nonchalantly.

Marjorie sought for the sarcasm in the words, but there was none. His face was sternly cold.

"It wasn't luck!" she answered, and her voice was shaking with indignation. "I fought every bit of the way, and you know it. If I hadn't learned every little thing about that stroke, I'd never have beaten her!" For the moment she had forgotten everything else. She lived over again the swift, glorious race.

Robert's hands sought his pockets; and he

looked at her with hard eyes. "That's just it," he said. "Attention to every little thing."

Marjorie turned, and the rest of the afternoon came back to her with sickening persistence.

"I know just what you think of me, Bob," she said. "I don't blame you! If you only knew what I think of myself!" She paused. "I shouldn't feel so terribly if I had lost my own race—but to have Dora Keene beat Ethel, when it was my fault — The worst of it is I can't do anything now—the race is over, and she lost just because I was so—so—thoughtless! I'd give her my cup if it would do any good, but she wouldn't take it." She stopped.

A DOUBTFUL RESCUER

By Roe L. Hendrick

MR. WADE was neat and methodical almost to the point of whimsicality. As he stood in the doorway of the store, with his overcoat half on, he paused even in his hurried departure for a final injunction.

"Don't forget to sweep the last thing

Robert's voice was a little husky. "It's all very well to call fortune or misfortune 'luck' or 'fate' or by any other name, but when you come right down to it a person's luck is about what they make for themselves. If I were you, I'd keep that cup; I'd put it where I could see it a lot—even if I had to hang it round my neck."

Marjorie smiled faintly.

"Bob," she said, "I'll do it! If Ethel won't take that cup for her college room, I'll keep it where I can see it when—my buckles come off, or—or—a hairpin goes through my rubber cap. And I'll call it my 'get-there-anyway cup.'"

He smiled at the thought, and, after putting away the money and locking the safe, busied himself in caring for the canary.

Then he hurried to the cellar, shook down the furnace, threw on more coal and, leaving the drafts temporarily wide open, in order to clear off the gas, ran up the stairs and seized a broom. In spite of his weariness he swept vigorously, and in half an hour had finished his work.

"Almost midnight," he muttered, "but I'm through!"

Drawing on his overcoat and cap, he turned off the rest of the lights and started for the front door; then he stopped abruptly.

"That furnace!" he exclaimed. "I've forgotten to close the drafts! It's lucky I remembered, or there wouldn't have been any fire by to-morrow night, or perhaps the building would have burned down in the meantime."

The chains that operated the front damper of the furnace and the check draft came up through the floor at the rear of the dry-goods counter. As he hurried toward them, Ben tripped over something that leaned against the counter, and nearly fell headlong. Recovering himself, he reached down and grasped the broom that he had placed there a minute or two before.

"I'll forget my head next!" he cried, in vexation. "If Mr. Wade knew I'd left that broom outside the storeroom, he'd give me a lecture."

Chuckling at the thought, he forgot his momentary irritation. The storeroom was in the corner toward which he had been headed, and he quickly made his way to it. Reaching inside, he tossed the broom behind the door, and heard it topple over and fall.

Again he chuckled. "That's not up to the Wade level of orderliness," he said to himself, and he stepped inside to pick up the broom. He had just touched the handle with his extended fingers, when his foot struck the brush end and he stumbled forward and bumped his head against a shelf. The blow hurt, and, as he straightened up, dazed for the second, his arm came in contact with the back of the door, and the impact slammed it shut.

Still rubbing his head, Ben set up the broom properly, brushed the knees of his trousers, and then reached for the door to open it. His hand swept nothing except the bare wood, and then he remembered that there was neither knob nor latch on this door; it fastened from the outside with a snap lock! He was a prisoner by his own careless action, and, moreover, he did not at the present moment see how the prisoner was going to get out.

The storeroom was a mere closet, not more than seven feet square, and shelves along two sides still further reduced the space in it. On those shelves were ranged rolls of wrapping paper, piles of paper sacks, a box of tools and a quantity of unmarked goods. Very seldom was the door closed during the day, but upon leaving the store Mr. Wade, if he were the last to go, invariably pulled it shut. Ben was not so particular. He could not remember ever having closed it before; and certainly no one had ever shut it from the inside.

The young clerk paused and tried to think out the situation clearly. Mrs. Wade certainly would not expect him before Sunday night, and would not begin seriously to wonder at his absence before breakfast time on Monday. Even then, unless some one happened to notify her that the store was not open, she might not become sufficiently alarmed to start an investigation before noon.

His parents knew nothing of the visit that he had planned. Very likely, when they went

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER



"WHAT'S THE MATTER—YOU AFIRE IN HERE?"

to-night, Ben!" he called. "And see that Dickie has plenty of seed and water before you leave. My goodness! I've got just seven minutes in which to catch that train! Good-by! I'll be back on the 2.14, Monday, sure. Good-by, Ben!"

"Good-by!" Ben Griswold shouted from behind the grocery counter, where he was weighing half a pound of tea for a farmer's wife.

It seemed to Ben that trade never had been so brisk as it was between half past eight and eleven o'clock that night, with only one pair of hands to wait on both villagers and country people. But finally the last customer departed, and Ben, switching off the lights from the front windows, prepared to close the store.

"Always sweep the last thing at night," was Mr. Wade's standing order, and one that a clerk in his employ was not likely to forget, for he repeated it almost daily. "When you do that," Mr. Wade would explain, "the dust settles during the night, and the next morning you can take a cloth and have everything as clean and bright as a new pin in fifteen minutes. Nothing disgusts me more than to go into a shop in the morning and see a broom stirring up dust that settles over everything in the place, I don't care how much oiled sawdust you use. It's a sure sign of a slovenly proprietor. Sweep at night and dust in the morning, is the rule of cleanliness."

Ben sighed, for he was very tired and still had a four-mile walk before him, for he was going home to remain until Sunday night. He had told Mrs. Wade—he boarded at his employer's house in the village—not to expect him, and had planned to surprise his parents.

"I can get Steve up to let me in, by rattling his bedroom window," he said to himself.

"If we're quiet, father and mother won't know I'm there till I come down to breakfast."

THE FIFER *By* Agnes Mary Brownell

A FAINT, thin blare of horns sounded, a life shrilled and drumbeats became audible. "It's started," ran the whisper, and the crowd edged closer along the wooden sidewalk on Main Street. There were children

smartly sashed and be-ribboned, countrywomen with tugging babies in their arms, girls the first freshness of whose pain-fully ironed flounces was already wilted by the dusty ride into town, and their men-folk—husbands and sweethearts—in unwonted Sunday attire. The townspeople, a little smarter, a trifle important in manner, mingled in the throng, and craned their necks for a first glimpse of the procession.

Henry Weedy was band-master; Henry had been born to that end. He was a brawny six feet of inefficiency. How his ever-growing family existed was a mystery of which Sarah Weedy, his wife, alone held the key. But when Henry, in his braided uniform and plumed helmet, led the band, he was a source of pride and gratification to the whole countryside.

The trombones came next; their slides worked with the precision and regularity of piston rods, and produced at intervals a hoarse, expiring breath, like escaping steam; they were, however, of inestimable decorative effect in the general scheme. The cornets and drums made up any deficiency in the volume of sound, and above the blare and the reverberating drumbeats shrilled old David Merry's life.

They had swung into the tune of The Girl I

Left Behind Me. David's thin, white beard blew aside in the wind. David was a very white, old man; his thick eyebrows, above deep-set, peering blue eyes, were quite white, and high up on his sharp cheek bones showed the withered rose of his youth. Lank and tall, a little stooped in his old uniform and army felt, David kept step with the band, and blew sweetly and shrilly and with a fine martial spirit upon his old fife.

The celebration was to be held in the grove, and the crowd surged thither. Every man, woman and child of them was gloriously happy, as if this Fourth of July effervescence of patriotism had gone a little to their heads. The band played, the crowd jostled, the sun blazed, flags waved, a mist of heat went up from the earth, the very dust of the road baked as from a smouldering fire; the voice of the orator, now slightly hoarse, the cries of the cold-drink venders, the whimpering of children, the hushed crooning of their mothers, going on and on, like a kaleidoscope of sound, filled the grove and the deserted streets.

When the band was done, old David Merry, limping a little,—for the fire of patriotism within him had consumed much of his slender store of strength,—betook himself to where, a little off the main street, his house, with its carefully swept front yard and its neatly stacked woodpile at the rear, awaited his solitary coming.

David had lived alone since his mother's death, and she had been bedridden during her last years. From her wooden bed, with its shining, funereal headboard, beneath a quilt of cunning pattern that David himself had pieced, she had ruled and directed her household affairs with an iron hand. She had instructed David in the intricacies of bread making; the needle had grown accustomed to his hand; his dishpan sunned itself daily just outside the kitchen door. No housewife in the village was a whit neater than David Merry; his house was not only orderly—it was shipshape. David had his pension and his little truck garden and his habits of thrift and economy.

Like a practical housewife, he set his kettle on the stove as soon as he had entered, although his body ached with fatigue. The drawn blinds made a cool, green twilight in the room after the glare outside. David spread his table. All unwitting, David had made a very gala table of it—the white cloth, thin and darned from many launderings, bore his

mother's old blue china, and David's little garden patch had furnished the late-planted scarlet globes of radishes. The brave and homely colors, the faded uniform, the old fife in a path of sunlight, overshadowed the room, like the spirits of old Fourths.

When he had eaten, David made all tidy; the afternoon droned on, and David slept. Tea was a small matter; David polished his cup and spoon, went to his little garden and plucked the hardy blue and yellow flowers that had something stanch and soldier-like about them, dropped his fife into his sagging pocket, and betook himself to his tryst.

The quiet village cemetery was known as Pleasant Hill. Thither David trudged along a winding road with his handful of flowers and his hat in his hand. There had sprung up a smart little breeze. The ornate iron gates swung open, and David went down a little sloping path into the older part.

His mother's headstone, a white and shining slab, gleamed out from a background of ancient and twisted lilacs, and the smooth mound had a pattern of shells and pebbles like the coverlets that she had prized.

David laid his tribute of blue and buff flowers upon her bed, and as he did so a glow went through him; he thought of his house and its shining windowpanes, and the polished dishpan on the wall, and the swept paths; and through all the mystery of time and space he felt his mother's commendation.

After a while he went a little farther down the slope to a low stone of clouded marble and a grassy mound. There David dropped the rest of his flowers, and, sitting down stiffly on the sloping ground, drew out his fife. He played The Girl I Left Behind Me.

Presently she stole out to meet him—a fair, blue-eyed, transparent girl doomed to an early death. She had not even bidden him good-by, but had slipped away from him and from the world before his furlough.

And as he played on—for he knew many martial tunes—his first early comrades joined him one by one. There was Hank Berry, the village harum-scarum, who was their first soldier dead; there was the schoolmaster, a young man, who had died in camp, and who had never seen a battle; and there were the Bascombe boys, shock-headed, freckled, stocky youths, constantly cheerful and good-natured.

On every recurring Fourth, they all journeyed

from their unknown graves to Pleasant Hill at the sound of David Merry's life, and stood round him with grave eyes. In his thoughts he gave a loving welcome to each in turn.

There were others—older, later visitants. Perhaps their old bones had yet some restraining hold upon their young, reborn spirits

—perhaps it was not yet time for that moment, that twinkling change. They limped back at the call of David's life with a straining and a creaking sound that may have been, after all, merely the writhing and the twisting of the old lilac branches.

It was a long, long roll call—that of his comrades.

At last David rose and slipped his life back into his pocket. He was stiff and his bones ached, but he was very happy.

David had always been sociably inclined, and he liked young faces—the young faces of his youth.

He limped cheerfully away down the long, brown, dusty road, and, reaching into his pocket for a stray peppermint as a precaution against any ill effects of the evening's exposure, his hand touched his life, and he squeezed it gratefully, as one presses the hand of a very old and dear friend.

"It has been a beautiful Fourth—I don't know when I ever saw a finer," old David Merry confided to his life; and that faithful comrade seemed to emit a wheezy breath, as if in acquiescence. David's lips formed themselves to his favorite tune.

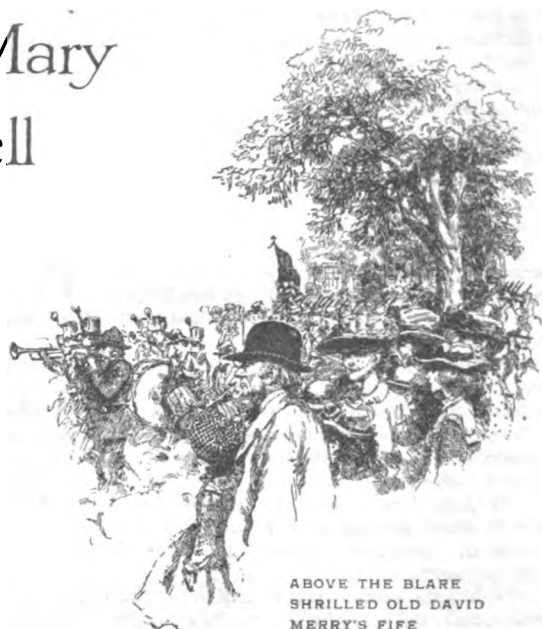
"It's Uncle David Merry, been out to see his girl," quoth the sympathetic folk a little sadly, as they sat outside their doors in the warm, dark night.

Not one was so young, so happy, so beloved, so closely companioned, as the old fifer.



DAVID HAD MADE A VERY GALA TABLE OF IT

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



ABOVE THE BLARE SHRILLED OLD DAVID MERRY'S LIFE

JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"IT'S UNCLE DAVID MERRY, BEEN OUT TO SEE HIS GIRL"



DRAWINGS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

SITTING DOWN STIFFLY, HE DREW OUT HIS FIFE. HE PLAYED THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

to church the next day, they would drive directly past the place where he was imprisoned. He had sometimes passed Sundays at the home of one of his friends who lived a few miles out from the village, and so his family would not be surprised if they did not see him at church. Therefore, unless some one tried the unlocked door and walked in,—a very unlikely proceeding on Sunday,—he saw no chance of his getting out before Monday.

Of course a person could survive without food or water for much more than that length of time; but would the air hold out in such confined quarters? As the thought flashed into Ben's mind, it seemed to him that already he was beginning to breathe with difficulty. A moment's reflection convinced him that that was merely a trick of his imagination; but he realized that in several hours he should be facing real peril.

Was the lock of the door as strong as it seemed? Ben clutched at the door with his finger nails, but he could find nothing to grasp; then he hurled himself against it two or three times. But the stout door, which opened inward, scarcely quivered under his attacks.

Turning to the box of tools, he groped in it, hoping to find a hatchet; but the only tool he found that could be of the slightest use to him was a light tack hammer. The heavier tools, Ben now remembered, were in the back room, where he had opened a box that evening.

As the boy swung about, almost in despair,

his glance fell upon a feeble bar of light that seemed to penetrate the closet from above the door-frame. Then he remembered that above the door was a narrow transom, placed there more for ornament than for use, apparently, for he had never known it to be opened.

Hurriedly throwing several bundles of paper and goods on the floor, he stepped upon the pile and fumbled for the catch of the transom. The iron was so rusted that he could not move it with his hands, but a few blows with the tack hammer loosened it; then Ben turned the little sash at right angles in the frame.

Now he no longer felt in danger of suffocating; but he was no nearer getting out of his prison than before. The opening of the transom was so narrow that even if he could get the sash out, which was doubtful, he could not force his body through it.

Thrusting his face against the slit, he filled his lungs with the outside air. For some reason it seemed singularly unrefreshing. Again he drew in his breath, and then, raising his hand, held it before the opening. The air was almost as warm as if it were coming through a register.

He reflected that at that height—only two feet below the ceiling—the air would be much warmer than nearer the floor; and then another reason for the unnatural warmth flashed into his mind. The furnace, piled with coal, was drawing at full head, and must already be



getting red inside the asbestos filling. What if it set fire to the building while he was a helpless prisoner, and when probably every member of the volunteer fire company was in bed and asleep? Ben felt his scalp prickle; he was sure that his hair was beginning to stand on end.

At that moment the single street lamp within his range of vision through the store windows showed him a hurrying figure—probably that of some belated villager on his way home.

Ben shouted wildly, and the walls of the storeroom reverberated; but evidently the passer-by did not hear him, for he disappeared without even turning his head. The store was so long and so thickly filled with goods that even the report of a gun in the rear of it might not have been heard in the street.

There was no longer a night watchman in the village, for the trustees had abandoned that means of protection as too expensive a luxury. Ben could only depend on chance wayfarers' bringing him relief, and he doubted that another person would pass the store before morning, for it must be after one o'clock now. However, he determined to watch and to do his best to give an alarm if anyone should come near.

He had the tack hammer, and he decided that if anyone passed he would hurl it at the front window. If he succeeded in throwing it that far,—even if it did not break the glass,—a person outside could hardly fail to hear it strike.

Suddenly Dickie began to twitter plaintively

and to flutter about in his cage. He was evidently getting restless in the heat. Ben thought the temperature would rise for an hour or two longer. Then, if the old furnace held out, the store would slowly cool off.

"Poor Dickie!" Ben said to himself. "It's smother or freeze for you, I'm afraid, and I guess I'm not much better off!"

What was that? For a second Ben thought he heard the crackling of flames in the cellar, and he held his breath to listen. No, the sound came from outside, and probably it was only the wind, or the footsteps of a stray dog or cat prowling about the building.

Then the boy saw some one standing near the corner of the front steps. How he had got there Ben did not know, for the second before the sidewalk had seemed utterly empty.

"Hi!" Ben shouted. "Hi!"

The figure disappeared, and Ben in desperation hurled the hammer toward the window. But the light missile traveled scarcely half the distance; striking a pile of dress goods, it dropped almost noiselessly on the counter.

Although he felt almost sick with disappointment, Ben continued to stare intently at the window. Five minutes passed, and then he suddenly saw a face peering in at a lower corner of the pane in the front door. How long the face had been there before he saw it he could not tell, but he recognized the features instantly. The rays from the street lamp, streaming across them, showed the broken nose, the low forehead and the thick lips of

Jim Burns. Jim was the local "bad man," and had been released from jail less than a fortnight before; indeed, Burns had passed much of his time in jail for various offenses. Everyone in the village thought him utterly abandoned and worthless. Ben was uncertain how to regard the appearance of this rescuer; he almost preferred to stay in his prison and to take a chance with the fire. He watched the man in silence for several minutes.

Burns had evidently heard something and was suspicious, but he had not identified the source or nature of the sound. At last he produced a chisel or some similar tool and began to work at the wood about the pane of glass. To steady the door, the man presently clutched the handle with his other hand. His grasp released the latch, and the door swung in.

Ben had decided what course of action he should adopt, and as the man stole into the room he shouted:

"O Jim, I'm so glad you heard me! I didn't think anyone ever would hear! Set down the cage first, please; the canary's smothering."

"What's the matter—you afire in here?" the man asked. But he quickly unhooked the bird cage and placed it on the floor where the cool air was rushing in.

"I don't know for sure," said Ben, "but I'm afraid so. Come over here and push back this catch."

"You locked in?"

"Yes, here in the storeroom. Hurry, Jim, so that we can see to that fire! I thought I heard it crackling once!"

Burns ran to the storeroom, felt for the catch and quickly shoved it back. Ben's first act, when he got out, was to turn on the lights. As he did so, he saw Burns slip something hastily into a pocket, but he pretended to notice nothing.

"Come on down cellar," the boy said, when he had regulated the draft by means of the chains.

With all of the seeming unconcern that he could muster, he led the way downstairs; he carried himself bravely enough, but as a matter of fact he half expected any moment to receive a blow from behind. The "bad man," however, was so surprised by the situation in which he unexpectedly found himself, and so deeply interested in the possible fire, that he had no idea of injuring anyone.

They found the door of the furnace and the first length of smoke pipe cherry red; but when Ben had given the fire another shaking and had banked it with fine coal, all danger was past.

"It's a mercy that you heard me, Jim," Ben repeated.

"I guess you would 'a' been burned up if I hadn't," the man declared. "I thought I heard somebody a-yelling and a-yelling, but I couldn't tell where for the longest time. I was just going home, but I hung round to try and find out who was in trouble. I expected to have to break in the door, not knowing it was unlocked; in fact, I guess I did start to."

"Well, you got me out; I'll never forget that, Jim."

When all was in order, Ben put up a basket of groceries, laid a ham on top, charged the goods to his own account, and then pressed them upon his rescuer, who accepted the gift with singular reluctance, although with many thanks. When they parted it was at a point more than halfway to the Griswold place, where Burns turned off to go to his own shanty among the hills. He was walking with unwonted erectness when Ben last saw him, and with a sprightly step quite new to him.

Ben told the story to his parents the next morning.

"What, Jim Burns!" his mother cried. "Oh, I'm so glad I didn't know about it at the time! I should have expected him to murder you!"

"Jim has his good points," Ben replied, smiling. "I think so much better of him than I ever did before that I'm going to putty up that front sash and stain it before Mr. Wade has a chance to look it over and draw his own conclusions."

IN AUNT STELLA'S POCKET

By William Thomas Whitlock
In Eight Chapters. Chapter Two

WHEN Aunt Stella returned from the stables, she entered the house by the kitchen door. In the living room she lighted the kerosene lamp and put it on the high mantelshelf. Gathering up several breakable articles, she carried them into her bedroom. Two spotless Navajo blankets that served as rugs she rolled into cylinders and placed in one corner. After carefully surveying the room, she opened the front door.

"You can come in now," said she. "Take off your hats and hang them on the rack there by the door. John, you carry the suit cases into the west bedroom. Be careful how you walk on this floor. I polished it last week, and I don't want it all scratched up. Sit down on that couch and stay there while I get supper."

"May I help you, aunt?" asked Elizabeth timidly.

"No, you can't. I've done the cooking on this ranch for the last ten years, and I don't want my things all misplaced by a new hand."

While their aunt moved briskly about in the kitchen and dining room, the orphans sat in a solemn row on the couch. At last Tommy began to whimper hungrily.

"Hush! hush!" whispered Elizabeth. "Aunt Stella will give us a nice supper soon."

"All ready now," announced Aunt Stella from the doorway.

As the children speedily arranged themselves round the table, they stared at the five yellow bowls that dotted its bare surface.

"I've always understood that corn-meal mush and milk is a good, healthy diet for children before going to bed," said Miss Jones. "You can have all the milk you want, but no sugar."

The hungry orphans gazed at one another in blank dismay. One and all, they detested corn-meal mush, and John loathed milk. Tommy and the twins were entirely unable to conceal their disgust and disappointment. Pushing aside the yellow bowls, they sank back, sulking, in their chairs.

"Elizabeth, what do they usually eat for supper?" cried their aunt.

"In the dining car we had beefsteak and oysters and baked potatoes and ice cream."

"And none of you were sick in the night?"

"No, Aunt Stella."

"Humph! Young ostriches! Nothing in this house would disarrange your stomachs."

Opening a cupboard door, she brought forth sundry heaped plates and platters. The children fell upon the food eagerly. Their aunt gasped in astonishment as the cold meat and potatoes and slices of bread and butter disappeared.

"Where's the dessert?" asked Clarissa with a sigh.

"There's some oranges and bananas in the lunch basket," said Malissa.

"Tommy want thome choc'-late candy—in box. The nice young man buyed Tommy t'ree boxes," said Thomas Wentworth.

His aunt grimly produced the lunch basket and the boxes of candy. She folded her arms and sat watching in silence until the twins were nodding over the oranges and Tommy had fallen forward on the table, sound asleep.

An hour later Aunt Stella came into the living room and sank heavily into a chair.

"My land!" she said



aloud. "The cost of those children's grub alone would keep five cows sleek and fat. If I can't find places for them, I'll be et out of house and home. But it was some pleasure to watch the young scamps feed."

Her meditations were interrupted some time later by a wail of pain from the west bedroom.

"My tummy hu'ts!" announced Thomas Wentworth.

"There, now!" cried Aunt Stella, leaping to her feet, panic-stricken. "No other woman nearer than Aunt Louisa Jackson, seven miles down the trail, and no doctor this side of Digville, eighteen miles away."

"Aw—yow! Mamma, 'Liz'beth, my tummy hu'ts awful!" howled Tommy.

"S-h!" said Elizabeth. "Aunt Stella won't like it if you cry and keep her awake."

"Elizabeth Jones," cried the excited Aunt Stella, hastening into the bedroom, "don't you dare to frighten the child with me! What in the world do you give him when he has the stomach ache?"

"I think mamma used a—liniment!"

Then at the memory of her mother the girl buried her face in the bedclothes and burst into sobs. John came from his room, rubbing his eyes; and from their bed in an opposite corner the twins stirred in fretful annoyance at being roused from slumber.

"You mustn't let us disturb you, Aunt Stella," said John sturdily. "Elizabeth and I'll take care of Tommy."

"Howling bobcats!" almost yelled Aunt Stella. "Do you think I am some silly creature with nerves or a selfish heathen who would let you two children sit up alone with a sick baby? But I haven't the least idea what to do. I've sat up many a night with an ailing cow or mule, but a baby—John, you build a fire in the living room while I light a lantern and go out to the stables. There's some horse liniment in the wagon shed. Perhaps if we apply it on the outside—"

When Aunt Stella returned to the house, John and Elizabeth had placed the couch beside the fire. On the couch lay Tommy, squirming and moaning in pain. It required the combined efforts of the three nurses to apply the liniment; and the effect was startling. The small patient doubled up like a jack-knife and rent the air with screams.

"It's got to be some sort of drench, something on the inside!" said Aunt Stella distractedly. "Oh, what—what—"

"I think it is pepsin," said John.

"Humph! You mean peppermint," said his aunt, striking her brow. "I remember now. Thank goodness, there's a bottle in the pantry!"

Again the three had to show skill and dexterity in order to force the liquid between the set teeth of Thomas Wentworth. But when they had succeeded, the patient dismayed them by crying piteously for more. At last he fell into a fitful slumber, broken by occasional spasms of pain, during which he howled for "more peppymint."

At midnight Aunt Stella curtly ordered Elizabeth, who was nodding, to go to bed. She followed the girl into the bedroom and awkwardly tucked the coverings about her. Elizabeth smiled shyly at her, and hesitatingly lifted her arms as if to place them about her aunt's neck. But Aunt Stella fled hastily back to the living room.

"You go to bed, too, John," said Aunt Stella, as she sat down beside the restless Tommy. "I believe you are a good, manly sort; you remind me of your father. I'm glad

I brought you out here, where you'll have a chance to become something besides a grinding spoke in a woolen mill."

"Thank you, aunt. But, if you please, I'll stay up with you and Tommy."

His aunt gave him a look of frank approval. "You're certainly no piker," said she, with a short laugh.

"I don't know what you mean by a 'piker,'" said the boy simply.

"No, I suppose not. You children have lots to learn out here that you should have known from the cradle."

The dawn was breaking over the Pocket when Stella Jones carried the soundly slumbering Thomas into the bedroom and placed him beside Elizabeth. Wan-faced and hollow-eyed with her vigil, she came back into the living room and dropped into a chair. The fire in the grate had burned out. John had stumbled drowsily to bed.

"It's no use arguing and beating round the bush," she said to herself aloud, a habit that she had acquired in her solitary life. "I've simply got to keep Tommy. Suppose some ignorant people adopted him, and he took sick in the night—and they didn't know enough to give him peppermint?" She folded her arms and rocked thoughtfully back and forth.

"I'd rather keep John," she said at last. "He's big and strong enough to be of some use to me. And how I'll ever manage with the baby, no one knows. But—well, I'm going to keep Thomas Wentworth Jones here with me in my Pocket."

As the sun came up over the eastern peaks Aunt Stella went out to the stables and corrals to milk her cows and to feed the ponies. The twins, having slept serenely throughout the night, were up and about the place long before the other children awoke. When John and Elizabeth came out on the kitchen porch, the half-clothed pair were racing from one object of interest to another with high-pitched comments of approval or condemnation. Clarissa had cut her hand on the axe at the woodpile; Malissa was joyously loving two downy chicks to a premature end.

With much persuasion and a few threats, John and Elizabeth induced the twins to let themselves be washed and garbed into respectability; then the older children encased Tommy, fretful and hollow-eyed, in fresh rompers. When Aunt Stella came up the path with a foaming pail of milk in each hand, the five orphans sat on the steps awaiting her.

"For all the world like a row of young birds waiting to be fed," thought Stella Jones. "I suppose I ought to find something for them to do, if only to keep them out of mischief, although I'd much rather do a thing myself than tell anyone else how to do it."

"John," she said aloud, "you start the kitchen fire. Elizabeth, fill the teakettle. Tommy, you and the twins come with me to the milk house." She paused in surprise at the eager movements and pleased smiles with which the children obeyed her commands. "Humph! I suppose I must get used to being helped if it gives them that much satisfaction."

After the morning meal Aunt Stella pushed back her chair and reached for her sunbonnet. "I'm going to take you all out and let you get acquainted with the Pocket," said she.

"And leave the dishes unwashed?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

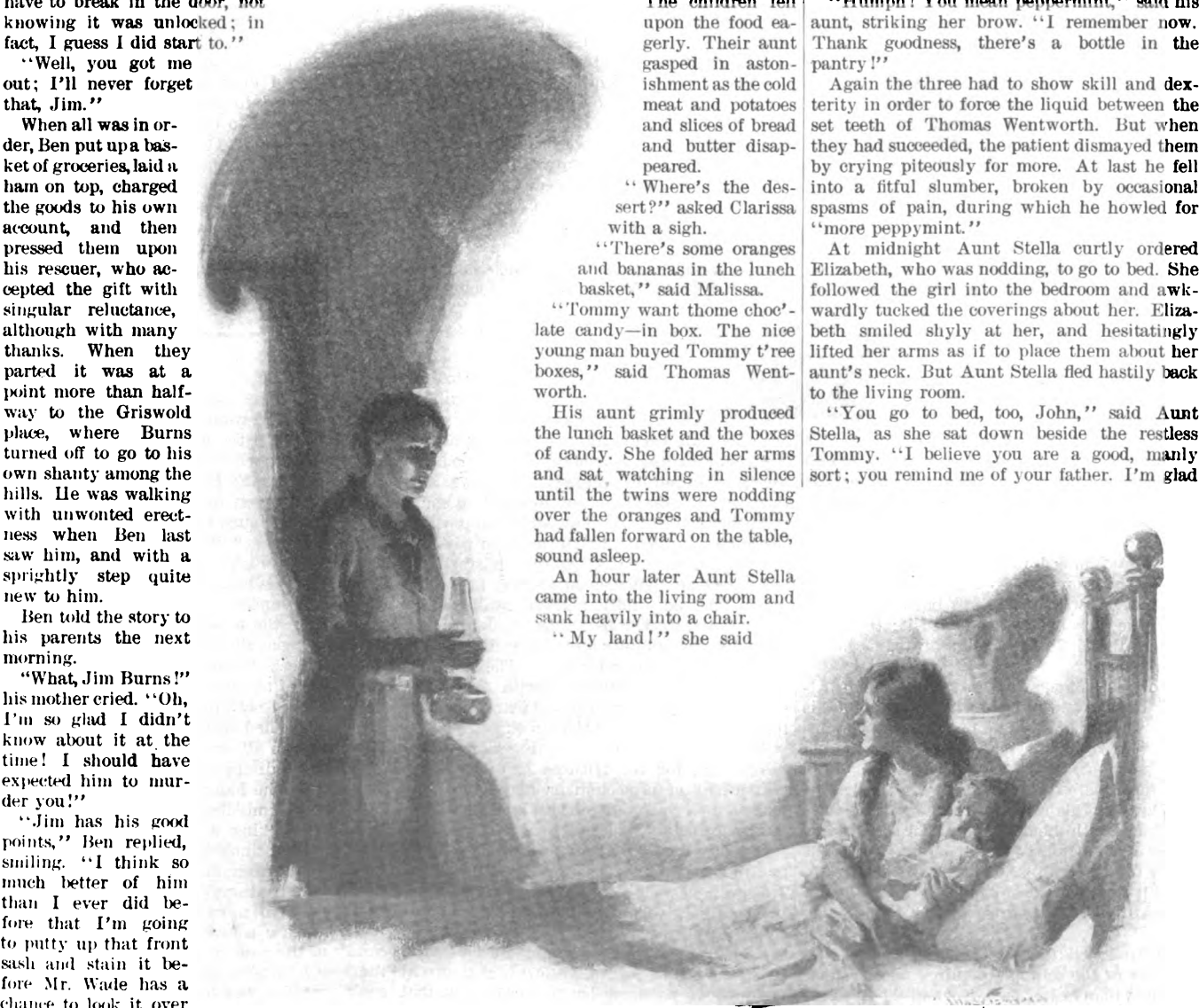
"I wash my dishes whenever I feel like it," said Aunt Stella. "And whenever I don't, they go unwashed until I do."

Suppressing an exclamation of housewifely horror, Elizabeth meekly followed her aunt from the room.

Stella's Pocket consisted of two hundred acres. From the southern edge of the level mesa the ground dropped in gigantic steps toward Digville; down and round the steps the trail writhed and twisted like an endless serpent. In that direction the eye could travel an almost unbelievable distance to the Big Horn Mountains. To the north the jagged, scarred bulk of Mount Shoshone cut the range of vision. Westward, after clearing the precipitous wall of the Pocket, the land continued, boulder-strewn and barren, in stair-like formation. To the east the ever-rising undulations were covered with forests of pine, spruce and hemlock.

Stella Jones had bought the claim from a wandering son of the West who had little idea of the value and future possibilities of the Pocket. For a small sum he willingly transferred to her his preëmption rights, and once more took up his travels. Stella eventually "proved up" on the land and received title to one hundred and sixty acres. The remaining forty acres were of course government land; but as the tract abutted the north wall, and could not be reached except by passing over Aunt Stella's holdings, there was little danger of its being preëmpted. Aunt Stella always regarded those forty acres as a part of her estate.

One hundred acres were in cultivation and under irrigation. At the northwest corner of the Pocket a stream of water from some hidden, snow-fed spring far up on the mountain plunged down the wall in a frothing cascade and splashed into a circular basin in the solid rock. Round this pool Stella had built an earthen dam that formed a reservoir for the storing of water during the summer season. A



DRAWN BY CHASE EMERSON

"ELIZABETH JONES, DON'T YOU DARE TO FRIGHTEN THE CHILD WITH ME!"

heavy wooden sluice gate, raised and lowered by a windlass, held the water back until she needed it to fill the tiny ditches that she had cut around garden, orchard and alfalfa fields.

In fall and winter the gate hung high in the air, and the escaping stream went racing through the main ditch, leaped down a steep incline, and disappeared beneath a ledge of granite. Seven miles away the water, again coming to the surface, formed the springs at the Jackson ranch.

The soil of the Pocket was a volcanic ash that had lain for ages awaiting the magic touch of water to awaken it to life; and vegetables, fruit trees, grains and grasses, thrusting their greedy roots into the rich, moist earth, thrived and produced in astonishing profusion.

Stella's Pocket was a picturesque, practical little oasis in a wilderness of towering, boulder-strewn hills. In common with most oases, however, it had the defect of isolation. It was eighteen miles from Digville, and Aunt Stella's nearest neighbor lived seven miles down the trail. But Stella Jones was not affected either by the isolation or by the loneliness of her Pocket.

"There's not a place on earth I'd rather be than right here," she often declared. "I don't believe I could live anywhere else, and I hope to end my days here and be buried over there by the west wall, where my grave will overlook the whole Pocket. I've got the exact place picked out."

"I made the first improvements on the place with my own hands," she told the children as she showed them about the premises. "Built the first reservoir. I've had it enlarged several times as I put more land under cultivation. Ploughed the first field, dug the irrigation ditches, set out the orchard and groves, planted the crops, put up the fences, and looked after my ponies, cows, pigs and poultry."

"Did you build the house?" asked John simply, turning to gaze at the startlingly modern cottage under the tall cottonwoods.

"Mercy, no!" cried his aunt. "You don't suppose one lone woman could construct a bungalow like mine? I had a contractor up from Cheyenne for that; and it's built out of a book," she added proudly. "The old log granary over there is the original claim shack. I lived there until four years ago."

The round-eyed children accepted her statements without comment. Everything was so strangely unfamiliar that nothing surprised them. However, a perplexed expression settled gradually over Elizabeth's face.

"But did you live here all alone?" she asked. "Without a husband—"

Aunt Stella paused abruptly and studied her niece for a time.

"Well," she said deliberately, "I've always heard it said that no two women could live under the same roof; but I never thought it would apply to a girl of twelve and a woman of thirty-five. Elizabeth, I can see that you are a regular little old maid. You've begun to criticize me already. Why shouldn't I live here alone, if I wanted to, even if I am unmarried? I was much safer here in the Pocket than down in the settlements."

"I—I was only feeling sorry for you!" stammered Elizabeth.

"Humph! I never could endure being pitied, either. There, now, don't cry," she said, as Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears. "You didn't mean anything."

Elizabeth drew her apron across her eyes. "I don't think it was exactly proper for a single woman to live alone," she said, with her chin in the air.

"Tut, tut, child! Being as we're only going to live together for a short time, there's no sense in our acting catty toward each other."

"I only meant that it seemed strange—" began the girl contritely.

"Oh, that's what I can't endure in women. They always apologize, or take a back track. A man would say a thing and stick to it."

"I'm not a man, and I don't want to be one," said Elizabeth, stamping her foot. "I don't want to look like a man, talk like one, act like one—or dress like one!" She swept the semi-masculine attire of her aunt with a glance of infinite scorn.

Aunt Stella stared at her niece with mouth agape. "Good gracious!" she thought. "Think of living day after day with a feminine thing like that! And it would be plumb torture for her to have to live with me, too." A wistful look crept into her eyes. "She's going to be tall and fair, with white hands. Oh, I've got to find a place for her at once—some rich old couple who will give her the pretty things a real womanly woman needs, and who will teach her to be a lady."

Aunt Stella led her nephews and nieces down the rows of thrifty fruit trees, past the strawberry beds, through the thriving garden; she showed them the poultry yards, the stables, the corrals, and the meadows where the sleek Jersey cows were grazing. In her pride and enthusiasm as an exhibitor of the wonders of the Pocket she even led them across the velvety green sweeps of the alfalfa fields.

John, striding along sturdily, with Tommy in his arms, took a keen, masculine delight in his surroundings. The twins raced and skipped, leaped over the gurgling irrigation ditches and rolled in the sweet-scented grass. Elizabeth,

shading her face carefully from the rays of the hot morning sun, tried to give a polite attention to her aunt's descriptions and explanations; but Aunt Stella soon decided that outdoor farm life had little interest for her niece.

"Elizabeth, you go to the house," she said suddenly. "I won't have you trailing round after me, pretending like you enjoy it. You might wash the dishes, if they are still preying on your mind," she added.

"Where in the world will I find a suitable home for that pretty little old maid?" she said

to herself as Elizabeth, with a sigh of relief, hastened away to the house. "Perhaps old Mat Masters and his wife will take her. They own the biggest house in Digville Valley, and are the only people I know of in this country who could give her the things she should have. But I can't go down there and throw her at their heads; that would look as if I were too anxious to get rid of her, and might prejudice them against her. I wish there were some way of making the Masterses really want to adopt Elizabeth."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF



By E.E. Harriman



EARLY that afternoon Willis Becker had taken his single-barrel, muzzle-loading shotgun—few of the settlers in Minnesota owned breechloaders at that time—and had set off on his skis through the woods after rabbits. Young Nil Arnetvedt, whom Willis's father employed as a chopper, had taught the boy to walk on skis and had helped him to make a pair like his own, which had come from Norway.

Willis had had good luck that day, and three white rabbits hung from his belt. His course had taken him halfway round the ice-covered lake that lay north of his home, and now he entered a patch of brush. There the going was bad; now and then some little twig that the snow had bent into a semi-circle would slip its loop over the toe of one ski and throw him headfirst into the depths of a drift. It was no easy work to get out of the snow bank with the seven-foot skis holding his feet up on the top.

He was proceeding at a slow pace when he happened to think of the effect that the plunges in the snow might have had on his gun. Standing with his back against a tree, he examined his weapon. The muzzle was filled for some inches with hard-packed snow, and after he had dug that out with his knife, he found the lock frozen up and snow all over the nipple. He soon had the lock working freely again, but the thought that perhaps the priming was wet worried him. Pointing the gun at a tree, he snapped the trigger. Surely enough, the charge refused to explode. Removing the cap from the nipple, he took a pin from his coat and pricked the nipple open; he worked a few grains of powder into the hole, put on another cap, and again tried to fire the gun—with no better luck.

Four times he primed and recapped with no success. Giving it up at last, he turned his steps directly toward the lake; he intended to cross it, climb the high bank and go home through his father's maple grove. He had not taken a step when he saw a dark shape slink out of sight in a thick patch of brush.

"Now what was that?" he said to himself. "It will be just my luck to see some valuable game when my gun won't work."

He had not gone far when he remembered that the bank along this part of the shore was from twenty-five to forty feet high and nearly vertical, and that the shore below was covered with boulders. He would have to run almost a mile east before he could get safely down the bank. Thinking that the traveling would be a little better farther back on the high ground, he swung off to the left.

He went up the slope to its highest point, which was a good half mile from the lake. But the going was better now, and he went along at a quick pace. Again he saw a dark shape flit across an open space at his left, and this time he swung over to see its track.

He found the mark in the snow, and started with surprise. It was broad and big and shaped something like a dog track. As he stood over the trail he glanced at the trunk of a fallen tree and saw that the snow piled on the top of it had been broken by something passing over it. He walked over to examine it more closely.

It was as he had supposed: two animals had leaped over the trunk, and their feet had brushed the snow. Willis looked along the trail to the east and back along the trail to the west. As he looked back, he saw two, then three, and a moment later four, animals come sneaking softly out of a thicket of prickly ash. There was no mistaking what they were. They were timber wolves—gaunt, hungry, savage!

They caught sight of him at once, and all

DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS



WILLIS SPED STRAIGHT ACROSS THE ROAD AND SHOT INTO SPACE

slipped aside into the thicker growth so quickly and silently that he hardly believed that he had seen them at all. Were they merely rabbit hunting, or were they after him?

No wolves had been seen in that part of the state for four years, but Willis remembered that a report had come from St. Cloud that the rabbits in the brush lands above there had suffered from one of their periodical epidemics this year, and that because of the poor hunting the wolves were bolder than usual. The creatures that he had seen were undoubtedly visitors from the famished land, seeking better fare.

He hoped that they would let him alone, but it was far from encouraging to know that three had passed ahead and that four or more were behind him. Swinging away from the marks of their broad pads, he made quick time to a point midway between the lake and the wolves' trail. Then he again went along his way to the low bank that was his goal.

He had gone only two hundred yards when he saw in front of him one of the wolves standing under a bush. As Willis checked his speed, the brute snarled menacingly and did not give ground. It was evident that it meant to dispute the passage with the boy.

The nearest house was still more than a mile east; the old couple who lived there were too feeble to come to the boy's help, but Willis thought that if he could reach their house he might get his gun unloaded, cleaned and dry. Then he would stand some chance of fighting his way through.

The wolf, with its head held low and its eyes shining, still faced him. Glancing round, Willis was startled to see five others behind him, and there were undoubtedly more in the brush. Deciding to try to pass the beast in front, he again turned that way, only to find another wolf beside the first. They had hemmed him in.

As a desperate chance, he again pricked dry powder into the nipple, put on a fresh cap and advanced boldly on the two creatures in front of him. When he was within a few steps they snarled and showed their fangs. Willis leveled the gun and pulled the trigger, only to hear the snap of the exploding cap.

In a panic at the sound, the wolves leaped away, but after a few jumps they checked their flight. But Willis had taken advantage of their moment of panic to leap into the sweeping stride of the ski runner; and even as they turned he shot past them, shouting and flourishing his gun. He went at his best speed in the hope that he might outdistance them. But the ice crust on the snow was thick enough to bear the wolves, and, starting after him at once, they easily held their own. Closing in, they turned him toward the lake.

His heart sank in despair, for he knew that if he let them drive him down to the edge of the steep cliff he was lost. There, unable to get down to the lake, he would have to turn at bay, and with his clubbed gun would stand little chance against seven or eight hunger-mad wolves.

Hoping to gain a little time, he tore the rabbits from his belt and, one by one, cast them behind him. But the manœuvre did not check the wolves for more than a second or two; then they were after him again.

As if they had known of the sheer, unscalable cliffs ahead, the running beasts bent the line of his flight more and more toward the lake. Presently the chase brought them to an old woods road that ran down to the top of the cliff and that then turned east, along the edge.

As Willis came to the road, an idea flashed into his mind. Instead of crossing it at an angle, he turned directly down it. He knew every tree along the road, every stump and woodchuck hole that it showed in summer. He had formed a plan—a desperate one, it is true, but there was a chance that it would succeed. As he sped along, he tossed his gun on a brush pile close to the road and saw it disappear in the snow. He could find his gun if he won his fight against the wolves, and if he did not—well, some one else would find it.

The wolves had swung into the trail behind him and were closing in. Willis gave one quick glance over his shoulder to see, not whether they were far enough away, but whether they were near enough for his purpose. They were only a little distance behind him, and the leader snarled as the boy looked round.

Ahead Willis saw the turn in the road. There the forty-foot cliff dropped squarely away from the road. A big basswood tree that grew out of the base of the precipice towered slantingly over the ice until the top of it was well above the level of the road and twenty feet out from it.

With a yell and a derisive wave of his hand Willis sped past the turn, straight across the road and, with his skis brought sharply together and the toes pointing directly ahead, shot into space. There was a sound of snapping twigs, tearing cloth and breaking branches, as with a gasp and a whoop Willis lodged safe in the top of the big basswood.

Behind him the pack had been striving to reach him, to bring him down before he could race farther; in the last thirty yards of the chase they had pressed so close that when they saw the earth vanish beneath their noses they could not check their rush. Over the brink, helter-skelter, shot four, six, seven, of the creatures. The eighth just managed to save himself by throwing himself to one side. When he saw the falling bodies of his mates, he gave a quavering howl and fled into the woods faster than he had pursued.

As Willis clung to the branches and tried to regain the breath that had been knocked from his lungs, he looked down at the bodies of the wolves among the rocks and boulders. Three of the creatures were so badly crippled by the fall that they could only lie there, snarling. The other four, limping and bruised, were dragging themselves away at the best pace they could make.

Loosening his skis, Willis dropped them on the snow and then slid down the tree himself. He sped swiftly across the lake and hurried up to the house of a man who owned the first breech-loading rifle that had ever come into that part of the country. Hastening back with the gun, he dispatched the three crippled wolves. He took up the trail of the other four, and within two hours had brought one of them down.

When he sold the skins and collected the bounty on the scalps, Willis bought himself a breechloader. He had decided that he would never again be caught with wet powder.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS



FACT AND COMMENT

ONLY the man who is in the wrong must win at once. Those who are right can afford to wait.

The Student, having learned where Treasure is, Must work with Pick and Spade to make it his.

IF a man is forever telling you what he is going to do to-morrow, it is a waste of time to ask him what he did yesterday.

NO housewife should let the increased price of sugar keep her from preserving all the fruit and berries that she can get. A little figuring will show her that the increased price of sugar is about half a cent to the quart jar.

THIS year rounds out a century of steam-boat navigation on the Great Lakes. The pioneer craft in the business that has grown to such enormous proportions was a crude little side-wheeler, the Ontario, built at Sacketts Harbor.

A SUBSCRIBER sends us an admirable suggestion how women may salute the flag. "Some one," she writes, "—was it not Edward Everett Hale?—has urged that girls and women salute the flag by standing erect with the right hand over the heart, 'because the real salute is in the heart, after all.'"

WAR has always made the crop problem more difficult. The recently published history of an old New England town relates that the neighbors of a man who enlisted in the Revolutionary army were accustomed to take it on themselves to prepare his land for planting and to harvest his crop before they planted their own fields and harvested their own crops.

THE great clothing manufacturers who determine the styles for men's garments are agreed that the war will considerably modify next year's fashions. Because of the anticipated scarcity and high price of wool, there will be no patch pockets, no cuffs on coat sleeves and no turned-up trousers. If the war lasts two or three years, there will be no pockets of any kind. They will not be needed.

THE Lancaster turnpike, which runs westward from Philadelphia,—one of the last of the historic turnpikes of a century ago,—will become a free state road on July 1. Turnpikes and toll bridges served a useful purpose in the early days, when private corporations did the work that taxpayers could not afford to do, but the few that survive are now as out of place as an ancient blunderbuss would be in modern warfare.

THE Y. M. C. A. has long followed our military forces wherever duty called them, but in the case of France it was able to precede them. Last month a score of American Y. M. C. A. workers left Switzerland, whither they had gone from Germany and Austria when the United States entered the war, and went to northern France to prepare buildings and equipment for the coming of the American troops. Here at home, at the training camps, the Association has put up two hundred buildings for its work during the coming months.

"SEEKING sanctuary" was formerly a common practice among criminals and also among those who were unjustly pursued or persecuted. The fugitive availed himself of that provision of the law under which he could not be taken from a church or an altar. It was a broadening of the old Jewish law that established the cities of refuge of the Old Testament. No one would have expected able-bodied young men in free America to take advantage of it, but many of them have tried to do so. So many young men subject to conscription have applied for admission to the Society of Friends that the Quakers, with the excellent

common sense that they usually show, plan to admit no more to membership until after the draft goes into effect.



KAISER KARL'S DILEMMA

THE young ruler of Austria is in a dilemma; he inherited from his predecessor a suicidal policy that could lead only to Austrian subservience to Berlin in case of a German victory, or to the collapse and partition of the Austrian dominions in case of a German defeat. He and his family stand to lose in either event. Hitherto the strength of the Hapsburgs has lain in the loyalty of their purely Austrian subjects; probably it lies there still, although there is a loud pro-German party that is eager for the formation of *Mittel-Europa* and the virtual absorption of Austria by the German Empire. That party is disgusted at the Emperor's convocation of the Reichsrath,—which has not met since the war began,—for the Reichsrath contains more Slav and Dalmatian members than Germans, and is not enthusiastic over the idea of Prussianizing Austria.

The Russian revolution has of course deeply stirred all the Slavic peoples of Austria. Kaiser Karl knows that, and he fears to provoke his Slav subjects by a policy of repression. That would lead in turn to uprisings,—Bohemia is already said to be under martial law,—and should the Slavs of Austria rebel and call on their Russian brothers for help, the last chance of a separate peace with Russia would be gone. The Kaiser would have to call on Berlin for help—and that would be the end of him as an independent sovereign.

The young Emperor has thought it safer to offend his pro-Prussian subjects; that he has done so we gather from the grumbling comments of the German papers, which see in his policy a coolness toward the magnificent project of a great mid-Europe controlled from Berlin. Of course he takes risks in doing so. A victorious Prussia would punish him for his lukewarmness at this critical moment; but he must take one horn of the dilemma or the other.

Hungary is also in political turmoil. It does not seriously object to the dominance of Berlin; completely surrounded by Slavic and Germanic peoples, the Hungarians' best chance of safety is in a firm alliance with the strongest of their neighbors. But the democratic ferment is working strongly in Hungary. The masses of the people are clamoring for electoral reform and a wider popular control of the government. There is a strong parliamentary party pledged to the same ends and led by able politicians. The premier, Count Tisza, as impervious a Tory as lives, has resigned his office rather than make any concessions to the new spirit of liberty. Old Franz Josef would have supported him to the end, but the young Emperor seems on the whole to have speeded the parting premier. The grief at Tisza's downfall was more poignant at Berlin than at Vienna.

The fate of the democratic movement in Hungary hangs on the results in the battlefield. A sweeping German victory would make autocracy safe for another generation; German military failure would promptly be followed by the liberalizing of Hungarian institutions—perhaps by erecting Hungary into an independent democratic state.



CONDUCT IN GAMES

IT is an old saying that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, and it is equally true that manners were given us to conceal our characters. Some of us do not find our manners always quite adequate to the task.

Few things reveal the character more than games, because in playing them we are not so much on our guard as in the greater crises of life. It is a drawback to the great American game of baseball that tempers are not always so completely veiled under politeness as they should be before several thousand spectators.

But the principle comes somewhat nearer home to many of us. When you play golf, do you never insist upon a trifling advantage that might well be passed for the sake of good feeling? Does your voice never get a bit louder or a bit harsher than you mean it to get? In tennis there are a good many doubtful decisions and forgotten reckonings. Do you sometimes make them of more consequence than they really are, or, in yielding them, do you make your opponent feel that you are glad to do it?

Not that you should not play any game with all the energy that is in you. Play to win, if you play at all. Even a peppery antagonist is less exasperating than one who patronizes you by letting you have the victory.

But either winning or losing can be done

with courtesy. If you have the worst of it, do not enlarge upon how very badly you played. It is possible that your opponent may have played better. There are some persons who keep deploring their bad play when they are having the best of it, and that is not complimentary either, when you come to reflect. In short, there are a hundred little ways of letting your manners conceal your character in games, and everyone appreciates and admires them—in others.

To be "a good sport" is quite essential to the make-up of a gentleman, and it does not hurt a lady.



THE TRAINED WOMAN

FIVE years ago a group of graduates of women's colleges, recognizing that both in quality of work and in rate of pay the teaching profession was being injured by overcrowding, organized in New York City the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations "to investigate the present conditions of women's work, to develop new opportunities and to secure positions for educated women in pursuits other than teaching." Its success in all three directions has been so great that its five years of existence is a history of changes that are almost revolutionary. Financed by college women and by representatives of many occupational groups, and cooperating with similar bureaus in eight other cities, with other organizations in New York itself, and with appointment bureaus in the colleges, it has placed thousands of women in positions that represent an amazing variety of work and that are as far away as Canada and Hawaii. It has interviewed and advised a still larger number, has published studies of various kinds of work for women, and has embarked on nothing less ambitious than complete records of the subject, to be kept abreast of the ever-changing conditions.

But in spite of its success the bureau finds many fields in which the demand for women is greater than the supply. For example, it cannot begin to fill the applications that come to it from business houses or those that call for household administrators; it has scarcely a woman to offer for any one of the great number of opportunities in industrial, agricultural and biological chemistry; it cannot supply philanthropic societies with women who are both college graduates and trained nurses.

Those facts mean that almost every college woman, unless she intends to be a secretary and therefore has to take the indispensable brief course in typewriting and stenography, expects immediately to fill a position acceptably to herself and her employer, and thereby to earn a livelihood, without any special training. Her brother knows that, to command a good salary in later life, he must, on leaving college, either study further for his chosen occupation, or accept nominal wages, or none at all, while he gets his training by "learning the business." With the possibility of marriage in mind, women do not follow the example that college men set. The result is that they have to accept work that can never pay well and that too often is also a misfit.

The remedies for the maladjustment seem to be of two kinds. Women will probably see more and more the need of taking the "long view of life"; that is, of realizing not only that a woman may never marry but also that marriage may not provide financially for herself and her children; and so, in increasing numbers, they will take time for special training.

Together with that change of attitude on the part of women, there is likely to be a change of attitude on the part of the colleges. For a large number of professional occupations the present requirement of a general course lasting four years and followed by some years of special training is altogether too exacting, both in time and in money. The college must alter its curriculum so that students can either graduate in two or three years, or else get their professional training, or part of it, along with their undergraduate work.



PETTY THIEVING

WHETHER the turning of so many people to gardening who have never done any gardening before results in an appreciable increase of the food production or not, it should improve the moral standards of many. A large number of boys and youths who have been in the habit of foraging in vegetable gardens and fruit orchards without getting the consent of the owner or making any recompense for what they take are likely to be put to work on the farms or in the gardens, and through that experience they will

learn to appreciate the farmer's right to his produce. Working in a garden is an occupation that conduces to respect for ownership; it enforces upon the worker a moral perception of the fact that the fruits of the earth do not grow freely for whoever happens along.

Robbing orchards and gardens has not been exclusively the diversion of the irresponsible small boy and the undisciplined village or city loafer. Farmers all over the country have complained of the depredations committed by people who come in automobiles and carry off strawberries, raspberries, corn, pears and apples, according to the season. Such thieves *de luxe* work usually on Sunday. "Day of rest!" exclaimed an indignant victim. "It ought to be the day of arrest! But it never is. They always get away with it."

The garden or orchard thief who uses an automobile in making his "get-away" is less likely than the corner loafer to be legitimately busy on some one's land this summer. But perhaps he will be drafted for military service.



OUR UNREALIZED FOOD RESOURCES

A MAN of experience recently remarked that this year he purposed to plant a part of his garden with field corn and in the fall to buy a large coffee mill. That done, he should feel secure against famine or prohibitive prices of food next winter. His hearers smiled, because he is well-to-do and used to comfortable living. But there was something more than jocular extravagance in what he said. He has traveled widely and observed with interest the grains men use for their staple food. With the possible exceptions of wheat and rice, he has nowhere found so palatable and nutritious a grain as Indian corn. He has used it increasingly himself, and he never grows tired of it.

A careful study of the unrealized possibilities of our home-grown products is a matter of first-rate importance this year, when the wheat crop not only of the nation but of the world is almost certain to be scanty. Even at present prices an amount of Indian corn sufficient for service on the family table once or twice every day can be had for a very moderate sum. Ground coarse at any local mill, or even in a coffee mill, it becomes the hominy or sump of the early New England settlers. When it is sifted, the finer Indian meal comes away and can be set aside for corn bread, hasty pudding (upon which an American poet once wrote an epic), or the corn pone and spoon bread of the South. The coarser hominy, after being covered with water so that the hulls of the grain may rise and be skimmed off, should be boiled, first hard for a short time, and then slowly for hours, until each particle is cooked through. In the process it is of course salted, and then can be eaten with milk or fried and served with some variety of syrup. The novice should remember not to lay in any large stock of hominy at one time, for it tends to grow musty.

Besides sump and Indian meal there is the hulled corn of New England, or "big hominy" of the South. To make it, the corn is first boiled with an alkali—wood ashes were once used, but baking soda will do as well—and then washed in five or six waters. In the process the alkali is removed, the hulls come away, and the grains swell to twice or thrice their normal size and provide a capital dish when properly salted and eaten with milk or as an accompaniment to a meat course. Children almost always respond to the invitation of dishes made of corn, and the man whose appetite has not been too much corrupted realizes anew when they are offered him what Emerson meant in saying "wholesome as maize."

The sweet corn of our gardens should not be despised when it has grown too old to appear as "green corn" on our tables. It may be ripened, picked and hung up by the husks, when they have been stripped back, so as to be out of the way of rats and mice. If it is shelled in midwinter and roasted in a spider over a brisk fire, the kernels, swelled and rounded by the heat, will be found to retain their summer sweetness; and when ground in a hand mill and eaten with milk, they furnish a very nourishing and wholesome food.

Such are two or three articles that are far more nourishing than many "breakfast foods" and that can be prepared at a minimum cost in most households. Another article of food as useful and inexpensive as it is despised is skimmed milk. Some cities have gone so far as to forbid the sale of milk from which the cream has been removed. They justify their action on the ground that it is difficult to maintain a standard for skimmed milk and that it

can easily be watered or otherwise adulterated. Nevertheless, skimmed milk of decent quality is a highly valuable food. The fat is gone, but the lean, strength-giving casein remains. That is the element, rich in protein, which makes cheese, which in turn is one of our best substitutes for meat. When whole milk reaches such prices as it now commands, true economy dictates that as large a supply as possible of sweet skimmed milk should be made available; and he who has learned the possibilities in milk and maize may laugh at famine.

CURRENT EVENTS

CONGRESS.—The so-called espionage bill, with a provision for an export embargo to neutral countries trading with the enemy, was passed by both houses.—The war budget bill hung fire, owing to the unwillingness of the House to accept an appropriation for the purchase of the Jamestown Exposition site for a naval station, but passed at last on June 13.—The Finance Committee of the Senate finished its recasting of the war revenue bill, and the food control bill was reported to the House. The bill gives the President power to fix a minimum price, if necessary to stimulate production. In place of a maximum-price provision there is one that punishes the hoarding or cornering of supplies, and gives the President power to close the exchanges, if speculation grows excessive.

WAR PREPARATIONS.—The revised total of the registration under the selective draft law will be about nine and a half million.—On June 8 Gen. Goethals, manager of the emergency fleet corporation, removed two of his assistants, Mr. F. A. Eustis and Mr. F. Huntington Clark, because they had publicly criticized his decision to build steel ships rather than wooden ships. Rear Admiral Rousseau was appointed as first assistant to Gen. Goethals.



During the week contracts were given for twenty steel composite boats and sixteen wooden vessels.—Lord Northcliffe, commercial representative in this country of the British government, arrived June 11.—President Wilson has made a number of military and naval promotions, in anticipation of the dispatch of an American division to France. John F. Morrison, Charles G. Morton and William L. Sibert are the brigadier generals promoted to be major generals.

RUSSIA.—During the week President Wilson's note to the Russian government was published. It urged Russia not to abandon the struggle against Germany, and laid down as America's peace views that no people must be forced under a sovereignty under which it does not wish to live; that no territory must change hands except to give those who inhabit it a fair chance of life and liberty; that there must be no indemnities except in payment for manifest wrongs done; and that there should be no readjustments of power except such as will help to secure the future peace of the world and the welfare of its peoples. The British government sent a note to Russia associating itself with President Wilson's views.—The situation in Russia became more hopeful. A congress of peasants and the alliance of commercial, industrial and banking institutions, both in session at Petrograd, reaffirmed their loyalty to the existing government, and called for an energetic prosecution of the war. The state of discipline in the army is said to be much improved, and there were indications that War Minister Kerenski and Gen. Brussiloff were preparing for a forward movement.—The two American commissions, one political, headed by Mr. Root, and the other made up of engineers, headed by Mr. Stevens, reached Petrograd on June 13.

SPAIN.—Marquis Prieto, the premier of Spain, resigned on June 9. Eduardo Dato, a former premier, agreed to form a new cabinet.

CHINA.—On June 13 President Li Yuan-hung agreed to dissolve the parliament in compliance with the demands of the military governors. Wu Ting-fang, the acting premier, was unwilling to countersign the mandate and resigned. Chiang Chao-hung, his successor, countersigned it. The southern leaders declared that they would no longer recognize President Li's authority.

GREECE.—In response to the demands of the Entente Powers, expressed through M. Jonnart, their special representative at Athens, King Constantine abdicated the throne on June 12. He is succeeded by his second son, Prince Alexander, the Crown Prince being

considered objectionably pro-German. The change was accepted quietly in the Greek capital.

MINE DISASTER.—Fire broke out in two of the mines of the North Butte Mining Co., Montana, June 8. Nearly two hundred miners were unable to escape.

THE GREAT WAR

(From June 7 to June 13)

No sooner was it announced in Berlin that the Allies' offensive was stopped, than it broke out again more furiously than ever, between Ypres and Armentières. At that point Germans occupied a salient some seven or eight miles wide, which included the Messines-Wytschaete ridge, the most commanding elevation in the vicinity of Ypres. For some months the British engineers have been systematically mining this entire front. On June 7 one million pounds of dynamite were exploded in these mines, and the German first-line trenches were blown into the air. A tremendous cannonade preceded and followed the explosion. Under cover of this bombardment the infantry pushed forward, and with very little opposition took the ridge, the villages of Messines, Wytschaete and Oosttaverne and other positions, to a depth in some places of three miles. The Messines salient was completely wiped out; in fact, the line now bends slightly the other way. The British took seven thousand prisoners, and the German losses in killed and wounded were also heavy.

The disorganization of the German front was so severe that no counter-attacks of importance were made for two days, and they were then repulsed without difficulty. Gen. Plumer, who was in charge of the operation, reported that all the positions taken on June 7 were successfully "consolidated."

Trench raids were reported at other points on the British and French fronts, but in comparison with the engagements at Messines they were of slight importance.

The Austrian counter-attacks on the Carso plateau seem to have brought Gen. Cadorna's advance to a halt. Vienna declared that its troops had regained some of the positions lost during the previous weeks, and that twenty-seven thousand Italian prisoners had been taken within a month. Meanwhile, finding the Austrian concentration on the Carso so formidable, the Italians began another movement, this time in the direction of Borgo in the Trentino. Rome declared that they had seized the Agnello Pass, and were therefore overlooking the Val Sugana, from which they had to retire a year ago.

Italian troops are occupying Janina, the capital of Epirus, and the government of Greece has protested. Rome announced that the occupation was necessary in order to assure order in the adjoining district of Albania.

Gen. Pershing and his staff arrived safely in England on June 8, and in Paris on June 13. He was received everywhere with especial honor. The collier Jupiter, loaded with supplies, arrived safely at a French port on June 7, and the preparation of camp for the American expeditionary force is going forward. One hundred American naval aviators have also reached France.

Among the ships sunk by the German submarines during the week was the American schooner Magnus Manson and the oil steamer Petrolite. The Leyland liner Anglian and the French liner Sequana were also reported sunk, with a loss of about 200 lives. At least two Norwegian vessels, a Danish steamship and an Argentine sailing ship were sunk. London announced that 32 British ships had been sunk during the week, and Rome announced the loss of 10 Italian steamers.

Air battles were a conspicuous part of the battle of Messines, and the British squadrons have established a decided superiority there. Fifteen German aircraft raided the east side of London on June 13 at midday; 97 were killed and 437 injured by their bombs.

Former Premier Laurier of Canada declined to enter a coalition cabinet; accordingly Premier Borden took the responsibility of introducing a bill enacting compulsory military service for Canadians between the ages of 20 and 45. Mr. Patenande, a member of the cabinet, resigned rather than support the bill.

On June 9 the Cuban Congress voted a war loan of \$30,000,000.

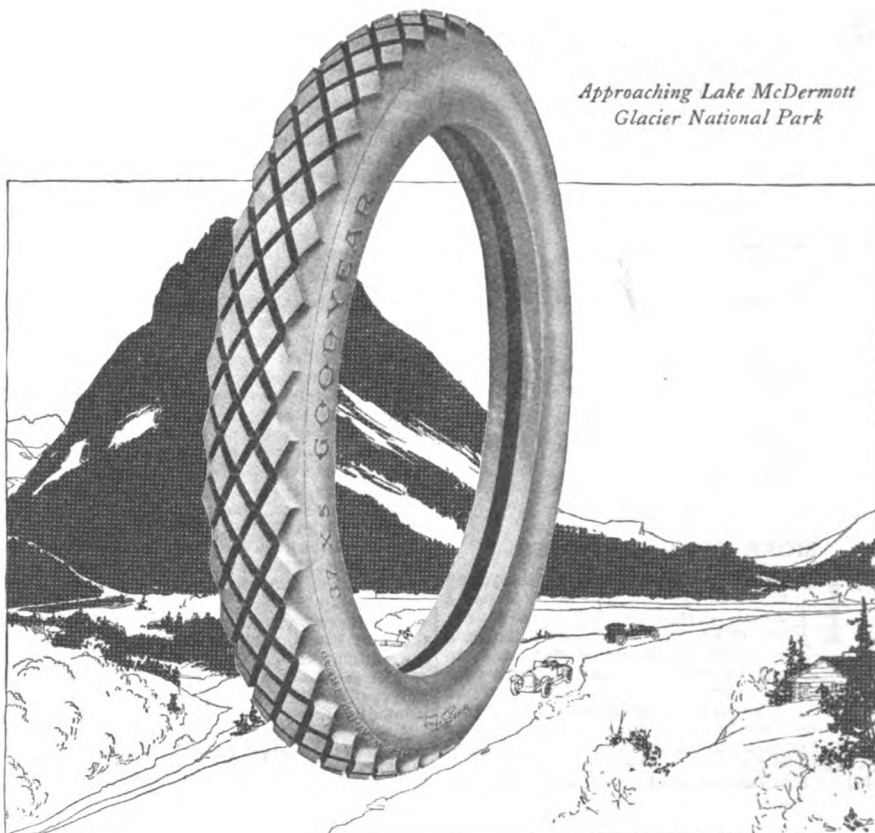
Revolutionary outbreaks, occasioned by a desire for independence, are reported to have occurred in Prague and other Bohemian cities.

Count Andrassy finding it impossible to form a cabinet, Count Moritz Esterhazy was appointed premier of Hungary on June 9.

Street riots in Stockholm followed the refusal of the majority in the Riksdag to give favorable consideration to the Socialist demands for a reformed and extended franchise, for a revision of the constitution, and for laws shortening the workday.

Sailors belonging to the Seamen's and Firemen's Union refused to sail the vessel on which J. Ramsay MacDonald and F. W. Jowett, the British delegates to the Socialist conference, were to sail for Stockholm, unless the two men would agree to insist on restitution by Germany for the seamen killed and the destruction caused by the German submarines.

Approaching Lake McDermott
Glacier National Park



A Tire That Fulfills Expectations

USUALLY the man who buys a Goodyear Tire has a very definite and sensible reason for doing so.

He has noticed that Goodyears outnumber any other tire on the motor cars in his neighborhood, or some friend has told him of their goodness, or he has used them himself, and knows from personal experience that they last longer and give more mileage.

In any case, he comes to Goodyears expecting more than he could hope for from any other make of tire.

The fine part about it all is, that the Goodyear Tire he buys will not disappoint this expectation.

It is built to deliver more than he could get from another tire, and it invariably does so.

Because it does so, more Goodyear Tires are sold in America than any other brand.

And the margin of Goodyear leadership is widening day by day.

Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.

GOODYEAR

E PLURIBUS UNUM

By John Clair Minot



LAND of the brave and free,
How shall thy motto run?
"Many states shall there be,
But a nation ever one!"

Ay, and more can we trace;
Thus shall the motto run:
"Many and many a race;
One people—and only one!"

"Many a party brand,
Many a civic call;
One love for our native land,
And the flag that shelters all!"

"Many our human needs,
Many a prayer as we plod,
Many the churchly creeds—
But the one and only God!"

MORE THAN GOODNESS

"I DON'T see the use of it all," the young man said to his pastor. "Why should I go to all those meetings at the church and to the Sunday school? I can be a Christian without doing all that. I can put in my time more usefully with books and outdoor life on Sunday."

"I don't say," his pastor replied, "that you cannot be a Christian unless you do all those things; but you cannot afford to neglect them if you are to be fully equipped for the best Christian service. The church is a training school for efficiency in religious activity."

Six years went by; then a letter came to the pastor from a Y. M. C. A. secretary, a part of which was as follows:

"Can you send us for the field out here a young man who can measure up to great things? We want a young man who loves men and boys, and has worked with them long enough to prove his power as a soul winner. Don't send us one who is simply a good young man. We want something more effective than mere goodness."

A few days after that letter came, the pastor received a call from one of the members of his church, the father of the young man who six years before had argued that he did not need to engage in the activities of church organization in order to be a Christian.

"John is a good fellow," said the father anxiously, "but he hasn't done as well as we had hoped he would. His mother and I want to get him into a better place than the one he has now. You couldn't recommend him to a position, could you? He would like church or association work."

"What can John do?" asked the minister.

"Well, he is a good boy."

"But what can he do? Has he had experience in teaching boys in the Sunday school?"

"No, I think not."

"Did he ever belong to a young people's society, and learn how to organize committee work or solve religious problems?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Could he fill a position like this one?" and the pastor read the Y. M. C. A. letter.

The father's face became thoughtful.

"I know John could not meet those requirements. They are too exacting. He hasn't fitted himself for them; he has missed his chance."

The father went away, pondering on his son's unusable "goodness"; and the pastor found among his active workers a young man who measured up to what is proving to be one of the greatest places of influence in the Chinese nation.

The time has gone by when any type of mere goodness will do for modern reform, or missionary or evangelistic service. It is even more true now than in Timothy's time that the gigantic task of Christianity calls for "Workmen that need not be ashamed, . . . prepared unto every good work."

A POSTGRADUATE COURSE

WHEN the letter came Louise was stunned. She had worked so hard to save the money for the summer course! She had it all planned, her boarding place engaged, her mileage bought. Why, she was almost there. And then to have to give it all up!

There was nothing else to do. It was impossible to get help at Freeport, and blind Uncle Charlie could not take care of things while Aunt Rachel was "getting over" a sprained ankle.

"Dear, I'm so sorry!" mother cried with tears in her eyes.

"Of course, there's nothing else to do," Louise replied in a hard voice.

She started that afternoon. Fortunately, she had to travel all night; it was fortunate because it gave her time to remember how Aunt Rachel had left Uncle Charlie at a neighbor's and hurried down to help them when mother had the grippe and Richie had scarlet fever at the same time.

"I ought to be glad to be able to pay that back," Louise acknowledged, "and," she added grimly, "it is paying it back."

When she reached Freeport, however, the gratitude of Aunt Rachel and Uncle Charlie made her ashamed. She petted them both and made events of the meals, and exclaimed over the old garden, and congratulated herself that she was not letting them guess. She did deceive Aunt Rachel, whose adoring eyes followed her happily; but Uncle Charlie, in his shadowed world, had ways of discovering things that most persons did not know. Out on the piazza one evening he surprised her.

"I'm afraid it was harder than Aunt Rachel realizes—your coming to us, little girl," he said.

Louise started. "Why—I always have loved to come here!" she cried.

Uncle Charlie smiled. "I'm not asking you. And I'm not worrying—much." His voice had a wistful note that caught at the girl's heart. "You see, I'm years ahead of you. And I've learned that, when something is taken away, there is always something else given."

Uncle Charlie went in to Aunt Rachel. He could not see the startled face that Louise turned to the old garden, but perhaps he knew.

Six weeks later Louise went home—the very day when she had expected to be returning from the summer school. Mother remembered—mothers always remember. Louise smiled.

"I've learned to put up six kinds of preserves,

make rugs and do up laces. I practiced story-telling, and learned heaps about gardens, and gave a teacher-training course of two weeks that gave me, I'm afraid, far more than it gave the teachers I pretended to be training. And I took a course in village civics of Uncle Charlie, and learned how paper is made at the mills. Maybe, after all, that's more than I'd have learned at summer school even if I didn't get any certificate," she declared.

"Child, dear!" her mother cried.

"Yes'm, it's true," said Louise, and her eyes, like her mother's, were shining.

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKAYA

I WAS present in the grim court in the Liteiny Prospekt in Petrograd in the spring of 1910, writes a correspondent to the Manchester Guardian, when sentence was pronounced on Catherine Breshkovskaya. I shall never forget the stoicism of this wonderful old lady. The judges, representative of the various social orders, each dressed in the uniform or costume pertaining to his class, filed into their places on the bench. Mme. Breshkovskaya and her fellow prisoner, M. Tchaikovsky, stood when the president rose to read the sentence. The stillness was unearthly.

After a brief résumé of the case the president announced the acquittal of M. Tchaikovsky. Turning to Mme. Breshkovskaya, he said that, as she had pleaded guilty to and even glorified in her membership in the Central Revolutionary Committee, there was nothing to do except to pass sentence of banishment. Throughout the reading of the sentence the dignified old lady looked straight at the president and only momentarily lowered her eyelids when the decree of banishment was pronounced.

A well-known press correspondent and I were permitted to talk to her for a few minutes. She was plainly gowned in black, with a cameo brooch at the throat. Her hair was quite white, but she had a pink complexion that a debutante might have envied. She smiled most sweetly and, speaking perfect English but pronouncing each word separately and distinctly, said:

"I am so glad to greet you, and to speak English with you. It is many years since I have spoken your language. I am so happy because you have come and spoken to me."

In reply to our expressions of sympathy, she remarked:

"Do not let this trouble you. I have been through it all before."

The guard intervened, but just before she was led away Mme. Breshkovskaya leaned over the edge of the dock, kissed each of us on the forehead and cheerfully wished us "Good-by!" Friends in England and America sent her gifts of money and clothing to her far-away place of banishment, but she gave the money to her fellow exiles, and all she would accept of the clothing was a set of woolen garments.

AN ARCTIC RESCUE

IN the dreary, isolated region of Lake Minto, twenty miles across country from the Tanana-Fairbanks trail in Alaska, says the Red Cross Magazine, a solitary trapper was struggling through the snow. He was heading for a cabin that he knew was near the lake; he planned to rest there and to eat a bite from his pack.

"Vacated!" he grunted, as he kicked through the drifts and, pushing against the door, stumbled into the dark interior. He struck a match, and as it flared he was startled by a moan.

"Who sent you? How did you know?" came in a frenzied voice from a bunk in the corner.

"Who is it—Monte?"

"Yes," was the answer. "Both my legs are frozen. Can't move. I've been here since yesterday morning. Get me to Fairbanks quick or I'm done for."

The trapper struggled eighteen miles for help to the Minto road house. At that point, Hammes, the proprietor of the house, took up the journey, covered the remaining twelve miles to the Minto signal station, and reported the case of old Monte. Early the next morning, with the dog team and a light sled filled with furry robes and containing the first-aid kit, Hammes and Corp. Cox, the operator in charge at Minto, left the station. They reached the road house by noon, and there the trapper volunteered to guide Cox to Monte's cabin. The two men set out across the trackless flats, breaking trail in the face of a ripping wind.

Cox and the trapper and the dogs reached the hut at seven o'clock in the evening, having traveled the last four and a half hours in darkness. They found old Monte as the trapper had left him; he was suffering intensely, and had not slept for fifty-six hours. Cox at once administered morphine, and as the man fell into the much needed sleep the rescuers set about dressing the frozen limbs.

Cox did as much as he could for the woodsman, and early the next morning, beneath fading northern lights, put his patient on the sled and started for the Fairbanks trail. By mid-afternoon he made the eighteen miles to the road house. There Monte was again treated, and in the morning Cox started alone with the injured man for Fairbanks, forty-seven miles away. That day he covered forty miles, and stopped for the second night at Esther Creek road house. By nine o'clock the following morning they reached Fairbanks, and old Monte was receiving the best surgical and nursing care that the hospital could supply. In the end he had to lose both feet, but he lived.

Within a few weeks the President of the United States learned of Corp. Cox's exploit, and awarded him a certificate of merit, which not only is a most distinguished honor, but carries with it an increase in pay.

EXPLOSIVE COAL

IN reviewing his early life in Constantinople, Sir Edwin Pears tells an amusing story of a coal contractor who was supplying the British fleet with fuel. A commissariat officer on one occasion went to him to say that a man-of-war had just arrived in the Bosphorus and was ordered to proceed to the Crimea with distinguished officers on board; but it was short of coal. The contractor answered that one of his small sailing vessels had just arrived laden with a cargo of coal, and that he would arrange to have it discharge the fuel directly on board the man-of-war.

A day or two later, when the contractor saw his manager, he asked what had been done with about ninety kegs of gunpowder that had been stowed on the top of the coal.

"Oh, we found all the kegs empty," said the manager. "There was no powder to remove."

During the next three weeks the contractor lived in constant dread. He feared that every ship coming

from the Crimea would bring news of an explosion on the man-of-war and an order for his arrest. He became ill from anxiety.

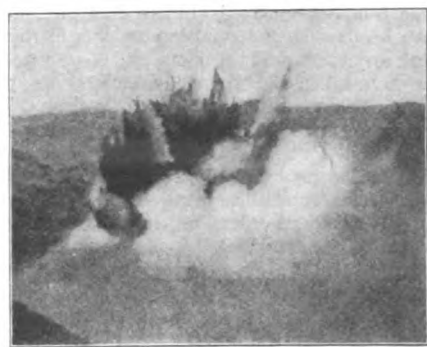
One day, a fortnight later, he heard with fear and trembling from his inner office the voice of the commissariat officer asking to see the merchant who had supplied the ship with coal. He put on a bold face and went out.

"Yes, you're the man," said the commissariat officer in a loud voice. "You gave us three hundred tons of coal. It's the best we have ever had. Instead of our having to stop the ship while we cleared the funnels, whenever there is a new firing up, the smoke goes with a puff and clears the funnel itself. I want three hundred tons more, but, mind, it must be of the same quality."

THE LARGEST GEYSER IN THE WORLD

WHILE the Waimangu Geyser in New Zealand lasted it was the largest in the world. Its name, "black water" in the Maori tongue, came from the dark column of water and debris that it threw up at every eruption. Stones and boiling water, accompanied by vast clouds of steam, rose nine hundred to fifteen hundred feet at irregular intervals, twenty or twenty-two times a month. At other times the water of the Waimangu lay in a cup-shaped depression about twenty feet deep, two hundred and forty-nine feet wide, and four hundred and two feet long.

Several hours before each eruption the lake would begin to boil violently and to send off dense clouds of steam; loud subterranean rumblings were heard. When the final explosion came, the



THE WAIMANGU GEYSER IN ERUPTION

whole lake, mingled with material from below, rose bodily; its torrential fall was destructive to a large area round about, and the slopes near by are still furrowed by the rivers of water that coursed down them. The column of water was thrown up about four times as high as the Giant Geyser, now the largest in the Yellowstone Park, throws its water, and the area of its base was about two and a half acres, in comparison with the few square rods of the American geyser.

Close by the geyser is a hill surmounted by an iron hut, about four hundred and fifty feet above the pool, where observers took refuge during eruptions. One day in August, 1903, a party was on the slope below this building watching the boiling pool. As the approach of the explosion became more imminent the guide warned them back, and all except four obeyed. The mother of one of the young ladies called to her; but she wanted to take another photograph, and answered, "Just a moment, mother." During that moment the eruption occurred, and the disobedient young lady and her three companions were swept to a tragic death.

CONSERVATION OF ENERGY

IT was the Fourth of July, but the cobbler's shop was open for hospitality if not for business.

"Kind of quiet round, compared with last night," remarked Joseph Bates, with a yawn. "I don't believe I got an hour's sleep. I was just turning and tossing, and wishing those youngsters were at the north pole with their racket."

"When I'm kept awake that way," said Silas Wells, who aspired to be a philosopher but was better known as the laziest man in town, "I'm apt to pass away the time pondering on some subject. Last night my mind got to running on the conservation of energy. Supposing all the energy that those boys expended in raising Cain could be gathered up and devoted to some useful purpose, just how many hoss power would it represent? I don't suppose we can ever find out."

"I dare say not," said Tobias Porter. "I don't know any surer way of wasting a man's energy than trying to make boys really useful. As long as a boy thinks he is having fun, he is the most tireless thing on earth. But let him get a suspicion that what he is doing is of the slightest value to anyone, and he loses all vim."

"That puts me in mind of something that happened when I was a boy, over in Edgemoor," said Amos Gray. "There was quite a little pond at the foot of a field that sloped down from the road, on the Gabriel Mansir place, with some white perch in it. One day Gabriel, who was a cross-grained, tight-fisted sort of man, painted up a sign in great big letters, 'No Fishing Here,' and stuck it up on a bit of an island out in the pond."

"You could see the words plain enough from the road; and that night when a parcel of us boys, twenty-five or thirty in all, were going home from school, Tom Curtis jumped over into the field where Gabriel had had potatoes that year, and picked up a stone and let drive, although he didn't come within a hundred feet of the sign."

"Well, a pack of boys is like a flock of sheep—if the leader jumps a fence they all follow; and in less than a jiffy every one of us was over in the field, and the stones were pelting down on the pond like a hailstorm. We kept at it till almost dark, working like mad, with the sweat rolling down our faces; but we didn't often hit the sign. At last, one piece did get knocked off, so it left the sign reading 'Fishing Here'; and just then Gabriel appeared and we scattered."

"Master Duncan was keeping our school, and he was one of the old-fashioned kind. Gabriel spoke to him about what we had done, and he took the matter up in school next day. He promised us a good whipping; but, first off, he marched the whole lot of us down to Gabriel's to apologize."

"Come to get there, we found Gabriel considerably calmer than we expected. He said he was willing to make some allowance for us, owing to our having helped him out on a kind of backache job that he had been dreading to tackle."

"You see, that field of his was just covered over

with stones that he was intending to pick up and put in piles before laying the land down to grass; and we boys had thrown the bulk of them into the pond, and so got rid of them for good. That saved Gabriel a couple of days' work, at least, and I guess it came as near conservation of energy as you'd often get, in the case of boys."

"But what followed," Amos continued, "illustrates that peculiarity of boys that Tobias was speaking of. Gabriel estimated that we had about two thirds cleared the field of stones. 'Now,' says he, 'if you'll all come here next Saturday and finish the job under my direction, I'll get the master to let you off from your trouncing.'"

"At that we all looked at Tom Curtis. After kind of studying on it a minute, Tom shook his head; and then the rest of us shook our heads."

"The upshot of it was that we marched back to the schoolhouse, and each took a good licking rather than pick up stones in the way of work."

A NEGLECTED PATRIOT

HISTORY has given ample credit to Robert Morris for maintaining and restoring the crippled public credit of this nation toward the close of the Revolution, but it has neglected and almost forgotten a man whose services in the same cause were quite as great and whose sacrifices were far greater: Haym Salomon, the Jewish banker of Philadelphia.

Salomon, says Puck, was born in Prussian Poland in 1742. He came of well-to-do parents, had traveled widely and spoke five languages. An ardent lover of political liberty, he left a land where he saw little of it and came to New York, where he married, raised a family and became prosperous.

When the Revolution began he was in full sympathy with the patriot cause, and for his activity in its support he was put into prison by the British authorities. Released and put at work in the commissary department, he was detected in helping American prisoners to escape and in spreading disaffection among the Hessian auxiliaries.

He was sentenced to death, but managed to escape (probably with the connivance of his jailer), fled to Philadelphia and began business there afresh. His financial acumen and his earnest patriotism caused Robert Morris to turn to him when, in 1781, the credit of the colonies sunk to its lowest ebb; when soldiers and Congressmen were alike unpaid; when commerce was paralyzed and business at a standstill and the struggle for independence was likely to be abandoned for sheer lack of means to carry it on.

Salomon began by negotiating loans from the French government and from certain merchants of Holland. That was a timely service, but it did not meet all the necessities of the case. More money was needed, and after all other sources had been exhausted Salomon put his own large fortune at the service of Morris. In different amounts and at different times he advanced to the colonial government a total of \$658,007, most of it on wholly unsecured notes of hand.

That sum was sufficient to carry the government over the most critical period of the war. But it was not the only sacrifice that Salomon made. Out of his own pocket he paid the salaries of several members of the Continental Congress, among them Madison and Randolph. He generously advanced money to the French and Spanish ministers to this country when their supplies of money were cut off, and acted without compensation as fiscal agent to France and paymaster of the French forces in this country. Without Salomon's unselfish assistance, Robert Morris could never have accomplished the financial task for which he is famous.

Worn-out with work and anxiety, Salomon died in 1785, not yet forty-three years old. No doubt some, although not all, of the private loans he made were repaid, but little of the \$650,000 he advanced to the government in its hour of need was ever repaid either to him or to his heirs. For some years his family tried to get satisfaction of the account from Congress, but, although there was never any disposition to deny the value of Salomon's services and the validity of his claims, our lawmakers never could be got to repay the money that the nation owes. Not even the obligation of gratitude under which the United States rests has ever been even partially discharged. Haym Salomon's name is not even known to posterity; he is forgotten when many a politician who did far less for the cause of liberty is remembered and praised.

RADICAL REPAIRS

THE Boggs River and Northern Railroad, says Judge, was putting into effect a most rigid regime of economy. Locomotives were patched and repaired with old parts and pieces until O'Leary, the shop foreman, threatened to break down under the strain.

To cap the climax, one day a worn-out looking locomotive was sent to the shops, and O'Leary was told to give it a thorough examination and to report what would be required to put it in first-class running shape. That same afternoon O'Leary, having completed his inspection, dispatched the following note to headquarters:

"No. 36—in to-day. To put in complete repair: jack up her whistle and build a new engine underneath."

DISCOURAGING APPRECIATION

THE mayor of the town had been asked, says the Yorkshire Post, to assist in the annual entertainment given at Christmas to the inmates of the parish workhouse. He consented with great complaisance, and went made up as Father Christmas. For a time his antics and pranks were the delight of the company.

A scrap of conversation he chanced to hear, however, put a damper on his enjoyment.

"Ain't he enjoyin' of hisself?" remarked one old man to another. "Wot a treat it is for the likes of he! But why can't they let all the loonies out on a night like this?"

"Well," replied the other, "mebbe they ain't all so harmless as this'n'!"

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number

- Plus and Minus Puzzles: Shad, Havana, magpie.
1. Star, tsar, arts, tars rats.
 2. I. A name. II. First day of school. III. Mouth-ball.
 3. Teach, chetah. Lode, dhole. Vice, civet. Snob, bison. Lame, camel. Shot, sloth.
 4. Banner.
 5. Steam, water, lee.
 6. Hallow'en.
 7. Sembrich.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



THEIR BEST FOURTH OF JULY

BY CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

THE entire Bliss family were looking forward to the Fourth of July with a great deal of pleasure; Mr. Bliss because he was going to have a holiday and Mrs. Bliss because Susan-from-down-the-lane was coming in to get the dinner. Bobby Bliss was looking forward to the Fourth because he had twenty-five cents to spend for something with which to shoot, and Betty Bliss because she had twenty-five cents to spend for something with which to make a noise.

After supper on July 3 the Bliss family sat on the front piazza and talked it over.

"Nothing to do to-morrow!" chuckled Mr. Bliss.

"No dinner for me to cook!" laughed Mrs. Bliss.

"A great big gun!" smiled Bobby Bliss.

"All the noise I want!" shouted Betty Bliss.

"Hurrah!" said the entire Bliss family; but just then little lame Peter hobbled by on his crutches. Everyone knew about little lame Peter. His leg had been hurt in celebrating the Fourth of July the year before.

In the morning the sky was very blue, and the day lilies were very white, and the roses were very red because it was the Fourth of July. The entire Bliss family were up with the robins because each one had a plan for the day. Mr. and Mrs. Bliss knew exactly what they were *not* going to do, and Bobby and Betty Bliss knew exactly what they *were* going to do.

So Bobby took his twenty-five-cent piece and Betty took her twenty-five-cent piece and they started for the store to spend them. Father sat on the piazza and read a book, and mother sat on the piazza and rocked.

On their way to the store Bobby and Betty met little lame Peter. He was limping along quite fast on his crutches, and he had a small American flag pinned to his old coat.

"Good morning, Peter!" said Bobby and Betty.

"Good morning, Bobby and Betty!" said little lame Peter, all smiles.

"Peter will never walk straight again," said Bobby.

"I know it," said Betty. "What are you going to buy at the store, Bobby, a gun or a cannon?"

"I haven't decided," said Bobby.

As they sat on the piazza, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss saw little lame Peter coming on his crutches.

"Where are you going, little Peter?" they asked.

"Nowhere," said little lame Peter. "I'm just taking a walk."

"Then come in and see us for a while," said Mrs. Bliss.

"Yes, come in, Peter," said Mr. Bliss. "The parade will pass by soon, and I will hold you up so that you can see the soldiers."

When Bobby and Betty came home from the store they were very much surprised to see little lame Peter sitting on the piazza between their father and their mother. They were glad, too, because they had wanted to find him again.

"Here, Peter," said Bobby, and he gave little lame Peter a larger American flag. He had bought it with his twenty-five cents.

"And here, Peter," said Betty, as she gave him a red-white-and-blue soldier cap. She had bought it with her twenty-five cents.

Then the parade went by, and they all watched it together, little lame Peter sitting on Mr. Bliss's shoulder, waving his new flag and wearing his new cap. When the bands and the soldiers had passed, Mrs. Bliss disappeared, but before she went she said:

"You are going to stay for dinner, Peter. Bobby will go and tell your mother."

So little lame Peter stayed for dinner at the Blissess' and sat at the head of the table. It was a surprise dinner. Mother had helped Susan-from-down-the-lane, and had made a huge firecracker for dessert. It was larger than the largest cannon cracker. It was made of raspberry sherbet, and was very, very good.

After dinner Mr. Bliss put up a new swing in the apple tree and made a tent on the front lawn for Bobby and Betty and little lame Peter. Mrs. Bliss made pink lemonade and served it to them with pink-and-white peppermint drops and cookies and the blue Japanese napkins in the tent. Then they all played games, and Mr. Bliss went down to the store and bought sheets and sheets of paper soldiers, and mother helped the children cut them out.

DRAWN BY L. J. BRIDGMAN



First, Mother Bear discoursed a while

About the changes in the style
Of summer furs: "O deary me,
What very curious things we see!"
Then Buster Bear told how a whale
Had hit him with a swishing tail
When he was learning how to swim,
And wholly knocked the breath
from him.

And thus they went from this to that,
The way all bear folk love to chat.

Then Father Bear got in a word;
And when he spoke, the others heard.
"Oh, look!" he growled. "What
can that be

Far down across the southern sea?"
They looked and saw a wondrous
sight—

A flood of streaming, blazing light
That spread so far and shot so high
It wholly filled the southern sky.
The colors were of varied hue,
But mainly red and white and blue.

There were a thousand twinkling
stars,
All brighter than the planet Mars;
There, too, a thousand stripes of red
That rippled to the sky o'erhead.
The flashing light showed stranger
things—

As eagles with outstretching wings,
And now and then a human face
That was not of the Arctic race.
Small wonder that the bear folk sat
In awe before a sight like that!

Then Father Bear spoke out: "My
dears,

I've seen it all in other years.
It comes along in each July.
But not before so bright or high.
Aurora borealis lights
Are often wondrous in our nights,
But they are nothing to compare
With what we see so plainly there.
I think we'd better take a floe
And to that southern region go!"

◇ ◇

THE DOCTOR'S LITTLE PASSENGER

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON

FAR up a rocky cañon, to a brown log cabin, Ruth goes every summer with her mother and her grandmother. Her father, a physician in the city, drives up for week-ends. Then Ruth hops about the great rocks that rim the noisy stream, and watches her father, happy with "waders" and fishing rod. There are always delicious brown trout and flaky biscuits for supper on Saturdays.

Ruth has a very odd birthday. Her father says she should properly have been named Independence, Liberty or Firecracker—for she was born on the Fourth of July.

Last year she was so excited that she thought she could not wait to see what her birthday surprise would be. Grandmother and mother had laughed and hinted about it, and Ruth was bursting with curiosity and impatience until at last she said, "If I wait another day, I shall go whizzing round like a pin wheel!"

"There comes an automobile now!" called her mother, who was up on a stepladder, putting some little flags round the rustic porch.

"Oh, maybe it's father!" And Ruth scurried down the rocky path and across the tiny bridge to the cañon road. It was not her father that time; so Ruth began sailing pine-cone boats while she waited and listened.

"Toot-toot-ti-toot!" That was father's signal, and there he was, coming round the shoulder of a cliff. And in the tonneau of the big car was the smallest, funniest brown pony that Ruth or anyone else ever saw.

Well, Ruth was as excited and full of thrills and gurgles and dimples after that as every Fourth of July child should be.

"It was too much of a climb for little Tom Thumb," explained the doctor, "and there was no train near enough—no airship, so I just decided to carry him as a passenger. He is no larger than a St. Bernard dog anyway, and there was plenty of room for everyone. The little rascal enjoyed every minute of his ride, too."

Ruth was patting and stroking the gentle creature, who stood quietly, as if he had understood that he was among home folks now.

"So we'll all have a safe-and-sane Fourth," declared the doctor. "Ruth may ride, I'll fish, and mother and granny will fix us a picnic up on the hill."

"That will be glorious!" agreed Ruth's mother. Then to the little girl, who had climbed upon the pony's back, she said, "What shall you name him, dear?"

Ruth thought for a second; then with a rippling laugh she cried, "Why, Skyrocket, of course!" And away she flew on Skyrocket to the stable up among the quaking aspens.

THE FOURTH IN THE ARCTIC

BY OSWALD M. RICKARD

They sat upon a drifting floe
Where Arctic currents come and go.
The White Bear and his family,
All looking southward o'er the sea.
It was a perfect summer night;
Contentment filled the bear folk,
quite.

For they had had a sumptuous meal.—
The last course was a luscious seal.—
And so in cool repose they sat
And talked a bit of this and that.

Before they knew it, hardly, it was time for the fireworks, and they took little lame Peter, and stopped on their way to the Green to take Peter's mother, too.

"It has been the very best Fourth of July we ever had," the entire Bliss family said at bedtime.

"And how I have worked!" said Mr. Bliss.

"How I have worked!" said Mrs. Bliss.

"I didn't shoot once!" said Bobby Bliss.

"And I didn't make a bit of noise!" said Betty Bliss.

Then the entire Bliss family laughed and laughed at their Fourth of July joke.



THE WILLFUL TORPEDO

BY MELVILLE CHATER

'T WAS a little Torpedo, round and red,
So proud of his small, young self
That he jumped clean out of his sawdust bed
And danced on the shopman's shelf.

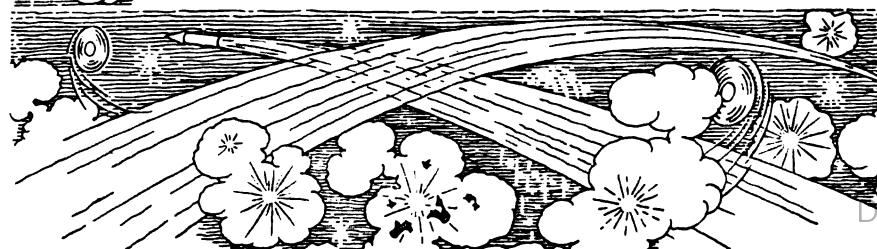
"What a noise I'll make on the Fourth!" laughed he.
"Oh, the whole wide world it shall hear from me!"

The rockets whistled, the pin wheels hissed
As they frowned on this bold, young chap.
"Till the Fourth rolls round," said they, "desist
Lest you meet with a sad mishap.
Oh, we, your elders, have often heard
That pride will fall—and it's July Third!"

But that little Torpedo skipped with mirth.
Quoth he, "You may all go hang!"
Then he stubbed his toe and he fell to earth,
And he burst with an awful bang;
And the fuses caught at the sparks he woke,
And the fireworks all went up in smoke.

Oh, the bombs went off, and the candles whizzed,
And the crackers burst their cage;
The punk sticks glowered, the set piece sized,
The balloons swelled up with rage;
And children cried as they watched the flame,
"What a terrible, awful, downright shame!"

Yes, he made a noise in the world, no doubt,
On that night of July Three,
But naught was left when the flames went out—
And all was the fault, you see,
Of that little Torpedo, round and red,
Who would not heed what his elders said.



A JULY JINGLE

BY N. O. PRICE

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THE FIRST AMERICAN PERISCOPE

THE Navy Department has recently received a description of the first periscope used in the United States Navy, as given by its designer and left among his papers. According to the Washington Star, the inventor was Thomas H. Doughty, acting chief engineer, who served under Lieut. Com. Selfridge on the monitor Osage during the Civil War.

In the Red River campaign against Shreveport, Louisiana, in which the Osage took part, Confederate cavalry continually harassed the Union ships by sudden attacks along the banks of the river. Unlike modern ships, the monitors of those days were not provided with places of observation; they were virtually steel boxes with slits in them for aiming the guns. In seeking a method of watching the shores, Doughty took a piece of ordinary lead pipe and, fitting it with mirrors at each end, ran it through a hole in the turret. The scheme proved successful, and thereafter the Osage was virtually free from attack.

When the army sent to take the city met with reverses and fell back, the fleet, which had made its way to within thirty miles of Shreveport, returned down the Red River. Selfridge, in the Osage, was ordered to protect the rear. The river at the time was low, and the Osage, in turning a bend in the river, ran hard aground.

While an effort was being made to float the vessel a force of three thousand dismounted Confederate cavalry attacked it. The low water and the high river bank prevented the ship's fire from reaching the cavalry, and it was here that Engineer Doughty's periscope came into use. The Confederates could not be seen until the head of their advancing columns appeared over the river bank. A fierce fire swept the deck of the monitor, as the regiments of the enemy, coming up in columns, would each fire one volley and then fall back.

Standing behind the turret, Selfridge saw in the reflector of the periscope the advancing line as it appeared over the bank. He reserved his fire until their heads came into sight and then let drive. This singular fight was kept up for over an hour before the Confederates retired with a loss of some four hundred men killed and wounded. The loss on the Osage was small.

Thomas Doughty enlisted in the United States Navy in 1862. He was assigned to duty as an assistant engineer on July 8, 1862, and promoted to acting chief engineer December 13, 1862. He died in St. Louis in 1896.

AMERICAN RECRUITS

WHEN Great Britain issued its first call to arms, Canada promised twenty thousand men as a first contingent. A contributor to Every Week says that for their preliminary training they had guns and bayonets but no uniforms. The uniforms were handed out to them in packages as they boarded the train for the seacoast. There were only twenty thousand uniforms, and only men in uniform were to be taken on the ships. When the trains finished their journey and the contingent drew up to be embarked, officers counted the men, and found to their surprise that there were thirty-three thousand men instead of twenty thousand.

They were all in uniform, as ordered; at least, each man was in part of a uniform. One had on the trousers, another the coat, another the shoes, another the belt of a uniform. Each man, when questioned, swore solemnly that he had been entitled to a uniform, and had been one of the chosen twenty thousand, but in the hurry of entraining he had lost all of his uniform except the part he wore. And because no one of them would admit that he had boarded the train against orders, and because the ships were waiting and there was no time to be lost, the officers embarked the whole crowd for England, leaving the tangle to be straightened out on the other side.

There they took the histories of the whole thirty-three thousand; and when the English War Office came to examine the answers to the question, "Who is your next of kin?" they found that of the thirty-three thousand more than nine thousand were not Canadians at all, but American citizens. In the predicament word went out that no Americans could enlist; they must all go home. Like lightning, the news spread through the camp. The next day the contingent was to be paraded and all Americans must be mustered out.

When the parade took place a miracle had happened. The preceding day there had been more than nine thousand Americans. To-day, when the show-down came, there was not one. Every American had become a Canadian overnight!

THE POUND OF FLESH

ALTHOUGH the attempts of alien students to thread the labyrinths of English are sometimes adventures indeed, says a writer in the World Outlook, nevertheless it is the mistakes of the Americans who attempt to express themselves prematurely in other languages that most amuse us.

The Spanish word for sons is *hijos*, and for figs, *higos*. One can, therefore, readily understand how the following conversation might have easily taken place. A lady went into a grocery store in Porto Rico to buy figs. The conversation translated into English was as follows:

"Have you any sons?"
"Yes," replied the storekeeper, pleasantly.
"White ones?"
"Yes!"
"Very well; I will take one pound, if you please."

To that the storekeeper replied that his sons were not for sale, and certainly not by the pound.

A VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT

THE highest price that was ever paid by any magazine for a serial, according to Miss Jeannette Gilder, writing in the New York Sun, was given by the Century Magazine to Messrs. Nicolay and Hay for their Life of Lincoln. She says:

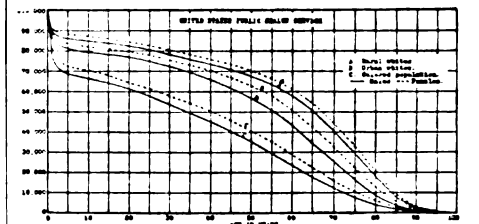
Roswell Smith, the president of the Century Company, first offered them twenty-five thousand dollars. Hay and Nicolay looked at each other "in wild surmise." Mr. Smith took the exchange of glances to mean dissatisfaction. He left the room, walked up and down outside tearing bits of paper to fragments, then came back and offered them fifty thousand dollars.

That offer they at once accepted.

NATURE & SCIENCE

OUR ORE CARRIERS.—The loading and the unloading of the big ore boats of the Great Lakes are accomplished with remarkable speed. According to The Story of Steel, an ore boat was loaded at Duluth in September, 1915, with 11,282 tons of ore in one hour. At one of the Lake Erie ports, the great Hulett unloaders, which grab fifteen tons at a bite, took out a cargo of 11,083 tons in three hours and forty minutes. The ore docks, which are at Duluth and Two Harbors, are complex affairs of three levels. First, the dock proper extends hundreds of feet into the lake; upon the dock, beside a basin wide enough to admit the great ore steamers, is a structure of heavy timbers, whose upper sections form pockets for the ore; and on the very top are lines of railway tracks. The loaded trains from the mines are run out on the tracks over the pockets, and the ore is dumped automatically. Then the empty cars are switched over to the return track and started back to the mines. One of the great fleet of ore boats comes up from the lower lake port, slips into the basin and is made fast to the dock. The ship, six hundred feet long and only sixty feet wide, is a steel shell with houses at each end—officers' quarters and bridge in the bow, crew's quarters and engine room in the stern. There are hatches six feet apart all down the long, open deck between the houses. As soon as the ship is made fast the hatches are opened and from the ore pockets above are let down chutes that are folded flat against the pockets when not in use. The doors of the ore pockets are opened; two laborers with crowbars stand by to start the ore, which goes rushing down the chutes so fast that in twenty minutes a ten-thousand-ton ship is loaded. A few minutes later, under its own steam, the vessel puts out into the lake and joins the endless procession of boats that carry ore throughout the open months.

OUR CURVES OF LIFE.—The accompanying chart shows some of the interesting facts brought out by the life tables prepared for the Bureau of the Census by Prof. James W. Glover of the University of Michigan. The chart shows the number of persons alive at each age out of 100,000 born (alive) in what are known as the original registration states. It is as if 100,000 persons were kept under observation from the time of birth, and each year a count were made of the



number still alive. The figures are given for white males and white females both in the rural and in the urban populations, and for colored males and females in the total population. The original registration states are Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Indiana, Michigan and the District of Columbia. The life tables are based upon the population as of July 1, 1910, and on the deaths registered in the years 1900, 1910 and 1911. In the chart the city or urban population is virtually that of cities of 10,000 population and over; the rural population is that of cities and towns of less than 10,000 population, together with that outside cities and incorporated places. The graphic representation of the essential facts by means of the chart makes it possible to see readily the comparative significance of the figures for the several population groups. The facts brought out by the chart are that for each group of the population the females are longer lived than the males, and that of the several groups the country dwellers live longer than the city population, and the white race lives longer than the colored race.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—A single slice of bread seems an unimportant thing. In many households one or more slices are thrown away every day. Sometimes quarter- or half loaves find their way into the garbage pail, yet one good-sized slice of bread weighs an ounce and contains almost three quarters of an ounce of flour. The Department of Agriculture estimates that, if every one of the 20,000,000 homes in the country wastes, on an average, only one slice of bread a day, the country is throwing away daily over 14,000,000 ounces of flour—more than 875,000 pounds, or enough for more than a million one-pound loaves a day. In a full year at that rate there would be a waste of more than 319,000,000 pounds of flour, or more than 1,500,000 barrels—enough to make at least 400,000,000 loaves. Since it takes 4½ bushels of wheat to make a barrel of ordinary flour, the waste represents the flour from about 7,000,000 bushels of wheat. The average crop of wheat is not quite 15 bushels to the acre. It would, therefore, take the crop of some 470,000 acres to provide a single slice of bread a day for every family to waste. An army of farmers, mill men and flour-mill employees must work to produce that quantity of flour, and many freight cars and thousands of tons of coal are required to get it to the consumer. When there are so many ways to make use of stale bread it is inexcusable to waste it.

THE COMING AUTOMOBILE.—According to Dr. Raymond F. Bacon, director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, the motor car would not be what it is today except for the advances made in the last two decades by chemists in giving the industry various useful steel alloys and steel that is specially treated, together with certain other alloys, the use of which has made it possible to build cars that are both light and strong. "I am convinced," says Dr. Bacon, "that such tremendous improvements will be made along these general lines in the next few years that the car of the future will be entirely different in its materials of construction. Probably new alloys of aluminum of sufficient cheapness will be developed or many parts of the car, and new types of steel of strength tests away beyond those now in use will follow; so that, while the future car will be stronger and will stand up better than the car of today, it will be very much lighter in weight and can be built more cheaply than the cars of the present day."



Get in on this contest—

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There's just one thing you could show the fellows with more pride than a beautiful, shiny, brand-new Winchester rifle—and that's a *Silver Winchester "Marksman" Medal*, or a bright *Gold "Sharpshooter" Medal*.

Look at the medal on this page. Wouldn't you like to own one like it?

How to try for a "Sharpshooter" Medal

We are offering *Gold "Sharpshooter" Medals* and *Silver "Marksman" Medals* for skill with a Winchester .22 caliber rifle.

Any boy or girl under sixteen may compete for these medals.

The *Gold "Sharpshooter" Medal* goes to the boy or girl under sixteen who makes the first grade score.

The *Silver "Marksman" Medal* goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score.

No limit is set to the number of trials you may make for these medals; you may shoot as many practice targets as you want to.

Your dealer will tell you all about the details of this contest. Go to him today. But first, go to your dad, tell him about this contest, and get him to let you have a Winchester so you can get in on the Winchester prizes.

Get dad on your side

Tell him what a gun will do for you. Tell him it will teach you responsibility, self-control, self-reliance, and make you a good citizen of the future.

Tell him that sooner or later your natural interest in a gun is going to make you get your hands on one, so the sooner you learn the correct use of a gun, the better. Remember, it's just as important for you to know how to handle a gun safely as it is for you to know how to swim. This contest

will teach you how to handle a gun correctly from the start.

There is a place near you, either in the open or at a club, where you can shoot. If you do not know where to shoot, write us and we will tell you where and how you can, or we will help you organize a club.

Get your dad to go down to your dealer with you and look over the Winchester guns. You'll be surprised what a good gun you can get for the money.

What the name "Winchester" means

The Winchester Company is the greatest organization of small arms experts in the world. It makes a gun that cannot be duplicated by any other manufacturer.

No Winchester barrel varies one one-thousandth of an inch from a straight line, or one one-thousandth of an inch in thickness or diameter. Winchester craftsmanship is based on fine watch-makers' standards.

Every gun or rifle that bears the name "Winchester" is fired over 50 times with excess loads for strength, smooth action and accuracy.

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This care in manufacturing explains why Winchester rifles are used by experts everywhere.

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The *Silver "Marksman" Medal* goes to the boy or girl who makes the second grade score.

Go to your dealer today; he will give you sample target and booklet explaining the full conditions of the contest. This booklet also tells you how to get the best results from your Winchester. The dealer will also supply you with targets.

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UNSAFE ICE

PEOPLE all over the civilized world use ice—either natural or artificial—to make food more palatable and to preserve it in hot weather. In the days when we depended upon natural ice alone, the ice crop sometimes failed; warm winters occasionally came when it was impossible to get enough good ice to supply the demand. Then, also, as people found that ice was one of the real needs of life, they began to want it in tropical and semi-tropical places to which it could not easily be transported. About 1850 a man named Carré invented an ice machine, and about the same time another process was patented by Dr. Gorrie, to whom the people of Florida have erected a monument. That was the beginning, and in the late eighties the making of artificial ice became a commercial success.

Ice is always the same thing, whether natural or artificial. It is the result of the abstraction of heat from water. As we all use it, the question of its safety—that is, its cleanness—is of universal importance.

Ice is no cleaner than the water from which it is made, and that, unfortunately, may be very dirty. That is true of both natural and artificial ice. The natural ice may come from contaminated streams, and artificial ice, which was formerly made only from distilled water, is now often made from water that is filtered but not distilled. Furthermore, workmen may pollute ice by handling it or by walking over the tanks in soiled boots. It is fair to say that the owners of many ice factories are careful to make their employees wear clean clothes and clean shoes. But after the ice has left the factory or the ice house for distribution it may still be contaminated by being dragged over dirty pavements or by being handled with soiled hands.

Freezing does not kill disease germs. A number of experiments made lately in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and elsewhere establish the fact that low temperatures merely keep bacteria in a dormant state, from which they awake as active as ever when brought into heat. Frozen foods, such as ice cream and milk and egg mixtures, are often the lurking places of germs. Typhoid germs sometimes live for months in frozen delicacies. The safest way of cooling drinking water is to place it in a bottle or jar in the refrigerator—not to put the ice directly into the water.

MUMPS AND CONDOLENCES

MUMPS! Phyllis echoed the word with mingled incredulity and consternation. "But I can't have them!" she cried. "I can't! Why, I'm going to be married to-morrow! Everything's all ready!" Her voice indicated the utter preposterousness of it all.

The new doctor—he was taking the place of the family physician who was away upon an almost unheard-of vacation—was courtesy itself. He told her regretfully that mumps were no respecters of weddings, but promised her, from all appearances, only a brief imprisonment; of course he could not be certain; but so far there was no swelling on the right side. But that it was mumps on the left side, and that it was bound to run its course, he left her no doubt whatever.

After he had gone Phyllis buried her face—right cheek down—in the pillow and sobbed. She was interrupted by her younger sister, Ethel, who was immune and thrilling with excitement. She had been telephoning to the Underwoods, and they all sent messages, and there was a great box of flowers, and Richard was insisting upon seeing her.

"Indeed he shall not!" Phyllis interrupted sharply. "It's bad enough to have the bride ridiculous. I won't have the groom a laughingstock, too."

Ethel drew a long breath; her eyes shone with excitement. "Oh, isn't it just awful!" she whispered sepulchral.

A week later Phyllis, with the "mump," as she accurately defined it, vanquished, was giving Cousin Katherine a vivid account of the experience.

"Cousin Katherine, I had the most wonderful collection of condolences you ever heard of. They taught me a great deal. You see, I had plenty of time to think them all over, not seeing Richard for five whole days!"

"Tell me," said Cousin Katherine.

"Well, there was Alicia. She wept over me by telephone and made floral offerings till I felt like a sheet of wet blotting paper. 'You poor dear, how are you feeling, really?' Isn't it the most awful thing you ever heard of?" and so forth, and so forth.

"Kit Frane was a good antidote. She took it all as a huge joke—which made me mad, for it wasn't precisely a joke even if it wasn't a world-shaking calamity. Then Helen Hunter kept telling me how much worse it all might have been. Of course it might, but it didn't do much good to keep telling me so. And Olive gave me a complete account of Lillian Peters's wedding, where everything went so perfectly."

"And Mary Hosmer?" Cousin Katherine asked.

Phyllis met her smile with another. "You do see through us all, don't you, Cousin Katherine? Yes,

Mary was the one. She was dear and sympathetic, but before I knew what had happened she had taken me by the hand and led me right out of my selfish self into the big world outside. She didn't preach, but she had me so interested that I forgot all about mumps—the world was so big! Mary always does that."

There was silence; then Phyllis said softly: "Yes, I learned a heap of things."

TAD AND HIS FATHER

MR. Lincoln and his son Tad were almost inseparable. Even when Gen. Grant came to Washington and had conferences with the commander in chief, Tad stood gravely by. One day, a little before Christmas, writes Mr. F. Lauriston Bullard, Tad interrupted a Cabinet meeting to obtain a reprieve from execution for a turkey to which he had taken a fancy. Several times he brought cases of distress to the attention of the President. He would go about the hall asking callers what they wanted, and he sometimes took petitioners by the hand and dragged them forth into his father's presence.

Almost every day Lincoln would have at least one romp with the boy. The game at times was blindman's buff; again the tall man would run through the rooms and the hall above stairs with Tad mounted on his shoulders; and often they played horse, with each alternating as the driver. When the work of the day was nearly over and the President had a brief respite before he began the toll of the night, he would call the boy. They looked through books of engravings together, and Lincoln sharpened pencils for Tad and helped him to keep track of his playthings. Frequently the boy fell asleep in the office, and then Lincoln would carry him tenderly across the hall to bed.

One day in summer the President and Gen. Eaton were in conference at the White House, and Tad, by poking pins into a chart at his own freakish pleasure, was making such a war map as no strategist would ever have dreamed of. The wind was blowing from the Virginia side of the Potomac, and it brought through the windows the sound of a musketry volley. Lincoln rose and walked across the room and stood gazing at the Virginia hills with his arm about Tad's shoulders. As he came back to his chair there were tears streaming down his cheeks.

"This is the day when they shoot deserters," he said, "and I am wondering whether I have used the pardoning power enough. Some of the officers say that I am using it so freely that I am demoralizing the army and destroying its discipline." And then, as Tad came to his knee, the President added: "But Tad here tells me I'm doing right, and Tad's advice usually is pretty good."

RIVAL PACK PONIES

THE strongest pack pony always tries to keep in front of another animal on the trail, where the driver's whip cannot reach him. In that comfortable position he can stop long enough to browse on a willow bush or tear up a tall plant of vetch in purple blossom, writes Mr. A. P. Coleman in The Canadian Rockies. Any punishment will descend on the flanks of his rear guard.

Our lively sorrel pack pony always practiced this exasperating strategy until the driver lost his temper and plunged forward through the brushwood to give him some mighty blows; but before the deserved punishment arrived, Sorrel was trotting unconcernedly ahead as if he had never broken the law.

The rivalries of the ponies in the earlier part of the journey were of some practical importance, for until the vital questions of precedence were settled there could be no order in the procession. For days there were struggles for the lead, bitings, squealings, crowdings and jostlings that the driver had to take cognizance of in order to keep the train in motion; often he had to urge his pony into the bush beside them before he could restore order. In one of these squabbles, Jones, an easy-going pack pony, slipped off the narrow side-hill path, rolled over sideways, made a complete rotation, and, turning up on his feet at the bottom of the hill with the pack all in order, trotted on without the least display of emotion.

THE PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR

ALTHOUGH Mr. Thomas Hardy, the famous English novelist, has lived for so long in Dorsetshire, among the very scenes that he has depicted so graphically in his books, he is of such a retiring and modest disposition that his literary fame is unknown to a number of the quiet country folk who live in his vicinity.

An enthusiastic admirer once visited Dorsetshire and approached an old lady whom he found sitting outside her cottage door.

"Mr. Hardy lives near here, doesn't he?" he inquired.

"Which Mr. Hardy?" asked the old woman.

"Why, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who writes books," replied the astonished pilgrim.

"Oh, I know nought about him," said the woman, "but there be a Hardy near by that rears grand pigs!"

COULD NOT MISS IT

THE average foreigner's difficulty in comprehending the huge area of the United States is well illustrated by a story in Everybody's Magazine about an Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. The traveler found his servant gazing thoughtfully out of the window. He said to him:

"William, what are you thinking of?"

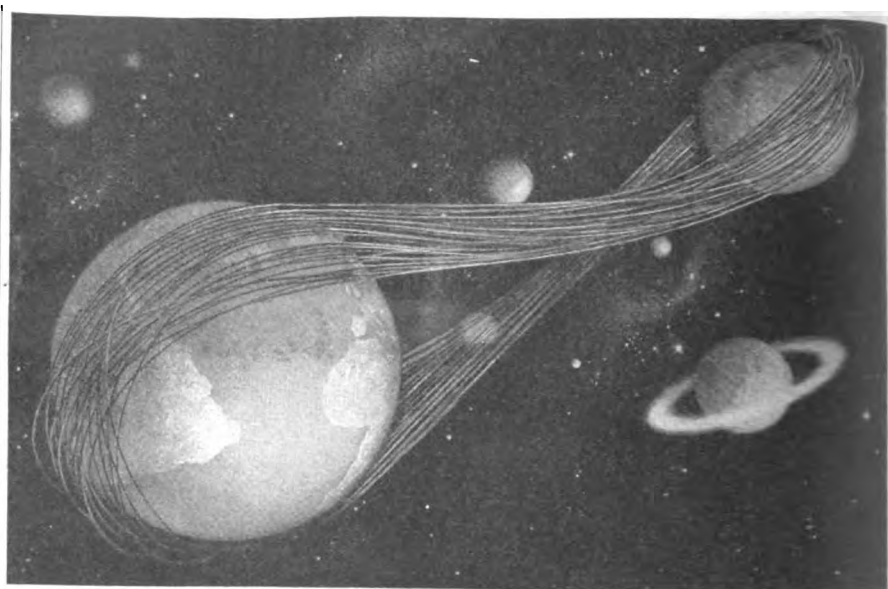
"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of America," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, hafter hall, when he found this country, did he, now, sir? Hafter hall's said and done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"

SAFE, AT LAST

AMAN who was continually losing his collar button while dressing, says the American Medical Journal, complained to his wife about it. With an ingenuity born of the use of hairpins, she told him to hold his collar button in his mouth. The next morning she was startled by an unusual commotion.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously. "I've swallowed the collar button," said the man.

"Well," responded his wife, "there's one comfort: for once in your life you know where it is."



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The Bell System has about twice as much telephone wire as all Europe.

More than 500,000 new telephones are being added to the Bell System yearly—almost as many as the total number of telephones in England.

In twelve months the Bell System adds enough telephones

to duplicate the entire telephone systems of France, Italy and Switzerland combined.

In proportion to population the extension of the Bell System in the United States is equal in two years to the total telephone progress of Europe since the telephone was invented—a period of about forty years.

The Bell System fills the telephone needs of the American people with a thoroughness and a spirit of public service which are without parallel the world over.



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The Daisy Pump Gun and the Military Daisy are two big favorites. Both are 50-shot repeaters, finished in blued steel, with turned walnut stocks, and sell at \$3.50 each. Other Daisy models 50c. to \$5.00.

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Look at that "swell" black safety tread with its big rubber bars—just like the famous Goodrich Automobile Tire. It's a "beauty" and it wears longer than any other bike tire you can buy. With

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you can spin along the road and thru the streets without any "fussing" with punctures to lay you up when the other fellows are riding.

That's because the "Giant" has *two plies* of extra weight motorcycle tire fabric—not ordinary bicycle tire cloth.

That thick, muscle-like rubber tread wears three times as long as other tires and the big black bars won't let you slip when the roads are wet.

The Goodrich "Giant" is the strongest, finest bicycle tire ever made—built in the World's Largest Rubber Factory.

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FAIRY SOAP affords real refreshment in toilet and bath use. Its rich, creamy lather—its whiteness and lasting purity—are due to the skillful blending of choice materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand, and holds its refreshing, cleansing qualities to the last. The cost is but 5c.

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"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

5¢



"What! My Car?"

"Yes! Skidded—and it's up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She's on the way to the hospital, painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she'll pull through. You'd better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters."

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate, until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains

they expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don't wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

Weed Chains are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

AMERICAN CHAIN CO. INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains

In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.



LONG-LIFE Kokomo BICYCLE TIRES

KOKOMO Bicycle Tires are built to give the longest possible service at the lowest possible price.

Every KOKOMO—from the \$5 tires on down—is built to this standard.

Every KOKOMO Tire is the very best tire we know how to build at its price—and we have been building bicycle tires for more than twenty years.

There are seven different tires in the KOKOMO line. You can get almost anything you want in treads, colors or prices. When buying a bicycle, see that it has KOKOMO Tires. When buying tires—get KOKOMOS, and know how good a bicycle tire really can be!

The dealer who has the KOKOMO Agency in your community is a dealer who believes in superior merchandise. That is why he sells KOKOMO Tires. Such a dealer is well worth finding.

KOKOMO RUBBER CO., Kokomo, Ind.
A leader for more than twenty years.

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